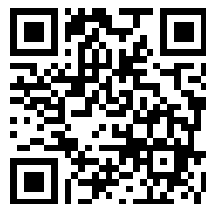


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# *The Rosary Magazine*

Dominicans











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# THE ROSARY MAGAZINE

CONDUCTED BY THE

DOMINICAN FATHERS

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JULY-DECEMBER, 1907

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SOMERSET, OHIO

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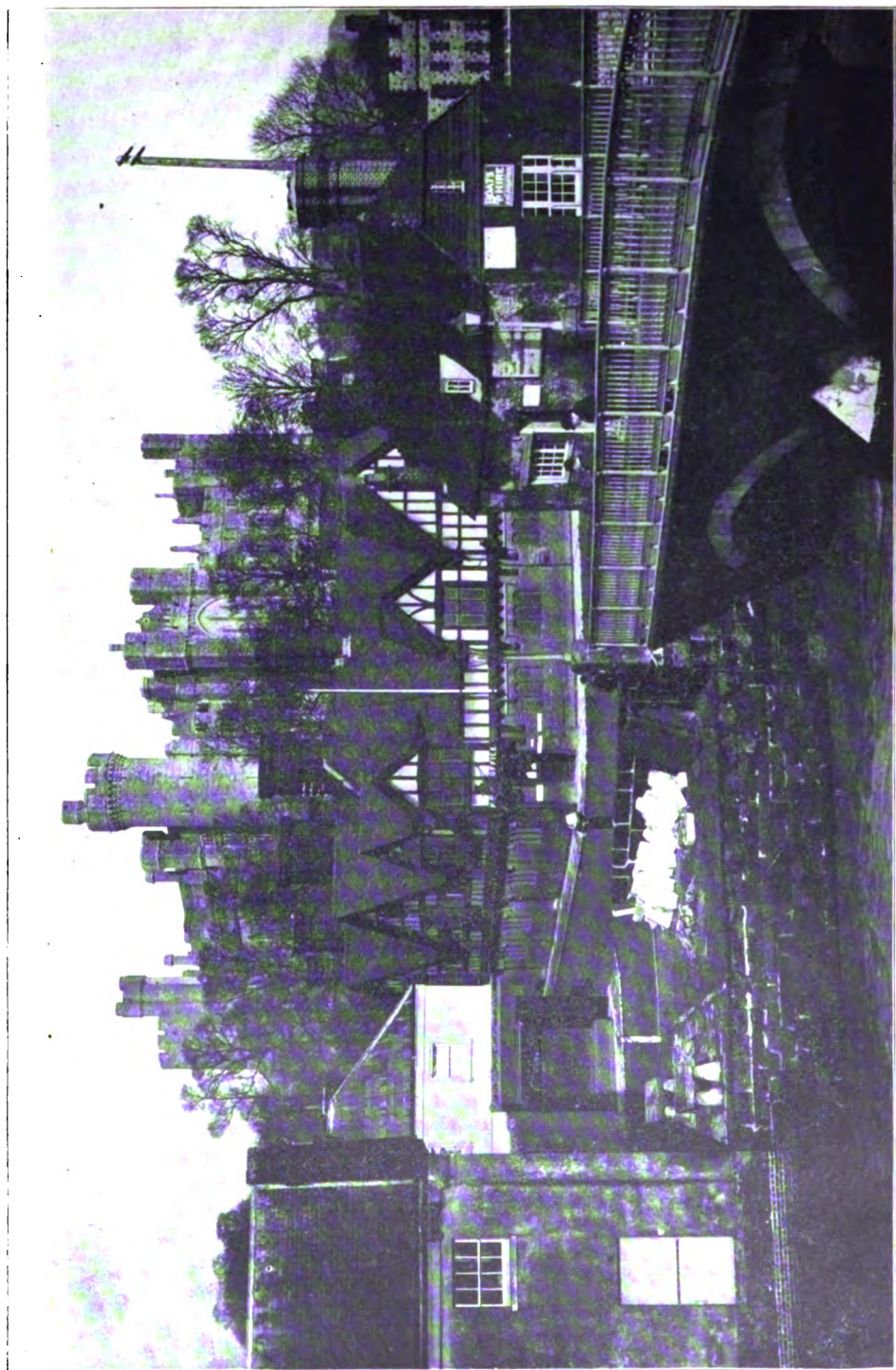
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ARUNDEL CASTLE AND BRIDGE.



# THE ROSARY MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXI

JULY, 1907

NO. 1

## A Great English Home

By THE COUNTESS DE COURSON

**T**HE prominent part taken by the present Duke of Norfolk in all that touches the interests of religion in England has long made his name a household word throughout Catholic circles at home and abroad, and, if only for this reason, an account of his ancestral castle of Arundel must be of interest to readers of *THE ROSARY*.

But there are other motives for which the story of this great English house will certainly appeal to our American friends. Arundel possesses certain characteristics of its own; a situation of unique picturesqueness and a history of romantic interest; in other respects it is a fair sample of hundreds of other homes belonging to the aristocracy of Great Britain, homes representing certain social conditions that, in this restless age of rapid changes, are becoming more and more rare and therefore doubly interesting. These conditions do not exist in France, for instance, where the division of property has, within the last hundred years, considerably diminished the power and wealth of the nobility, and where, as a necessary sequence, old traditions have been swept away and local influences weakened. Few, if any, twentieth-century French landowners belonging to the old "noblesse" enjoy an importance to equal that of their luckier colleagues across the Channel.

The first aspect of Arundel, viewed from the south, is singularly pleasing; the little town, backed by wooded hills, is built between the feudal castle of the dukes of Norfolk on one side and the glorious church raised to God's honor by their present representative on the other; the spiritual and temporal forces that control the destinies of Arundel are thus aptly symbolized.

Many warlike and pathetic memories are connected with the picturesque, sunlit prosperous town, although its flowery gardens and general air of prosperity seem to point to peace and plenty rather than to tragedy.

As far back as Saxon times, a fortress existed on the brow of the steep hill, a stronghold raised by nature, whence the view extends over the surrounding country to the distant sea. In 1070 the Norman invaders of England took possession of Arundel; Roger de Montgomery, one of William the Conqueror's companions, became lord of the manor, which his sons kept till 1117, when, in consequence of their rebellion, Henry I seized their domains. The last Norman king had married late in life, as his second wife, a girl of eighteen, Adelais, the "fair maid of Brabant," and to her he left Arundel and other valuable lands.

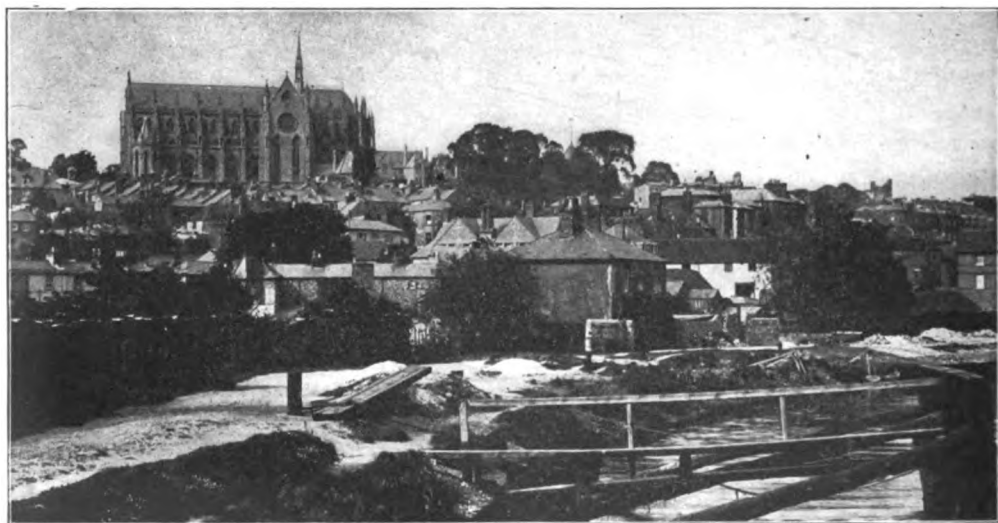
The Flemish Queen, a sweet and noble royal lady, chose as her second husband a chivalrous Norman knight, William de Albini, but in 1243 their de-

scendants became extinct in the male line and on John Fitzalan, the son of Isabella de Albini, devolved the splendid inheritance of the Countess-Queen.

The history of the brilliant Fitzalans is closely connected with that of the Plantagenets, their royal masters. Richard Fitzalan fought in Germany and Scotland with Edward I; he brought back to Arundel an Italian consort, Alisona di Saluzzo, and we wonder how the grey English skies and homely Sussex scenery appealed to one accustomed to the gorgeous coloring of the South. Another Richard Fitzalan was an ambassador and a statesman under Edward III; his less fortunate son was beheaded

The last of the Fitzalans, in whom were personified all the brilliant qualities of his race, left no son and his honors passed to his only daughter, Mary. She married a Howard, a direct descendant of Edward I and of his second wife, Marguerite of France, a worthy granddaughter of St. Louis, of whom the old historians tell us that she was "good without lack."

Mary Fitzalan, Duchess of Norfolk, who was the link between the past and present masters of Arundel, died at the age of seventeen, leaving an only child, the martyr Philip Howard, whose tragic history is one of the most pathetic episodes of the days of persecution in Eng-



ARUNDEL CHURCH.

under Richard III; Thomas, his grandson, like William de Albini, married a royal wife, Beatrice, Princess of Portugal, whose splendid tomb is still to be seen in the Fitzalan chapel at Arundel. Another Fitzalan, John, Baron Maltravers, lord of Arundel, was present at Notre Dame in Paris, in 1431, when the frail little son of that mighty warrior, Henry V, was crowned King of France, by right of his dead father's shadowy claims.

land. We may venture to say that if ever the present lord of Arundel peruses the long list of warriors and statesmen from whom he derives his descent, his thoughts must rest with peculiar tenderness upon the martyred Earl, who after having been, say his contemporaries, "the idol of his friends and the admiration of Europe," died for the faith in the Tower of London. Born in 1557, a few hours only before his young mother's death, Philip Howard was baptized with

royal honors and King Philip of Spain was his godfather. He was still a mere boy when he married Anne Dacre, the greatest heiress of England, and we can hardly wonder that one on whom all the good things of this world had been so lavishly bestowed should have been dazzled and led astray by the corrupt example of Elizabeth's brilliant Court. His mother was dead, his father a man of the world, eager for distinction, his wife a mere child. In 1581, the sight of the Jesuit Father Campion, broken by torture, seems to have awakened Philip Howard's slumbering religious convictions. He was present at the famous public controversies between the tortured Jesuit and the chief Protestant divines, and Campion's unanswerable logic and persuasive eloquence made a lasting impression on his soul. Three years later, the seed bore fruit; Philip Howard turned his back on the Court, whose idol he had become, was reconciled to the Church of his baptism, and also to his wife, who had never ceased to love him.

This was enough to draw down upon him the vengeance of Elizabeth. The Earl was arrested at Littlehampton, close to Arundel, where he intended to sail for Flanders, and imprisoned in the Tower of London. He was only thirty years of age and, during the ten years that followed, he remained a close prisoner. Elizabeth, with refined cruelty, forbade him to see his wife and children unless he consented to "conform" to the established religion. The long agony of Philip Howard is an heroic page in the history of the persecuted English Catholics. He was confined in a narrow cell, deprived of his immense wealth, separated from his family, prevented even from seeing a priest, and yet no word of

murmur passed his lips. He prayed day and night and wrote touching letters to his wife, entreating her to be "satisfied with what is God's good pleasure." He died in October, 1595, alone, as he had lived, his request to see the Countess, his children and a Catholic priest having been again cruelly rejected by the relentless Queen.

The parents of the present lord of Arundel were the martyr's worthy de-



THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

scendants. The Catholic Emancipation Bill had by this time restored to the oppressed English Papists the rights and privileges of which they had been so unjustly deprived; slowly, but surely, all over the country arose Catholic buildings, and in the immediate neighborhood of Arundel alone the widow of the late Duke built five churches to honor the Five



Sacred Wounds, in memory of her deceased husband.

The Catholic church, whose great Gothic mass rises above the little town, was built by the present Duke; it speaks eloquently, not only of the builder's faith and generosity, but also of the great and happy change that has brought freedom and peace to the descendants of the confessors of the faith.

To the present Duke, also, is due the restoration of the castle, a work that after lasting for many years is at last completed.

The noble edifice—an ideal feudal castle, with its severe and imposing architecture—rises among the trees, flowers and green lawns that give a touch of color and freshness to its otherwise solemn aspect. It presents the perfect picture, among modern surroundings, of a purely medieval home.

Above rises the "keep," with its walls of extraordinary thickness that, after many hundred years, still defy the strong winds that blow from the sea to the steep height; below is a Norman gateway, eight centuries old; if the grey stones could speak, what tales they might tell of the dead and gone warriors and ladies who once passed through the massive doorway!

Then we enter the castle through the "Baron's Hall," whose noble proportions and medieval chimney-pieces are wonderfully striking; on to the perfectly appointed library, the great gallery, the vast dining-room, with its view extending far away seaward. There are pictures everywhere; portraits of Fitzalans and Howards by Van Dyck, Opie, Lely and Gainsborough. A splendid Charles I by Van Dyck is peculiarly attractive: the well-known face, with its refined, melancholy charm, makes us understand how men cheerfully risked their lives for the "Martyr King," however much sober reason may have objected to his theories and practise. In another room is his wife, Henrietta

Maria of France, not "the reine malheureuse," whose unparalleled vicissitudes stirred Bossuet's eloquence, but a slight, bright girl, almost a child, whose brown eyes look out on life with happy unconsciousness of the sorrows that lie in waiting.

The castle chapel is, like the rest, pure Gothic, but it serves only as a private oratory for the family; more interesting, in an historical point of view, is the Fitzalan chapel, situated in the town of Arundel, whose history is a curious one.

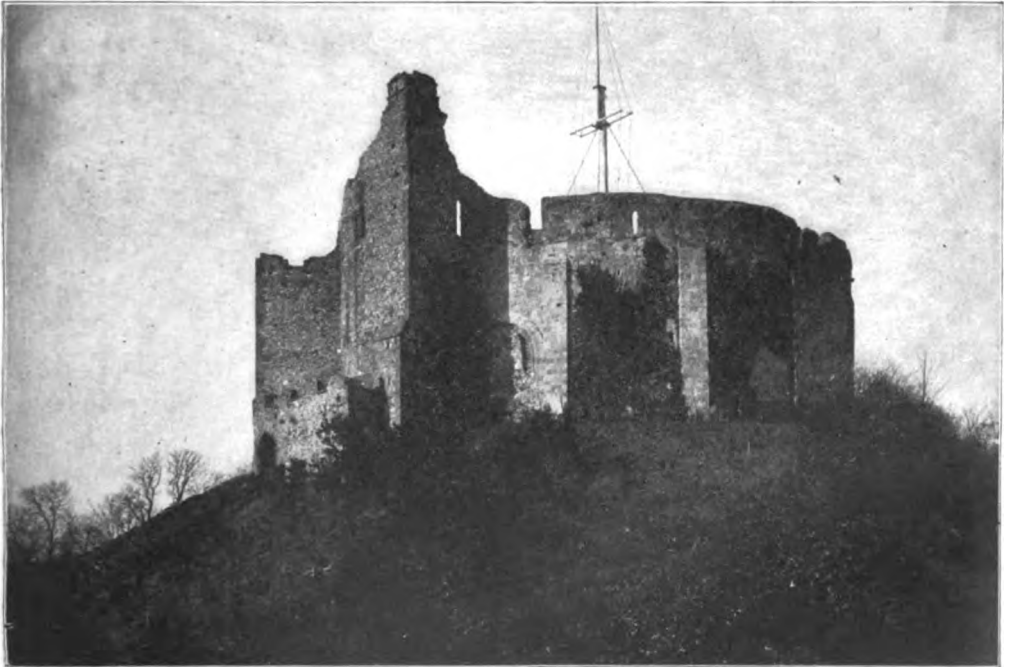
In 1380, Richard Fitzalan, thirteenth Earl of Arundel, founded an ecclesiastical college a few steps only from his feudal home and chose the chapel of the college as the burial place of his family. Years passed by and the warriors and statesmen of his race were brought, one after another, to rest under the Gothic arches. When the so-called Reformation separated the isle of saints from the Catholic Church, the Fitzalan chapel, being considered as the private property of the Howard family, remained in the hands of the holders of the castle and was never used as a place of worship by the Protestants, although it was attached to the parish church. After a lawsuit that created some sensation at the time, the present Duke of Norfolk obtained full and undisputed possession of the ancient sanctuary where for seven hundred years his ancestors have been laid to rest; he was, in consequence, able to restore it, and after four centuries of silence, the sacred words of Catholic worship are once more heard within the ancient walls. Here are buried the Duke's first wife, nee Lady Flora Hastings, his mother, his son, the Earl of Arundel. In the centre of the chapel is the gorgeous alabaster tomb of Thomas Fitzalan and his wife, the royal Beatrice of Portugal, and in a tiny coffin are gathered the bones of the martyr, Philip Howard, whom his faithful wife, Anne Dacre, brought to rest among his forefathers in 1624.

The parish church of Arundel, built in 1680, has, since the days of Elizabeth, been in Protestant hands; the Angelus no longer rings from its massive square towers and the lamp of the sanctuary was extinguished four hundred years ago! But the impression of sadness brought home to us by the desecrated sanctuary is redeemed by the sight of the glorious Gothic church of which we have spoken, the offering of the present master of the castle to the cause for which Philip Howard sacrificed his life and liberty, his splendid inheritance and

derstand how great a debt of gratitude the twentieth-century English Catholics owe to the men who, like the martyred Philip Howard, sowed in tears that their descendants might one day reap in joy.

The park of Arundel covers an extent of more than one thousand acres; it is singularly varied and picturesque, with its fine woods, its breezy expanses of furze and common, its far-stretching vistas over the surrounding country for many miles.

From the highest points in the park the view is particularly fascinating, com-



OLD SAXON FORTRESS, ARUNDEL.

family ties. This new Catholic church, that stands out in grandeur and beauty against the blue sky, speaks of hope and also of thanksgiving. It tells us of the "second spring," foretold by Cardinal Newman, and brings home to us the value of suffering, of endurance and of steadfast faith. It is only when the scales have fallen from our eyes in the light of eternity that we shall fully un-

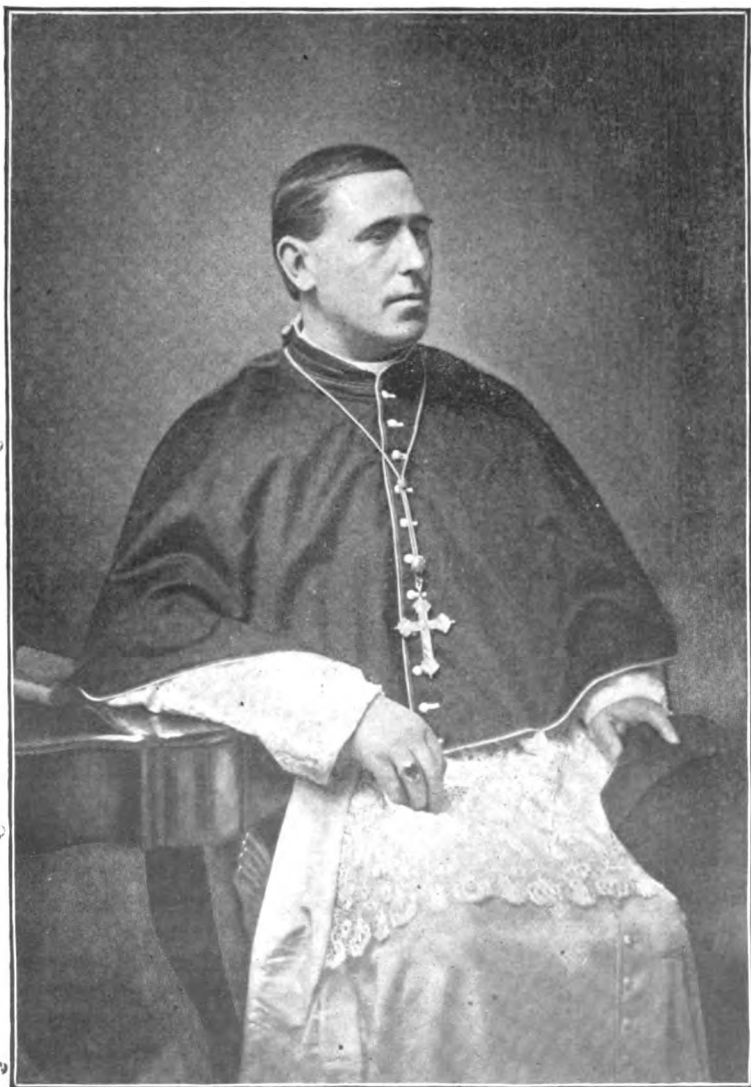
binning natural beauty with the interest attached to historical memories. Among the woods, on the rising ground to the right, lies Slindon, where an ancient manor-house was, in the days of persecution, a favorite refuge for the hunted priests. Here, too, lived, during some years, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, whose writings are as popular in America as in England. Further off, in the opposite

direction, is Parkminster, where over a hundred French Carthusians have found a refuge from the persecuting spirit of their countrymen.

One of the charms of a visit to Arundel is the blending of the present with the past, bygone associations lending a meaning to present events, Old World traditions and memories giving depth

and pathos to twentieth-century aspects of men and things.

As in the gathering shadows we wander through the silent park, past the feudal castle and Gothic church, we are inclined to pray that the universal spirit of change, characteristic of the age, may long spare the time-honored homes, the ancient landmarks of England.



MOST REVEREND PATRICK VINCENT FLOOD, O. P., D. D.  
LATE ARCHBISHOP OF PORT-OF-SPAIN



TEACHING A WILD HORSE TO CARRY DOUBLE

## The Trail of the Trader

By AUGUSTINE GALLAGHER

**W**HEN Thaddeus Lincoln Planck, horse-buyer and philosopher, went staging with Raymond Bletzacker, another son of the tribe of Harum, he had in mind an experience that he thought might do him immense bodily benefit.

From Casper, in Wyoming, where the Northwestern railway vista is a monumental wilderness, to Fort Washakie, where the Arapahoe and Shoshone trades, is a far trek—some two hundred and sixty miles or more; and the conveniences of travel are such as men used to better modes do not care to remember. Thad Planck thought the experience would do him good, and Bletzacker says that it did, but not so that he learned to like it at the time.

"There be experiences," testified Thad, when again he came in sight of box-cars and railroad iron, "that enriches the human intellect in spite of their nasty looks at the time being, and

that's the kind we invest in going to Washakie and back—the kind we get a surplus of.

"We start from Caspar early in July. Ray is as important as a mortgagee, and as sassy as an issue clerk at a lunch-counter, and I guess I'm a trifle chipper myself; you see, we've been about some! Fellows that follow the horse markets like we're doing, for several generations—of horses, you understand—will, without noticin' the growth, get the idea pretty firmly fixed that they know things.

"Well, that's how it is with us. Ray is no worse and nairy whit better than I am, only I'm tellin' the story an' don't propose to give myself the worst of it. We're both out to have things happen to us, and don't know it. From a scientific point of view, I reckon that's interesting; from a personal experience point of view, it gets to be all of uncomfortable long before we get used to it.

"The first twenty-five or thirty miles of land we survey out of Caspar we find ranging all the way from slopendicular to crisscross. When it ain't leanin' up edgeways, it goes sprawlin' around through the canons and woods, all twisted out of shape and ragged with rocks. We're ready for a change—anything for a change—by the time we reach the desert. That desert lingers somewhat in my memory. It is a beautiful two hundred and forty mile stretch of altitudinous sand-bar. It's a prospect we learn we can see a good deal of without going far to seek.

"'What d'ye think of 'er, Ray,' I remark, befor I have time to lose my nerve.

"Bletzacker says he hasn't made up his mind. He's thinking it over as he looks far out to the yellow horizon. When he does make up his mind, he says that he has become wedded to the belief that Phil Sheridan never sees the desert of Wyoming when he speaks the way he does about Texas. We've been making hoof prints in them sands for two stages when Ray acquires this permanent opinion. As I've never heard of any condition or place more terrible than hell, and haven't been with Sheridan in Texas, I just have to keep quiet. Under such conditions a mild opinion makes a fellow look locoed,\* and as Ray has played the limit by his few brief remarks, I just naturally have to let them sentiments stand for the outfit.

"As we meander along from sunup till sundown, dodgin' poison varmints, spittin' alkali dust and estimatin' what we don't know about thirst and hunger till we set sail on this sea of sand, with short rations and less water, it comes to my mind that the little old place at Camp Chase, back in the State of Ohio, holds a palace and enchanted gardens for

Thaddeus Lincoln if ever he gets that far East again.

"'And them hills in Old Perry looks a good deal like home and happiness, along side of this,' says Ray.

"It's rather singular what unpleasant things a fellow's mind runs to when he's hungry and thirsty, and alkali sand's siftin' through his skin like meal through a sieve. Ridin' herd on my thought don't do a thing for me only to train my think-box full onto my troubles, lock it there, and lose the key. Ray does no better rapidly. He is two-thirds sick and I'm in to the hub before we can locate a symptom, and by the time we have our first midnight chill—at three o'clock in the morning, third day in the desert—we're both ready to apologize to Dr. Quinine and resolve on good conduct without question or debate. We don't say anything about it at the time, but I'm far enough away now to make a clean breast of it, which is that I'm scared more than's good for a well man's nerves, and Ray isn't much worse—no, sir, very little if any. He's nervy all right; but say, nerves ain't got any drop on horse sense in alkali atmosphere.

"Well, we pour some hot coffee in among them chills and get active, takin' exercise like's if Fort Washakie's just over the next divide and we're past due arrivin' there. That helps some, but takin' exercise on coffee and alkali solids is a good deal like breakfastin' on sand-porridge overdosed with salt. It's not a good foundation for a hard day's work, but that's what we work on, and we never make a motion like play till we have a square meal with the Indian agent at the fort.

"Neither the agent nor the Indians seem to think we've done anything out of the reg'lar by bravin' the perils of that sand sea. They just regard our performance as a matter of course, and we have just enough sense to keep our opinions private. That's where we play

\* Poisoned by loco weed, a dangerous herb native to arid lands; sometimes found in wild grass regions. It deprives live stock and all creatures that eat it of their senses.

wise, for we haven't been there any time, hardly, when it develops that to deal profitably with Indians, your white man must hold himself superior like. The fact is, if them Indians ever find out that we're scared speechless out in them alkali dust waves, they'll mark us down for sheep men, an' nairy pony'll they round up for us. Your noble red man may be unsophisticated a whole lot, but he runs much to horses in trade and largely to horse sense in morals. He's got the highest sort of regard for the white man who knows more than he does about horses, and he's the willing servant of the white man who lays it over him in a trade; but for the white sheep-herd Mr. Indian has a brand of dislike that's just about as far away from brotherly love as human nature ever strays.

"So, as it turns out, just as soon as them aborigines learn that we've come into their midst with a good deal of U. S. Treasury rubbish on our persons, they lay out to annex as much as possible of that same. They've all been warned by their white brethren against an overweening desire for the root of all evil, but as far as I can make out they've taken on a heap of the spirit of the times along with their other school-in'. I don't see any of them that a man could short change to advantage, and I soon find that nearly all of them have sense enough to know when to talk. That elevates my notions of the Indian right away, and I rather think it helps to make ponies cheaper, for I says to Ray, as soon as I takes up with the idea, I says: 'Say, let's you and me make these Indians think we've only got license to make two offers, one to get 'em going and the other to fix the price.'

"That's law and order with me,' says Ray.

"We'll just play 'em a little game of Sphinx,' says I, jocular like, but I mean it.

"Make it a good stiff game,' says Ray. He's fed up till he's about half forgot about the alkali porridge, and has his mind on ponies instead of how we're ever goin' to get back to Caspar.

"Pyramid it, if you say so,' says I, in accents bold.

"Pyramid goes,' says he, an' I dassn't raise him. I think for a minute I'll obelisk that proposition, but rememberin' that desert description, I says to myself: 'Thad Planck, you'd better keep closter to the ground in these language exercises, specially with this boy Ray, who's got education up both sleeves an' in his vest pockets.'

"Well, as soon as the ponies commence to arrive we get to lookin' wise. And at that we have plenty of company. Trust an Arapahoe or a Shoshone for knowin' the pony business out in the bush range, away from side tracks. They're plumb next to the fact that you can't whistle them beasts across the sand-spittin' desert and into the loadin' shute, an' they know all about how easy it is to find other ones near where them they sold comes from. It's worth our while, I'm saying, to keep our eyes open and our mouths generally shut.

"Don't bid what they're worth the first go,' the agent advises me. 'And don't ever offer the price first asked, even if it seems to be low. Your Indian won't stand by his offer. You can buy at fair and reasonable prices by bidding low and then standing pat while the Indian edges along to the right figure. If that's a good while after the first tussle, then you may nail the bargain and it will stick.'

"That advice helps us a whole lot. The first warrior that cuts out his stock has five. Seventy-five dollars is a good round price for them, and that's the figure he wants. I looks them over and offers him \$40. He grunts so deep down when he says 'No' that I'm sure he busts a moccasin; and I says to Ray: 'That

buck's no more good for the pale face twins, I reckon.'

"Maybe so," says Ray, 'but he'll do to experiment on with them Nile rules of ours, an' that's something.' I see by this outbreak that my partner is still dealin' geographical figgers of speech, so I saws wood accordin'ly.

"About three hours nearer dinner time that same red man that has his heart set on seventy-five simoleons, ranges along side again.

"G-o-o-d man,' he unravels from somewhere about his face, maybe from his feet—it sounds like that. Then he



THADDEUS LINCOLN PLANCK

sheds what they call a grin on that reservation, but which makes his mouth look like a sliced watermelon. He is not fair to look upon, you can pin to that.

"G-o-o-d man, buy m' horses,' he blurts out this time, and for fear he'll do it again, or maybe worse, I up and offers him \$50; and I bites off my words so that they sound like crackin' ice.

"Then he rips another moccasin with a grunt that causes the ponies to shift to the other foot; and again that noble red fades from sight with the sinuous alacrity of a lizard. Them's not my words, exactly. Part of 'em's Ray's, maybe more than part of 'em.

"The sun is straight up when I see that Indian headin' for us again. I'm feelin' the narrowness of the meets and bounds of them Egyptian rules a whole lot by this time, for I begin to humor myself into believin' that plain English is wasted on this mercenary Arapahoe. I'm thinkin' up a mild phrase or two in choice italics when the red one heaves to. His grin has spread across his face by this time until the man in the moon's a poor counterfeit—it goes clear past his mouth—its—

"'We don't want your horses!' says Ray. He shoots this at the Arapahoe like's if he has fifteen or twenty-three more, and every one swifter, yet in his magazine. That holds the Indian for a spell, but he isn't nervous any to notice, and pretty soon he rounds up with a still wider gash in his face—he thinks he's lookin' pleasant.

"'This is becomin' tragic,' says I, for private circulation only. 'We'll have to—'

"'If you want \$60 all right, but if you don't, why, get away and stay away,' says Ray, and it goes. The Arapahoe is wise to this, and cinches; then I breathe some easier, feelin' light-hearted again. I don't want to kill that Indian, but I'll have to admit that he makes a very narrow escape.

"In such manner we get together a herd of one hundred and fourteen wild horses and heads 'em for Caspar. We also pick up a couple of rope-throwers and take two or three wild horses in hand for work on the way back. One of these fresh mounts is a picture mare. She is that pretty that she seems to know it, and is gay likewise.



"Of course these horses raise some dust in the desert, and we enjoy it very little more than we did the first time over. But we push on to the other side, into the foothills only twenty miles from Caspar in five days. It's a pleasant evening and we're bone tired. We get the ponies rounded well under the lee of a bluff and we're ready to take a nap as soon as the herd begins to go to the ground.

"Ray is up on the beauty. He's holdin' her out these last two days. Over in the desert she gets away and it costs him \$5 to get an Indian to put a rope on her. He makes a poor play there. She's better dead at double the money, but we don't know that yet, like many other things we can't figure out till afterward. Well, as I says, Ray's got the beauty under him, and he has her pretty tame as far as we can see. She's quit tryin' to buck and acts some like as if she's goin' to get used to white men and maybe learn to like it.

"By this time it's dark. Only we two are horseback—the hired hands are sound asleep. Of a sudden, Ray asks me for a match, sayin' he's found a cigar unexpectedly. I gives him a match and he throws his leg over his saddle horn and goes on to light the weed. He reaches down on the saddle and scratches the match, and then he sets down good and hard on the ground, and that mare is gone like's if she has wings. She takes just time enough on the way to stampede the herd, and while Ray's countin' the stars he sees when he lights onto the hard ground, I'm away after the stampede.

"The bunch has a good long lead at that, and only for the bell mare an' a white horse that's lame an' can't keep up with the swift ones, I'm likely to lose sight of them. But I keep a goin' and towards morning I've got them milled good and tired. Then I begin to won-

der where I am. Naturally, I feels for my compass, an' just as naturally I remember givin' it to Ray before sundown.

"I haven't got as much as a chew of tobacker. No biscuit, no water—no nuthin' but a little bit of revivin' nerve, and blamed little of that, I'm tellin' you. I'm back into that desert—don't know where or how deep, and I'm stampeded the worst sort of way.

"After givin' myself the raw edge of a private hearin', I says to myself, friendly like: 'Oh, well, fools will be fools. I guess I'll peep at the time, and then rest a while.' Now right then I arrive somewhere, and I learns by this that it doesn't add any to a man's get there qualities to talk back to himself. Good humor's the thing. As soon as I looks at my watch I get an idea, and like a hard up, sensible fellow might do, I work it for all it's worth to me.

"Says I, 'If I've been ridin' only six hours I've only gone as far as a horse can run in that time; an' if I keep an eye out for the full moon, I'll size up the points of the compass sure as figures is arithmetic.' I don't lose any time smoothin' off a dial plat, and when that moon shows up I fix north on my plat so it stays. Then I takes me a nap or two an' by daylight I'm moving fifty-seven of the herd of one hundred and fourteen back toward the foothills and Caspar. I make an even break, lone handed, which ain't so bad after all.

"I'm till five o'clock that p. m. drivin' them horses, all alone, nothing to eat, drink or chew. When I get that bunch to Caspar I'm as blue-lipped as a poisoned pup, and for days after I'm spittin' sand and salt water. I make some money on them ponies, after payin' Indians to go after the runaways back to Washakie, but I've had mine for desert roamin'.

"But I don't much more than get my profits on them Wyoming ponies tucked

away when along comes a letter from my friend Bill Collard of Phoenix, Arizona, who says there's mules out there nearly for the ropin', and hintin' that he's lonesome to see me. Pretty soon I draws up to Bill's supper table and we talk it over. Next day we go for the mules, an' it's like he says, they're to be had, and we get busy.

"We're working on the third car, if I'm not mistaken, and we're pretty well fagged out, when Bill says we'll just rest up a bit. We're on our way back to Phoenix, buckboardin' along at a decent clip for mules, when we run into a herd of sheep that reaches out all over the country. Bill is wise to the lay at once. Says he:

"Thad, what d'ye say to havin' some fresh lamb for supper?"

"I'm thinkin' well of lamb and I says so. I don't bother about it any, for Bill Collard's been Sheriff of Phoenix an' I figure that he knows what he's doin'.

"If you'll just take the trouble to guide these mules a spell,' says he, 'I'll sort o' tangle one of them lambs up with this rope.' He looks all around for the sheep-herd. There bein' nobody but us on lay, so far as we see, he makes good his remarks and in less'n half of no time he has a young sheep along side an' is takin' off the rope. I'm busy holdin' the lines and Bill's busy unropin' the sheep, when all of a sudden a big Mexican gets busier'n both of us—wanting to know things.

"That Mexican is about seven feet tall, an' he has two guns that look big enough to shoot without any help. Where he comes from in such a hurry we never can guess, an' we haven't any time to try. I'm never worse scared an' Bill's none too happy, as I can see by his lack of greetin' that hostile greaser with a bluff. Bill Collard's none of your shy ones but he knows when it's manners to parley. That Mexican says something

that sounds bad to me and I can tell by the way Bill don't answer in a hurry that he knows what the sheep-herd's saying, but he's not in any rush to savy. Then I gets an idea—scared into it, I guess. I fishes a silver dollar out of my pocket an' tosses it over to Bill, sayin' the best I can an' keep my teeth from chatterin':

"You win; there's your dollar! I'm foolish to think you can't rope one every time."

"Bill's wise before the dollar quits ringin' on the ground. Then he lets the sheep loose, picks up my dollar, turns to Mr. Mexican an' he's Sheriff again. 'What's that you're saying?' says he, snapping out the words.

"That Mexican is still fingerin' them guns, but he's not so boisterous now. I don't know what he's sayin', but I can tell that he's explainin', for pretty soon he's usin' his hands; an' just as soon as he gets his hands away from them guns I know we'll both get back to Phoenix. When Bill tells him we have a little bet whether he can rope a sheep the first time, and he wins, that greaser dusts the trail, makin' bows to go with his apology. He don't want any trouble with real sportsmen, he tells Bill, and I'm only too glad he ain't a mind reader, 'cause I'm all in an' warped; an' I ain't never had no appetite for mutton since.

"That's about as near as shooting comes and don't pop, I reckon,' I says to Bill, when I gets my nerves settled a bit.

"Bill says nothin' for a spell, then he remarks, takin' my silver dollar out of his pocket: 'This is the biggest dollar I ever see, Thad. When that Mexican is toyin' with them howitzers of his'n, an' you throw this shiner on the ground, it looks bigger'n the moon through a spy-glass. I know that sheep killin' thief an' he knows me. I has him in jail once, an' he stands ready to kill me for it. I may have to kill him yet, in self-defense.

"'Next time he meets me,' says I, 'he'll know it. Me to the sod land, William, I'm not happy here.'

"'So!' said Bill, like's if what I say is all unusual.

"'Yes, he may get the drop on me again,' says Bill more serious, 'an' the same dollar bet won't work.'

"'Then make it two dollars,' says I, 'but your friend Thaddeus Lincoln is

not in it. I'm horse and mule chaser, mountain climber and desert duster all right, but no man hunting in mine if you please. Me to the Scioto, Bill. Them mules needs Eastern air.'

"'I reckon you're set on bein' civilized,' remarks Bill as he says good-bye at the train. 'Well,' says he, an' sighs like, 'take good care of the mules, Thad, and don't forget that little job o' ropin.'"



## The Passing of a Soul

By WILLIAM P. H. KITCHIN, PH. D.

**S**HE looked very frail and pitiful as she lay there in the big bed, the faintest color tinging her cheeks, her hair streaming over the pillows in rich profusion; she was something it pained one to see, like an injured bird or torn flower. All winter and spring had she lain ill, with now and then a faint show of vitality which served to buoy up false hopes, but day by day growing steadily weaker. At last the end was near, she was passing swiftly, passing out into the great unknown, and she knew it not.

It was late in July. The warm sun filtered through the drawn blinds in a yellow glow, and made more ghastly the poor wan features. The sounds of the city, diminished by distance, were heard faintly in the room,—bells tink-

ling musically, the rumble of a distant carriage, the merry shouts of children at play. Outside the window a bee hummed inquiringly to know were it well to enter; on second thought he buzzed noisily into the room, and set to work industriously on a vase of flowers standing near the bedside.

The world was full of life and joy on that hot July afternoon; "it was good to be here"—or at least it seemed so, and to her who was the prey of death, life seem good and sweet and very precious indeed.

She must have been asleep a long while, for she awoke refreshed; it seemed ages since she had been awake before, and she felt as though a load had been lifted from her. She lay there idly dreaming, a thousand fancies flit-

ting through her brain, with a delicious feeling of peace and well-being. But it was hard for her to fix her thoughts, she could not remember very well where she was or how she came there.

Ah, yes! of course she recollected all now—it came to her in a flash. She had been sick, very sick indeed! And so long! She thought for a while she was never going to get better. Those awful nights, oh, the torture of them!—when she coughed and coughed, hour after hour a ceaseless, racking cough, until her lungs seemed torn asunder, and every part of her body felt as one great wound. How she had longed for the morning, how endless the weary hours of darkness used to seem! Then she would have given all she ever saw for even one hour's good sleep, but it was denied her. Oh, it was cruel, cruel! What had she ever done to be treated like this? And then, embittered with agony, she would give way to paroxysms of anger against herself, against those worn out waiting on her.

She was sorry, of course, now for having been so angry; in fact, she could scarcely understand it, she felt so gentle and self-satisfied to-day. It was not really herself who said those cruel, bitter things, but a poor little mite tortured with life-weariness and death-fear, who was not really responsible. But now all that was over, the suffering and pain were gone, the awful cough had disappeared, charmed away no doubt by summer suns and July breezes, and now all she had to do was to regain her strength, and make up to her dear ones for all the trouble given them. Yes, thank God, she had passed the crisis safely, she was going to live and be herself again. God was good; He had been very good to her indeed.

But now here was a strange thing—she puzzled for a long while over that, and could make nothing out of it—the priest seemed very grave these last few days, when all danger evidently was

past. He insisted on giving her the last sacraments, but then he always believed in being on the safe side of things. And then he told her a lot of things about Heaven, how there our real existence begins, that life is a mere day-dream, which lasts a few minutes and is gone. Heaven lasts forever, and in Heaven there is no pain or sin; no misunderstandings; no tears or partings, or sad good-byes; all are united forever, and in Heaven we know our own. Our faculties, too, far from being impaired, are strengthened and made more perfect.

Does not earth, with its hundred thousand things of interest and mystery, form an inexhaustible object of knowledge—infinitely more than men have hitherto been able to make their own of? Yet earth is not even a speck of dust compared to Heaven, where God dwells in light inaccessible, and communicates to each creature as much light and knowledge and happiness as it has the power of receiving.

These things, and many more she could not remember, he told her about Heaven, and then finished with: "Little girl, you will reach Heaven before me, and mind, don't forget me when you have got your crown." She laughed then, she smiled incredulously now. It was really foolish to think an elderly man would outlive her. What a surprise he would get on seeing her one of these Sundays at Mass, all radiant with renewed health and vigor! Then she began to ask herself what she would wear her first Sunday out. Would it be well for her to go into the country for a few weeks? Would she be well enough to put in an appearance at a long-talked-of party? Such children are we, so utterly are our fancies beyond control, that at the most solemn moments trifles besiege us, and the holiest and the most frivolous ideas course almost simultaneously through our busy brains.

As her thoughts wandered thus idly, a door opened softly somewhere, a whis-

pered colloquy took place, followed by a stifled sob,—“sinking fast;” “end not far off now,” she heard as in a dream, and she wondered dimly what they were talking about.

A placid curiosity excited her to interest; she would like to know what was meant without the trouble of inquiring. She had not the energy to ask questions now, there were so many to be asked, and then she was so weary, so inexpressibly tired! Of course that was only to be expected after such a long illness; she was very weak yet, but every day would bring increased strength; then all the questions could be asked and answered at leisure.

Her mother came and kissed her with twitching lips, and left hot tears upon her face. Strange that mother should be crying—that was very unusual with her; could anything have annoyed her? she wondered, but was too tired to ask. Next Sunday she would be down-stairs to dinner anyhow, and could find out all about it then.

Her sisters came in, sad-eyed and weeping. What could be the sorrow? Had they heard ill news? Again she wondered, and wanted to ask, but weariness overcame her. A delicious peaceful languor, sweet and clinging, was chaining all her senses. Her lips were moving, but she could make no sound; her hearing was getting dulled; the eyelids she strove so bravely to keep open, drooped steadily in spite of her. She felt herself being lulled to sleep by sweet

sounds and soothing motions, and yet it was a sleep such as she had never known before.

She seemed to be gliding along a beautiful river, whose wavelets sparkled in the sun, and rocked her gently and sung a lullaby to her as they swept along. Her mother and sisters kept pace with her on the shore, making signs to her and encouraging her. But she felt no fear—why should she?—and they were near. Amidst the rippling of the water she heard, as from a great distance:

“Lord have mercy on her.”

“Christ have mercy on her.”

“Holy Mary, pray for her.”

“All ye holy angels and archangels, pray for her.”

And now the rushing of the water increased, it roared and foamed about her; no longer could she hear the friendly voices. She did not understand, but above all she was so tired.

But now, the noise was already dying away, and she was gliding calmly into a peaceful harbor. She saw through half-closed eyelids a shore of enchanting beauty, an inland sea studded with islands, overhead the spotless blue, the glorious sunshine flooding all.

She was perfectly satisfied and happy, she felt that she was going home. By a great effort she raised herself; her eyes opened wide; she stretched out her poor wasted arms. “Oh, mother!” she said, quite loudly, then one long-drawn sigh, when she lay back and all was still.

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### Lessons By Mary G. Woodhull

I have learned a sweet lesson of trust to-day  
 From the fragrant white lilies across the way;  
 And a lesson of peace, and of tender rest,  
 From a mother-bird brooding within her nest;  
 Comes a message of hope from the sapphire sky,  
 With a thrill of the rapture of “By and By;”  
 While the rose-gleam of sunset, wondrously fair,  
 Brings thoughts of yon City, beyond compare!

# The Vindication of Maligned Monarchs

By JOHN J. O'SHEA

**T**O succor the wretched is one of the high pleasures of the potent and the affluent; it is the pride of Christian chivalry. To rescue the fair name of the unjustly accused is a cognate privilege. Partisan history, penned at a time when the odor of gunpowder filled the air and the smoke of battle still lingered above the field, has handed down to contempt or execration many a name that has stood for misfortune, or mistaken confidence, or other human failing, rather than an evil or craven heart. The true-hearted student and scholar will take pride in coming to the help of truth with regard to such victims of snatched verdicts, whenever he finds the evidence of defective indictments or malicious animus in the prosecution. Most of those who take pen in hand for the public service know what it is to suffer at times from misrepresentation of motives and procedure, and they will therefore willingly join in the work of reparation. As Dido says in the "Aeneid," "*Haud ignara mali, miseris succurere disco.*"

Andrew Lang is one of those unprejudiced reviewers. He has taken up from time to time some notables whom some other Scotchmen have held up to odium and subjected the evidence on which the judgment was based to the microscope of dispassionate inquiry. He has placed the characters of John Knox and Queen Mary in their true light before the world, and reversed the verdict of many of his own nationality. He has now added the character of King James II to the gallery of the rehabilitated.

To few characters, observes a thoughtful and dispassionate reviewer in Blackwood's Magazine, has history been more unjust. Why is this? Because

most historians from the time of the religious wars until now belonged to the ranks of the reformers or the group of the atheists. In his early life James, as Duke of York, was beloved of the Scotch for his affability and courtly dignity what time he kept state at Holyrood Palace, but later on he was cursed and denounced, and would have been killed by the populace of Edinburgh, because as King he sought to restore Catholic worship. He attempted to have Holyrood Abbey made once more a temple of Catholic worship, but the mob, hearing the news, marched forth from Edinburgh and stormed the palace and abbey, leaving both a heap of charred ruins. The intense "odium theologicum" of that stirring period is a phenomenon not easily to be realized in this quiet piping time of peaceful commerce and industrious pursuit of money. We have to read of the prosecutions of the Popish Plot epoch, of the astounding rascalities of Oates and his fellow conspirators, of the wars of the Covenanters against Prelacy, of "Bonnie Dundee" and the "bloody Duke of Cumberland," to get a faint idea. The popular ballads sung in the streets and hawked about in fairs and at race meetings reeked with vile allusions to the respective religions, "Papist" or "swaddler" as the case might be. Some of the more capable poets of the time occasionally descended so low as to write some of this poisonous stuff, whether to gratify their innate prejudice or gain a little money it may be hard to decide. Prior, for instance, who was a prominent literary man of Goldsmith's era, and who wrote that author's biography, is given as the composer of some doggerel on King James and his favorites which will serve as an illustration of

the tendency of religious rancor to debase the noblest of arts. James was personified as Nero in the screed :

"Nero, without the least disguise,  
The Papists at all times  
Still favored, and their robberies  
Looked on as trivial crimes.

"The Protestants whom they did rob  
During his government  
Were forced with patience, like good Job,  
To rest themselves content.

"For he did basely them refuse  
All legal remedy;  
The Romans still he well did use,  
Still screened their roguery."

Now, after the lapse of nearly two centuries and a half, it is given to a Scottish historian, animated by a sincere love of truth and fair play, to clear the character of the unfortunate victim of partisan aspersion and show him, by his administrative acts, to have been animated with as just a spirit as most monarchs of his cycle. Perhaps the most cynical feature of all about his unfortunate fate is the fact that it is in Ireland, where he labored to bring about some redress for the long-persecuted Catholics, that his name is held in such contempt that the sobriquet which popular scorn bestowed on him may not be printed. He lives in the popular esteem as a dastard in war if not a laggard in love; and this is the most odious character which any one could be branded with among a rash-blooded people. Considering the reputation James acquired while acting as Admiral, in several important naval engagements, this verdict seems inexplicably unjust. The battle which began in Southwold Bay and ended after a couple of days off the Dutch coast, in the year 1672, was one of the severest and most obstinately contested in maritime war annals. There James was in supreme command, and he fought his flagships in the most gallant manner. The first one was the "Prince," a frigate of a hundred guns; and on board this he directed the fight until one-third of the crew were killed or wounded and the vessel lay a helpless hulk on the

water. Then he transferred his flag to the "St. Michael," after rowing in an open boat through the enemy's fire, and renewed the combat until this flagship, too, was in danger of sinking through injuries to her hull. Again he took to his open shallop and rowed through the firing ships to the "London," on board of which he directed the fleet until seven in the evening, when the enemy drew off toward the Nore. There the battle was renewed next day, and ended in the retreat and defeat of the attempt of De Ruyter, the Dutch Admiral, to interpose between the British and French fleets and prevent their junction as allies.

The combined force was much inferior in number of ships and weight of metal to that of the Dutch, which consisted of seventy sail of the line and several fire ships. But the skilful management of James and the obstinate bravery of his forces enabled the English to claim the victory against odds that at the outset seemed to make success a hopeless eventuality.

The chief accuser of James, on the score of pusillanimity, has been Macaulay. His description of the unfortunate monarch's conduct at the battle of the Boyne is saturated with malignant bias. None of the sights he beheld there, remarks the historian, "moved that sluggish and ignoble nature. When it became clear that the day was going against Ireland, he was seized with an apprehension that his flight might be intercepted, and galloped towards Dublin." There is a story current in Ireland that when the King arrived in Dublin Castle he was met by Lady Tyrconnell, and to her he said bitterly: "Madame, your countrymen are running away;" and that the lady retorted with Irish quickness of reply: "Your Majesty is the first fugitive I have seen."

Here the impartial reader is confronted by two opposing narratives. He is entertained with the accounts of the Irish campaign written by two very dif-

ferent authors. Macaulay, who got his title of Lord through the way he presented the events of the Revolution of 1689 to the English admirers of the triumphant party, is the favorite historian, and his version is that which holds the field. He disposes of the Irish campaign and the battle of the Boyne in a few of those glittering sentences which

nell's apocryphal or doubtful witticism as the keynote on which to pitch his narrative. On the other side the reader may find the sober and unadorned recital of the Abbé Macgeoghegan, who was a contemporary of James and a friend of many leaders in the Irish army, who was a witness of the bravery of the Irish brigades who left their mark deep



KING JAMES II

have made his style the envy of the meretricious minded chroniclers of these modern days. James he depicts as a **poltroon**; the Irish army as a collection of **poltroons**, with a few brilliant exceptions. He possibly took Lady Tyrcon-

on Macaulay's countrymen wherever they encountered them on level terms in fair fight, on Continental battle-fields; and who had his version of the Irish campaign from contemporary authorities and participants.



Macaulay states that William's forces at the Boyne consisted of about 36,000 men, of all arms. James, he says, had about 30,000, but he declares them to have been inferior in quality as well as in number. James' position was superior, and this advantage is supposed to offset, one may suppose, in the historian's mind, the double drawback he allows for. Macgeoghegan puts the combined forces acting under William at 45,000 men. Those of King James only numbered 23,000; they were for the most part raw levies, badly armed and almost without training or experience; and the whole of the Irish army had but 12 field pieces, while William's force was especially strong in artillery. The most reliable portion of James' force was the French auxiliary, commanded by the Duke of Berwick, and the Irish cavalry, commanded by the dashing Sir Neill O'Neill.

Macaulay's exact words, giving his opinion of the different armies, are here most useful, as they may be taken into account against himself when in other passages he sums up the results of the battle and estimates the causes contributory to William's success. "James," he says, "had probably thirty thousand men. About a third part of this force consisted of excellent French infantry and excellent Irish cavalry. But the rest of his army was the scoff of all Europe. The Irish dragoons were bad;"—in the sentence immediately preceding they were "excellent"—"the Irish infantry worse. It was said that their ordinary way of fighting was to discharge their pieces once, and then to run away, bawling 'Quarter' and 'Murder.' Their inefficiency was in that age commonly imputed, both by their enemies and their allies, to natural poltroonery." How little ground there was for such an imputation has since been signally proved by many heroic achievements in every part of the globe.

Now, why does Macaulay use the disgraceful word "poltroonery" in regard to these Irish troops if he did not intend thereby to cast dishonor on this particular levy of men? He must have known that the charge was utterly base as it was baseless, for this same army, after it was withdrawn from the Boyne, marched leisurely away, under the King's orders, and fell back in the best order on Athlone and Limerick, fought De Ginkle's forces and William's at Aughrim, where it had won the day when at the moment of victory it lost its brilliant but rash French commander, St. Ruth; and behind the walls of Limerick, where it made so splendid a defense that it was allowed to march out with arms and all the honors of war, and enlist under the banners of King Louis. The battle of Fontenoy had not been very long fought when Macaulay began to read up for the work wherein he applies that discreditable epithet to the Irish soldiers who fought at the Boyne for King James. The men who hurled back Cromwell's invincible "Ironsides" from the walls of Clonmel were not much like cowards; nor those who under Owen Roe O'Neill swept Marshal Bagenal's and General Monroe's hosts away at the battles of the Yellow Ford and Benburb. If the Irish army were really so wretched in spirit and discipline as the great English historian depicts it, the glory of defeating it at the Boyne by such a fanatical and well-trained host as followed William and Schomberg is not quite so apparent to the impartial reader as it is to the partial chronicler. There was, in reality, very little of a victory in the event of the Boyne. The vacillation of James, who was seemingly far more concerned for the safety of his son-in-law, William of Orange, than for that of his Irish forces, prevented the latter from gaining the victory when they could have killed William quite easily, but James prevented the fatal shot when the marks-

man had the King covered with his piece.

The Irish cavalry under young O'Neill, as well as the French under the Duke of Berwick, performed feats of valor that day unsurpassed by any troops in the world. Ten times they charged the English cavalry under Hamilton, and prevented that general from effecting what William had entrusted him with doing—cutting King James' army in two. James' forces drew off in the evening, William not daring to pursue. Portion of the army went after James, in a leisurely fashion, to Dublin, and another moiety, under the Duke of Tyrconnell, to Limerick.

James' irresolution all through this campaign in Ireland was lamentable. It was so marked that one of his commanders, General Rose, is reported as having said to him, in his bitterness of heart: "Sire, if you had a hundred kingdoms, you would lose them." He could have had the important city of Derry, which, with its famous walls, was then a great fortress, had he agreed to the terms of capitulation offered by General Hamilton; and at Dundalk his aversion to bloodshed prevented him from ordering an attack on the English garrison, who were then completely at his mercy. This was the mistaken humanity which elicited the bitter exclamation from General Rose. And this is the monarch whom Macaulay depicts as a monster of cruelty, delighting in the torture of his Covenanter prisoners in the jail or court-house of Edinburgh!

It is extremely difficult to account for Macaulay's inconsistencies as to King James' character and the causes that led to his final departure from the British islands. It can hardly be doubted that Shakespeare wrote his plays of "King Richard III" and "King Henry VIII" with a view to the fact that a descendant of Henry, Earl of Richmond, then occu-

pied the English throne. So Macaulay, in painting the character of King James, did not overlook the fact that the occupant of that throne, when he was writing, was collaterally a member of the House of Brunswick, which in turn claimed succession from the House of Hanover, which was the house to which William of Orange belonged. Moreover, King James, despite his "cowardice," had the courage to return to the religion of his ancestors—a very terrible crime in the eyes of great historians who look to Protestant royal favors as a means of acquiring wealth and distinction. This may seem to be an ungenerous way of looking at the matter, but really there is no other explanation that can be offered, so it would be folly to reject it until a better reason be forthcoming.

"To few characters," observes Blackwood's Magazine, "has history been so consistently unjust." There is one, at least—his beautiful and ill-fated progenitor, Mary Stuart; and that other Mary, whom historians more fanatical than Macaulay have red-daubed with a sanguinary fame, was perhaps even more unfairly treated still. "A sincerely religious man, he refused to forswear his faith even for a crown," Blackwood proceeds. How different a man from Henry of Navarre, whom the same Macaulay glorifies as a sort of demigod in his "Ballads of the League!"

King James was accused of bigotry, says Mr. Lang, when his only fault was honesty. He had no petty intolerance, and he gave Prince Charles a Protestant governor, with the result that the Prince's religion became a negligible quantity. Thackeray has drawn him as a wild, brilliant, amorous being, when in reality he was "a sober, diligent, reasonable, sad young man, affectionate, depressed, true to creed and honor." Of his loyalty to his friends his heart-broken correspondence in 1716 bears witness. Few men have had a sadder

life. He hated debt, and yet was always in want of money, while he made such small contribution as he could to his poorer supporters. He was surrounded by a needy and mendacious crew, so that he did not know where to turn for disinterested advice. His wife was always in the sulks, and the world sighed with

quiet fortitude. He is not one of the great figures of his house, but if he lacked the glamour of the Stuarts, he lacked also their vices."

Such is a Scotchman's estimate of the last monarch who attempted to have Mass again celebrated in the Abbey of Holyrood. That was a crime that not



KING WILLIAM III

her, and pictured her grave husband as a heartless libertine. \* \* \* James, unlike his son, was not cast by Providence for desperate enterprises. He had no magnetism, no optimism, none of the dashing qualities which mark the leader of forlorn hopes. But he had a singular depth of patience, courage, and

all the water of Lough Lomond may wash out in this cycle. But the light is surely spreading when historians like Mr. Lang, believing truth to be a sacred thing, set to work in a sincere spirit, flinging away all prejudice and inveterate habit of mind, to discover where that sacred thing is hidden. Mr. Lang

has rehabilitated the lovely and unfortunate Queen Mary Stuart; he has, moreover, shown Cardinal Beaton to have been a great and saintly Scottish statesman, most foully murdered by Knox's bloodthirsty crew; and he has held up that rampant reformer to the execration and contempt he certainly merited.

To do all these things required not only great courage, but wonderful pa-

tience and years of scholarly research. But the reward is great. The consciousness of having undone some great and glaring wrongs is a proud thing; and so Mr. Lang's satisfaction must be incomparably greater than that which Gibbon tells us he felt when he had completed his lifelong task of writing the story of the downfall of the Roman Empire.

## Seaweeds

By LAWRENCE IRWELL

**T**HERE are some branches of natural science which man has to some extent neglected, and one of these is the study of seaweeds. Only to be seen when the receding tide has left them on the rocks in a collapsed condition, their beauty is not obvious at a casual glance. Moreover, they do not produce brilliant flowers and edible fruits.

Early references to seaweeds are of a contemptuous character. Horace, for example, describes them as "inutilis alga" and "vilior alga." Couched in the same spirit, though in recent times, was the remark of a botanist of repute of whom the story is told that upon being shown a collection of seaweeds in the hope that the trouble taken in their preservation and classification would earn a word of commendation from the great man, he dismissed the subject as beneath his notice, with the words: "That's only a lot of seaweeds."

No botanist of today, great or humble, would assume such an attitude toward a branch of study of which he was ignorant, and the term "useless" cannot be applied to seaweeds without exposing the ignorance of the speaker. Seaweeds are useful in a very high degree, although they may not be market-

able, like cabbage and carnations. They perform in the ocean similar offices in purifying the medium in which they grow, as do the tall trees, the grass and lowly herbs of the dry lands. That is, of course, they absorb carbon dioxide and give off abundance of oxygen. They provide shelter and food for a vast number of forms of animal life, for within the submarine jungles and forests many creatures find protection, and their myriads of floating spores are eaten by small animals, which in turn become the food of fish. The diatoms upon which oysters feed largely are a class of minute seaweeds. Again, the larger weeds have value as manure, and they may be used in the manufacture of soda, as formerly they were largely employed. From seaweeds the chemist extracts the medicinally valuable iodine; but perhaps their greatest value to the dwellers of some countries, especially small islands, consists in their constituting a natural breakwater. Were it not for the leather-like meshes of the "Fuci," which grow from the rocks between tide-marks, the inroads of the sea upon the shores of many lands would be much greater than they are. A reef of weed-covered rocks is far more effective than most of the breakwaters which man constructs. The

breaker, coming in with full force to strike against the cliff, is entangled among the innumerable branches of the seaweed, and its force being split up, is dissipated.

There is really little excuse for ignorance concerning seaweeds on the part of any person who has access to the coast. In most cases specimens may be obtained in abundance; they are easily preserved; they present considerable variation in structure, as well as in form and habit, and their general appearance is pleasant to the aesthetic sense. In size they range from species which individually can be seen only with the aid of the microscope to the opposite extreme, some of them being of immense size, with branches hundreds of feet long. It will be easily understood that between these limits there must be a very large number of species, and yet, to show how they were formerly neglected, in the days of the great Linnaeus, there were only seventy species known to exist in the entire world.

The diatom specialist who draws his specimens from all parts of the globe has the comparatively unrestricted field afforded by no less than ten thousand species. The possibility of using figures like these shows that there have been at least a few students to whom seaweeds have not been absolutely uninteresting.

A noteworthy fact about the "Algae," no matter how large and tree-like they may be, is the absence of vessels. "Algae" consist of a mere aggregation of cells, which, though they form simple tissues, are never differentiated into wood, bark, etc. Their hard parts, so far as they have any, are more of the consistency of cartilage than wood. They have no roots, but merely attachment discs, and those once separated from the rocks, do not adhere again. The larger kinds grow from the solid face of the rock, no matter how hard, and not from fissures. Roots, therefore, would be of little use to them, and, indeed, the fact

that the whole surface of the plant absorbs its nutriment from the surrounding waters renders the possession of true roots unnecessary. The more minute species lead a free roving life in the water, especially near the surface, and may easily be mistaken for animals by those who regard the power of movement as an attribute peculiar to animal life. There are, indeed, a few forms, such as the luminous "*Ceratium tripos*," which are claimed as subjects by both botanists and zoologists. The spores, or reproductive bodies, also move freely through the water, numbers of them being propelled by the lashing of two or more "cilia," until they fix themselves upon a firm surface and develop into new plants.

Some kinds of seaweed are colored with beautiful and delicate tints; other kinds excrete coats of chalk or flint, and when they die these hard coats drop to the sea-bottom and contribute to the chalk-beds of the future, which are known to be in process of formation. Among the seaweeds are masses which look very much like coral from their solid "stoniness," and we learn that they actually play a part in the construction of coral islands, helping to bind the work of the coral-polyps together. Seaweeds of this class in some cases do considerable injury to fish-nets that come in contact with their short, hooked branches, and there are beaches where the fine yellow gravel is composed almost entirely of the broken pieces of these stony weeds.

As these plants produce no flowers, it is quite clear that they are not propagated by means of seeds, which are always the product of flowers of some kind. Seaweeds are reproduced by means of spores which may be roughly and unscientifically described as detached cells having the power to give rise under suitable conditions to plants similar to those by which they were produced. These spores are of several

kinds and of different characters, some being the product of a sexual process, others the product of one sex without fertilization.

The vast number of seaweeds now known has been arranged in four great groups, which have been divided into cohorts, orders, tribes and genera. Had this method not been adopted, their classification would be unmanageable. It is not desirable to go through the mazes of this system, but it may be interesting to glance at a few of the more striking representatives of the four principal groups. The first of the four, known to science as the "Cyanophyceae," consists of plants of low order, usually characterized by their bluish-green color. All these are not very distantly allied to "Bacteria," and they are either single cells or single rows of cells. Many of them abound in the warm surface waters of the ocean, and some of them bore holes in shells on the bottom. Others, when they occur in waters strongly charged with lime, cause a precipitate of this substance around them by the absorption of carbon dioxide from the water.

A red-colored form — "Trichodesmium"—occurs at times in such vast quantity in warm waters that it has earned the name of Red Sea for that arm of the Indian Ocean which separates Arabia from Egypt and Ethiopia.

The second group, the "Chlorophyceae," are usually bright green and chiefly fresh-water forms, although there is a considerable minority of marine representatives. These are not found in deep water, and consist either of one cell, branched, or simple rows of cells, or thin layers. Among these single-celled forms are some of the most remarkable specimens of plant structure; for, upon slight acquaintance, they appear to be of the most complex character. One of these, named "Caulerpa," resembles nothing so much as a cluster of very intricately divided fern fronds of great

beauty. Yet all this lace-like division is found to be compatible with the unicellular type of structure. Astonishing as it may appear, the entire plant of "Caulerpa" is but a single cell drawn out into a cylindrical tube with many branches. The danger of any of these collapsing is insured against by the presence of minute beams and girders thrown across at intervals from wall to wall to keep them apart. "Caulerpa" is found in tropical waters growing from the submarine rock-walls, much as some creepers climb the terrestrial walls and trees around us. It is said to be a favorite food of the turtle.

A similar species, "Bryopsis plumosa," resembles a miniature clump of delicate ferns and again the whole plant consists of one cell. This seaweed is seldom found in profusion, but may be seen in fairly warm seas growing from the wall of a pool, or from a shell, or stone, at the bottom.

"Codium" is not unlike "Bryopsis," though the outward form is very different. In the case of the former, the frond forks again and again into erect, somewhat cylindrical, woolly branches, slightly slimy to the touch—all merely divisions of one cell.

In the second great group ("Chlorophyceae"), we find the plant popularly known as sea lettuce ("Ulva latissima"), from the frond being a thin, broad, crinkled expansion, very similar to a lettuce-leaf in consistence and coloring, but lacking in midrib and veins. In the genus "Monostroma," the frond, although composed of a great number of cells, is only one cell thick, while in the better-known "Ulva," which grows abundantly on stones in shallow places, there is a similar kind of frond, but it is two cells thick. The still more plentiful "Enteromorpha," with which some of the higher-lying pools are filled, is first shaped like long, slender ribbons, two cells thick, but after a little while so much oxygen is given off between

these layers that the frond becomes a distended tube.

The genus "*Loochlorella*," whose members exist as separate cells in the bodies of low forms of animals ("Radiolarians"), were discovered many years ago and were known as "yellow cells," but their true character has only been ascertained in comparatively recent times. To a limited extent the animal derives sustenance from the product of the plant's vital activity, and the plant apparently subsists upon the waste of the animal organism. Some of these minute organisms, had they consciousness of what is being done by scientific men, would either be enjoying considerable amusement because zoologists claim them as animals of low estate, while botanists insist that they are plants, or they would be miserable on account of their doubtful position in the scale of life. "*Ceratium tripos*" is one of these—a minute organism with three prolongations looking like a pair of slender wings and a tail. In addition, it has a long lash, by the movement of which it is propelled through the surface waters near the coast. At night it gives forth a silvery light, and a part of the luminosity of the sea is due to this plant—or animal, whichever one may choose to call it. An allied species, "*Pyrocystis*," is interesting, not only because it is equally luminous—and some naturalists attribute to it many of the great displays of marine fireworks that may be seen in the tropics—but also on account of its strong resemblance to "*Noctiluca*," the unicellular animal which causes much of the luminosity of non-tropical seas.

The third group, "*Phaeophyceae*," is of greater popular interest because its members are mostly of considerable size, and include familiar wracks, tangles and bar-weeds, as well as the huge "*Macrocystis*" and "*Lessonia*" of warmer seas. Among the species of "*Fucus*," which cover many littoral

rocks, it is quite a common thing to find the fronds buoyed up by air bladders which form in the central layer of cells. The stems of these seaweeds are of very dense, horny consistence, and they are incapable of floating without the aid of the air-bladders. Growing, as all these plants do, on the exposed rocks in no great depth of water, they must be sufficiently tough to withstand the constant fretting of the surf, and the greater friction caused by the waves in stormy weather. But stubborn, hard-wearing material of this sort must be built with such solidity as is not consistent with buoyancy—that is, if the thin, flexible type of frond is to be retained. A compensating element is therefore brought in, and these round or oval bladders are formed and eventually become filled with oxygen. In "*Fucus vesiculosus*" (bladder-wrack) these are scattered irregularly over the frond, on each side of what appears to be a midrib, although it does not exactly correspond with the midrib of true leaves. The saw-edged wrack ("*Fucus serratus*"), which has a broader, thinner frond, has no vesicles, but in the knotted wrack (*Aescophyllum nodosum*"), the bladders are more evident than the fronds themselves, which are, in reality, reduced to a cord upon which these bladders appear to be threaded.

The gulf-weed ("*Sargassum*") is a noteworthy member of the third group, and it is represented by about a hundred and fifty species, some of which constitute the enormous floating beds of tropical seas. The gulf-weed is buoyed up by spherical bladders the size of a pea, and it is not known to occur in a fixed condition, although some authorities believe that growth must take place while attached to rocks from which detachment afterward ensues. Occasionally stray pieces of some form of gulf-weed drift to many shores, but the great mass which Columbus saw in the Atlantic, and which still oc-

cupies practically the same position, has an area of about two hundred thousand square miles. Of somewhat similar character, but without the leaf-like branches, is "*Cystoseira ericoides*," a plant that is attached to the rocks, and which attracts the attention of those who go to watch the sea at low tide, because, when submerged, it has a pearly iridescence playing over it, but great is their disappointment upon hauling it out to discover that the color-beauty has departed. Another beautiful member of this group is the so-called peacock's tail ("*Padina pavonia*"), whose fan-shaped frond, with its several curved divisions, is prettily zoned with bands of glistening hairs from which the light is reflected with prismatic effects. This species is comparatively rare.

The fourth group—the "*Rhodophyceae*," or red-weeds—are remarkable as a rule for their splendid coloring, and many of them on account of the delicate beauty of their fine divisions. In none of them do we find that great elongation and branching of a single cell which we noticed in "*Codium*" and "*Byropsis*;" these are all multicellular. Growth always proceeds from a cell at the extremity of the shoot, and the branching is effected by the lateral division of this cell. These red-weeds always claim the attention of every sea-shore visitor who is anxious to learn something of the treasures of the deep, although, as a rule, he only secures the bruised and broken specimens that have been cast up by the waves. They will be found in all their beauty at extreme low water, growing from the rocks under the shadow of the larger "*Fuci*." It is necessary to explain that what are known as red-weeds are not really red in all cases—some are nearly white; others are yellow, purple or brown—but the great majority of the species must be classed as red beyond question, and most beautiful tints of red. And their color has relation to their habitat. The

few bright green seaweeds are found very near high water, the olive-colored "*Fuci*" just below them, and the red below these. It would appear that as certain of the rays of light become obstructed by their passage through the waters, the quality of the light that reaches the deeper parts is impaired, and the ordinary processes cannot be carried on by the chlorophyll of the weeds unless it is masked by tints of olive, brown or red, according to depth.

Another species in this group is the carrageen or Irish moss ("*Chondrus crispus*"), which is very variable both in form and color. The frond is flat and fleshy, branched again and again in the same plane. In some forms these branches so overlap as to leave very regular elliptical spaces between each other. In color these fronds may be white, white with crimson tips, yellow or purplish. Irish moss was in repute about thirty-five years ago as an invigorating, easily digested food for invalids, but of recent years it has not been used to any extent.

Dulse ("*Rhodymenia palmata*") is an edible red-weed. It has a dull frond divided into a number of slender lobes, which branch off in a fan-like manner from a common base.

Another plant bearing a similar name is the pepper dulse ("*Laurencia pinnatifida*"), only an inch or two high, like a minute purple fern of the *Polypody* type, growing over the rocks between tide-marks.

Much more could be written upon seaweeds, and a very large number of different species and varieties could be described, but enough has been said to show that "*Algae*" are worthy of consideration, and that the nature-lover will find among them no lack of variety in form, color, habit or habitat, and that in all respects they are deserving of a better fate than passing them over as being beneath scientific investigation or study.



# The Strange Case of Cassierre

By JAMES S. M. KEELER

## II

**T**HOUGH Cassierre actually believed something was going to happen, he was not disturbed. He was, if possible, more easy in mind and movements than ever. He was perfectly at rest. He walked in and about his marble mansion, in and about that dream of beauty, that architectural wonder, as one who thought of nothing uncommon. When important measures were to be discussed, he attended the Chamber of Deputies. When dramatic critics spoke meritoriously of a new play, he went to the Comedie Francaise. If any of the composers had something new for the Parisians, Cassierre was always a cultured critic.

But generally he preferred to read, to walk, to think, to meditate. He loved his garden, so large and sweet with flowers and perfumes. He liked his dogs and his birds, but he no longer did business. If his still small holdings required attention, some trusty agent looked after the matter. He had just ordered him to come out from the city. He instructed him to sell his remaining interests. He now began to draw, from time to time, large sums in gold from his bank. The orders were so large and so frequent, in fact, that his bankers sent a representative to confer with the Croesus. The orders were genuine. The bank only wondered. The money was being placed in a large vault in Cassierre's own home, and, though strange, it was nobody's business.

The rich man's relatives watched from a distance. Where was the money going

to? What did it all mean? Was Cassierre under a spell or a charm, or at the mercy of a siren? None but Courdet and a few others knew the full meaning, and it sounded so strange that even they were afraid to tell it to any.

A woman, a relative, dressed as a beggar, went to his palatial residence one day to ask an alms and learn something. Her apparent poverty was relieved, and she saw,—well, she saw a withered old housekeeper directing some servants, and that was all. He was not under her spell, surely, unless she were a witch there in the interest of another. This withered thing might have been a supplement to hidden, or absent, or visiting beauty.

Courdet once said: "If Cassierre were not so sane, I'd almost think him crazy. But wait! It's a good joke. I never knew anything so funny. He thinks he's going to die. He'll bury us all."

Another relative of the rich man called up courage to visit him. He would inquire for his health, but he was simply curious. He would also effect a reconciliation. He, too, professed scepticism and had it heralded, thinking that as a forerunner it might bring him success. But his profession was too recent and he was under suspicion. He was coldly received and, being known for what he was, immediately dismissed.

The immediate friends of the millionaire began to be troubled when he gave orders for a mausoleum of unheard of magnificence. But, after all, this was nothing. Many a man much younger than he had done the same and many more would continue to do so. Taking

death by the forelock, too, and buying coffins is not as strange as it used to be, yet all Paris wondered when Cassierre bought a coffin and had the lid returned. His friends who were rich and very familiar humorously spoke to him about his new furniture. He only laughed. The poor, who knew him only as he walked in the street, stared, felt unearthly as he passed, and wondered. Hermits and anchorites, who have faith in Heaven only, have some grim memento continually near them. The fleshless skull, with eyeless sockets and grinning teeth, has grown to be a part of them. They would be incomplete in those characters in life or picture without it. But why should he, Cassierre, the comparatively young, the fabulously rich, have this long, narrow thing for the dead so near him?

Cassierre walked one evening as the bells of the Jesuit Church of St. Blanc were calling to some extraordinary devotion. To one side of the church stood the trim parsonage, in the center of a garden nicely diversified with grassy plots, winding walks, and beds of flowers. The people were entering the church and a very young priest talked with some of them. This young man, the assistant, would conduct the services. Pere Lamereaux (for this was his church) walked in his garden. He had been reading his breviary,—saying his office—and now walked with the book behind his back. He espied Cassierre. He saw him coming, walking leisurely down the street. The infidel appeared thoughtful; he was looking away at the sky.

"Ah," said the Pere quietly, "the vesper bell is not without its charm even for the infidel. It starts his memories; even now they overflow and surround him. That mind is not less active, perhaps, but the heart will have some recognition."

The Jesuit walked towards the street. He stopped at the gate. He had the pleasure of saying good evening to a very old friend.

Cassierre woke at the voice, for he had been dreaming. He rapidly drew near, stretched forth his hand and shook Pere Lamereaux's with great cordiality.

"M. Cassierre walks sometimes," said the Cure of St. Blanc.

"Sometimes," repeated the millionaire, "and oftimes I'd pledge you, if I thought the pleasure of it would always mount as high as it has this evening. 'Old familiar faces,'" he said. "You know the poem by the gentle Lamb? It has the true heart-tone, the genuine sentiment. I have met one this evening. Yes, I walk sometimes, and this is the first of a series of rambles, for my doctor says, 'Walk.' I have been growing stout of late; too stout, in fact, to be healthy. In truth, I'm not over well, but if these excursions prove as beneficial to body as this one has to mind, I'll soon be able to dispense with all such instructions."

Pere Lamereaux was glad to find his quondam friend so thoroughly pervaded with the spirit of old friendship and did all he could to show that it was appreciated. This, for him, was not hard, for he always entertained a kindly feeling for Cassierre. They walked together in the direction in which Cassierre was going. They rapidly touched upon many things, and as for Lamereaux, would have left even the barest mention of Church and philosophy alone had the infidel seen fit to do so.

The church bells tolled for the last time as these two widely differing men walked under the trees a few blocks distant and Cassierre stopped as he was speaking. He wanted to listen. His ear drank in that deep, sweet melody, but only for a moment, for the bells soon ceased. The reverberations floated for

a few seconds and died out. The retired merchant prince seemed rapt; he loved music.

"The composers never conjured up anything like that," he said. "The churches ought to be defended if for no other reason than the bells." He looked slyly at Pere Lamereaux and laughed.

"Yes," said the Jesuit, "for the bells and that higher harmony which they serve—for God."

"Yes, for God," said Cassierre, "I always say 'for God.' Oh, if we could only know Him. I'm what they call an infidel, Etienne," he said, speaking with his old-time familiarity, "but I'm not without my faith. I'm irreligious, too, popularly speaking, still I have my religion. Indeed, I never could break away from the idea of God—and would not if I could. It has ever been uppermost in my mind; and not as the leading thought of a philosophy, nor as a mere theme for academic disputation,—no, no, but as the goal to which the heart might rise, leaving its earth and prison-house. The mood came over me as I walked along; it possessed me when I heard the bells.

"There is an argument," he said, "and how unlike the schools!" forestalling the Jesuit in any argument he might be about to advance. "I know the schools," he continued, laughing; "the schools of my youth and the schools of my latter day. Yes, I've heard them all, but I prefer the bells' music and rest.

"You have heard, I presume," he then said, turning the subject, "that I'm now among the retired, with nothing to do but walk about, seek out old acquaintances and revive congenial friendships?"

"Yes, I heard you were a gentleman of leisure, but the report wanted confirmation. I only hope the new proprietors will be as just, or rather as generous, with their men as their former employer."

"I thank you for that," said Cassierre, "but can only say I recommended my policy as the one best calculated to insure success. I'm encouraged to know you hold such a good opinion of me. I'm encouraged—and surprised, for the contrary is the favorite opinion with many. No, I'm not a man of blood. I've made some money, but was generous when not just. Underling managers often frowned at my methods as liable to injure business; but with these the unexpected was the result, for the men under better treatment became more efficient, and the earnings, instead of being reduced, were greatly augmented. Yes," he said, "the good deed is repaid both here and hereafter. Bread on the water will return as sure as the tide. But I'm through. In my day I've been servant and master—now I'm an observer only. I've given precept and example, but if they avail not let others look to it.

"But how nice to be an idler," he said, as they walked along. "I often wondered, when engrossed in business, what pleasure a man could find in doing nothing. How void his life must be, I thought. But I've had a revelation. Now, it cannot be said of work that it's well and good, merely. It's obligatory. Work—well-directed work—means to acquire, and is all-necessary. But why this work that kills? Why should a man be a martyr to that by which he should live? That's a glory without a halo, acquired in agonizing toil. Dying in harness has often been spoken of in eulogy, but I could never imagine a greater folly. Your humane rustic never allows a faithful horse to die like that. No, no. He won't let that toiler of years fall in the furrow. He sees him no longer young, and he sees the harness is not put on him. He takes the iron from his feet; he leads him into green pastures. If he

once was asked to work, he is now allowed to rest.

"I said 'idler,' but a man isn't so unemployed, perhaps, even when walking about. He observes, he thinks, he meditates. He does nothing according to the loud world, but maybe he was never so well engaged. But when are you coming to see me," he said, breaking off. "You're not retired, I know, but, then, you're not a man of business and ought to have some hours of leisure. We don't disagree in everything and ought to visit oftener."

Pere Lamereaux was glad to hear Cassierre speak like this. He could not set a time, but this was immaterial if he were willing to run his chance of finding Cassierre out after going to the trouble of calling to see him. But this chance was not great, for Cassierre was generally in his house or in his garden.

The moon had arisen with remarkable beauty, but was now entering and emerging from dark, flying clouds that threatened rain. A cool, light breeze stirred the branches and soon there was a clatter of drops on the leaves. Cassierre and Lamereaux were reluctant to part, for they had not met for some time and the air was refreshing. But the branches continued to stir and the drops to fall, and the moon, dimmer looking and wet, appeared at less frequent intervals. This, however, was no fitful caprice of the night. A shower of some duration and magnitude was coming.

They said "au revoir;" they parted. Just then a gush of wind brought heavier and more numerous drops of rain; just then Pere Lamereaux heard a voice say, "For Christ's sake!" He was in the shadow of a great tree, while Cassierre was beneath an arc lamp. Lamereaux watched; the rich man hesitated. The girl was asking alms. She said, "For Christ's sake!"

Cassierre stood as one confronted. One hand was carelessly in his pocket and his eyes were on the ground. He raised them. He looked at the girl. She was about twenty, and in spite of evident deprivation and scant raiment was not without a certain beauty. Her soul was in her face. She was good. She said "For Christ's sake,"—perhaps that she might not be misunderstood.

"But why for 'Christ's sake?'" asked Cassierre.

"For He is King," she said, "for He is King; for He alone can reward the charitable."

In spite of himself, tears came into the rich man's eyes. They overflowed and fell on his cheek. They were as large as the rain-drops that struck the pavement at his feet. He drew his hand from his pocket; it contained a purse. He removed his outer coat and put it on the beggar girl. She turned about to go, as the rain beat heavily in her face, and said, "And I will pray for you."

Cassierre thoughtfully and sorrowfully walked away. He would be drenched in spite of the shady avenue through which he would have to pass. Pere Lamereaux would also be drenched, for he wore nothing but his soutane. He hurried along. He was just from a waking dream and it was good. Or was it a life play's moving scene? The Jesuit was overjoyed. "Cassierre is saved!" he exclaimed as he went—"Cassierre is saved!"

### III

The rich man was met at the door by his withered old housekeeper. The rain was falling with the effect of a cloudburst. The old woman stood on the wide veranda. She saw her great man without the coat he wore when he went out earlier in the afternoon. She clapped her hands in consternation, but Cassierre only laughed. "Hurry," she cried, but the millionaire, who could not

be wetter, looked up at the sky, waved his hand deprecatingly and continued as leisurely as ever.

"Where is it?" she inquired excitedly.

"Robbers," he said, resignedly, but with disturbing conciseness.

The old woman opened her mouth until her face almost disappeared. Her chest rose rapidly. She was getting ready to send forth a scream to arouse all Paris.

"Hush," said Cassierre in anticipation, and hurrying up and laughing. "Be still. It's all right."

"All right to be stripped in the street on such a wild night!" she said. "Well, well, a new code surely! They were satisfied with the purse alone in my day, but now they must have the wardrobe also. I'm surprised you have a hat, M. Cassierre, and shoes and trousers!"

"Who said anything about a purse?" said Cassierre laughing.

"That's inferred," said the old woman, in more natural tones. "The artist of darkness doesn't take a coat and leave that little leather receptacle conveniently carried for coin. Oh, no! I never had any experience in this line, but I read the papers. And this all comes of your going to this play that you call 'Paris.' Hurry in, remove your clothes, take a bath and go to bed. I'll straightway order hot drinks to drive out the chill and make you feel like yourself again."

"I'll change my clothes, of course, for I intend to watch the rain out from the veranda. And I'll smoke a cigar while I also watch the lightning shoot over the city. Never mind the cognac. It would only counteract the delightful cooling imparted during my walk. Though a republican, I believe in reigns (rains)," continued Cassierre jokingly, "and especially during summer. They are good for animal and vegetable kingdom alike."

"Well, it's nice to be so rich that even robbers can leave us in a joking mood,"

said the over-indulged old woman as she walked away. "Very nice! And nice to be so warm-blooded that even a cold rain can make no disagreeable difference in one's temperature. Pretty, very pretty! Good for man, beast, and creeping vines alike. Good! The world is changing surely. This must be a new rain from the laboratory of the University. Nothing is as it used to be; all is change—mutability—as the professors would say. Death, too, may be dispensed with, in time, at the rate they're going, or agreeably modified at least. Pretty good! If—but, well, never mind," she said as she walked away in one of her sulks, "I'll say no more. Maybe colds, fevers, etc., are still realities. Maybe I'll be ordering the servants to bring up hot sling yet."

With this the old woman went to her room, hoping Cassierre would be sick for, venturing to crack a joke after being out in such a storm,—hoping he'd be sick, but still breaking her heart if it prove to be serious.

Cassierre walked as he said he would, peering into the darkness, smoking a couple of expensive cigars and listening to the rain. The shower continued for some time without any abatement. The thunder rolled with stunning effect, beginning in the distance, rolling over the city and ending in the distance. The lightning seemed to out-do itself, now passing so quickly that the eye could not follow, now fixing its wild, forked course for almost a second. Then it played softly away near the sky-line. The heavens seemed to have spent themselves.

It took on new force again, running to the zenith point and falling with ominous glare. Once more this light, this bluish streak of mysterious force, came like a demon from his hiding-place, tore to the earth, encircled the watcher, struck a tree by the main walk, which fell with a crash.

Cassierre, half-blinded and terrified, fell back and took refuge in the house. How near to death! he thought. How like a devil was that light! But why should he fear? Why retreat? Should he not be at home in the presence of all such phenomena? This was nature—this was God. But could he pray to this, or was there a personality apart? Tremblingly he went to his room. For the first time in his life he had feared. But it was not the fear of death. It was an involuntary admission and dread of the supernatural.

Cassierre felt chilled just before he retired. A damp and peculiar sensation ran through him, and once or twice he shook perceptibly and audibly. He would now have taken a hot bath and have called for hot drinks—and all on account of this young summer night's rain,—but for the thought of Madame Hyacinthe. It would give her ground for innumerable lectures in the future. It would all end in a slight cold and nothing more. He would keep to his chamber as much as possible without exciting suspicion and say nothing about it. Madame Hyacinthe was an old woman and all that, but she had a little wit and an unanswerable sarcasm.

The millionaire immediately went to sleep, but he was uneasy. He pitched and tossed and talked in his dreams. He was being interviewed by somebody. He made an argument and spoke excitedly. He rested on his elbow, falling, at the conclusion of his speech, back on his pillow. He said "Good evening," to Pere Lamereaux. He made a gesture and smiled. He muttered incoherently. Then he spoke audibly. "For Christ's sake!" he said, and started up as he quoted the beggar girl. He stretched forth his hand and sighed. His face was sad.

When Cassierre awoke in the morning he was tired. He had walked and talked

much on the day previous, and almost repeated everything in the night just past. But he was more than tired. He had a fever—he was sick. After mentally passing upon his own case, he was saluted by his housekeeper, who asked, in one of her peculiar tones, if he would not have the doctor with his coffee this morning. Cassierre laughed good-naturedly and said he would. Madame Hyacinthe went out and ordered a light breakfast. In half an hour she returned.

"Did M. Cassierre say he wanted the doctor, too," she asked, quite doubtfully.

"Yes," said the millionaire. "I'm not feeling well and may be sick."

"Then it's all to be upset?" she said.

"What?" inquired Cassierre.

"Your death and sepulture."

Cassierre laughed, in spite of a disagreeable sensation in his chest.

"Yes, after buying your coffin and catching a cold, I thought you couldn't be more logical and consistent than to die and be buried."

The old woman wore an alarmed look, but pretended to be sorry as the prospects of a funeral reached the vanishing point. Then she walked leisurely, indifferently, from the room; but once out of Cassierre's sight, she took strides like those told about in "The Seven League Boots" and gave every servant on the premises an order to call for the doctor.

The doctor, though hastily summoned, was not easily had. There were other patients and other urgent calls. But the one in question was M. Cassierre's regular medical adviser and the rich man would have no other. The morning passed, also the afternoon, and the evening was well spent before the doctor arrived. The patient, who seemed to have nothing more than a cold in the morning, was a very sick man at night. He was all choked up, his fever was high, and he spoke with difficulty.

The sick man heard Madame Hyacinthe scolding the doctor down-stairs

but he could say nothing. When the physician entered his room, he waved his hand, as if to say, "Pay no attention." But the injunction was not necessary. Cassierre, once seen, took up Foras' complete attention and the old woman was speedily forgotten.

"As soon as possible," said Foras, with reference to his coming.

"I know," said Cassierre.

"How did this happen?"

"The rain," said the rich man.

"What? Since yesterday?"

Cassierre nodded.

"That's right, speak as little as possible; but I had to ask the question."

His pulse was high, his fever raging. Foras sounded his chest and listened to his lung action. Respiration was difficult and irregular. Cassierre, though short, was stout and heavy and Foras feared pneumonia. He must guard his heart yet give him powerful treatment. He commenced right away and stayed far into the night, leaving only as a nurse of his special recommendation arrived and took charge of the patient.

The coffin that Cassierre purchased not long since was placed in this bed-chamber. Foras, like others, had heard of the purchase, but this strange piece of furniture escaped the doctor's attention as he entered. It was not until he was going—until he knocked again: it—that he saw it. It was the unexpected. He started, was embarrassed. Cassierre's coffin, sure enough. It was open and ready. It was like some silent but conscious spectator. It seemed ominous. Foras shivered. After giving very minute directions he left, saying he would be at the bedside again the first thing in the morning.

Cassierre slept for a part of the night, then woke in delirium. But he would not be violent; he would simply talk, and this by fits and starts. Cassierre spoke vaguely of religion. The nurse

knew Cassierre by reputation. When the sick man spoke of the Cure, the nurse took this to mean that the millionaire was delirious. This was a sure sign.

"Be sure and have Pere Lamereaux come," he said.

The nurse nodded.

"Be sure and have him come," he said again, and repeated the instruction a few minutes later.

"Men from the University?" he inquired. "Bah!" he replied to his own question. "Pretence, sham and delusion. Empty forms, learned words that teach us nothing. What fools!" he said in conclusion.

As he spoke, he raised on his arm, and when he had finished, fell back exhausted. The nurse administered more medicine and he slept again. The doctor came the next day—the next day—and the day following. Cassierre, though still sick, was a little better. All that medical science could do was done. All that nursing ever did in other and similar cases was being repeated.

At the end of ten days Cassierre was pronounced out of danger. He was allowed to get up, but was warned about drafts. He could walk a little but he must often sit down. He must not hurry; he must wait. Comparatively speaking, he was well, but he was not strong. His face was not so full—and so pale! His eyes were now black as jet in comparison. He was lighter by many pounds and his movements indicated a greatly reduced condition.

In time Cassierre received callers, but his old intimates who came confessed that he was not himself as yet. Once pleasant and talkative, he was now morose and taciturn. He scarcely smiled at the pleasantest play of wit in others and no longer passed the "bon mot" himself. "M. Cassierre needs a week or more," was the general opinion among his friends, and they kindly waited.

Free from callers, Cassierre walked in his garden and basked in the sun. This man, once sociable, now cultivated solitude; he liked to be alone. He used to sit on a bench where the sun fell gently through the trees and by a fountain. He would sit for hours with his face steadfast. Then he would take a turn on the walks, followed by a hound, once frolicsome but now sad as its master.

As Cassierre turned into one of these walks one evening, he saw a man enter by one of the lower garden gates and saunter easily along. He was tall, dressed in sombre black and walked with a cane.

Cassierre thought he recognized the figure and walked with his usual pace over the path of his visitor's approach. They met in a retired and shady portion of the path and for the first time in a fortnight the rich man seemed himself again. He smiled his usual good-natured smile and stretched forth his hand. Pere Lamereaux had come at last to see him.

The Cure's visit had a good effect on the infidel and they walked and talked until evening and the millionaire seemed well again. After talking over many things, in which the Jesuit was surprised at the agreeable sentiments of his old schoolmate, Cassierre said:

"Etienne, this, your first visit, is timely, and your entrance through the lower gate prompts me to a little plot."

The Cure looked surprised.

"Madame Hyacinth went out the main gate as you would have entered it had you continued on. I said I would not dine this evening, and about every servant seems to be taking a holiday. The sun is set, so we will go to the house. We will not be seen—and this suits my purpose. Not that I'm ashamed of your company," he said, with a laugh, as he noticed the puzzled look on the priest's face. "No—no—but I've something on hand and you'll soon know my meaning."

They entered the house and did so unnoticed. They went into a sort of drawing-room and study, and Cassierre, that they might not be taken by surprise, turned keys in two doors.

"I once told Courdet," he said, taking a seat by a center-table, "what I thought would be a very novel and a very safe way of disposing of my property. I said I would make no will, for wills are too easily broken. I conceived the idea of realizing on my property; of converting it into money. In fact, this I have already done, with the exception of the house I now occupy. I'll let this stand, leaving those have it who will. When I spoke of making this disposition while still enjoying life, I said I would give all to the College of France for the perfection of history and the advancement of science. Well, I have changed my mind—for I have changed my faith—or rather have returned to that in which I was born and was once so happy.

"This necessitates a change of plans. Instead of giving my fortune to the College of France, I will give it to you, or rather through you to religion and charity. I'm '*compos mentis*' and have the right, I think, to give what I own to whomsoever I please. I dare not will—I dare not put anything on paper. In such an event you know what would follow. A suit at law—and my wealth to the four winds. Still, in giving to you, I must have a condition. It must be a secret. Are you willing to comply?"

Pere Lamereaux was so taken by surprise that he hardly knew what to say. He thought little of the money, great as was the gift of the millionaire. But the thought that Cassierre was converted made his heart leap with joy. Then he came to the condition. It might produce embarrassing circumstances. What if it should become known? He would be the center of all eyes, and there would be rumors and stories and a bitter liti-



gation. If he denied having the money, and was subsequently called into court—what then? He could never swear to the denial. No, no! The thought was beyond the bounds of morals. He was thinking; he was puzzled. Cassierre repeated, "Do you accept the condition?"

Pere Lamereaux told him what he thought and what his position would be in such an event.

"It will not be like that," he said. "No one knows of our revived friendship, if you'll pardon the expression," he said. "It won't even be suspected, I'm sure."

"But," said Pere Lamereaux, "if you should die you would want a Christian burial, and that in itself would create suspicion."

"A Christian burial is beautiful and salutary," said the rich man, looking away through the trees, "but is it necessary for salvation?"

He looked at the Jesuit as he said this.

"Let the infidels claim me, if they will; let them preside with their cold forms and colder philosophy; let them place me where they will and I care not, providing you can say a private Mass for me. No, it will never be known that I made you my executor. But," he continued, "if it should come to be known, then you may explain our relations and my gift. And if it should so come to pass, I hope the character of a good priest will stand you well, that my money may be allowed to flow in those channels already designated."

At this Cassierre rose, went to a safe that was built into the wall, but which was more like a bank vault than a mere office accommodation, opened its massive door, and displayed tiers of uniform, iron-bound boxes. Among all those boxes was an old-fashioned leather bag. This, too, was heavy with gold. He drew it forth and placed it on the table.

"We'll begin now," he said, "and fin-

ish this evening. I'll call a dray and send it to your address."

"But, Victorien," said Pere Lamereaux, "you talk as though you expected to drop dead without fail at twelve o'clock midnight."

The Jesuit was embarrassed. Perhaps he felt like a house-breaker.

"What if I live?" inquired Cassierre. "Yes, I may live and so may you. I'll be your ward," he said, laughing. Then he abruptly remarked, "It's time to go."

His tone was a tone of warning. Altogether, it sounded strange for a host to say so, but these men could speak with the familiarity of brothers. Pere Lamereaux, too, took in the situation. His ordinary call had developed an extraordinary meaning. His visit was to be unknown. He got up and turned to the door.

"You're forgetting something," said Cassierre, lifting the bag of gold from the table and handing it to the priest. The Cure hesitatingly took it, and with an awkwardness altogether foreign to the man, departed. Soon after his departure a dray was standing at Cassierre's dark door and iron-bound boxes were being loaded on it; and soon after that the largest private fortune of France was being rolled without suspicion through the streets of Paris, following the Jesuit to his parsonage. It was stored in a deep, strong cellar,—in a part that almost seemed made especially for it. When the last box was placed in position the door was locked and Pere Lamereaux went out. He was nervous and wanted the air. It seemed like a dream—that day. It seemed too good to be true. But it was no less real for all this seeming. But if he was joyed, he was troubled. He had all the rich man's money—and under such peculiar circumstances. It was certainly an unheard of proceeding and he naturally wondered how it would end.

(To be continued.)

# Most Reverend John Hughes, D. D.

By JOHN MULLALY, LL. D.

V

**N**O account is here made of the assiduous care and work required in the promotion of Catholic education and works of charity by the erection of parochial schools, academies, seminaries, colleges, hospitals, orphan asylums, convents, protectories, homes for the aged, etc.

In the cause of which he was ever the consistent, uncompromising champion, he allowed no sacrifice, however great, no labor, however exacting, to deter him from its persistent prosecution with all the time and resources at his disposal. Next to the erection of churches, or rather in intimate connection therewith, he insisted on the establishment of parochial schools whenever the opportunities and means of the parish permitted; and in particular cases in which he was satisfied the means were not available for the erection of both church and school, he advised that the school building should be first erected and temporarily used as a place of Catholic worship. A notable example of his policy in this respect was presented in the case of St. Gabriel's parish in East Thirty-seventh Street, which enjoyed and still enjoys a foremost place among the parochial schools of the metropolis.

To him the Catholic school was the nursery of the Church, the best security for the perpetuity of the parish; and in his prescience of the future of Catholicity in the country he foresaw the inevitable consequences to the very existence of the various and ever-varying Protestant denominations, of the divorce of religion from education. In one of his most vigorous and telling speeches on the school question, he said: "I ap-

pear here to help raise up the poor and uneducated from the degradation to which a powerful and selfish body would consign them, unless they would consent to sacrifice their conscientious convictions. In their defence I have taken my stand and no taunts shall deter me—not even the omnipotent press can drive me from it. I shall abide by it to the last, so long as I can raise my voice and assist in making the truth heard and known on the great and vital principle for which we are contending."

Not only the wisdom but the paramount importance of his attitude on the question of education is now acknowledged by thoughtful and fair-minded men of all denominations who have the true interests of the country and the welfare of society at heart, while the disastrous effects on all forms of religious worship outside of the Catholic Church have been, as proved by the census statistics of the country, pregnant with the most alarming social evils and general demoralization.

It is now painfully apparent that the great majority of the population are without any form of worship whatever. A few years ago Governor Rollins of New Hampshire, in a fast day proclamation, startled the whole country when he declared that "the decline of Protestantism in our rural counties is a marked feature of the times. There are," said he, "towns where no church bell sounds forth its solemn call from January to January; there are villages where the children grow to manhood unchristened; there are communities where the dead are laid away without the benison of the name of Christ, and where marriages are solemnized by justices of the peace."

According to the New England Sabbath Protective League's annual reports, from fifty to ninety per cent of the population of New England are non-churchgoers, and many of them open Sabbath desecrators and scoffers. "Over one thousand churches have been closed on the Lord's Day in New England, and the rural population is in many instances almost without a Sabbath."

When Rev. Gardiner Spring, at the meeting on the Public School Question in the Board of Aldermen, defiantly announced his choice between Catholicity and Infidelity in favor of the latter, he little thought that the day would come in which, if not the infidelity of a Voltaire, "a God-forgetting secularism" would fall like a blight upon Puritan New England. It is such a condition as the great prelate, in his battle for a system of education which does not exclude God from its knowledge, so forcibly stigmatized as Nothingarianism, between which and Voltairism there was little left for a choice, especially as it included the modern imitators of Voltaire in the "open Sabbath desecrators and scoffers."

Of the Archbishop's devotion and loyalty to his adopted country it can be truly said that not even the most ardent native-born patriot surpassed him in his fidelity to the Union, and this despite the vindictive and intolerant feelings entertained towards him and his flock by too many even outside of the secret organizations, which had the effrontery to assume to themselves the exclusive title of "Native Americans." From the beginning to the close of the Civil War, while entertaining only the most friendly feelings towards the Southern people, he was among the foremost and staunchest supporters of the Government, and when earnestly requested by President Lincoln and Secretary Seward, who was one of his warmest and most esteemed friends, to undertake a mission to France of the utmost importance, during the gravest crisis of the contest, he

not only accepted the position but by his admirable tact and diplomacy succeeded in averting the threatened interference of France by a recognition of the Southern Confederacy. His interview with Napoleon III, as he wrote Mr. Seward, was "entirely satisfactory and encouraging. I have no idea," he added, "that France will unite with England in an assault upon the United States. Neither do I believe that she will interfere in the quarrel with the South, especially if the purpose of the Government when I left Washington be carried out. I have had every day, more or less, an opportunity of explaining our whole situation of affairs to gentlemen the most intimately acquainted with and most nearly related to the administration of this Government."

The manner in which the interview with Napoleon was obtained was so characteristic of the man as to be particularly deserving of notice. "I owe my introduction to the Emperor," he wrote Mr. Seward, "not to any kind encouragement or patronage of our people on this side, but to a determination that even their 'cold shoulder' should not prevent me from a purpose which I had entertained; so I wrote him as one man would write another in a polite and brief note to the effect that I wished to have 'the honor of a conversation with you.'"

A profound impression was produced by the Archbishop on the foreign officials with whom he conversed on the causes of the war, the relative strength of the two sections, the great resources at the command of the North and the determination of the Government, if assailed by Great Britain, "to employ every means that God and Nature shall have put within its reach to defend it against foreign and unjust assailants, whether they be England, France, or both combined; and that even now, if England should adopt a course so much at variance with the interests of commerce, of communities and of nations

that have no ground for mutual hostilities, the Government at Washington will not be taken by surprise, nor will it shrink in the least from the ordeal through which it will have to pass."

As to his feelings towards the South during the war, they are best described in his own words in a letter to Cardinal Barnabo, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, on his arrival in Liverpool, explaining the purpose of his mission as one of peace between France and England on the one side and the United States on the other. "I made known to the President," he wrote, "that if I should come to Europe it would not be as a partisan of the North more than of the South; that I should represent the interests of the South as well as of the North—in short, the interests of all the United States just the same as if they had never been distracted by the present civil war. The people of the South know that I am not opposed to their interest." Throughout the whole controversy this was, in fact, the spirit manifested by the Archbishop, which found no less friendly expression in a letter to Secretary Seward, dated October 15, 1861, in which he advised that, in the effort to bring back the Southern States to their condition before the war, the policy should be, as much as possible, one of patience and consideration towards the State authorities of "this so-called Southern Confederacy." Conquest, he urged, was not "altogether by the sword. Statesmanship, and especially in our circumstances, has much to do with it."

Unfortunately, however, such was not the policy adopted either during or at the close of the war, when, under the system of "Reconstruction," as it was termed, a horde of political vampires was let loose to prey upon the prostrate, defenseless and devastated South, which was subjected not only to the most rigid and galling military rule, but its State Governments, so-called, placed under

the control of some of the most corrupt and unscrupulous politicians of the dominant party, who, with their organs, did their utmost to retard the restoration of the Southern States to their former position as integral parts of a reunited country, with their rights guaranteed under the Supreme Law of the Republic.

His own position with regard to the controversy between the sections and his obligations as a citizen were so tersely and forcibly stated in a letter dated August 23, 1861, to his esteemed friend, Bishop Lynch of Charleston, that it furnishes the argument in justification of his attitude in maintaining the rights and authority of the Federal Government in the prosecution of the war for the Union.

"There is no one," he wrote to the Bishop, "who desires more ardently than I do the advent of that bright day on which we shall all be reunited in one great and prosperous country. I am an advocate for the sovereignty of every State in the Union within the limits recognized by its own representative authority when the Constitution was agreed upon. As a consequence, I hold that South Carolina has no State right to interfere with the internal affairs of Massachusetts; and, as a further consequence, that Massachusetts has no right to interfere with South Carolina or its domestic and civil affairs as one of the sovereign States of this now threatened Union. But the Constitution having been formed by common consent of the sovereign parties engaged in the framework and approval thereof, I maintain that no State has the right to secede except in the manner provided for in the document itself."

Of his love for his native land, a conspicuous proof was given during the so-called uprising of 1848. A large mass meeting in sympathy with the movement was held at the old Vauxhall Gardens in the Bowery. Many leading citizens who were members of the Irish

Directory, which had been organized to aid the cause of Irish independence, attended the meeting, the Bishop being the principal speaker. He came, he said, "not as an advocate of war. It would ill accord with my profession. My office is properly to be a peace-maker, when it is possible. But I come in the name of sacred humanity, not, if you will, to put arms into the hands of men by which they may destroy the lives of others, but to give my voice and my mite to shield the unprotected bosoms of the sons of Ireland. It is not for me to say anything calculated to excite your feelings when, as you perceive, I can scarcely repress my own. My object in coming here was to show you that in my conscience I have no scruples in aiding the cause in every way worthy of a patriot and a Christian. My contribution shall be for a shield, not for a sword."

On leaving the meeting he presented his check for five hundred dollars, "to purchase," as he expressed it, "a shield to interpose between the oppressor and his victim."

There were certain self-constituted critics and censors who insisted that in this instance he was lacking in his usual prudence and judgment, but it was an act in heartfelt sympathy with the just aspirations of a long-oppressed people; it was the impulse of a noble and generous nature, of a free citizen of a free country, earnestly desiring the extension of the civil and political freedom which he enjoyed in the land of his adoption to the land of his birth. As to his censors, the Bishop did not deign to reply; it was enough for him that in his own conscience he felt justified in what he had done. "This," said he, "I have never regretted; this I do not now regret."

When the news reached this country of the failure of the Irish insurrection the Bishop felt intensely mortified, and at his request the contribution was transferred to the Sisters of Mercy "for

the purchase," as he said in his letter to Judge Robert Emmet, the President of the Irish Directory, "of a shield to protect the purity and innocence of the virtuous and destitute daughters of Ireland arriving in this city, towards whom, as far as their means will allow, the Sisters will fulfil the office of guiding and guardian angels in every respect."

Of the Archbishop's learning and abilities as a controversialist, so conspicuously displayed in his discussion with Reverend Mr. Breckinridge on the public platform and in the press, his sermons, particularly those on doctrinal points, afforded the most conclusive evidence. So forcible, so clear, so convincing and so admirably adapted by their elucidation of doctrinal questions to carry conviction to the minds of the Protestant portion of his audience that they were most fruitful in conversions. This was particularly the case during his pastoral labors in Philadelphia, where he was beloved and respected not only by his own flock but by a large number of the better portion of other denominations. So highly, indeed, was he esteemed and appreciated, and so favorable was the impression he made on the honorable and broad-minded Protestants of that city that, as a mark of their respect and admiration, he was elected a member of several of their literary societies and was always an honored and welcome guest in the best intellectual and social circles. And yet on the eve of his departure for his new and more extended field of duty, he found time to pass a few hours with an humble friend whom he had known in days when he was compelled by the labor of his hands to acquire at least a portion of the means by which he secured the opportunity for the cultivation of his great intellectual gifts, and finally attained the high reputation so freely accorded to him as one of the most distinguished prelates of the Church and one of the first statesmen of the Republic.

Although ardently engaged in his pastoral duties he yet found time for the use of his pen in the explanation and illustration of Catholic doctrine. Of his contributions to controversial literature, his nine letters on "The Importance of being in Communion with Christ's One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church," are masterpieces of logic in their exposure of the weakness of the assaults made upon the Church by Protestant writers. The letters are addressed to all "not in communion with the Church," and who are earnestly entreated "to meditate on their contents as if they were written to each one alone." A mere synopsis would fail to do justice to the sixty closely printed octavo pages embraced in the argument. The letters should be published in pamphlet form as one of the most effective even of recent publications of a polemical character, for although published more than half a century ago, they are as applicable and forcible to-day as when they first saw the light. No Catholic library should be without it, and if properly advertised it ought to have an extensive sale.

In his sermon on "The Decline of Protestantism," which was not only one of his best efforts but which, on account of the striking character of its title, as well as of the irrefutable evidence produced, attracted general attention and provoked bitter retort, he was assailed by both press and pulpit throughout the country. But the Archbishop's proofs and arguments could not be controverted and he rested secure in his position, the strength of which has been proved by the experience of later years and the acknowledged and continued decadence among the sects as proved by the statistics of church attendance. In the expression of his earnest aspiration for a reunion of the separated members of the Christian world we are reminded of the prayer breathed forth many years after in the celebrated Encyclical of the

illustrious Pontiff and statesman, Leo XIII;—"Why, then," said the Archbishop, in his pathetic exordium, "why, then, should we not unite in supplication that God will reconcile to the fold of Christ these upright but as yet noble wandering brethren who are wasting their strength and their lives on the field of Protestantism? Why should we not pray that the day may be near when the missionary from London may meet the missionary from Rome in the propagation of one and the same doctrine, bringing all nations into the One Church and impressing upon them the belief in one Lord, one Faith, and one baptism?"

Whenever the opportunity offered, the Archbishop never failed to refer to the important, the indispensable part which Catholics performed in the early discovery and settlement of the country, and of their services in the War of Independence, as well as in the progress and development of the Republic. In his lecture on the "Catholic Chapter in the History of the United States" he called attention to this phase of American history. "The Catholics," he declared, "had been here from the earliest dawn of the morning. They have shared in your sufferings, taken part in your labors, contributed to the common glory and prosperity of your country and theirs, and neither the first page, nor the last page, nor the middle page of your history would be where and what it is without them."

In the practical, grave and serious character of his writings and addresses, his lectures and sermons, there is little if anything to suggest an inclination to the poetic muse, but in his early manhood, during his college days, he exhibited no ordinary talent for versification that if cultivated would have entitled his effusions to favorable notice as giving promise of future excellence if not of assured success. But whatever ideas he may have had on that question, they were not permitted to engage his

mind to the exclusion of the solemn and sacred duties to which all the energies of body and mind were consecrated from the moment of his ordination. Still, as an evidence of what may be called the sentimental, the emotional and aesthetic side of his nature, the following selections from his poetic contributions will be read with much interest:

GLORIA TIBI DOMINE

Depart awhile each thought of care,  
Be earthly things forgotten all;  
And speak, my soul, thy vesper prayer,  
Obedient to that sacred call;  
For hark! the pealing chorus swells;  
Devotion chants the hymn of praise  
And now of joy and hope it tells,  
Till fainting on the ear it says,  
Gloria tibi Domine,  
Domine, Domine.

Thine, wondrous Babe of Galilee!  
Fond theme of David's harp and song,  
Thine are the notes of minstrelsy—  
To Thee its ransomed chords belong.  
And, hark! again the chorus swells,  
The song is wafted on the breeze,  
And to the listening earth it tells,  
In accents soft and sweet as these,  
Gloria tibi Domine.

My heart doth feel that still He's near,  
To meet the soul in hours like this,  
Else, why, oh, why, that falling tear,  
When all is peace and love and bliss?  
But, hark! that pealing chorus swells  
Anew to thrilling vesper strain,  
And still of joy and hopes it tells  
And bids creation sing again,  
Gloria tibi Domine.

ODE TO DEATH

King conquers king, and slave his fellow  
slave;  
But slave and king shall fall  
In thy sepulchral hall.  
Whilst thou, grim monarch, shall triumphant  
wave  
Thy iron sceptre o'er their equal grave,  
Dread conqueror of all!  
Those fools who fight for lords and thrones,  
To thee at length shall yield  
The helmet, lance and shield,

When princely pride shall ask their dying  
groans,  
Or wish the tribute of their valiant bones,  
To whiten on a field.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet be not proud in thy resistless sway,  
Thou scourge of human crime  
In every land and clime;  
For on the confines of eternal day  
Thou, too, shalt fall, an angel's easy prey,  
Upon the tomb of Time.

TO THE HOME OF MY FATHERS

Does Freedom yet breathe in the bard's  
rustic number?  
Can his harp, by the genius of liberty  
strung,  
Be mute while the land where his forefathers  
slumber  
Is bleeding in bondage, and bleeding un-  
sung?

Is no Washington near thee, thou captive of  
ages,  
To marshal thy brave ones and lead them  
to war?  
Is no Franklin arrayed in the list of thy  
sages?  
In that of thy heroes no young Bolivar?

Thy sons must forsake thee, if worth bids  
them cherish  
A hope on the records of glory to shine.  
Does not Wellington reign? Had not Em-  
met to perish?  
The laurel is England's; the cypress is  
thine.

But weep not, poor Erin, though Emmet is  
wanting;  
His spirit still lives in the heart of the  
brave;  
There are bosoms behind as devotedly  
panting  
For the breath of the free, or the boon  
of the grave.

And hope tells my heart that a day will be  
given,  
When the chain shall be loosed and their  
sorrows redressed;  
When thou shalt go forth in the pride of thy  
even,  
As free as the zephyrs that sport on thy  
breast.

Oh, then shall thy harp, which has slumbered  
in sadness,

Feel the pulse of fair Freedom that erst  
made it thrill;

Then the bard shall awake it in accents of  
gladness,

And sweep its wild chords on the ever-  
green hill.

And, oh, when the last scene of Nature is  
closing,

When this spirit of mine shall burst forth  
and be free,

How calm could I rest, on thy bosom re-  
posing,

Thou home of my fathers! Green Isle of  
the sea.

There were about twenty other poems  
no less meritorious, all of which ap-  
peared in Adam's Sentinel, a weekly  
paper published in Gettysburg, about  
twelve miles from St. Mary's Seminary.

While it is true that John Hughes was  
in his early manhood when he entered  
upon the advanced studies of the col-  
legiate course, his high intellectual en-  
dowments, and especially his remarkable  
memory, enabled him ere long to over-  
take and pass those who had started  
much earlier in the race. His memory  
was, in fact, so tenacious, particularly in  
the matter of details, that he rarely if  
ever forgot the minutest portions of the  
knowledge he had acquired by study or  
reading, whatever the subject—theol-  
ogy, history, science, or languages. I  
remember a striking instance of this rare  
gift of memory which is entitled to brief  
mention. The occasion was the delivery  
of a sermon in Washington which he  
had dictated the day before the occur-  
rence; and although he had not read  
the transcribed notes the discourse was,  
with hardly a change in the order or  
phraseology, an almost verbatim report  
of the original as dictated. It was his  
extraordinary memory, in combination  
with his brilliant oratorical talents, which  
gave him the marked superiority he dis-  
played in his many public controversies.  
But notwithstanding the facility with

which he mastered his studies he was  
one of the most diligent of students, and  
much of the time that others gave to  
rest or recreation he devoted to his  
books in preparation for the eagerly de-  
sired and longed-for day of his ordina-  
tion. Nor was this habit of study aban-  
doned in after life, though held in sub-  
ordination to the rigid performance of  
his priestly duties and labors. What-  
ever spare time he had was given to the  
study of the most important modern  
languages, in which he had so far suc-  
ceeded that he could converse fluently in  
French, Spanish and Italian. At the  
close of his college career he had become  
a master of Greek and Latin.

In addition to his love of learning—not  
only for the eager desire of acquisition,  
but for the opportunities and advantages  
it gave him in a life of incessant activi-  
ties—his cultivated and aesthetic tastes  
found special enjoyment during his visits  
to the Holy City in the purchase of such  
paintings as his limited means enabled  
him to secure, among which were  
numerous copies of Raphael's cartoons,  
which he presented to Mr. Peter Cooper,  
the celebrated philanthropist — with  
whom he was on the most friendly  
terms—for his Institute.

Forty-three years have elapsed since  
the illustrious prelate and statesman  
passed away, but the results of his labors,  
the inestimable services which he ren-  
dered to the Church of which he was  
one of the strongest pillars in this or  
any other age, still remain. The antagonism  
aroused among the opposing sects  
by his fearless exposure and persistent  
opposition to the proselytizing and in-  
sidious schemes of the Public School  
Society are now matters of history, but  
the justice as well as the vital impor-  
tance of the cause for which he con-  
tended and for which he was ready, if  
need be, to offer the supreme sacrifice  
of life itself, is now frankly conceded by  
the fair-minded and impartial without



distinction of religion. His motives are no longer impugned, and the fierce invectives and accusations that were uttered in the heat of controversy by the partisan and the bigot have been silenced by the glowing eulogies that were pronounced by the leading officials of the nation, the State and the metropolis, from the President down.

There was hardly a dissenting voice in the general tribute which found generous expression in the columns of the unbiased press of the country. It was evident that the mists of prejudice had been dispelled from the popular mind, and that the bitterness engendered by religious strife had given place to a just estimate of the true motives and a clearer and a higher appreciation of the principles and purposes that directed and inspired the religious and public life of the first Archbishop of New York. The popular mind, rising above the narrow bounds of sectarian feeling, had at last recognized the true character of the man, the prelate and the citizen; it estimated at their intrinsic value the intellectual ability, the high moral character, the heroic devotion to the duties of his sacred office, the unsullied reputation of his private life, his loyalty as a citizen of the Republic and his patriotic services

when called upon at a critical juncture to aid in preserving the integrity of the Union.

To those by whom he had been assailed and accused as the insidious foe of popular government and constitutional liberty he indignantly repudiated the charge, and then stated for himself, as well as for his Church, the true Catholic position on the vital principle of Human Freedom and the Rights of Conscience.

"I have," he declared, "always preached that every denomination, Jews, Christians, Catholics, Protestants of every sect and shade, were all entitled to the entire enjoyment of the freedom of conscience, without let or hindrance from any other denomination or set of denominations, no matter how small their number or how unpopular the doctrines they professed."

Should the Nation, or the State of which he was one of the most distinguished citizens and statesmen, one day erect a suitable testimonial to his memory, no more eloquent or expressive inscription could be graven on the pedestal which would uphold the colossal figure of the illustrious prelate-statesman, John Hughes.

[THE END.]

## Behind the Veil

By Joseph Burke Egan

Within, a soft red light, aglow  
Before the snowy altar, tells  
That Christ the Lord  
Within the tabernacle dwells.

Without, a tulip fast aflame,  
A sweet proof to my spirit brings  
That God is near,  
Behind the earthen veil of things.

# Come With Me

By ESTHER COTTRELL

V

**W**HITE bursts of electric light, mingling with the yellow gas from the old-fashioned lamp-posts, lent a stagey unreality to the concrete pavements gleaming with recent rain. Corinne, hurrying through the cold dampness of the winter evening, shuddered at the darkness. It was only six o'clock, but a heavy mist was trailing up from the river and the passers-by seemed to creep in and out of it with alarming stealthiness.

Lafayette Square, with its bronze horseman, tall tree trunks and thick-set evergreens, seemed to hold ghostly as well as earthly terrors. Even the disproportioned cherubs, perched on the pedestal of the great Frenchman's statue, looked unfamiliar in the wavering lights.

Corinne gave an audible sigh of relief when she reached Senator Penworth's door, and running up the steps, she passed the butler with a friendly nod of recognition and continued on her way to the door of Marian's cozy little sanctum.

"May I come in?" she asked, tapping gently.

Marian turned from the mirror where she stood coiling her dark hair, "Corinne? That's a welcome voice."

Corinne pushed open the door. "Even if I've come to dinner?"

Marian took her for a moment in her arms. "Even then," she said.

The younger girl sought out her favorite chair before the fire. "There are so many things that I want to talk to you about that I made up my mind I would come and see you this evening, even though it was late and I had no one to

bring me." She threw off her fur coat and leaned luxuriously against it. "If I were big and strong like you, and had your poise of mind and body, I wouldn't be afraid of anything. As it is, I'm afraid of everything—six o'clock darkness, dogs, and cats, and monkeys, and men and women—"

Marian smiled. "I don't believe my poise of mind ever impressed any one before," she said, turning again to the mirror. "I'm a little late getting dressed this evening. There was a tea at the Chinese Minister's."

"I know, aunt went. I don't like Chinamen—I tried to talk to one the other night and, in my strenuous effort to make conversation, I asked if he danced. He said, no, they had people dance for him in his country. I hate them more than ever now. Their pig-tails give me the creeps."

"But think of the brain behind the pig-tail," said Marian, reflectively. "Some one was telling me this afternoon that he has Mexico, Portugal, fully one-half of Central and South America, and us, under his care. That's too much for any man—"

"Then, perhaps he will give us up. I hope so. I prefer the black Minister from Hayti."

Marian smiled again. "I believe you are cultivating prejudices, Corinne."

"They're not cultivated. I've always had them. Occasionally I give them an airing. You see I'm candid and egotistical and you're neither. Perhaps that's the reason we get along so well together."

"Perhaps."

Corinne rattled on: "And my manifestations are not half so interesting as

yours would be, but you won't make them—"

Marian turned her face from her friend. "Mine are too old, too commonplace, too dismal. Don't you know that our first youth loses its vital interest when one is verging on thirty. We can't view the past with sane pleasure or indifference—we are too close to it—so we just lose interest until the years bring back the pleasant recollections or submerge the sorrow."

Corinne regarded her friend curiously. "You're losing your optimism," she said.

"I don't believe I ever had any."

"But you seem to have. That's a part of your reserve force. You seem so capable of dealing with perplexities—that's the reason I've come to you to-night."

Marian laughed. "Dear child, if you only knew what an incapable I am! But perhaps I can settle your difficulties—I'm so unable to deal with my own. What do you want me to decide—the color of a ball gown?"

"Worse than that, much worse." Corinne's round face looked so serious that Marian grew grave.

"Tell me, are you really in trouble?"

Corinne fixed her eyes on the fire. "I believe it is trouble," she said. "I hardly know where to begin. I believe—I believe I'm on the brink of a very embarrassing situation."

"Aren't you sure?" Marian's mind was relieved. Her eyes twinkled. Ever since the first days of their acquaintance she had felt a genuine affection for frank, generous little Corinne, and of late, since gossip had made Madame Conde's frivolity more apparent, she had added to this first attraction a motherly sense of tenderness for the girl.

"The position has not developed as yet," Corinne went on, with her eyes fixed dreamily upon the fire. "It all comes of papa's being a Frenchman."

"Go on."

"Well, that makes me half French doesn't it, even though my mother was born in Alabama, even though I have never seen France?"

"I suppose it does."

"And I believe my notions are half French notions, for when papa made the suggestion it didn't seem to me so very—dreadful."

"What suggestion?"

Corinne's face flushed in the firelight. "That he pick me out a husband," she said.

She made the announcement hesitatingly, as if she feared some laughing comment, but, much to her relief, Marian did not even smile. She fell on her knees before the fire, and taking Corinne's face in her large white hands, she looked straight into her eyes. "Do you want one?" she asked.

Corinne's blue eyes evaded the searching brown ones. "Not every one," she said.

"But there is one?"

"Yes, there is one."

"Your father's choice?"

"Well, half-in-half. You see, it was this way. Papa came to the music room one night and found me crying because a certain some one had gone away—a long distance—to his native State. Of course it was silly to cry, but I was never very sensible. Papa was terror-stricken, so I had to tell him what the matter was—I can never evade his questions—he's so sympathetic I just sob out my soul to him. This night I told him I thought I was in love. Poor papa, you should have seen his face! He fell back in his chair and said, 'Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu,' most despairingly. Then he took me on his knee and told me he had other plans for me. He said I must not be carried away with this American idea of love without reason; he said I must choose wisely and well and, since girls knew little of men, he had selected a husband for me. He had not meant to tell me until it was all

arranged, but since I had allowed myself to think of some fledgling, he must give me his full confidence. I laughed at the word 'fledgling.' 'If he were one,' I said, 'there might be some hope of his caring for me, but he's so sober, so grey, and so wise, that he will never think of me.' Then papa was inconsistent enough to wax a bit indignant at the thought than any one should be indifferent to my charms. I tried to soothe him by saying that this special man cared nothing for women—and then—then—I told him—I have never seen papa so rejoiced. He told me that I had taken the man of his choice. 'Taken?' I said, 'He has never asked me.' Papa seemed to think that made no difference—he would arrange it. I begged him to say nothing for three months at least, and he promised. You see, I hoped he might care of his own accord."

"He will, Corinne, I'm sure he will."

"I'm not so sure, but Papa says that every good man needs a wife to keep him good. Papa seems to think that this special man would be most delighted to get married if he stopped reforming the world long enough to think about his own loneliness, but I don't see how a man can be miserable without knowing it, do you?"

"Not exactly."

"Well, papa proved it to me, but I've forgotten the proof—but I believe I agreed to everything. Then papa began to talk about the idealism in marriage. He is sixty, Marian, but he can talk like a poet. He says that love is the greatest God-given thing in the world. Don't you think, Marian, that we were intended to be happy through it?"

Over the older girl's face there stole a shadow. "I don't know," she said dully, "I only know that I failed."

"Failed?"

"My faith failed. Love can't live without faith. You see," she added, with an attempt at lightness, "we can't

be happy unless we have all the theological virtues to start with."

"You'll find them again," Corinne said gaily, "when my prayers for your conversion are ended."

Marian smiled. "In the face of the new love, I'm afraid you'll forget even my soul," she said.

"Never," said Corinne, "besides, you don't seem to realize that the matter has not been settled. The new love has not been warned of his danger. He may fly to the mountains as soon as papa speaks to him—he may not like me—he may refuse me."

She spoke with such apparent gayety that Marian doubted her sincerity. "And if he does?"

Corinne's eyes filled, the lightness of her tone was lost. "I have thought of that. It did not seem such a wonderful thing to happen to me in the beginning. You see, he is not the kind of man to attract the generality of women. He is ugly and not very young, he never dresses well, and he is so blunt-spoken that he never gives a compliment unless he means it. He does not care for society, and he seems to lead so lonely a life that at first I felt sorry for him and then, when I came to know him better and realized how great and brilliant he is, I—I began to love him."

Into Marian's eyes there stole an unwilling look of recognition.

"Not—not Mr. Wade?" she said.

Corinne was smiling. "Does it seem so very strange?"

Marian's lips were set in a firm line. "No," she said impulsively, taking Corinne in her arms with a fierce sense of protection. "He will care—he must care. If he does not, he will. You would make him so happy—he will care, Corinne, as soon as he knows—as soon as he sees."

The words beat themselves on her brain like repeated waves of accusing sound. Ever since the talk with her father in the library, she had tried to

disbelieve Wade's devotion to her, but it had grown more apparent with the days. She had stilled her conscience by mentally confessing her own indifference, by reflecting on the chameleon character of men's emotions, but Corinne's confidences had made the old guilt return with concentrated force, while another, new-born, had risen up to plague her.

The rest of the evening was spent in secretly planning for Corinne's happiness. She felt that she must make some reparation for the wrong she had done. Corinne's pure unsullied love seemed such a sacred thing, and it was to be offered to one who was centering his hopes upon her,—the falseness of whose position was growing unbearable; and she wondered vaguely what old Antoine Fontaine, with his high ideals of the married state, would think of her as a companion for his child.

## VI

Madame Conde's fingers fluttered over the sugar-bowl with birdlike witchery. Madame was always charming when she poured tea. She radiated cheer and warmth and beauty, and she dispensed sugar with generous impartiality.

"Corinne doesn't approve of me," she said with her prettiest pout, turning to the trim looking man who sat on her right near the table, "Corinne has some preconceived notions that an aunt ought to relapse into caps and aprons as soon as her niece is old enough to come out." She spoke with the evident intention of being heard and the small group around the table stopped talking to listen. Corinne's face showed slight annoyance, but she smiled and said, "I deny the aprons, tante."

"But not the caps?" drawled Caworth.

"Oh, a cap may be the most becoming sort of a French creation," said Marian

quickly, "all lace and ribbons. Nobody denies the beauty of a cap."

The young man who had been first addressed said, "Madame is joking," while Hiram Wade, who was sitting in his usual loose-jointed attitude on the end of a long sofa, roused himself and said meditatively:

"I like aprons—the blue gingham kind—the kind my mother used to wear when she worked around the house. I saw some in a shop window the other day and I went in and bought one just for the feel of the thing."

The young man laughed outright. Madame looked up gaily.

"I thought you had some sentiment hidden away somewhere, Mr. Wade. She'll be a fortunate woman who finds it."

Wade glanced at Marian. "Why fortunate," he asked bluntly.

"Because of the mystery of the unknown," said Madame, "like the discovery of America and the riddle of the Sphinx, and the Flying Dutchman, and all the myths of the ages."

"I'm so glad to hear that America is a myth," said Caworth. "There may be hope for some of our institutions if we are still undiscovered."

Madame tried to look severe. "You're so historical, Caworth—you newspaper men have no imagination."

Caworth smiled. "That's a flattering slander of our dailies," he said.

Wade chuckled. His laughter was rare and of the subterranean order. "Madame is always flattering," he said.

"Not to my Cousin Caworth," interposed Madame, "he—he is too ridiculous."

"I fill in odd places," said Caworth resignedly. "I've been told—by my tailor—that my evening clothes are a faultless fit, so I look well sitting in the parlor."

"You are very useful at times," said Corinne, in a tone not unlike her aunt's,

"you're restful—you never seem to change."

"We seem to be dealing exclusively in personalities," sighed Caworth, "and, since I'm the victim, I'll be generous. Have you any remarks to make, Miss Penworth?"

Marian smiled. "I'll postpone mine. It is getting so dark that I must go home."

"Dear me!" said Madame, "I wish the sun would never go down." She turned to the young man by her side: "You're not thinking of going, Captain Hickling? You're not afraid of the dark?"

Captain Hickling chuckled and murmured some compliment under his breath which Madame's quick ear heard and heeded, while Wade turned to Marian and said clumsily, "I'm walking a few squares in your direction."

"I wish you would be certain," said Corinne, with a charming little air of assumption, for since the beginning of their acquaintance she had undertaken, at Wade's request, to pilot him past social shoals into the conventionalities. "It's too late for Marian to be out alone. She's brave and big, but I know how it feels to be out after six o'clock."

"I'll take care of her," he said, with unnecessary emphasis.

Marian's face wore a worried look as she said good-bye and left the house with her big body-guard. Corinne's absolute trust and confidence filled her with an oppressive sense of disloyalty. For blocks they walked along in silence, then Wade said abruptly:

"I believe that Captain Hickling is a great rascal."

Marian's mind was busy planning for Corinne. "They're not rare in Washington," she said.

"I never took much stock in the army, anyhow," Wade went on. "We'll come to arbitration as soon as we are civilized enough. This thing of taking a gun and going out to kill some mother's son

to settle State difficulties is a savage tradition and ought to be exploded. I don't object to having fewer men in the world, but I'm thinking of the mothers at home. It's the women in the world who have all the suffering."

"But they seem anxious to get their sons in West Point," Marion said, feeling that she must make some sort of a reply.

"They had better make policemen of them, they can wear as many brass buttons. A good policeman is a braver man than a soldier. He goes at things single-handed while a soldier has a regiment at his back. Hickling looks like a white-livered creature, capable of almost anything except managing men. Madame Conde is a great fool."

Marian was abstracted. "Most of us are," she said.

"Perhaps, perennially, but Madame may be worse."

"Worse?" She felt no surprise at Wade's criticisms. She was used to his uncompromising bluntness.

"I wish Corinne had a mother," he said. "Madame trails through life with a crowd of idiotic men at her back. She seems to feel that she must have admiration. She forgets that she has had one husband and that she is growing old."

There was a look of pain in Marian's soft brown eyes. "I don't believe a woman can ever forget that," she said.

"I may be old-fashioned," Wade went on, "but I don't believe in second marriages. It seems to me that one husband ought to be enough for any woman. When she has held such a holy place as wife and mother, she has experienced the fullness of life. When she has had the admiration of her husband and the love of her children, what more can she desire?"

"Sometimes she has neither."

"Then there is something wrong with her."

Marian looked through a mist into the gathering darkness. "I suppose there is," she said.

Again they walked along in silence.

"I think," said Wade at last, "I think I'll go to dinner with you, if you'll ask me."

They were passing a flaring gas lamp. Her face wore a strained look and there was an expression of long resolution in her eyes. "I think you had better not," she said.

The big man by her side bent a curious glance upon her. "Is that a house-keeper's warning?" he said, "I promise to keep my appetite within bounds."

She did not smile. She had suffered so keenly ever since Corinne's confession that she determined to be frank with him to-night—this very hour—while the friendly darkness closed them in. "No," she said wearily, "I want to be wholly unconventional—I want to tell you something—something that has worried me for days."

She had always been so reserved with him that his pleasure was apparent. "I hope I can help," he said.

"I hardly know how to tell you," she went on.

"Don't try to make a beginning," he interrupted her, "I never do. Climaxes are much more effective. Did you forget to order dinner to-day? Never mind, I'm perfectly willing to go home with you and eat a dried up breakfast food."

They were passing Lafayette Square. She stopped, and leaning against the iron railing that encircles the bronze horseman, she turned and faced him. "You must not go home with me," she said, "and you must not come so often to the house. You are falling in love with me, and you must not—you must not let yourself—you must not let yourself." She repeated the words with resolute emphasis, as if she were a mesmerist and could command his will.

He was so free himself from the shackles of conventionality that her appeal did not seem to him strange. "The end is already accomplished," he said slowly—"I had not intended to tell you until I thought there might be some return—"

"There never can be that," she said. "Please don't think there can ever be that."

"We learn patience in politics," he said. "One refusal doesn't count as long as the field is open. I'm not an attractive proposition, I have to win my way—I'm used to that, I'm a cultivated taste. I've had to work for everything I've got. I never expected to get the most precious thing in my life in a walk-over. I'm willing to serve like Jacob seven years—I don't expect you to give me any hope, even. I never started to get anything in my life that I didn't succeed in getting, and do you think I'm going to give up without a struggle?"

In her satin-lined muff she clasped her hands until they pained her. "You must," she said, "you have mistaken my friendliness. I have been kind because I wanted your help—that bill for the construction of that new bridge was before the House—I have degenerated into a lobbyist—"

Again he showed no surprise. "I don't believe you," he said. "You mean your father wanted the bill to pass? You know as much about Congress and corporations as a mouse does about moonshine. If you had understood the matter in all its intricacies you would have known that that particular corporation was proposing a steal from the beginning. The bill was killed in the House yesterday. I'm afraid no amount of friendliness on your part would have led me to support it."

She admired him greatly at that moment, and yet, with a woman's strange inconsistency, she felt a shadow of pique at this acknowledged limitation of her power.

"I truly wanted you to hate me," she said.

"What an uncharitable suggestion, and," he added more seriously, "I'm sorry that the bridge was altogether responsible for your kindness."

"Oh, you make it so hard for me," she said. "I liked you, indeed I liked you, but I had no right to see you when I thought it might end this way."

"You knew?" For the first time his voice was accusing.

"Sometimes," she went on desperately, "I don't think men are fair to us women. So much is expected of our intuition, so much is attributed to our vanity."

"You forget the bridge," he said, a little bitterly, "but half of Washington is lobbying for one thing or another, so I suppose I ought not to mind that. We'll begin over again—"

"Begin over again?"

"I would like to see if I could recommend myself as a man instead of a mere member of the House. I've found, since I've been in Washington, that a Congressman is of no more account than a hill of beans. He isn't even allowed to talk as long as he wants to; that's the reason I want a seat in the Senate. They can't stop me there. Meanwhile, perhaps I can persuade you to listen—"

Through the tall elms that shaded the wide street lances of moonlight fell and broke on the grey flagstones. The gleam was too fitful to show the look of desperation in Marian's eyes. "You must not think of me," she said, and her lips closed in a hard line, "you must not think of me. I am not free—don't you see that you must not—"

"You mean that you care for some one else?"

They had mounted the stone steps of her home. She turned and faced him: "I mean that I am a married woman." Her voice faltered and her lips were dry.

## VII

Wade turned from her without a word. He was stunned. The only thought that shaped itself in his mind was, that any form of protest would be an insult to her. Like the wild creatures he had hunted in his youth, he wanted to get away to hide when he was hurt.

He retraced his steps to the square and, seeking one of the by-paths, he sat down on one of the wooden benches. He looked around him, wondering that no change had come over the world—that pitiful wonder that comes to stricken souls as a precursor of realized grief. The moon shone with the same soft light, there was the same dull glow in the western sky. The stillness of the leafless trees, the brown grass, the spiked shrubbery, was tranquilizing to him who seemed lost in a whirling world.

"Aren't you a little afraid of grip and pneumonia?" Wade turned at the question. Captain Hickling stood smiling above him.

"There are worse things in the world," he said. As he spoke, his imagination got the better of his saner judgment. Why should this young man seek him out here and now, he asked himself, unless he had a part in the tragedy just played, the drama of his present dreams. Could he be Marian Penworth's husband? His determination to discover prevented him from getting up and walking away when Captain Hickling, unasked, took the place by his side.

"It's a great pleasure, finding you here," he began; "I belong to your district. Sorry I was not at home at the time of your election. Might have been of some assistance. I had a great many friends among the younger set."

"It was a poor fight," said Wade, with the calmness of one long practiced in self-control, "I was about the only available man."

"That's a too modest statement," the Captain protested. "We hear things



even in the Philippines. Don't suppose you remember me—Bob Hickling? I was a small boy when you opened your first law office. Think we boys made ourselves generally disagreeable spattering your sign with mud. There was Hugh Riley and Mike Sullivan and Carroll Brown, and half of the gang I've forgotten. Do you know what became of them?"

"I've reason to remember some of them," Wade said. "I believe I hanged Hugh when I was State Attorney, and Carroll and Mike are fugitives from justice."

"What a record!" laughed Hickling. "Doesn't seem safe to inquire after one's friends. I believe I fared better than any of them. I wanted to go to West Point but I didn't have the brains, so when the Spanish war broke out I enlisted. I got my promotion while the fellows I knew at the Point were plugging away at their books. Some of them swore like—hell—when they heard it."

"I remember your mother," Wade said, intently searching his memory, "and I knew your sister—she is teaching school I believe?"

"Yes, she's clever. The last I heard from them she was teaching school. I've been planning to go home, but that town is such a dismal little hole it requires a good deal of courage to go back when you've once escaped from it."

"Your mother is still alive?"

"Yes, the old lady was still alive, the last I heard of her. They don't know my address since I left the Philippines. I've been intending to write every day, but a man doesn't have time to call his soul his own in Washington."

"You're just from the Philippines?"

"Yes."

"And you were in Cuba before that?"

"Yes, I've taken it all in, even yellow fever."

"Then you've been out of the country five years?"

"Yes," said the Captain, wondering a little.

As he asked the questions, Wade was mentally calculating dates and distances. He knew enough about Hickling's boyhood and Marian Penworth's past to know that his first wild surmise could not be correct. He experienced such a sense of relief that he was almost inclined to be cordial.

"I thought perhaps you knew some friends of mine, but if you've been out of the country that long I was mistaken," he said, by way of explanation.

"I'm a stranger in Washington but every one has been very kind. I've always heard it was a paradise for young men—we're at a premium."

"I have not found it so, but, then, I am no longer young."

"One must be seen to be appreciated. You have the reputation of being a hermit."

"I have not been to the Philippines."

"I believe that does make people more kindly disposed," the Captain said reflectively, "but I've left the army. Most of my friends know that."

"Indeed?" Wade was losing interest. He was sure that Hickling wanted something, but whether it was political or financial assistance he could not determine.

"To tell the truth," the Captain went on, "I never found poverty pleasant. Promotion in the army is too slow—waiting to walk in some dead man's shoes isn't an enlivening proposition. I had a good business offer and I accepted it. Think I've done my part by Uncle Sam; he isn't the most generous of employers."

"No." Wade felt the real object of the interview was coming, but he was unprepared for the next question.

"Do you know the Penworth family well?"

"The Penworth family? There is only the Senator and his daughter—"

"Stunning looking girl—a little too tall to suit my style, but I suppose most people would think her striking. You seemed to be on good terms with her."

Wade felt a strong inclination to strike the smiling Captain. His manner was intolerable. He held himself in with an effort.

"Miss Penworth has been greatly admired," he said.

"Do you know the Senator?"

"I'm acquainted with him."

"I mean do you really know him?"

"I doubt if one man ever really knows another."

The Captain laughed again. He could not afford to be offended. "Oh, well, you know what I mean. We may not know a man's inward emotions, but we may get a fair notion of what his actions are likely to be."

"We can't get a notion of our own."

Hickling realized that they were drifting from the main issue. "You're a visitor at the house?" he began again.

"What house?"

"The Senator's."

"I go there occasionally."

"Then he's a friend of yours?"

"I doubt that."

"But he thinks he is."

"I doubt that also."

"But you're intimate enough to dine with them?"

"Many men have that privilege."

"Yes, I know that. I've dined there myself, but not often. As I said before, I'm a stranger in Washington. I want to ask you a question. Do you think the Senator is a safe man to tie to?"

"Politically?"

"No, financially. They say he has several millions. Is that true?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Do you think he can be trusted?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"But what would you advise?"

"I never advise. People always make up their minds before they ask for advice."

"But I'm in earnest."

"Then you can form your own opinion."

The Captain was losing his temper. "It seems to me a simple question to ask an old friend," he said. "I can't afford to get mixed up with a man who won't act on the square."

"Oh, he's square enough for all purposes."

His tone arrested Hickling's suspicions. "What do you mean by that?"

Wade got up. He had no wish to linger longer. "It is generally a mistake to explain one's exact meaning," he said, "but, since you insist, I'll say this much—when Moses came down the mountain with the ten commandments they were supposed to govern all men, but in these days good morals don't seem to be good business. The Senator is honest enough for your purposes."

The Captain's mind moved slowly. Wade was half way through the square before he realized that an insult had been intended.

## VIII

The next evening when Wade sat down to his lonely dinner he found a letter lying on his plate. He puzzled over its weight for a few moments, the handwriting was familiar; then opening it, he read:

"It is after midnight, but I cannot sleep. The wrong that I have done you must be told again from the beginning. Once, when Corinne was going to confession, I smiled at her faith. Now I realize the restfulness of such an institution even if I do not believe as you and she believe. Is there hope of forgiveness for me?"

"If I am incoherent, account it to the darkness—I am afraid—the house is so still and I am alone with the ghost of my girlhood and the shadow of my sin."

"Perhaps you will understand me better if I tell you that all my life I have been deprived of love—the warm, ten-

der, sheltering love that seems a child's birthright. My mother died when I was born, my father regarded a baby as a burden, and I was sent to live with my grandfather in Massachusetts. I suppose he cared for me in his own way—a cold, undemonstrative way—a half-suspicious way—fearing I should develop some of my father's characteristics. He disliked my father intensely. I had a strange, joyless childhood. I never played with the other children of the neighborhood. I would not have known how even had I been allowed. My aunt, who kept house for my grandfather, taught me how to cook, to iron, to sew, to wash dishes. But in my heart I hated those practical lessons. Day after day I would steal away to a corner of the meadow where a spring gushed out of a rocky bed and birds twittered in the bending trees about me, and here I would lie by the hour, as still as the rugged cliff above the spring. I lived those hours in a world of fancy—a world of dreamy melody, for music was in my heart. I sang to the birds and they lost their fear of me and went on with their piping chatter, mingling their notes with mine.

"One happy day I found an old violin in the garret and, secretly, I taught myself to play. When my aunt discovered it, by chance, she seized it and burned it as fire-wood. A 'fiddle' was an 'unlady-like instrument,' she said—my mind was being distracted from a true woman's work.

"A woman's work—God help her! Is her soul to have no outlet? ,

"Next day, when my anger had subsided, I made other plans. I went to the old sexton and begged the key of our meeting-house. There was a small melodeon in the high organ loft and I decided to learn to play on it. Day after day I climbed up the dusty steps. I was very small at the time and I remember that the steps seemed so steep, the music stool so high, and the sexton the tallest,

grimmiest man in all the world, for he guarded the key—the key that led to the music.

"It required courage to plunge into the dimness of that meeting-house, and I have always stood in awe of the dark. It seems to hold the lost spirits of the ages, it seems the invisible forerunner of death. But there was the little melodeon, on which I might try to express some of my heart's hidden melodies.

"One Sunday the organist was ill and I offered to take his place. My aunt was aghast at such effrontery but my grandfather said: 'Let her try.' That was the beginning of his sympathetic interest in me. He gave me all the advantages that his modest means would permit. When his health failed, he took me to Germany to complete my musical education—as if it could ever be complete! He said that he wanted me to be capable of making my living. It was his practical Puritanic way of putting it. I believe he loved music for its own sake, but he had never permitted himself a pleasure.

"It was in Germany that I met my husband. He was an American connected with a large banking firm. I was only eighteen, an idealist and a dreamer. My music had lifted me out of the hard workaday world in which I had lived, and when this handsome, buoyant boy—he was only a boy—came into my life he seemed part of the harmony that my world then held for me. He was so light-hearted, so capable of shedding gladness on a shadowy world, that he charmed away the prejudices of my grandfather who, in his state of invalidism, began to depend upon his young friend for entertainment and forgetfulness of suffering.

"Written down, it all sounds commonplace, but there are no tragedies—you must be patient with me until the end.

"We were married two months after our first meeting and for a few weeks I believe I was happy, then I began to

suspect our seeming prosperity. For a time my husband evaded all questions, then he told me the truth. He had been speculating and living on the funds of his firm—you can guess the rest.

"When I heard his sentence—years in the penitentiary—pronounced upon him, it seemed to make little difference. A blank wall had been reared between us ever since I had discovered how he had deceived me. My love seemed to die when my faith failed. I had all the egotism of youth, so that the harm he had done his employer seemed insignificant compared with the deceit he had practiced on me. Do not misunderstand me—it was not his apparent fortune that I cared for—it was the fact of my trust meeting practiced deceit.

"My grandfather took me to Paris for a few weeks to distract my mind from grief and he insisted that I take back my maiden name. It did not seem criminal at the time—I did not consider consequences. When my grandfather died I returned to this country and, actuated by some impulse that I did not stop to analyze, I applied for a position to teach music under my married name. The principal requested an interview. This is the way she questioned me:

"'You are married?'

"'Yes.'

"'You are a widow?'

"'No.'

"'I don't believe you will meet our requirements. Husbands who are unable to support their wives are generally good-for-nothing. We could not have him idling around the grounds.'

"'There is no danger of that.'

"'You are divorced?'

"'No. He is helpless.'

"'An invalid?'

"'He is in prison,' I said desperately.

"'Oh, you wouldn't suit at all,' she said decidedly. 'We have to consider your influence upon our pupils. No man ever went to jail without his wife's assistance.'

"I was too timid and shrinking at the time to offer a remonstrance. I was so pitifully alone. I knew I had to depend upon myself and the prospect of facing starvation terrorized me. The next position I applied for under my maiden name. All this time it did not occur to me to go to my father. He had proved his lack of interest. I did not want to demand his protection.

"You see how I have drifted from the real point I wanted to impress upon you. I wanted to tell you that, because I have never aroused true love in all these years, I doubted my power to arouse it. It is a poor excuse to plead but it is the only one I have to offer. Perhaps my past suffering has made me hard, half indifferent to the pain of others. I do not know. If we are so ignorant of ourselves, how can we judge others?

"Sometimes I am sorry that I left the convent where I taught for three peaceful years—the convent where I met Corinne. Living with her, and those pure-souled nuns, I seemed to learn for the first time the possibilities of happiness that life holds for selfless souls.

"But enough of me—you will go on working and forget me—you must forget me. The world is so full of interest—you have so many battles to wage—so many victories awaiting you in your life-work, that you will be generous to one who has failed. You will not try to see me—even our friendship must be ended. There are so many women in the world more worthy of you—God grant that you may find one whose heart waits joyfully your coming."

That was all. For a long time Hiram Wade sat looking at the closely written pages, and then, going to the fire, he carefully burned them one by one.

"She would not have loved me," he said to himself humbly. "She would not have loved me, even were she free."

(To be continued.)

# How Blessed Henry Suso Prayed

II

By FATHER THUENTE, O. P.

"Good Master, Teach Us to Pray."

**P**RAYER is a divine art. It is easy to repeat the words of God or the Church with our lips, but it is difficult to tear imagination, mind and heart from the material world and elevate them to God, there to remain in union with Him Whom we cannot see, Whom we cannot understand and Whom we love so little.

Our Lord, the Church and her apostles and teachers, all exhort us to pray much,—“Watch and pray; pray without ceasing.”

Every human heart feels the need of prayer. All those who have prayed know the consolation and power there is in prayer. We love to pray, but very few of us know how to pray. We must all repeat the words of the disciples: “Good Master, teach us how to pray.”

One of the great saints who excelled in the divine art of prayer was Blessed Henry Suso. Being a kind-hearted spiritual director of souls, he sacrificed himself, and told in his own simple way how he prayed, that all might learn.

In studying his method of praying we admire, above all, his childlike simplicity and the constant exercise of the imagination. We are little, ignorant children in the sight of God and must speak to Him as such. For, as Christ said: “Unless you become as little children, you cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.” Thus we may likewise say: “Unless you become as little children, you cannot learn to pray.”

The saint began to meditate, and advises us to meditate, on subjects which are near to us and known to us. We are not to begin by meditating on God's essence, the divine attributes, the vanity of all things, or perfect indifference.

These subjects are too spiritual, too far above us, too difficult for an untrained mind and heart.

God approaches us more closely in His sacred Humanity. God manifested Himself to us more clearly and visibly in His saints. Therefore, by meditating on these subjects we may begin to study God. By these means we may lift ourselves to God. He commends to us the lives of the saints, that we may learn from them how they began to imitate the life of Christ; that we may know of their joys and sorrows, and profit by the example they give us in their exact observance of the commandments of God. He venerated the images of the saints and recommends them to our veneration.

Having consecrated himself to Eternal Wisdom, he caused a picture to be made of God commanding all things in heaven and on earth. This picture he carried with him to the chapel, the class room and the cell. He kept it ever before him, that he might be reminded frequently of Eternal Wisdom. Thus his heart was ever lifted to God.

He venerated the saints in heaven by venerating their pictures and statues in a truly childlike way. In spring, he would pick the first flowers with many a pious reflection for the spiritual Flower, his spiritual love, the Mother of God. These he would take to his cell, there to twine them in a crown, and then, going to the chapel, would crown the statue with his loving offering.

When he received a new habit, he would take it to his Master, Who had given it to him, and ask for the grace to wear it in His honor and glory.

How closely Blessed Henry Suso regarded the images of our Lord and His

saints in prayer and meditation, and how distinctly he pictured them to himself we learn from his many beautiful prayers.

He addressed the following prayer to Our Lord, in the name of His Sorrowful Mother: "O Eternal Wisdom, wilt Thou deny me anything? Even as I present Thee before Thy Heavenly Father, so do I present Thy pure, tender mother before Thee. Behold her tender eyes, which often gazed fondly upon Thee; behold those fair cheeks, which were so often affectionately pressed to Thy divine face; behold her sweet mouth, which again and again kissed Thee so fondly; behold her fair hands, which ministered unto Thee. O Thou Who art Goodness itself, how canst Thou deny anything to her who bore Thee in her arms, who laid Thee to rest, who woke Thee up, and tenderly reared Thee? Lord, let me remind Thee of all the love Thou didst ever experience from her in Thy childhood, when Thou didst sit on her lap and didst play with her, and look up into her face with that fathomless love that Thou didst cherish for her above all other creatures!"

What a beautiful picture! This beautiful description of the Blessed Mother brings her close to our mind and heart. We can see her beauty, her goodness and her power. We can speak to her with confidence; we can meditate; we can pray.

There is great difficulty in saying devoutly the daily prayers prescribed by the religious rule or by the Church, as, for instance, the Divine Office. At first the language, the pronunciation and the ceremonies hold our attention, but when we grow familiar with it, we are inclined to become distracted. We pray with our lips and not with our hearts. We are advised by spiritual writers to occupy our minds with pious meditation during the recitation of the Rosary, as it is quite impossible to keep the attention centred daily on the actual meaning of the words.

Let us, for instance, follow Blessed Henry Suso as he recites the *Salve Regina*, which is said (or sung) after the Rosary. Again his imagination helped him much. He began by picturing the Blessed Virgin standing at the tomb of her Divine Son. Blessed Henry approached her reverently in spirit, sympathized with her, and said: "Thou art truly the Mother of Mercy, our life, our sweetness and our hope, for thou hast suffered so much." Then he accompanied her in spirit to the home of St. Anne, her mother. At the gates of Jerusalem he paused, looked at her again, saw her sadness, beheld the Precious Blood of the Saviour, which had fallen upon her while standing under the cross, saluted her a second time, and said: "Our advocate, turn thou thine eyes of mercy upon us, and after this, our exile, show unto us the Blessed Fruit of thy womb." Then he ended his journey with her, and, arriving at the house, bade her farewell, saying: "O clement, O pious, O sweet Virgin Mary, protect me against my enemies and accompany me on my journey to my eternal home." Certainly such a prayer is a true prayer. It pleases God and fills the heart with consolation.

Practically the same method the saint employed when he repeated the "*Sursum Corda*" in the prayers of the Mass. These words were spoken by him in such a way as to fill the hearts of those who heard them with fervor, and he was asked to give his interpretation of them.

He imagined himself calling upon all creatures in heaven and on earth to lift up their hearts to God, to praise and adore Him. Or, again, he considered his own heart and all other human hearts. He reflected on the peace and joy and consolation that enter a heart that loves God. He pictured the unrest and misery and sadness that enter a heart that loves not God. Then, addressing all those attached to earthly

love, asleep in sin and given to vanity, he cried out, with a powerful voice: "Sursum Corda,"—"Lift up your hearts to the loving God." These words, uttered by a burning heart, touched others. Would we thus enter into the profound meaning of the beautiful prayers of the holy sacrifice of the Mass how much would it help us to assist at Mass with reverence and devotion. The saint teaches us, indeed, how to pray.

To pray devoutly, we must enter into the spirit of the Church; we must celebrate well with her her joys and sorrows, her feasts and fasts; we must commemorate with her the important events in the life of Christ,—the work of redemption.

The life of the soul resembles that of the body. There must be changes. At times the bright light of day appeals to us; again, it is the dark night which is most in harmony with our feelings. Now, cold winter; now, the heat of summer; now, budding spring; now, dying autumn arouses our dormant senses. And so it is in our spiritual life.

Blessed Henry Suso realized this perfectly. He increased his devotion by entering into the spirit of the various feasts of the Church year. Let us consider how he celebrated one of these feasts—that of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, sometimes called Candlemas Day, from the ancient custom of blessing candles on that day. He began to prepare himself three days in advance, his strong, vivid imagination again aiding him. He desired to present to our Blessed Mother three spiritual candles: one in honor of her immaculate purity; another in honor of her profound humility, and a third in honor of her divine maternity. To do this he recited the "Magnificat" three times a day. When the morning dawned, he was the first to the church. He imagined himself near the Temple at Jerusalem. The Blessed Mother approached him with the Divine Infant in her arms

to present Him in the Temple. He went forth to meet her, fell at her feet and joyfully sang the canticle, "Inviolata." Singing and rejoicing, he accompanied her to the Temple, where he again knelt at her feet. He begged the Blessed Mother to place in his arms the Holy Child. He received It, contemplated It, and pressed It to his heart. As a favor, he asked that the bright flame of divine light might ever burn within him.

A favorite subject for meditation is the passion and death of Our Lord. We behold there the consummation of all virtues. The crucifixion is a book, written by God with His own Blood. We can all read it and understand it. The passion and death of Our Lord appeal to us so strongly because we, too, must suffer and die. As the crucifixion is the consummation of Christian perfection, the Church places it before us every morning in the great sacrifice of the Mass.

Blessed Henry Suso, having a most tender heart, and feeling keenly pain and suffering, avoided in his early religious life meditations on the sorrowful mysteries of his Divine Master. But the Voice of God, spoke to him, saying: "I am the gate through which all who long for eternal happiness must pass. If you desire to behold my pure divinity, you must contemplate my suffering humanity." The saint understood the meaning of these words. Henceforth, he remained in choir every night after Matins, which was said at midnight, to meditate on the sufferings of Jesus Christ.

Here it is interesting to note how he performed his mental prayer, for, though we are inclined to think that meditation for the saints must have been very easy, we learn from Blessed Henry Suso that it was often a great effort to them.

He began by walking up and down in the choir to ward off sleep. Then he endeavored to see, hear and feel all that Christ saw, heard and felt, from the be-

ginning of the Lord's Supper until He stood before Pontius Pilate. Next, he stood with Christ before the judge, heard the sentence pronounced over the innocent Victim, and tried to realize that he was condemned to die with his Master, to carry his cross with Him.

His meditations on the Way of the Cross were most realistic. He arose, knelt down, kissed the ground which Christ, laden with His cross, had trod, and recited the psalm, "O God, my God." Then he imagined himself walking with Christ through four streets. For each street he had some pious reflection and good resolution. In the first street he beheld Christ abandoned by all, sacrificing all temporal goods; and he resolved to suffer poverty without human consolation. In the second street he learned to despise all honors, and to bear cheerfully all ridicule and neglect. Entering the third street, he bowed his knees once more before his wounded, thorn-crowned King and promised to deny himself all ease and luxury. His eyes filled with tears as he thought of Christ, cruelly pushed along through the streets of Jerusalem. At the end of the fourth street, he kissed the ground where Christ was to pass, implored the Lord to let him die with Him. Embracing His cross, he recited the hymn, "Hail, O Cross, thou only hope!" Kneeling, he beheld the Sorrowful Mother pass by, and kissing the ground made holy by her steps, saluted her, saying, "Hail, holy Queen." Finally, he knelt down before a crucifix and pictured to himself how Jesus was despoiled of His garments and nailed to the cross. Offering up his will to God, he took the discipline, and, nailing himself spiritually to the cross with his Master, asked that neither joy nor sorrow, life nor death, separate him from Him.

This is a very practical way of making the Stations of the Cross.

Meditating thus daily on Christ's sufferings, he learned to bear all things

patiently. He learned to carry his cross cheerfully. It brought him close to the Crucified One.

Soon his soul was lifted from these meditations on the sacred humanity of Christ to the pure divinity of God. Towards the close of his life he meditated on God, His being, His existence, His perfections. He no longer needed the help of images, statues and mental pictures.

Meditation on God, or on things divine, moves the heart and fills it with love. The heart being thus touched,—nay more, inflamed, with the fire of love, finds it a pleasure, even a duty, or a necessity, to give expression to its feelings. We all have witnessed and experienced this law of nature, strengthened by grace. We see it in the welcome accorded to a hero when returning from his field of victory. The nation arises, as one man, to greet him and exalt his name.

Blessed Henry Suso loved to praise God. He teaches us to praise Him in a beautiful chapter, beginning with the words: "Praise the Lord O my soul; in my life, I will praise the Lord, I will sing to my God, as long as I shall be." He asks Eternal Wisdom, "In what can I praise Thee?" And the answer comes back, "In the first Origin of all Goodness (i. e. in the Divine Essence), and then in its outflowing springs (i. e. in creation)." But Blessed Henry Suso humbly responds: "O Lord, the Origin of all Good, the Divine Essence, is too exalted, too far beyond me. The tall cedars, the heavenly spirits, the angelic minds may praise Thee as such. Let me adore Thee in Thy works." And with a simplicity of a St. Francis of Assisi he studies and admires the ravishing beauty and the sublime splendor of the multitude of the glittering stars; the fair, delightful meadows, adorned with fragrant flowers; the sweet thoughts and fervent desires that arise from pure and affectionate hearts! All seem to say to



him: "Behold the goodness of God, from Whom we emanate, from Whom all this beauty has issued."

He finds reason for praising God in his own heart. Every human heart is "a little kingdom of God, where the Almighty manifests a supernatural love for his own." Here God's love is most clearly manifest; it is most keenly felt; it is most highly appreciated by every thoughtful person.

In what shall our praise of God consist? Words are good, but they, alone, have no meaning. The heart must give life to the words. "A heartfelt sighing is better than a lofty appeal; a total subjection of self is better than all sweet sounds." This total subjection of self to God and all mankind, this "becoming a servant of Jesus Christ, and the slave of the servants of Jesus," as St. Catharine beautifully expresses it, admits of various degrees.

For our consolation, Eternal Wisdom says: "He who in all things is mindful of Me, who keeps himself from sin, and is diligent in virtue, praises Me at all times." But the great fervor of our saint inspired him with the burning desire to do more. He declares himself willing to be despised, humiliated and crushed by men, to suffer in purgatory, to descend to the very depths of hell to praise the goodness of God. Fervently he cries out: "Willingly would I do it, if it were, indeed, possible. And from the lowest abyss of hell I would send forth a song of praise which would penetrate from hell to earth, up to the clouds, and then to heaven, until it would resound

before Thy Divine Countenance, O my Lord!"

Let us admire such fervor and let us learn to praise God, both in sorrow and in joy. "That praise is good and precious in My Divine Eyes, when with thy heart, thy words and works thou dost praise Me fervently, in sorrow as in joy, in adversity as in prosperity, for then thou thinkest not of thyself, but of Me."

Such praise is the beginning of heaven on earth. In this transient life there is no truer prelude to the celestial harmony than that which is found in the song of praise ascending to God from a serene heart. To praise God joyously, cheers man, lightens his suffering, disperses sadness and brings him near to his God.

"May a torch of love," cries Blessed Henry Suso, "blaze glowingly in my prayers, my singing, my thoughts, my words, my works. May it drive away my enemies, consume my sins, and obtain for me a happy death, so that the last strains of praise to God here on earth may be the beginning of an everlasting psalm in Heaven."

Thus let us begin with the childlike simplicity of Blessed Henry Suso to study the lives of the saints, to converse in a childlike way with the Blessed Virgin Mary and to reflect on the Sacred Humanity of Jesus Christ. Let us picture them as he did, clearly and vividly. Let us do it in our daily prayers. Let us celebrate the festivals of the Church as Blessed Henry Suso did, and we shall learn to pray well here on earth, and merit the glory of praising God eternally in heaven.

## Death

By Harrison Conrard

Oppressive night:  
A quivering spark  
Goes out in the dark—  
And all is light!

# The Master of St. Nathy's

III

## A Voice In the Night

By P. J. COLEMAN

**B**EING in love, Private Samuel Beatty was ambitious of promotion in the Royal Irish Constabulary, which was honorable.

But he was unscrupulous as to the means employed in furthering his ambition, which was decidedly dishonorable.

Now, it so happened that the Government of the day aided and abetted Private Beatty in achieving dishonor. It had just passed a drastic Coercion Act, the sole justification for which lay in the prevalence of crime in Ireland. But, as the judges were being presented with white gloves at all the assizes in all the four provinces, it behooved the Government agents and lackeys to foment crime. Therefore the downfall of Samuel Beatty, R. I. C.

It was the afternoon of the Lammas fair in Derreen and Private Beatty was patrolling the road to Edmundstown, cogitating his promotion, when he met the Master strolling home from a walk in the country. The Master was hatless, but that, thought Beatty, might be one of his eccentricities.

At his approach Beatty straightened out to his full and handsome six feet, and brought his hand in respectful salute to his little foraging cap with its embroidered harp and crown in British red.

"Here comes my father-in-law," thought the constable, "and I must be in his good grace if I would win Margaret."

"Ho, ho, my boy! I wonder what mischief you're up to now," mused the Master, who little dreamed that Beatty was enamored of his daughter.

"'Twill be a hard fight to get his consent," thought Beatty, who well knew the Master's patriotism.

"Pity the girl that takes him for a husband," mused the Master, eyeing disdainfully the snug uniform and the towering height of the man.

"Well met, Beatty," he vouchsafed at last, pausing in his walk. "There's a poor fellow lying by the way about a quarter of a mile out the road, near Meehul Higgins' farm. He is sick, I think, and needs help. You might see what you can do for him. I tried to rouse him, but I couldn't."

The Master did not add that he had placed his hat under the man's head, he apparently having lost his own.

"Queer character and hard customer that," thought Beatty as the Master passed on. "I apprehend trouble when I come to ask him for Peggy. A Sergeant's stripes may win him over, but to get those stripes—there's the rub."

Then came illumination to Private Beatty. The man lying by the wayside, under the hedge that skirted the Higgins farm, was Shawn Conlan, a young farmer who was on notoriously bad terms with Meehul Higgins. They had become bitter enemies over a strip of land, which either claimed as his own, they occupying adjoining farms.

"Conlan wouldn't hesitate to injure Higgins," thought Beatty, in his poor estimate of human nature. "He might 'hough' his cattle or burn his barns to get square."

Houghing cattle was a barbarous form of revenge, whereby lawless men sometimes maimed poor cows, to wreak vengeance on their enemies.

"If I can get up a charge of barn-burning or houghing against Conlan 'twill mean promotion." And the devil in the

man gloated over its possibilities. Here would be an agrarian crime such as would stir the London Times and papers of its kind to vitriolic diatribes against the lawless Irish, vindicating the Crimes Act and propping the Government in its harsh legislation. Men of the R. I. C. had thus come to honors and high office before. Why not he, Sam Beatty, by similar means? "For," he argued with fine cynicism, "all is fair in love and war. Margaret will never know, and O'Keefe, while a notorious Fenian, abhors such tricks and would gladly see their perpetrators brought to book. All comes my way. O'Keefe himself will testify to having seen the man here—feigning sickness, perhaps, the better to cower his purpose—at Higgins' farm. Others, no doubt, have seen him, too. If we find his hat in the haggard 'twill be sufficient evidence to convict him, coupled with his well-known enmity towards Higgins."

With which thought, after having carefully scanned the road, lest witnesses might be in sight, he leaned over the fallen man, drew the soft felt hat from under his head, and secreted it in his breast, buttoning his tunic tightly over it.

Then, rousing the man, who by this time was recovering from the stupor of bad whisky, he helped him to his feet and sternly bade him be off to his home, under penalty of instant arrest; an order which the poor fellow was prompt to obey as well as his tottering feet would permit. Beatty stood in the road until Conlan had disappeared round a clump of trees, staggering feebly homeward. Then the Constable retraced his way to Derreen.

But Conlan did not reach home that night. He was one of that class of small farmers who in years of bad harvest were forced to go to England to eke out his rent and living in the wheatfields of Cheshire or the potteries of the Black Country. There, toiling early and late,

and sleeping in a sack in a cold barn, he had the previous season contracted a cold which, neglected in the beginning, had now developed into what looked like consumption.

He had proceeded some quarter of a mile on the road when, passing a "she-been" or unlicensed public-house, he drew the attention of the widow Gara, its kind-hearted mistress.

With apprehension she noted the pallor of his face, the sunken cheeks, the tottering gait, aggravated by the bad whisky, and was going from her door to invite him in to rest, when again he fell forward on the grass at her feet.

With a little shriek of dismay, she knelt down at his side, took his head in her lap and smoothed back the ruffled hair from the clammy brow. Conlan recognized her with a sigh, and, noting the absence of his hat, Molly asked, "Where's your hat?"

'Until then he had not been aware of its loss; but, now realizing it, he murmured something about having dropped it. Then he struggled to his feet and, leaning on the woman's arm, went into the cabin at her request and lay down in the room that opened from the kitchen.

All that night he lay in Molly Gara's cabin, weakened by disease and stupefied by the infernal stuff he had imbibed; while the young wife kept watch, with red, sleepless eyes, through dreary vigils of darkness. It was a tragic delay for him, but dovetailed nicely into Beatty's plans.

Late that night the rain, which had been threatening through a day of brooding heat, came down in torrents. The thunder rolled ominously and the heavens flamed with lightning.

Tom Bolan, faring afoot from Derreen towards Edmundstown, left the road by the boreen which led to the Higgins farm and sought shelter in a cow-house, while Higgins and his family slept, undisturbed by the fury of the

elements. At the entrance to Kilcoleman graveyard, half way between Derreen and the Higgins homestead, he had picked up a black slouch hat of good material and gladly, in the teeming rain, substituted it for the old straw he wore and which gave but poor protection against the storm. In the blue blaze of the lightning he found that the inside of the sweat-band was rudely scrawled in printed letters with the owner's name—"John Conlan."

Bolan climbed to a snug bed of straw in the loft of the cowhouse, the cattle in their stalls turning on him great eyes of liquid wonder, as he climbed the ladder leading to the loft. There he lay, listening to the pealing thunder and the heavy drip—drip of the rain from the soaking eaves. In such a downpour he could not, as he had proposed, continue his journey to Boyle. He would wait till morning and then, before any one was stirring about the farm, slip quietly from the place and proceed on the way.

The loft was warm, inviting rest, so he composed himself to sleep, lulled by the monotonous plash of the rain and the low rumbling of the retreating thunder.

The cowhouse in which he sought shelter stood at one end of a square, roughly paved yard and, with other buildings and outhouses, formed a quadrangle; the end furthest from him being barred by an iron gate, inside of which loomed the dark bulk of the Higgins home, backed by a plantation of firs. Behind the cowhouse and the adjoining barns lay the haggard, filled with stacks of hay and ricks of turf, representing much of the farmer's wealth. Access to the haggard from the yard was had by passing through the barns and cowhouse through doors which were usually hasped or locked. In his eager quest for refuge from the rain he had found that the barn-doors were all locked; the cowhouse being fortunately only on the

hasp, so that he was able to enter without trouble. One thing had favored him. In passing from the gate, through the yard, to his hiding place he had not disturbed the dogs, which were usually so alert. Perhaps, he thought, they had been housed by the warm hearth in Meehul's kitchen for the night and were sound asleep.

Be that as it may, he was rudely aroused from sleep about midnight by a clamorous barking from far down the yard, near the dwelling house. Apprehending danger, he was instantly awake, listening with bated breath in the silence of the hay-loft for every sound. There was some one stirring in the yard, or the dogs would not have given such vociferous alarm. But the dogs were, as he had surmised, shut in the kitchen and, save for momentarily disturbing the household and bringing Meehul to an upper window, whence he poked his night-capped head for a minute or two, had no other effect of marring the nocturnal calm of his environment.

The baying and barking ceased after a while, and Bolan lay down again in his fragrant couch, when his keen ear caught the shuffling of stealthy feet on the gravel of the yard outside the cowhouse. Then came the sound of the door below him being softly pushed open and a muffled whispering of mysterious voices, while the cattle stirred uneasily in their stalls. Clearly these intruders were not of the farm-hands, else why such need of secrecy?

With every nerve taut, every faculty keenly alive, the Maestro lay still in the hay, not daring to move, scarcely daring to breathe, his heart beating a deafening tattoo in his ears. Then came horror, freezing the blood in his veins, as he listened to the whispering voices and realized his deadly peril, should his presence be known. For these men below in the darkness of the stable were of that evil, demoniacal kind who did bloody deeds under the mantle of night.

But they were not of a mind in the fell purpose that had brought them thither; for in their words and tones Bolan caught angry insistence and indignant protest, mutual recrimination and dark will wrestling with darker will.

"No, Beatty, I won't have it," said one, "it's bad enough to burn the haggard, without houghing his cattle or firing the cowhouse—"

"You're getting squeamish, all of a sudden," said the other. "The bigger the crime, the bigger the credit for finding it out and the bigger the promotion—"

"I don't care. I won't be with you in this. I'll stand by you in firing the hayricks, but I'll not stand for maiming poor dumb brutes! As it is, he'll get sentence enough for burning the haggard, without sending him to jail for life for roasting Higgins' cattle—"

"Ah, shut up and be a man. What's the use of backing out now—"

"I don't consider it manly to injure these poor cows. We have no grudge against Higgins, that we should hurt him so—"

"Oh, as far as that goes, we have no grudge against Conlan either. But what do we wear uniforms for? Is it to remain in the ranks all our lives? I tell you, Browne, one crime like this will put us high in the Government's books. We may both of us be Sergeants, Heads or even Sub-Inspectors."

"Do you think, Sam, Miss O'Keefe would value promotion so won—"

"Pshaw," laughed Sam, "she'll never know, and if I don't hurry up and make my mark that fellow, Cronin, of the National Bank'll be having her."

"But think of that other poor girl, young Mrs. Conlan, and she only married six months! Heavens, man, I don't like it at all. I'm sorry I came with you."

"Then you won't be for houghing the cattle—"

"If you dare to touch one of them, I'll brain you with my rifle."

The other laughed bitterly. "Well, then, for the hayricks! They'll make a fine blaze, and, when they get well started, we'll come back and help Higgins put them out."

"If we can," added the other. "They'll burn like powder in spite of the rain, and are like to be a dead loss—"

"So much the better," laughed Sam.

"Beatty, Sam Beatty and Browne," murmured Bolan to himself. "Beatty and Browne! I'm not apt to forget those names in a hurry. Ye murderin', maraudin' devils!" he hissed, shaking his fist in their direction.

He would fain have cried out in denunciation of their dastardly plot, but his life was at stake; for these men, bent as they were on a desperate task would not hesitate to murder him if detected in its commission. Yet all his manhood rose up in revolt against them. Better death than dishonor under such circumstances—better a thousand times, he told himself. Not only were they bent on burning a helpless farmer's property, but—infamous beyond conception—they had plotted the ruin, the disgrace, the indelible damnation of some poor innocent victim, whom their perjured testimony would send to his doom. That much he was sure of. That much he had gathered from the fragments of conversation that had floated to him in his lair.

With the thought all his doubts were resolved, all his craven fear routed and, determined to foil them at any cost, he sprang to the ladder and climbed from the loft, following the conspirators on tip-toe through the rear door of the cowhouse into the haggard.

The storm had sobbed itself away, but the thunder still muttered sullenly in the distance. It was dark in the haggard, but, crouched in the shadow of the wall, the Maestro made out the conical silhouettes of straw stacks and the larger bulk of two hayricks etched on a sky

faintly luminous with struggling starlight. Then, suddenly, stacks and ricks were outlined in vivid relief by a flash of lightning, and again swallowed by the dark. But in that moment's illumination the Maestro had seen the figures of two men kneeling, one at either rick, and pulling handfuls of hay from its core.

Presently there was a scratching of matches, followed by a thin flare of flame at the base of the ricks. Again and again he heard the faint sound and saw the dim, momentary flicker of the matches. Then, carried irresistibly beyond himself by fierce, overpowering indignation, he had hurled himself on the nearest figure.

"Ye murderin' assassins!" he called, as he felled the fellow to earth with a blow of his heavy violin-box.

"Run, Dick, run!" called the man who had fallen. "Run for your life. I'll take care of this chap!"

In a trice he was on his feet grappling with his unknown assailant, his lithe fingers searching avidly for his throat.

"Beatty and Browne! I know ye!" spluttered the Maestro, in the man's strangling hold.

Then he shook himself loose and in turn seized his aggressor's throat.

With panting breath, heaving breasts and deadly tension of muscle and sinew they grappled and reeled in the darkness. Then, losing their foothold on the wet soil, they fell together, the Maestro on top. Something broke in his grip—a leather strap; and he knew that he held the cap of a Royal Irish Constable.

His victim lay there still. He had struck his head against a stone in his heavy fall and was temporarily stunned.

The thought of escape presented itself. It would not do to be caught there in the haggard, with the ricks already smoking from an incendiary hand. These men, whoever they were, would not scruple in perjured self-defence to implicate him in the crime, and against their word his oath was nil. Nay, they would not

hesitate to murder him to cover their own tracks. They were armed, for he had seen their rifles leaning against one of the ricks. With one of them, though large and burly, he might successfully cope; but the other, who had run away to avoid detection, might return at any moment to his comrade's rescue. Clearly he could do no more than he had done; so, stuffing the constable's cap into his breast, he broke through the hedge and ran in the darkness across a wide meadow. Thence he found the high road and continued his journey to Boyle.

When Beatty recovered consciousness in the haggard, his first thought was of pursuit and vengeance on his unknown assailant. But whither to seek him or how to identify him, if found, were questions that showed him the futility of the idea. Besides, it would not harmonize with his plans. If arrested, might not his word be believed just as readily as his own? Therein lay grave peril. On the other hand, he argued, the fellow would not be likely to inform against him, fearing arrest if he attempted anything so rash. To be found at midnight in a burning haggard and to have fought with the police, when resisting arrest, was not a tale that would be likely to induce him to return. Besides, the hat, which he had carefully deposited between the two ricks, pointed to but one man—Higgins' notorious enemy, John Conlan. That hat would be found later and the plot could then work itself out to its denouement. For the present, all he had to do was to rejoin his comrade, Browne, at the prearranged rendezvous on Edmundstown Bridge; let the fire make headway in the moist hay and then, like vigilant servants of the Queen and true guardians of law and order, discover it from the road when it should become a lurid conflagration—a beacon of alarm to the countryside.

But he had to be quick. Already the darkness was being suffused with pale

light and the smell of smoke was becoming perceptible, as the smouldering fire made way in the ricks. But what had become of his foraging cap? It was not anywhere to be found, grope as he would on the ground. No matter; the other tell-tale head-gear was there, to incriminate its owner; so, without any misgiving as to the loss of his cap, he stole from the haggard, made a detour of many fields at its rear, and finally joined Browne on the bridge.

It had been a night of woe for Nellie Conlan. With aching heart she paced the floor of her cottage, her fears for Shawn intensified by the roaring storm. What had become of him that he had not returned? He had never treated her thus before. It was not like his tender, considerate, chivalrous way, to leave her alone on any night, least of all on such a night of terror. Perhaps he had been taken ill in Derreen and was lying—maybe at the point of death, beseeching her presence in vain. Perhaps he had given way to his spasmodic weakness and had been arrested. So, the prey of appalling fear and gnawing anxiety, she sat and watched and listened, going in feverish unrest to the door, peering into the outer gloom and returning, uncomfortable, to her place before the statue of the Virgin, where ever and anon she poured forth her grief in impassioned prayer to the Dolorous Mother who was also the Comfortress of the afflicted. She knew not of the tragedy that even then menaced her happiness—the brief, but unclouded, happiness of six months of wedded love.

But presently she was roused from the stupor of her grief by the sight of a great fire, reddening the sky and flaring beacon-like across the fields towards Meehul Higgins' home. Spellbound she stood at the door, watching that ominous blaze, and catching in the hush of early dawn the sound of excited voices coming down the wind from the fire. The country was awake, hurrying with

ready help to Meehul's relief, homestead calling to homestead, cabin to cabin in their prompt and eager sympathy.

Worn out at last and commending her husband to the Virgin's care, she lay down on the bed in the upper room and was presently asleep.

She awoke with a start to find her husband, pale and haggard, bending over her.

"There's a great fire over at Meehul Higgins'," he said. "All the country's there. If I was able to go, I'd lend a hand, but I can't."

"Oh, Shawn," she said, "where were you all night? or what kept you at all? Thank God, you're back safe at last, 'agraw'! Such a night as I've had!"

Shawn kissed her tenderly. "Nellie, 'dheelish,'" he said, "I'm not fit for the likes of you at all. I'm ashamed to say that I took a dhrop too much at the fair. That and the cough here," indicating his chest, "overcame me on my way home, and I slept all night at Molly Gara's."

"Never mind, Shawn, 'agraw,'" she smiled. "Don't do it again, like a good boy; and God bless Molly Gara for bein' a friend to you in need. She was ever a good neighbor and a tendher heart."

They were interrupted by the sound of heavy footsteps in the breen outside, followed by a loud knocking at the door.

"Who is it, I wondher?" asked Nellie. Then, catching sight of her visitors through a little window, "Mother of Mercy! Policemen!" she gasped, "what can they want at all?"

"Does Shawn Conlan live here?" asked one of the police to the man who opened the door.

"I'm Shawn Conlan," said Shawn.

"Then I arrest you on this warrant, charging you with incendiarism and malicious mischief," replied the policeman.

"Me?" blurted the astonished Shawn. "Why? What ails ye at all?"

"Come, come, Conlan, no fuss! You'd better come quietly. You'll know

all about the charge when you get to the barracks; but I'm inclined to think you know enough already," laughed the policeman.

"But I don't undherstand ye; indeed I don't," protested Conlan. "I've not done anything to be ashamed of—"

"Were you home last night, Conlan?" broke in the policeman.

"He wasn't home. He was sick at a neighbor's house, God bless her!" said Nellie, coming forward.

"Not home? I thought so. That settles it, Conlan; so come along." And they laid detaining, but by no means gentle, hands on his shoulders. "There's no use in an outcry," they urged, turning to Nellie, who was weeping hysterically.

"But he's innocent. Before God an' His Mother the poor boy is innocent," sobbed the wife.

"That will do. We've heard the likes of that before," snorted the policemen.

"What'll I do at all? Oh, what'll I do at all?" screamed the young wife, embracing her husband and kissing him. "Oh, Shawn, Shawn, why didn't you come home lasht night, 'alanna?' What'll I do? God and His Mother help me! But never fear, 'agraw,' never fear. 'Twill all come out right. God in His mercy won't allow an innocent boy to suffer. Good-bye 'alanna!' Oh, good-bye, my 'bouchaleen bawn!'"

Shawn was choking; and, as he went from his home, the last he saw of it was the open doorway with his young wife lying fainting on the threshold. Even the callous policemen were touched by his blinding emotion and tears rose to their eyes, responsively sympathetic to his.

His trial was a mockery. A complaisant Magistrate sent him to a complaisant Grand Jury, and a complaisant Judge sent him to jail for ten years, as a warning to criminals of his ilk.

The Master was summoned as a witness and, though he identified the hat

found in the haggard as his own and told how he had compassionately placed it under Conlan's head, his evidence, commented his Lordship in the charge to the Jury, did but substantiate that of Beatty. It was immaterial, smiled his Lordship, whether the hat was Conlan's or the Master's. The great, incriminating fact remained that it was found in the haggard and was evidently dropped there by the incendiary in his desperate struggle with Constable Beatty, who, with his comrade, Browne, had caught him red-handed in the act of firing the ricks. Coupled with this, in forging an inevitable concatenation of convicting circumstances, was the defendant's notorious enmity for Higgins and the damning fact that he had not been home the night of the burning. The jury might weigh at its true value the testimony of the Gara woman that the defendant had slept all that night at her house. Her veracity was a matter of conjecture; but as between her and the word, the sworn testimony, of that gallant servant of the Crown, that unimpeachable guardian of the peace and exemplary conservator of law and order—his Lordship referred to Constable Beatty—no sane man could hesitate for a moment in his choice. On the whole, reviewing the evidence in its entirety and making due allowance for the sympathy the prisoner had evoked—very naturally indeed—among those of his community who had testified to his good character, there was but one duty for the jury to perform. That was to return a verdict of guilty. A duty which the loyal jury performed without leaving the box.

After a while the course of more exciting public events flowed over and engulfed the memory of Conlan's trial, as water engulfs a stone in the river's bed. But though washed from the popular mind, there were two persons who could not forget it. Nellie Conlan and Constable Browne tried vainly to drown the



memory of that hideous farce. But it would not down.

Night by night it hovered over the young wife's pillow, wringing tears of anguish, despair and bereavement from the eyes wherein the light of joy was quenched forever. Not even when her baby was born—the babe that was never to see or know its father—did the heart-broken wife know surcease of sorrow. Her brief dream of happiness had been suddenly, tragically, irretrievably clouded. The roses faded from her cheek; the young form lost its rondure, the light foot its elastic step, the girlish voice its silvery laughter. And, seeing her occasionally in town, at fair or market or Mass, Constable Browne's heart turned to lead in his breast.

"What ails Browne?" was a common query at the barracks. "He's never been the same man since the Higgins burning," was the usual comment of his fellows.

Beatty took his honors lightly, as became a man who had rendered distinguished service to the Crown. His sleeves now displayed the gold chevrons of a Head Constable, and he came and went with high head among the men of the force.

But his conscience was awake, haunting him at dead of night with accusing voice. That some one shared his secret preyed upon him and worried him, often driving the smile from his lips and the blood from his cheek, even when he laughed and revelled in Margaret O'Keefe's company. If only Browne were dead, how happy he would be! If only some friendly Fenian or Leaguer would take him off! But, while he lived, there was no peace for him who had perjured an innocent man into a living grave. He was too squeamish, too soft, too conscientious, too much given to remorse and compunction. These at any moment might overcome him. And then would come denunciation and—disgrace.

Denunciation came before he expected. He had not counted on the unknown man who had assailed him in the haggard; but one day, after a long absence, Tom Bolan went up Chapel Lane, entered at the gate of St. Nathy's and surprised the Master in the midst of a discourse on the Homeric question.

"Schlegelmann bases his argument on the reasons I have enumerated, which you will find in his 'Prolegomena.' Gladstone's position I have stated succinctly, and my own opinion is—"

He did not finish the sentence, for a well-known face looked in at the open door.

"The Maestro," as I live! 'Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.' Yes, Tom, my boy, you are changed, sadly changed, since last I saw you," said the Master, wringing the itinerant's hand, to the surprise and delight of the boys, who could not understand the abrupt and seemingly unintelligible close to his discourse on Homer.

"Changed?" sighed Bolan. "Yes, I suppose I am. I have been sick for months in Dublin and hurried down here as fast as ever I could. A great wrong has been done here, and I think I can set it right. It was only when convalescent, a month ago, that I took up, accidentally, an old copy of the Freeman, and read about poor Shawn Conlan's case."

"A very sad case, indeed," mused the Master. "I have always believed the poor fellow innocent, though to my mind things looked bad against him. That incident of the hat convinced me at the time—"

"Tis of that I would speak, and at once," said Bolan. "Oh, listen to me! I must unbosom myself. I must speak, for I feel that I have been privy to the great wrong that has been done poor Conlan."

He was so eager, so insistent on a hearing, that the Master dismissed school for the day.

Then in the privacy of the school the Maestro told the Master of that night in Meehul Higgins' cowhouse, what he had overheard, what he had seen, how he had fought with Beatty and, finally, of his long illness in Mater Misericordiae Hospital in Dublin.

During the recital, the Master's face was a study—a mirror wherein were reflected the emotions of his heart. Finally, when Bolan had finished, he was like one transfigured, in the greatness of his joy.

"Glory be to the great God on high!" he murmured reverently. "Praise and thanks to His holy name for this deliverance! That fiend incarnate was to marry my little girl, my winsome Margaret. But you are saved Peggy, saved!" he exulted, his face alight with the glory of his rejoicing soul.

"For right is right, as God is God,  
And right shall surely win;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin—"

"But come, Tom, come at once to Colonel Plunkett. 'Twas he who committed Conlan to prison for the Assizes. If there's justice on earth we shall have it. The Member shall hear of this and compel the Government to make amends. Poor Conlan's wrongs shall ring through Parliament."

Within an hour they found Colonel Plunkett at his beautiful home outside Derreen. The Magistrate listened in amazement to Bolan's story and examined with interest the hat inscribed with Conlan's name, that the fiddler had found at Kilcoleman, and the foraging cap he had taken from Beatty in his struggle with that worthy.

"There can be no doubt about that cap," said the Master, eagerly, with vehement word and gesture. "I would know that lining in Yokohama. It is on linen, as you see, a wreath of forget-me-nots, embroidered in blue, with the inscription, 'From Peggy to Sam.' It

was my daughter who embroidered it, as silly girls will do such things. I came upon her one day after school, when it was finished, and, surprised at her task, she confessed with blushes that it was a keepsake for Beatty. I knew they were acquainted; but that first showed me the depth of the girl's infatuation for that scoundrel. But now his game is up—"

"Will you make affidavit to this?" demanded the Magistrate of Bolan.

The Maestro was ready, and the Magistrate took down his sworn statement.

"I will forward this immediately to the Chief Secretary," he added, when he had duly signed and sealed the document, "and I shall leave no stone unturned to have all possible justice done in the case. I may mention that your story strangely corroborates that of Constable Browne, who came to me yesterday and made affidavit that he was with Beatty on the night in question, and that the whole thing was a plot. The fellow's conscience, it seems, would not let him rest until he had made a clean breast of the affair. He resigned from the Constabulary last night—"

"But he hasn't yet left town, as I saw him this morning," broke in the Master.

"All right, Mr. O'Keefe," said the Colonel at his door. "You shall hear further about this; and you, Bolan, let me thank you sincerely for the interest you have manifested in the unfortunate affair. By the way, Professor, congratulate Miss O'Keefe for me on her lucky escape; for, I presume, the girl will have none of this scam now."

"I'll see to that," growled the Professor.

Entering the town, the friends came face to face with Dick Browne, not now in uniform, but neatly attired in tweeds.

"My dear Browne, accept my felicitations," said the Master, beaming upon the surprised man. "'Tis good to meet a brave man in these degenerate days. And he is bravest of the brave who does

a disagreeable duty. I have heard all from Colonel Plunkett. We have just been to see him on a like mission. My friend, Mr. Bolan here, is the man who fought with Beatty in the haggard."

Browne's eyes grew big with wonder, as he looked from the Master to the Maestro.

"How can I look an honest man in the face?" he stammered, his face aflame with suffusing shame. "I am heartily sorry for my part in that nefarious game—"

"Never mind! You've made honorable amends. Do you know this?" said Bolan, producing the foraging cap.

"Beatty's cap!" exclaimed Browne. "He thought it was burned in the fire."

"No, thank God! It has been saved as evidence to drive him in disgrace from the country," laughed the Master. "But, Browne, come with me, and save my family from disgrace. Convince my daughter that Beatty is a villain. She will need strong proof of it, for she loves him, poor girl!"

"Gladly," said Browne.

"Beatty is expected at supper to-night. He's probably there now," said the Master, looking at his watch. "Mehercle! but we'll surprise the dog."

They did surprise him, leaning jauntily over Margaret, as she sang for him at the piano.

"For what is love made for if it's not the same

Through joy or through sorrow, through glory or shame?

I know not, I ask not; if guilt's in the heart,

I but know that I love thee, whatsoever thou art,"

her fresh young voice rang out.

"Strangely appropriate, indeed!" exclaimed her father, bursting suddenly upon her. "Most appropriate, 'pon my word and honor! Yes, Peggy, guilt is in that heart," he went on, pointing to

Beatty. "The guilt of hell in the heart of a fiend!"

Beatty paled, as he saw Browne and the Maestro crowding in behind the Master.

"What does this mean?" he demanded haughtily, yet shifting his eyes uneasily from Browne.

"It means that you, sir, are a coward, a villain, a scoundrel, a midnight assassin—a perjured cut-throat. How dare you have the effrontery to obtrude your unhallowed attentions into a decent home?" roared the Master.

"But, Mr. O'Keefe—" blurted the dumfounded man.

"But me no buts, sir. I suppose you know this cap?"

"Why, he told me it was burned at the fire in Higgins' haggard," exclaimed Margaret, taking the cap from his hand.

"No, dear, 'twasn't burned," said her father, caressing the now frightened girl. "Poor child! to have been deceived so by that villain!"

"Oh, father, please tell me what you mean," pleaded the girl, bursting into tears.

"I mean that that fellow there burned the Higgins farm himself and sent an innocent man to a living hell, that he might gain promotion—"

"And I am here to corroborate that," said Browne. "I was with him and helped him, God forgive me—"

"And I discovered you both at it," broke in Bolan, "and took that cap from that gallant hero, as a keepsake of his prowess."

"Oh, oh! this is too much! This is terrible!" moaned the girl, hiding her face in her hands and sobbing hysterically. "And you have deceived me all this time?" she moaned.

"He shall deceive you no longer, nor any other girl in this town," said her father. "Have the goodness to relieve us of your presence, sir," he continued, bowing to Beatty and holding the door open.

"This will all come right, I hope," growled Beatty, as he took his hat and cane.

"It has all come right, sir," smiled the Master, as the man passed out.

Margaret hurried away with her aching heart and hid herself in her room.

"Poor, disillusioned child!" sighed her father.

Yet, was there music in the Master's house that night—wild, exultant music of jubilee and rejoicing. And the Master sang—

"Far dearer the grave or the prison,  
Illumed by one patriot name,  
Than the triumphs of all who have risen  
On liberty's ruins to fame."

Two days later Samuel Beatty, R. I. C., vanished from Derreen, whither no one knew. Rumor had it that a paternal Government had spirited him to Canada, there to forget the past, if he could.

But the same Government, through its Chief Secretary for Ireland, under the merciless questioning of the Member, repudiated Beatty with all his works and pomps, promising prompt reparation to Shawn Conlan for the wrong done him.

Death, however, anticipated the Government. Death had no red tape to hamper his merciful movements, and, on the day that orders for his release reached the jail where he was confined, John Conlan passed away in his prison cell.

"Vindicated!" commented the Master, when he read of the Government's action. "Vindicated! yet as truly a martyr of freedom as Emmet or Tone or Lord Edward."

And it was he who, by the open grave in Kilcoleman, voiced the popular mind: "Blessed are they who suffer persecution for justice' sake. Theirs is the kingdom of Heaven!"

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## Clouds

By Franklin C. Keyes

I was a child, and in my sky  
A tiny cloud was passing by,  
A fragile and a gentle thing  
All woven of the tears of spring;  
And yet the shadow of its flight  
Robbed for awhile my world of light,—  
I seemed so small and it so great,—  
And left me all disconsolate!

I grew a man, and in its stead  
A new cloud hung above my head.  
So thick and black its mantle drear  
That all my soul was choked with fear;  
It hid the earth and hid the sun,  
Till all the world seemed overcome:  
And when it burst, its bitter rain  
Did fill me with despairing pain.

Now I am old, the storm is passed,  
And hope has dried my tears at last;  
And in the western sunset glow  
I watch the clouds that come and go:  
All peaceful now, and steeped in light,  
They shine in colors wondrous bright.  
An old man's hoard of tears they hold,  
And God has turned them into gold!

# Medieval Universities

By JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., PH. D., LL. D.

**I**T is only what might have been expected however, from Roger Bacon's training that he should have made great progress in the physical sciences. At the University of Paris his favorite teacher was Albertus Magnus, who was himself deeply interested in all the physical sciences, though he was more concerned with the study of chemical problems than of the physical questions which were to occupy his greatest pupil. There is no doubt at all that Albertus Magnus accomplished a great amount of experimental work in chemistry and had made a large series of actual observations. He was a theologian as well as a philosopher and a scientist. Some idea of the immense industry of the man can be obtained from the fact that his complete works as published consist of twenty-one large folio volumes, each one of which contains on the average at least 500,000 words.

Among these works are many treatises relating to chemistry. The titles of some of them will serve to show how explicit was Albert in his consideration of various chemical subjects. He has treatises "Concerning Metals and Minerals;" "Concerning Alchemy;" "A Treatise on the Secret of Chemistry;" "A Concordance," that is, a collection of observations from many sources with regard to the Philosopher's Stone; "A Brief Compend on the Origin of the Metals;" "A Treatise on Compounds." Most of these are to be found in his works under the general heading "Theatrum Chemicum."

It is not surprising for those who know of Albert's work to find that his pupil, Roger Bacon, defined the limits

of chemistry very accurately and showed that he understood exactly what the subject and methods of investigation must be in order that advance should be made in it. Of chemistry he speaks in his "Opus Tertium" in the following words: "There is a science which treats of the generation of things from their elements and of all inanimate things, as of the elements and liquids, simple and compound, common stones, gems and marbles, gold and other metals, sulphur, salts, pigments, lapis lazuli, minium and other colors, oils, bitumen, and infinite more of which we find nothing in the books of Aristotle; nor are the natural philosophers nor any of the Latins acquainted with these things."

In physics Albertus Magnus was, if possible, more advanced and progressive even than in chemistry. His knowledge in the physical sciences was not merely speculative, but partook to a great degree of the nature of what we now call applied science. Humboldt, the distinguished German natural philosopher of the beginning of the nineteenth century, who was undoubtedly the most important leader in scientific thought in his time, and whose own work was great enough to have an enduring influence in spite of the immense progress of the nineteenth century, has summed up Albert's work and given the headings under which his scientific research must be considered. He says: "Albertus Magnus was equally active and influential in promoting the study of natural science and of the Aristotelian philosophy. \* \* \* His works contain some exceedingly acute remarks on the organic structure and physiology of plants. One of his works, bearing the title, 'Liber Cosmographicus de Natura Locorum,'

is a species of physical geography. I have found in it considerations on the dependence of temperature concurrently on latitude and elevation, and on the effect of different angles of incidence of the sun's rays in heating the ground, which have excited my surprise."

Albert's knowledge and the presumptuous ignorance of those who make little of the science of the medieval period. When we have catalogued, for instance, the many factors with regard to astronomy and the physics of light that are supposed to be of much later entrance



BLESSED ALBERT THE GREAT

To take up some of Humboldt's headings in their order and illustrate them by quotations from Albert himself, and from condensed accounts as they appear in his biographer, Sighard, and in "Christian Schools and Scholars,"\* will serve to show at once the extent of

into the sphere of human knowledge, that were grasped by Albert and finally evidently formed the subject of his teaching at various times at both Paris and Cologne, since they are found in his authentic works, we can scarcely help but be amused at the pretentious lack of knowledge that has relegated their author to a plate in education which is

\*Augusta Theodosia Drane, O. S. D.

represented in many minds by the term scholastic.

"He decides that the Milky Way is a vast assemblage of stars, but supposed, naturally enough, that they occupy the orbit which receives the light of the sun. 'The figures visible on the moon's disc are not,' he says, 'as hitherto has been supposed, reflections of the seas and mountains of the earth, but configurations of her own surface.' He notices, in order to correct it, the assertions of Aristotle that lunar rainbows appear only twice in fifty years. 'I myself,' he says, 'have observed two in a single year.' He has something to say on the refraction of a solar ray, notices certain crystals which have a power of refraction, and remarks that none of the ancients and few moderns were acquainted with the properties of mirrors."

Albert's great pupil, Roger Bacon, is rightly looked upon as the true father of inductive science, an honor that history has unfortunately taken from him to confer it undeservedly on his namesake of four centuries later, but the teaching out of which Roger Bacon was to develop the principles of experimental science can be found in many places in the Master's writings. In Albert's tenth book, wherein he catalogues and describes all the trees, plants, and herbs known in his time, he observes: "All that is here set down is the result of our own experience, or has been borrowed from authors whom we know have written what their personal experience has confirmed: for in these matters experience alone can give certainty." "Such an expression," says his biographer, "which might have proceeded from the pen of (Francis) Bacon, argues in itself a prodigious scientific progress, and shows that the medieval friar was on the track so successfully pursued by modern natural philosophy. He had fairly shaken off the shackles which had hitherto tied up discovery, and was the slave neither of Pliny nor Aristotle."

Botany is supposed to be a very modern science, and to most people Humboldt's expression that he found in the writings of Albertus Magnus some "exceedingly acute remarks on the organic structure and physiology of plants" will come as a supreme surprise. A few details with regard to Albert's botanical knowledge, however, will serve to heighten that surprise and to show that the foolish tirades of modern sciolists, who have often expressed their wonder that with all the beauties of nature around them these scholars of the Middle Ages did not devote themselves to nature study, are absurd, because if the critics but knew it there was profound interest in nature and all her manifestations, and a series of discoveries that anticipated not a little of what we consider most important in our modern sciences. The story of Albert's botanical knowledge has been told in a single very full paragraph by his biographer, who also quotes an appreciative opinion from a modern German botanist which will serve to dispel any doubts with regard to Albert's position in botany that modern students might perhaps continue to harbor unless they had good authority to support their opinion; though of course it will be remembered that the main difference between the medieval and the modern mind is only too often said to be, that the medieval required an authority while the modern makes its opinions for itself. Even the most sceptical of modern minds, however, will probably be satisfied by the following paragraph:

"He was acquainted with the sleep of plants, with the periodical opening and closing of blossoms, with the diminution of a sap through evaporation from the cuticle of the leaves, and with the influence of the distribution of the bundles of vessels on the folial indentations. His minute observations on the forms and variety of plants intimate an exquisite sense of floral beauty. He dis-

tinguishes the star from the bell-flower, tells us that a red rose will turn white when submitted to the vapor of sulphur, and makes some very sagacious observations on the subject of germination. \* \* \* The extraordinary erudition and originality of this treatise (his tenth book) has drawn from M. Meyer the following comment: 'No botanist who lived before Albert can be compared to him, unless Theophrastus, with whom he was not acquainted; and after him none has painted nature in such living colors or studied it so profoundly until the time of Conrad, Gesner, and Cesalpino.' All honor, then, to the man who made such astonishing progress in the science of Nature as to find no one, I will not say to surpass, but even to equal him for the space of three centuries."

This wonderful thirteenth century contributed also much to the knowledge of geographical science. Even before the great explorers of this time had accomplished their work, this particular branch of science had made such great progress as would bring it quite within the domain of what we call the science of geography at the present time. When we remember how much has been said about the ignorance of the men of the later Middle Ages as regards the shape of the earth, the inhabitants of it, and how many foolish notions they are supposed to have accepted with regard to the limitation of possible residents of the world, and their queer ideas as to the antipodes, the following passages, taken from Albert's biographer, will serve better than anything else to show how absurdly the traditional opinions with regard to this time and its knowledge have been permitted by educators to tinge what are supposed to be serious opinions with regard to the subjects of education in that time:

"He treats as fabulous the commonly-received idea, in which Bede had acquiesced, that the region of the earth south of the equator was uninhabitable,

and considers that, from the equator to the south pole, the earth was not only habitable, but in all probability actually inhabited, except directly at the poles, where he imagines the cold to be excessive. If there be any animals there, he says, they must have very thick skins to defend them from the rigor of the climate, and they are probably of a white color. The intensity of cold is, however, tempered by the action of the sea. He describes the antipodes and the countries they comprise, and divides the climate of the earth into seven zones. He smiles with a scholar's freedom at the simplicity of those who suppose that persons living at the opposite region of the earth must fall off—an opinion that can only rise out of the grossest ignorance, 'for when we speak of the lower hemisphere, this must be understood merely as relatively to ourselves.' It is as a geographer that Albert's superiority to the writers of his own time chiefly appears. Bearing in mind the astonishing ignorance which then prevailed on this subject, it is truly admirable to find him correctly tracing the chief mountain chains of Europe, with the rivers which take their source in each; remarking on portions of coast which have in later times been submerged by the ocean, and islands which have been raised by volcanic action above the level of the sea; noticing the modification of climate caused by mountains, seas and forests, and the division of the human race, whose differences he ascribes to the effect upon them of the countries they inhabit! In speaking of the British Isles, he alludes to the commonly-received idea that another distant island called Tile, or Thule, existed far in the Western Ocean, uninhabitable by reason of its frightful climate, but which, he says, has perhaps not yet been visited by man."

Nothing will so seriously disturb the complacency of modern minds as to the wonderful advances that have been made



in the last century in all branches of physical science as to read Albertus Magnus' writings. Nothing can be more wholesomely chastening of present-day conceit than to get a proper appreciation of the extent of the knowledge of the schoolmen.

Albertus Magnus' other great pupil besides Roger Bacon was St. Thomas Aquinas. If any suspicion were still left that Thomas did not appreciate just what the significance of his teaching in physics was, when he announced that neither matter nor force could ever be reduced to nothingness, it would surely be removed by the consideration that he had been for many years in intimate relations with Albert and that he had probably also been close to Roger Bacon. In association with such men as these he was not likely to stumble upon truths unawares, even though they might concern physical science. St. Thomas himself has left three treatises on chemical subjects, and it is said that the first occurrence of the word amalgam can be traced to one of these treatises. Everybody was as much interested then as we are at the present time in the transformation of metals, and mercury, with its silver sheen, its facility to enter into metallic combinations of all kinds, and its elusive ways, naturally made it the centre of scientific interest quite as radium is at the present moment.

After this brief review of only a few of the things that they taught in science at the thirteenth century universities, most people will scarcely fail to wonder how such peculiarly erroneous impressions with regard to the uselessness of university teaching and training have come to be so generally accepted. The fault lies, of course, with those who thought they knew something about university teaching and who, because they found a few things that now look ridiculous—as certain supposed facts of

one generation always will to succeeding generations who know about them—thought they could conclude from these as to the character of the whole content of medieval education. It is only another example of what Artemus Ward pointed out so effectively when he said, "There is nothing that makes men so ridiculous as the knowing so many things that ain't so."

We have been accepting without question ever so many things that simply are not so with regard to these wonderful generations who not only organized the universities, but organized the teaching in them on lines not very different from those which occupy people seven centuries later.

What would be the most amusing feature, if it were not unfortunately so serious an arraignment of the literature that has grown up around these peculiar baseless notions with regard to scholastic philosophy, is the number of men of science who have permitted themselves to make fun of certain supposed lucubrations of the great medieval philosophers. It is not so very long ago, as pointed out by Harper in "The Metaphysics of the School," since Professor Tate in a lecture on "Some Recent Advances in Physical Science" repeated the old slander that even Aquinas occupied the attention of his students with such inane questions as: "How many angels could dance on the point of a needle?" Modern science very proudly insists that it occupies itself with observations and concerns itself little with authority. Professor Tate, in this unhappy quotation, however, shows not only that he has made no personal observation on medieval philosophy, but that he has accepted a very inadequate authority for the statements which he makes with as much confidence as if they had been the result of conclusions from personal study. Many other modern scientists—save the mark!—have fallen into like blunders.

The modern student as well as the teacher is prone to wonder what were the methods of study and the habits of life of the students of the thirteenth century, and fortunately we have a short sketch written by Robert of Sorbonne, the famous founder of the Sorbonne, in which he gives advice to attendants at that institution as to how they should spend their time, so that at least we are able to get a hint of the ideals that were set before the student. Robert, whose long experience of university life made him thoroughly competent to advise, said:

"The student who wishes to make progress ought to observe six essential rules:

"First: He ought to consecrate a certain hour every day to the study of a determined subject, as St. Bernard counselled his monks in his letter to the Brothers of the Mont Dieu.

"Second: He ought to concentrate his attention upon what he reads and ought not to let it pass lightly. There is between reading and study, as St. Bernard says, the same difference as between a host and a guest, between a passing salutation exchanged in the street and an embrace prompted by an unalterable affection.

"Third: He ought to extract from the daily study one thought, some truth or other, and engrave it deeply upon his memory with special care. Seneca said: 'When you have run over many things in a day, select one for yourself, which you should digest well on that day.'

"Fourth: Write a resume of it, for words which are not confided to writing fly as does the dust before the wind.

"Fifth: Talk the matter over with your fellow students, either in the regular recitation or in your familiar conversation. This exercise is even more profitable than study, for it has as its results the clarifying of all doubts and all the obscurity that study may have

left. Nothing is perfectly known unless it has been tried by the tooth of disputation.

"Sixth: Pray, for this is indeed one of the best ways of learning. St. Bernard teaches that study ought to touch the heart and that one should profit by it always by elevating the heart to God, without, however, interrupting the study."

Sorbonne, in a tone that vividly recalls the modern university professor who has seen generation after generation of students and has learned to real-



ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

ize how many of them waste their time, proceeds:

"Certain students act like fools; they display great subtilty over nonsensical subjects and exhibit themselves devoid of intelligence with regard to their most

important studies. So as not to seem to have lost their time, they gather together many sheets of parchment, make thick volumes of note-books out of them, with many a blank interval, and cover them with elegant binding in red letters. Then they return to the paternal domicile with their little sack filled up with knowledge which can be stolen from them by any thief who comes along, or may be eaten by rats or by worms or destroyed by fire or water.

"In order to acquire instruction, the student must abstain from pleasure and not allow himself to be hampered by material cares. There was at Paris, not long since, two teachers who were great friends. One of them had seen much, had read much, and used to remain night and day bent over his books. He scarcely took time to say an 'Our Father.' Nevertheless, he had but four students. His colleague possessed a much less complete library, was less devoted to study and heard Mass every morning before delivering his lecture. In spite of this, his class room was full. 'How do you do it?' asked his friend. 'It is very simple,' said his friend, smiling. 'God studies for me. I go to Mass, and when I come back I know by heart all that I have to teach.'

"Meditation," so Sorbonne continues, "is suitable not only for the master, and the good student ought also to go and take his promenade along the banks of the Seine, not to play there, but in order to repeat his lesson and meditate upon it."

This last is an allusion to the famous promenade along the Seine which was the object of so much discussion between the University and the Abbey of St. Germain, which occupied a position not far from the present Church of St. Germain des Pres.

These instructions for students are not very different from those that would

be issued by an interested head of a university department to the Freshman of the present day. His insistence especially on the difference between reading and study might very well be taken to heart at the present time, when there seems to be some idea that reading of itself is sufficient to enable one to obtain an education. The lesson of learning one thing a day and learning that well, might very well have been a motto for students for all time since Sorbonne's declaration of it, with manifest benefit to the success of college study.

In other things Sorbonne departs farther from our modern ideas in the matter of education, but still there are many, even at the present time, who will read with profound sympathy his emphatic advice to the university students that they must educate their hearts as well as their intellects, and make their education subserve the purpose of bringing them closer to God.

One of the advantages of modern German university education has often been acclaimed to be the fact that students are tempted to make portions of their studies in various cities, since all the courses are equalized in certain ways, so that the time spent at any one of them will be counted properly for their degrees. It has long been recognized that travel makes the best possible university course, and even when the English universities in the eighteenth century sank to be little more than pleasant abiding places where young men of the upper classes "ate their terms," the fact that it was the custom "to make the grand tour" of continental travel supplied for much that was lacking in the serious side of their education. Little as this might be anticipated as a feature of the ruder times of the thirteenth century, when travel was so difficult, it must be counted as one of the great advantages for the inquiring spirits of the time. Dante, besides attending the universi-

ties in Italy—and he certainly was at several of them—was also at Paris at one time and probably also at Oxford. Professor Monroe, in his text-book on the "History of Education," has stated this custom very distinctly:

"With the founding of the universities and the establishment of the nations in practically every university, it became quite customary for students to travel from university to university, finding in each a home in their appropriate nation. Many, however, willing to accept the privileges of the clergy and the students without undertaking their obligations, adopted this wandering life as a permanent one. Being a privileged order, they readily found a living, or made it by begging. A monk of the early university period writes: 'The scholars are accustomed to wander throughout the whole world and visit all the cities; and their many studies bring them understanding. For in Paris they seek a knowledge of the liberal arts; of the ancient writers at Orleans; of medicine at Salernum; of the black art at Toledo; and in no place decent manners.'"

With regard to the old monk's criticism, it must be remembered that old age is always rather depreciative in criticism of the present and over-appreciative of what happened when they were boys. Abuses seem always to be creeping in that threaten with ruin the force of education, yet somehow the next generation succeeds in obtaining its intellectual development in a rather satisfactory manner. Besides, as we must always remember in educational questions, evils are always exaggerated and the memory of them is prone to live longer and to loom up larger than that of the good with which they were associated and of which, indeed, as any one of reasonable experience in educational circles knows, they may constitute by

comparison only a very small amount. Undoubtedly the wandering of students brought with it many abuses, and if we were to listen to some of the stories of foreign student life in Paris in our own time we might think that much of evil and nothing of good was accomplished by such wandering, but inasmuch as we do so we invite serious error of judgment.

Another striking feature of university life, which constituted a distinct anticipation of something very modern in our educational system, was the lending of professors of different nationalities among the universities. It is only at the beginning of the twentieth century that we have re-established this custom. In the thirteenth century, however, Albertus Magnus taught for a time at Cologne, and then later at Paris, and apparently also at Rome. St. Thomas of Aquin, after having taught for a time at Paris, lectured in various Italian universities and then finally at the University of Rome, to which he was tempted by the Pope. Duns Scotus, besides teaching in Oxford, taught also at Paris. Alexander of Hales, before him, seemed to have done the same thing. Roger Bacon, after studying at the University of Paris, seems to have commenced teaching there, though most of his professorial work was accomplished at the University of Oxford. Raymund Lully probably had professorial experience at several Spanish universities besides at Paris. In a word, if a man were a distinguished genius he was almost sure to be given the opportunity to influence his generation at a number of centres of educational life and not be confined, as has been the case in the centuries since, to but one, or at most, and that more by accident than intent, to two or three. In a word, there is not a distinctive feature in modern university life that was not anticipated in the thirteenth century.

# The Italian Opera Writers of To-day

By LORNA GILL

**V**ERDI was asked during the last year of his life who among the rising young Italian composers would succeed him as the champion of Italian operatic traditions. He said: "Whoever he is, he does not belong to the modern Italian school. If he exists, he is a patriot first of all; he is Italian, not German. The Italian who goes farther than I have in 'Aida,' 'Othello,' 'Falstaff,' will have to go over to the Germans."

Mascagni, Leoncavallo and Puccini, however, have not gone over to the Germans. For the past fourteen years they have been straining every nerve to produce worthy operatic fruit. They have grafted German polyphony upon Italian melody, have endeavored to effect truth and sincerity of expression in a manner far removed from Wagner and his system of leit-motive. As of yore, however, their strength lies in their melodic gifts. They show a marked predilection for melodrama.

At Verdi's death too little had been done by any of these men for him to single out his successor. The first to announce the return of musical activity to Italy was Mascagni in his "Cavalleria." There has been a tendency to discredit the work of the latter because he has failed to repeat the success of "Cavalleria." Even so, we cannot forget that he has given us one work of genius, that he has been a potent influence and that he is still a young man.

Mascagni's youth was anything but easy. Born in 1863, the son of a baker, he began to work at music on the sly, was discovered and punished. Finally, an uncle came to his rescue and saw that

he was properly taught. Before his success he suffered many deprivations and was brought to the verge of starvation. He tells us that, about this time, for six weeks he had daily only a plate of macaroni.

In 1888 his first opera, "Radcliffe," was almost finished, when he read in the Milan newspapers of the offer of three prizes by Souzegno, the publisher, for the three best one-act operas upon any subject. Mascagni decided to make a supreme struggle to rescue himself and his family from want. As the time was short, he had to write with feverish haste to enable him to finish before the "Concorso" closed. The plot chosen was one he had had in mind for several years,—a Sicilian story by Verga.

He was awarded the first prize and became the hero of Italy in less than a month. In a year "Cavalleria Rusticana," was heard all through Europe; two managers in New York were struggling to get it, and eventually it became a part of the repertoire of the Metropolitan Opera House. The turgid little tragedy of peasant life made an immediate appeal to the hearts of all classes of people. Packed with the elemental passions of mankind, love, hate and murder, its melodic inventions stamp the wronged Santuzza, the weak Turrida and the manly Alfio. There is life, spontaneity and dramatic force. The Romance has character and resource. We are all tired of the Intermezzo, but that is the organ grinders' fault. There is a reckless prodigality of fresh and original melodies. Some of the music is coarse and commonplace. Uneven though "Cavalleria" is, it contains so much that

is original, so much of promise, that it seems ungracious to cavil at its faults. Whatever its defects, it makes a vivid appeal to the imagination, and if Mascagni has taught nothing else he has, at least, shown how to achieve brevity of form.

Raised to the heights of success, Mascagni thought he now had nothing to do but sit down and scribble operas for the rest of his life. "L'Amico Fritz," "Iris," "Silvano," contain exquisite passages, but are full of mannerisms and cheap tricks. It was to be expected that his sudden leap to fame would turn his head for a while, and so it is difficult to believe that he has said his all in "Cavalleria."

Leoncavallo, like Mascagni, is also a one-opera man; he has yet to repeat the success of "I Pagliacci." Born in Naples in 1857, he attended and finished at the conservatory there at sixteen, thence to the University of Bologna to complete his literary studies under Carducci, the eminent Italian poet, who has just died. Leoncavallo began his career as a concert pianist, went to Egypt, but was obliged to flee for his life during the war with England. Penniless, he reached Paris and became an accompanist in café concerts. Later, he secured singers who wished to work up repertoire, and in this way met Maurel and Massenet. To quote Leoncavallo: "I read to Maurel my poem, 'Medicis,' that I had just completed. Struck by the magnitude of my self-imposed task, he advised me to go to Milan, where he promised me an introduction to Ricordi, the publisher. I pawned my furniture and left for Milan. The result of my meeting Ricordi was that he gave me the commission to write the music to 'Medicis,' paying me 2400 francs. For three years I waited in vain for its production. Roused by the success of 'Cavalleria,' I shut myself up in

sheer desperation, resolved to make a last struggle. In five months I wrote the music and the words of 'I Pagliacci.' The plot is taken from an event in real life that occurred at Cosenza, Calabria, when my father was holding a court of justice."

"I Pagliacci" met with instantaneous success. In two acts, it deals with strong passions,—a melodrama, like "Cavalleria." The Pagliacci are a troupe of travelling comedians, with their love affairs, jealousies and murders. The music is extremely clever and effective, but Leoncavallo has neither the copious nor original flow of melody of Mascagni, though he is superior to him in characterization and orchestration.

Perhaps Leoncavallo would prefer a serious estimate of his accomplishment based upon his "I Medicis." His plan was the writing of a trilogy of the Italian Renaissance, the first part to deal with the Medicis, the second with Savonarola, the third with Cesare Borgia. So far only "I Medicis" has been written. The libretto is of polished and exquisite verse and has one really dramatic scene. The musical themes are lacking in originality, but the orchestration is permeated with color, fancy and imagination. On the whole, the opera seems the work of brilliant eclecticism,—of one who has well digested the best scores of the world's composers.

"Roland in Berlin," written at the request of the German Emperor, and "Seraphita," founded upon Balzac's novel, are his other works. Leoncavallo leaves us with the impression that he has not yet quite found himself.

Of these three Italians who in recent years have visited our shores, it has remained for Puccini, who has just left us, to win something more than golden opinions. Unlike his colleagues, he came, not to exploit his works on the

concert stage, but to give the seal of his approval to the production of "Madame Butterfly." This winter his three operas, "Manon," "Tosca" and "Madame Butterfly," have almost monopolized the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House. Our Latin friends are jubilant over what they consider the restoration of the Italian ascendancy in opera. Certainly the charm of Puccini's scores and Caruso's popularity as a singer have been strong elements in Mr. Conried's action in giving over his stage to the Italians, but it was also due as much to his inability to come to satisfactory terms with the singers of German opera.

Puccini was born at Lucca in 1858. He is descended from five generations of masters of church music. As a boy his hearing of Verdi's "Aida" caused him to decide for a musical career. He set steps toward Milan for the purpose of study with Ponchielli, the composer of "La Gioconda." For one year the late Queen Margharita paid his tuition, and the expenses of the next two years were defrayed by his widowed mother. These early years were fraught with hardships. His first two operas, "Le Villi" and "Edgar," went to pay for his restaurant bills and the long tenure of his room. Puccini and his brother were typical hall-bedroom boys. He told an American reporter that they lived on a combined income of twenty dollars a month. "We ran into debt right and left, and before the end of a month we often had to pawn our sticks, umbrellas and overcoats to obtain a little money for immediate requirements. We were also handicapped in having to pay our landlord promptly. When he brought us the registered letter containing the grant, he would wait until we had opened it, and would ask us to pay our bill at once. This meant that we had very little, and sometimes nothing, to remind us of the Government's generosity, except the envelope.

"As the landlord also conducted the café, cooking was absolutely prohibited in the rooms, but my brother was an excellent cook and we found housekeeping in our own room more economical than the landlord's meals. I liked chickens above all else, and whenever the exchequer contained enough we would purchase a fowl and smuggle the prize to our little room. My brother would perform the decapitation while I played the piano to drown the death squalls."

Puccini is a lover of country life and is master of several homes. A farmer in his place at Torre del Lago, a huntsman in the Apennines, a motorist by land and sea, he is an all-round man of affairs in life as well as in art.

It is conceded that Puccini has come nearer to creating a style of his own than any representative of young Italy. In 1894 his reputation spread over the world through "Manon Lescaut," in which he brooked comparisons with Massenet. He endeavored to realize in melody, harmonic treatment and orchestral color, the emotional content of his libretto. In the lighter parts of the story Massenet's dainty music is far ahead; it is in the third act that Puccini shows his strength by his masterly treatment of dramatic episodes.

Sardou's "Tosca" was his next essay, in 1899, in which are repeated the same qualities of exquisite melody, charm, power. "Madame Butterfly," founded upon John Luther Long's book, has won favor both in London and New York. Puccini is now working on a romance from Pierre Louy's "La Femme et le Pautin."

Puccini is at present the recognized head of the Italian school. Without the sudden blaze of notoriety that the work of Mascagni and Leoncavallo produced, the operas of Puccini have been a steady growth toward truth, force and technical finish. Not to know Puccini nowadays is to acknowledge oneself woefully lacking in musical information.

# For Men Only

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

**F**ROM many people one hears a great deal of talk against "Humanitarianism." And from the other side much scorn is hurled at the folk who seem to be trying to save their "dirty, little souls" without much regard to the needs of their neighbors. It is very curious that, in this age of the world, opinions and points of view are as important in keeping up quarrels as they were at any previous time, and one sometimes fancies that it is not the thing brought about, but the fight itself that we like. For instance, I happened to say, in what seemed to be a most tolerant company, that I could never get much profit from Thomas à Kempis, but that St. Francis de Sales and Fenelon were to me—in certain great passages—sources of deep consolation. My friends fell upon me—which was bad enough—but I found that my attitude led to an attack on both St. Francis and Fenelon.

Similarly, it appears that the abuse hurled at the friends of humanity by the friends of a more supernatural belief and practise is very often caused by the desire for a fight which can be undertaken with a clear conscience. In fact, nothing is so refreshing to us as the enjoyment of the pleasure of hating our neighbor for the love of God. Men, being better haters than women, do not look for so many excuses for the delight of this exercise. Women, whose consciences are more delicate, must always have an excuse. This accounts for the fact that they examine reputations so carefully in order to find this excuse; and they generally find it. It must be admitted that women, unlike men, never demand the death of the sinner. When he has been pounded to a pulp, they are always ready with bottles of arnica and rolls of antiseptic court plaster. Men,

on the other hand, pay for the victim's repose in a hospital, that, when he improves in health, they may have another whack at him!

The folk who deny, are to-day held together only by the cohesion of doubt, for doubt may ever assume a dogmatic attitude. The modern Humanitarian who says, "I don't know that I have a soul, but, as you know you have a soul, let us work together for the physical improvement of others," ought not to be bludgeoned. He ought to be treated to a gentle example. We do not do that. We prefer—because we like a chance to maul somebody (with a good conscience)—to class him with that illogical and narrow-minded creature who says: "I have no soul, you have no soul, we have no souls, and I only wish there were a place of eternal punishment, so that all the people who believe they have souls could be crowded into it!" This is the attitude of some Agnostics here, and nearly all in France.

In many minds, a thought adopted by them at once becomes a dogma. We Catholics have to fight against this tendency, which, if not destroyed, ruins growth, progress, kindness, charity, and even sanity. Look within yourself and observe that this tendency to crystallize our impressions is at the root of our most unreasonable prejudices. "I think," with most of us who are not in the habit of taking spiritual and psychological exercises, soon becomes "I know." And, after that, "all the king's horses and all the king's men" can not put the man we are teaching ourselves to hate in position again!

It is this dogmatic process which makes the militant Agnostic so offensive and illogical. It is the same process which makes you and me—who are devout Catholics—so un-Christian. We



are always ready for a fight; it is in us. We like to put a man in the wrong, that we may pummel him. We do not want him to be right; in our hearts, we do not care for his soul at all; we want him to admit that we are right. If he seems to be doing good, if he claims the rights of a neighbor, we do not leave him to the mercy of God, hopefully; we say, "Let him go on; his kindness will not count in the next world, no matter how agreeable he may make this for other people." And then we sneer at his "Humanitarianism!"

But why sneer? It is the symbol of the envious. And when a man sneers, everybody knows that he is envious. Nobody but our neighbors know how transparent we are. When people cease to see through us, we shall be credited with villainies instead of weaknesses!

There can never be too much interest in humanity; may not the grace of God be earned through neighborliness, even by those who think that they are unbelievers? And there may be too little interest in humanity felt by some of us who, to save our souls, keep up a careful system of double entry bookkeeping with heaven. The nun, mentioned in an old chronicle, who complained that the cries of the sick disturbed her devotions, and was astounded that the Archangel sent her forth to work among the sick, without one prayer, for a thousand years, typifies our idea of righteousness. We have two lives; the spiritual life on Sundays and holy days, and the fleshly, fighting life on other days. And, if we do not get a good grip on ourselves, the fleshly, fighting clouds the Sunday life well out of sight. In nearly every Christian man's heart there is the deep-seated opinion that his wife is a praying machine. It is her business—as Heine said, her "metier"—to make his peace with God, and to keep him straight. The spiritual life to him is a sphere into which she drags him at intervals. We have all seen the triumph of the good

wife when she leads her husband from the altar at Trinity Sunday, and his pious self-satisfaction! She has had more to do with it than he, and he knows it. There is a fearful story of a Chicago man who was sent to an extremely unpleasant part of purgatory by St. Peter. His first exclamation was: "It's the old woman's fault!" That is our point of view. And it is due to this that we older men are so little spiritual, while we condemn the mere "humanists," and that young men who attend to their religious duties fairly well leave the really spiritual life to their mothers and sisters, and put so little of spiritual kindness, cheerfulness, neighborliness and peace into their daily actions.

The question is not of many and complicated devotions. The prayers that St. Dominic restored by means of the Rosary are enough for anybody. "I am not a great believer," said St. Teresa, "in making many signs of the cross. I have never liked nor been able to put up with certain devotions wherein are all sorts of ritual in which women, especially, find an attraction which leads them astray." There is no danger of any of us being led astray in this manner. The question is as to how deep and real the union of each of us with God is. If the Humanitarian is too practical, too pragmatic, we, on the other hand, are not too spiritual. We often use talk about spirituality merely to hit him on the head. It is a blackthorn in the combat, that is all. If we men had the desire—which is the root of all religion on earth—to be united with Christ, our mothers, wives and daughters would not have to begin at Christmas a diplomatic campaign for "making" Tom, Dick or Harry perform his "duty" at Easter. To say that materialism has driven out of the world this desire for union with God is to show that our thought is foolishly dogmatic and incrustured with prejudice. We observe even among non-Catholics an intense

desire for that spiritual union with God which we find—when we seek it—in the Blessed Sacrament, and which they do not know. But how perfunctory we are! Our “duty” is done; Martha puts all her efforts into a festive breakfast on the great occasion; Mary spends hours in grateful tears in the gloom of the church. A brand—a self-complacent, rather condescending brand—is snatched from the burning on Trinity Sunday; the calf is dragged in, crowned with roses, and is made to think much of himself. Mighty Jin! when one sees one of these fat and prosperous Christians, surrounded by ordinary women relatives simply because he consents not to be a foolish infidel, one

longs to be an honest Shylock and gouge a pound of flesh out of him!

There! the fighting spirit again, just as the spirit of peace seemed about to descend! Still, righteous indignation has never had its place in our world since St. Peter cut off the ear of the high priest's servant and was not so valiant afterwards.

But, if we could only see—what so many women see—that Christ is ours and we are His every hour in the day, and that this actual sense of union is better than all controversies, all polemics, and all self-conceit, we should less seldom think of the angels as women, and remember that, theologically, they are of the male sex.

## “Seemly Abstinences”

By MARIE ALOYSIA DUNNE, PH. A.

**A**SCETICISM, or ascesis, as it is in Greek, is a term that indicates a certain attitude of mind, not only in the world of conduct, where the good as such is pursued, but also in the world of science, where it is truth we seek, and in the world of art, where beauty is the dominant factor. In the matter of conduct, asceticism has come to be associated with the doctrine of the pleasure of the pursuit of pain. And since we are so admirably constructed for suffering, it would be a poor philosophy that would take no account of “that appearance of unkindness which peeps out from the very soul of things” and makes the pleasantest of lives seem somewhat sad. Take up thy Cross is the keynote of spiritual ascesis—do without the unnecessary things so that you may be sure of possessing the one thing needful. This is also the law of ascesis in science and art: exclude all non-essentials, to the end that the one thing need-

ful—the essential—may be revealed in all its beauty. In science this means jealous exclusion of all that is not true, a clear differentiation between theories as yet wholly unverified and laws partially verified, for partial verification is about all the merely human can attain to. “It is a poor science,” as Carlyle tells us, “that would hide from us the great, deep, sacred infinitudes of our nescience.”

But ascesis in science is not my theme, and, besides, I have always had a lingering suspicion that the majority—I would not say all—of our modern scientists are lineal descendants of the ancient sophists, and therefore not worthy of over-serious consideration. They are the men who possess wisdom; I prefer seekers for the philosopher's stone. It is with the ascetic principle as applied to the fine arts—to literature especially—that I am concerned. And here again we find it as a principle of restraint, of renunciation, of deliberate omissions.

Ascesis in art is the beauty of the straight line, not of the curve; it is the beauty of the Cross. Think of the emphasis on the straight line in the old Greek frets, in Fra Angelico's angels, in Turner's "Temeraire," in the Gothic temples of the Middle Ages. Think of the working out of the principle of renunciation in the early Cecilian melodies, in the Ambrosian and Gregorian chants,—those ancient choral forms with their unisonous severity. What fine examples they are of the principle of ascesis in sound, that most spiritual of all art mediums! And in literature, which is like music in so many ways,—in its use of sound, for instance, as a medium; in its dependence on rhythm and measure, not only in poetry, but also in good prose; in its habit of relying on suggestion and connotation for the expression of ideas rather than upon direct exhaustive statements; in literature, too, the law of ascesis holds, and the measure of its application is the measure of the final worth of all literary craftsmanship.

Literary asceticism is that sensitiveness to perfection in literary form which makes one intolerant of a word too much in the expression of an idea, or of a shadow too much in the suggestive coloring of an emotion. Now, the worst of writers, as Plato tells us, will say something that is to the point. But the effort of the literary ascetic is to reject everything that is not precisely to the point. He follows Heraclitus in his demand for absolute attention on the part of the reader, and in return gives the assurance that every word means something, that there has been no carelessness, no half-conscious putting together of phrase or clause, but that a strenuous conscientiousness has been exercised in the up-building of the edifice of words for the all-precious thought.

This idea of the exact fitting of the expression to the idea expressed, with no unnecessary ornament, no surplusage at any point, is a Greek conception. In

the "Phaedrus," Plato speaks with scorn of a writer who was "wantonly ambitious of showing how well he could say the same thing in two or three ways," and he devotes the whole of one of his most delightful "Dialogues" to the discussion of asceticism, or temperance, as he calls it. Succeeding centuries have caught this thought and reechoed it. "The great artist is known by what he omits quite as much as by what he includes" is Schiller's way of saying it. "A genuine literary artist never uses words which are merely ornamental and therefore extraneous; his phrase contains neither more nor less than his thought" is Hamilton Wright Mabie's.

But I know no one who has crystallized the idea into such exquisitely perfect form as Louise Imogen Guiney. She says this: "Art is made up of seemly abstinences. The moment it speaks out, lets us know all, ceases to represent a choice and a control of its own material, ceases to be, in short, an authority and a mystery, and prefers to set up for a mere Chinese copy of life, just so soon its birthright is transferred." "Art is made up of seemly abstinences"—of restraints omissions, exclusions without number. And while this fact has been recognized, at least in practice, by all the best writers of every age, there are two moderns who have written so well on the subject that they have come to be considered its exponents in a very special sense. They are Walter Pater and Edgar Allan Poe.

Ascesis in art, science and conduct is the basis on which Walter Pater constructs his entire system of ethics and aesthetics. It is well to remember that Pater is an enthusiastic Platonist and that in working out his theory he takes more than the mere term from his master. It is to his essay on "Style" we must go for a conscious elaboration of his idea; but in his lectures on "Plato and Platonism" he has treated the subject in a series of random hints and allu-

sions which, when pieced together, are far more illuminating than the essay—perhaps just because they are half-lights.

From the essay we get this definite statement: "Self-restraint, a skilful economy of means, asceticism, that too has a beauty of its own; and for the reader supposed (the scholar) there will be an aesthetic satisfaction in that frugal closeness of style which makes the most of a word, in the exactness from every sentence of a precise relief, in the just spacing out of word to thought, in the logically filled space coupled always with the delightful sense of difficulty overcome." But it is in the lectures that we hear of "a certain crafty reserve" which is "the manner of a true expert;" of "a natural economy, some pre-existent adaption between a relative, somewhere in the world of thought, and its correlative, somewhere in the world of language;" or of "a stringent, short-hand art with a masterly feeling for master facts." Fine gems, we know, are often increased in value by what is cut away, and Pater's emphasis is on the fact that the omitted phrase, clause or even chapter, may carry a weight of significance wholly indescribable.

From this, we might easily guess that the essay is this neo-Platonist's favorite prose form. Its lightness and adaptability, its modesty in laying no claim to exhaustive treatment of any topic; its love of the tentative conclusion; its emphasis on the personal and intimate rather than on the precise and mathematically logical, appeal to him. For Pater has the temperament of a mystic. He revels in shadowy half-tones, in revelations just lacking completeness; he is irritated by the bald, the outright, the obvious, by all that savors of scientific statistics and complete systems. Some will no doubt feel that his attitude is, in spite of all this, towards too much emphasis on form, perhaps even towards formalism. This is to misunderstand Pater, to read him without that "strict

attentiveness of mind" which he regards as a sort of religious duty. He does indeed believe that the form is the final seal of perfection put by the artist on the thought that is true, and therefore worth formulating.

Poe is better known to the average reader than Pater, and any one who is familiar with "The Bells," "The Raven" and "Annabel Lee" will have no difficulty in arriving at the author's ideas concerning what he calls "The Poetic Principle." Poe holds that a long poem does not exist; is, in fact, an impossibility. The very essence of poetry, as he understands it, lies in "its power to excite by elevating the soul," and "the value of the poem is in the ratio of this elevating excitement." Now excitements are, by their very nature, too intense to endure through any very appreciable length of time. Therefore, "that degree of excitement which would entitle a poem to be so called at all, can not be sustained through a poem of any length." A half an hour he puts as the utmost limit of time for the development of any one theme—after that, the excitement begins to wane, the emotion flags, the poem is dead. There is no place in his scheme for the epic. He assures us that "the ultimate, aggregate or absolute effect of even the best epic under the sun is a nullity."

Of course we may save the shattered fragments of our idols by falling back on the theory that the "Iliad" is simply a succession of beautiful lyrics compiled and strung together, perhaps even improved, by Homer; we may take comfort in the thought that Virgil, Dante and Milton are good in spots. But after all is said, we must finally agree with Poe that when we read poetry for spiritual refreshment, for relief from the actual world and the tyranny of the material, we do turn instinctively to a short poem, or to a charmed part of a longer one which for some reason, or other has taken hold of our very souls.

It would seem then, that the Troubadours of Provence and their German cousins, the Minnesingers, were not so far afield when they spun their light lyrics from threads not overlong; and the sonnet, if we once admit the value of this principle of restraint and renunciation, must be ranked as the highest of all poetic forms. Fourteen lines, an octave and a sestet, and each rhyme determined by a particular rule—rather narrow it might seem. And yet all our best and greatest have enjoyed playing on this delicate instrument and it has proved itself not unworthy of such masters. And then there are numerous short poems with forms less definite and limited than the sonnet, but full of joy and strength: Keats' "On a Grecian Urn," Newman's "Dream of Gerontius," Sidney Lanier's "Ballad of Trees and the Master," Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra," Tennyson's "Ulysses," the beautiful idyls of the Jesuit martyr, Southwell, and many others which will suggest themselves to any one who cares to think over the possible list. I suppose Milton's shorter poems should be mentioned here, particularly the one "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," which will probably outlive his ponderous and all-too-Arian epic.

It might prove interesting to attempt a grading of our principal English writers, with Dickens at one end as a type of extreme prolixity and the Bible at the other as the ascetic standard towards which the immortals are forever striving. Any such arrangement would, of course, be only approximately true, for differences in taste are part of the mystery of personality, and it would be worse than useless to attempt an adjudication. But concerning the Bible, I suppose there would be no discussion. Every one would put that first, not only for its strictly ascetic style, but also for the elevation of the spirit of renunciation it breathes. Consider the book of Ruth. It has only four chapters, and

there is not one word in the four that could be omitted without distinct injury to the narration. And the pivot on which the whole story swings is Ruth's generous self-sacrifice for the sake of Noemi, when she says, "Whithersoever thou shalt go, I will go; and where thou shalt dwell, I also will dwell. Thy people shall be my people, thy God my God." This is the very spirit of asceticism.

The New Testament is so soul-satisfying in all parts that one hesitates over making a selection, but the Sermon on the Mount, the Lord's Prayer, and the prayer of Christ before the Passion are the first ones that come to my mind. How delightful in their severe simplicity! What masterpieces of thought and style they are!—if in all reverence we may consider them from that point of view. But perhaps the best route to a proper appreciation of the genuine Gospels is through a reading of the Apocrypha. Those non-canonical writings are so loose in thought and structure, so thoroughly non-ascetic in every way, that they might have been separated from the authentic Scriptures simply on the basis of literary inferiority.

The hymns and prayers of the Church and the "Imitation of Christ," because they are in some sense a continuation of the Bible, a sort of paraphrase made with the approval of the Church, ought to be considered here. They are ascetically perfect. Many of those old hymns have come down from Apostolic times, and the fact that millions of human hearts have found comfort and courage in them, would, in itself, give them a dignity second only to that of the Book of books.

After the Bible come the world classics by the divine right of asceticism, the magic art of saying much in little. Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, and perhaps Goethe—these are names to conjure with. Think of the volumes that have been written in defense of democracy, in the attempt to prove that there

is more wisdom in a thousand fools than in one. But when Homer wants to say that he distrusts the mob, he does it briefly thus: "The rule of the many is not good." Did not Virgil tell us all that is to be said of the fatal easefulness of the downward path in these three words, "*Facilis descensus Averni?*" Dante's sentences hold together by the simple force of the substantive and verb. We all remember the "perfect line" which appealed so much to Matthew Arnold: "In His will is our peace." A complete philosophy of life could be constructed on the basis of the thought contained in these six words, a philosophy that would serve us well, whether to live by or to die for.

And our own Shakespeare—how many of the lines he has written could be expanded into a volume! Take this little jingle from "A Winter's Tale" which was adapted from some old ballad. Shakespeare recognized the simple beauty of its form:

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,  
And merrily bent the stile-a,  
A merry heart goes all the way  
Your sad one tires in a mile-a."

Now, how would the average writer say this same thing?

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,"

would become some sort of preachment on the necessity of putting up with the greyness of our journal existence, the come-day, go-day, of the majority of lives.

"And merrily bent the stile-a"

would involve itself into a lengthy eulogy of the man who meets the stones in his pathway without grumbling, aye, even with a merry heart. Everything would be explained and diagramed. The last word would be said, and then a few words more. And so for the other two lines. How easy it would be to spoil them by simply putting in what Shakespeare, or the old rhymester from

whom he took the jingle, deliberately left out. For a great writer always says more than he seems to say; he is worth reading between the lines. His revelations are never through outright statements, but by chance-tossed half-lights to be caught by those who are able to translate, who are capable of sympathetic comprehension.

Plato's "Dialogues," the old Greek tragedies, the Elizabethan lyrics, George Eliot at her best, Hawthorne, Poe, Stevenson, Pater, Aubrey de Vere, and Newman—these are a few instances where, consciously or unconsciously, work has been done in consonance with the principle that "Art is made up of seemingly abstinences." Freedom in conception, stringent control in expression—that is the ideal. The last paragraph of Newman's sermon, "The Parting of Friends," is so perfect an example of emotional restraint thrown into such faultlessly ascetic form that it will bear quotation at length. It was his farewell sermon at Littlemore. He was about to take the great step. He had spoken of famous Biblical leave-takings: of Jacob's passing over the Jordan; of the going out of Hagar and Ishmael; of Noemi and Orpha; David and Jonathan; of Paul's many farewells to the various churches. Then he concluded:

"And O my brethren, O kind and affectionate hearts, O loving friends, should you know any one whose lot it has been, by writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to help you; if he has ever told you what you did not know about yourselves, or what you knew; has read to you your wants or feelings and comforted you by the very reading; has made you feel that there was a higher life than this daily one, and a brighter world than that you see; or encouraged you, or sobered you, or opened a way to the inquiring or soothed the perplexed; if what he has said or done has ever made you take interest in him, and feel well inclined to-

wards him, remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not, and pray for him, that in all things he may know God's will, and at all times he may be ready to fulfill it."

That some writers please us by reason of a certain asceticism in style and matter, that others are less pleasant because of a lack of these "seemly abstinences"—so much is evident. The psychology back of these likes and dislikes is not so easy to trace. Perhaps the delight of the mind in its own activity is at the base of the whole matter. An ascetic writer who leaps from thought to thought requires some effort on our part; and effort, up to a certain point, is always pleasurable. It may be that our love of mystery and distaste for the completely explored make us abstinent in our standards. The very difficulties of language as a medium, the impossibility of completely expressing a thought in words, must have helped to make us renunciants.

Indeed, if we are to believe Maeterlinck, it is worse than useless to try to communicate by way of language. It is silence alone that transmits thought from soul to soul. But this is in an extreme view. Words may be made to carry messages, if we will but remember that the force of the message is always in inverse ratio to the number of terms required to convey it. For the fact remains that words are coarse things; that it is seemly to be abstinent in their use. We are never more conscious of their inadequacy than when dealing with finalities like Truth and Goodness and Beauty. How much we have read and written and talked about that mystic trinity and how little has been gained by it all! When the wordy trappings are thrown aside, and we pause to take some inventory of our advance, we find that Truth is still a will o' the wisp; Goodness so near to God that it dazzles us; and Beauty—well, I suppose Beauty must always be something of a mystery.

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## Submission

By Julia Sullivan

Thy will be done I tried to say,  
 Dear Lord, Thy will be done each day.  
 Vain was the strife while grief and care  
 But marked the hours and moments there.  
 A loved one then lay racked with pain,  
 With darkness shrouding eye and brain.  
 How many, Lord, my piteous cry,  
 How many more must I see die?  
 Flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone  
 So many now before me gone!  
 Then answered He that wailing cry:  
 "My only Son was doomed to die  
 "For thee and thine. Behold, I come  
 To take another from thy home  
 "To joy and peace and perfect rest,  
 Where all are happy, all are blest.  
 "Learn, then, to know that I am Love  
 And thou canst meet thine own above."

# A Wreath of Lily Buds

## ST. ANASTASIA

By JANE MARTYN

**T**HE name of this illustrious Roman lady is one of those emblazoned in the Golden Record of the earliest Christian martyrs—the Book of the Mass—and her name stands alone in the second Mass on Christmas night, or rather at break of day, when the collect of St. Anastasia is recited. No other saint has been so honored. The collect runs thus: “Grant, we beseech Thee, O Almighty God, that, as we celebrate the solemnity of blessed Anastasia, Thy martyr, we may be sensible of the effects of her prayers to Thee on our behalf. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.”

The Acts of this saint, with an immense number of original acts, perished when the Emperor Diocletian, by an imperial edict, required Christians to deliver up to the magistrates their sacred book and all books of ecclesiastical records. So that there are but few particulars known of her life and sufferings. From the Acts of St. Chrysogonus we learn that she was of patrician lineage, and that he (whose name is enrolled among the martyrs in the Canon of the Mass) was her tutor and director in the faith, and that when he was imprisoned for the faith in Aquileia, in Naples, she travelled from Rome to give him consolation and courage to bear his captivity. He was beheaded during the persecution of Diocletian. His name is mentioned in an ancient calendar of Carthage of the fifth century, as well as in all the Western martyrologies since that time. The church in Rome of which he is the titular saint is mentioned in a council held by Pope Symmachus and in the

epistles of St. Gregory the Great. The head of St. Chrysogonus is shown there in a rich case, but his body is in Venice.

St. Anastasia suffered during the same persecution, the tenth and last which affected the Church of God under the Roman Emperors. The Acts of St. Chrysogonus inform us that after having suffered exquisite torture she was burnt to death by order of the Prefect of Illyricum. Her body was removed to Rome and laid in the church which still bears her name—and in this church, the Rev. Alban Butler tells us, “the Popes anciently celebrated their second Mass on Christmas night, or rather in the morning, whence a commemoration of her is made in the second Mass.” Her relics were translated to Constantinople in the time of Emperor Leo and deposited in the Church of Anastasia, or the Resurrection, afterwards in the patriarchal Church of St. Sophia, but were lost when the city was taken by the Turks. The Greek and Russian calendars commemorate her as well as the Roman Missal.

Illyricum, where Anastasia gained her crown of martyrdom, may be called the country of Diocletian. Gibbon, in his “Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,” asserts that his parents were slaves, and that he himself was distinguished by no other name than that which he derived from a small town in Dalmatia called Daclia, whence his mother came. He acquired the post of scribe in the house of the Roman Senator Annulinus and rose by successive promotions to the honors of Consulship, and the important command of the guards of the palace. Only when he



assumed the purple did he lengthen his name to the Roman majesty of Diocletian. His abilities were useful rather than splendid. He is credited with "a vigorous mind, improved by the experience and study of mankind; profound dissimulation under the disguise of military frankness; distinguished as a statesman rather than as a warrior." He was avaricious, cruel, suspicious, and a victim to overweening vanity. But the name of Diocletian will be forever infamous for his savage and inhuman persecution of the Christians. His was the tenth and last general persecution of the Church, usually called "the Diocletian persecution."

An ancient ecclesiastical history tells us that for some years after his accession the Christians lived in peace, but that his anger against them was aroused on a certain occasion. "Diocletian was a man infinitely superstitious, and being now anxiously desirous of knowing some future events, he caused his diviners to offer many sacrifices; and while they were searching for the usual indications in the entrails, and the Emperor present, some Christian courtiers near him made the sign of the Cross on their foreheads, which immediately frightened away the demons and put all into confusion. The augers were also in disorder, and, as they had failed in some little ceremony, began anew, but to no effect. Whereupon Trais, master

of these ceremonies, either seeing the persons or suspecting them, cried out that 'some profane persons had thrust themselves into the assembly, and mixed with the holy solemnities.'"

The Emperor, enraged at this disappointment, commanded all present to sacrifice, also all his attendants, under pain of scourging; and by a warrant to the commanders, ordered all the soldiers in the army to do the same or immediately be disbanded. This may be called the beginning of the persecution, though it reached not to capital punishment, as yet, and no further than the soldiery, but many honorable and profitable posts in the army were abandoned by the Christians, who chose to forsake all rather than renounce the worship of the true God.

The persecution that followed passed like a tempest over the Roman Empire, which then meant the known world. God, in His infinite wisdom, "thought fit to permit this furious wind to purge all the rubbish from His Church and winnow all its chaff. And now came a reaction. The Roman Empire was marked with the seal of doom; drunk with the blood of martyrs, her days were numbered. A new order of things was about to be inaugurated under the Emperor Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor of Rome, and the first to establish Christianity under the protection of human laws.

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## The Unattained

By Theodosia Garrison

I am the lark, dear soul, and you  
That Heaven he aspires to  
What time he sings.  
Perchance if Heaven were nearer, he  
Had dared no height with melody  
Nor found his wings.

# The River of Life

By GEORGINA PELL CURTIS

"Far sounding he heard the great gate of the Past close behind him, as the divine poet did the gate of Paradise, when the angel pointed him the way up the holy mountain; and to him, likewise, was it forbidden to look back."—LONGFELLOW—"Hyperion."

## I

**T**HE path led along a steep-sided gorge, and pointed toward some far-off barren mountains that were covered more or less with bunch grass and scattered, stunted trees. The road was rough and rocky, the March sky overhead grey and lowering; soon it would be time for the annual spring rains.

A solitary figure, clad in a long grey cloak, the hood of which was drawn well over the bowed head, was making its way along the path by the gorge. Far down in the canyon the tops of tall trees were only just discernable. Nature in this region was stupendous in its solitary grandeur, tragic in its utter loneliness, and appalling when a storm seemed about to envelope it. At such times men scanned the heavens anxiously and hastened rapidly toward the nearest shelter.

Storm and sunshine alike seemed a matter of indifference to the patient, toiling figure, whose step, instead of becoming quickened, seemed to grow slower and slower, while an occasional stumble over the rough stones spoke clearly of failing strength. The cold winds sweeping down through the gorge were not more fierce and wild than the pain in the woman's heart. Her walk had continued uninterrupted, and with scarcely an instant's pause, for five hours. Whither she was going she knew not, except

that her face pointed westward toward the setting sun. Not once during those hours had she turned her head or looked back. Had she done so, while as yet only a few miles on her journey, she would have seen the white canvas-covered wagon and little camp down in the valley from which she had fled, never to return. Now, after five hours, she had left it far behind.

For a mile farther she walked, when a turn in the path brought her to a sudden steep descent; she now discerned, a quarter of a mile below her present position, an ox wagon with two occupants making its way diagonally across a spur of the mountain. Here, perhaps, was help and salvation, and the thought revived her failing strength, even though the path downward was harder to traverse than the long ascent on the other side had been. Physical pain, also, sharp and agonizing, began to make itself felt. The heart of the woman, tender and human, though crushed and broken with sorrow, turned for comfort to the thought of the stable at Bethlehem. Had not the most pure Mother suffered even as she was suffering now?

Ten minutes more and she saw with a throb of relief that the driver of the wagon had caught sight of her. Waving her hand, she received an answering wave in return. The oxen were halted, and the two figures, a man and a woman, alighted from the wagon. Then, almost within speaking distance, the woman's strength suddenly failed. Pain, more terrible than anything she had suffered hitherto, seized her, and with a cry that the wind carried quickly to the startled listeners below, she sank to the ground, and, striking her head in falling, lay motionless—past sorrow,

and present pain forgotten in a merciful oblivion.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The poor soul," said the woman. "We must get her home quickly. Adam, can you carry her down and lay her on the straw in the wagon?"

"That I can, Mary," was the answer. "You run on and climb in first, and then maybe her head could rest in your lap. I doubt not she has had a long and hard walk, and this fall has hurt her head; but we will do all we can." The woman sped down the hill, the strings of her knit hood flying back and forth in the breeze, her tall, graceful figure and the poise of her head speaking eloquently of health and sane living, while her husband followed closely, bearing the slight, delicate figure of the unconscious stranger in his powerful arms. It was not without a certain rough tenderness that he laid her gently in the bottom of the wagon, her head in his wife's lap. Drawing back the hood from the woman's head, Mary Young commenced to feel carefully for the cut or bruise that had produced unconsciousness. She found it presently, and uncovering a stone crock that stood on the floor of the wagon, she first dipped a tin cup in the water it contained, and then with her handkerchief bathed the stranger's face, finishing by binding the head in the wet cloth, and drawing the grey hood well over the wet bandage to keep out the air. This done, there was nothing further to do but wait, though from time to time she listened anxiously for the low moans that came from the unconscious sufferer. The man, meanwhile, had been drawing home as fast as he could make the oxen go. The distance was comparatively short, but seemed long because of the animals' slow pace, and the urgent need for help. It was with a sigh of relief that the long, low building that was their home, and which stood beyond the mountains in the midst of rolling pasture land, came in

sight. As they drove up to the kitchen, the dogs ran out to greet them, and the house door opened, disclosing an elderly woman whose snowy hair framed a face of benign sweetness. Some Indian boys came around the corner of the house and the man jumped down, motioning them to attend to the oxen and wagon; then he turned to the woman at the door.

"We need your help, mother," he said. "We have found a poor soul on the mountains, alone and ill. We must get her to bed at once."

Quickly they carried the still unconscious woman through the wide, clean kitchen into a bedroom beyond. Rapidly and deftly Mary Young and her mother-in-law undressed her and placed her between the fresh, snowy sheets. A doctor in that wild, desolate region there was none. What had to be done that night must be done by those present; but the elder woman was skilled in nursing and illness, and both she and her daughter-in-law were filled with tender pity for the lonely, suffering woman before them.

Two hours later the storm that had been gathering for so many hours broke in all its fury. The wind and rain swept down from the mountains, and so fierce was the storm that it assumed almost the proportions of a cyclone. Agony of body had by this time restored the wanderer to full consciousness. Added to her pain was the feeling of utter desolation that swept over her during the intervals when she lay quiet, listening to the wind. Broken words of prayer came from her lips, supplications to the tender Mother of Sorrows, entreaties for strength to bear her pain. It was just as the storm ceased and daylight broke, letting in a ray of dazzling sunshine, that a little life was ushered into the world, and it needed not a very practiced eye for the two watchers to see that the mother was dying.

"Lift me up," she said, "and open the window wide, so I may see the sun." They obeyed her, and then brought her her child and laid it in her arms. "Is there anything you wish me to do?" asked Mary. Her sweet face, full of divinest pity, framed in by its dark, smooth hair, drew and held the dying woman's fast wandering mind. With a mighty effort, she forced herself to conserve her ebbing strength and think of her child.

"Have you any children of your own?" she asked.

"No," said Mary, sorrowfully, "I have none."

"Then take my baby, if you will," said the other; "let her be yours, all yours. I give her to you. Listen," she said, and her sweet voice had a piercing note of sharpest anguish. "I have no one else to give her to, though in God's sight her birth is holy and her mother is pure."

"I believe you," said Mary, taking the baby in her arms as she spoke. The action, and her tender, soothing voice, brought balm to the bruised and broken woman before her.

"Only one thing more," she said. "I am a Catholic, and I want my child baptized a Catholic. Will you do it?"

"How can I do anything else?" answered Mary Young, "seeing that I am a Catholic myself, and so is my husband."

The dying woman's eyes lit up. "Now, God be thanked," she said. "It was He who brought me here, so I could die in peace." She lay back on the pillow, and presently the blue eyes closed and a grey pallor spread over her face.

Laying the baby gently at the foot of the bed, Mary called her husband and his mother, and reverently they commenced the prayers for the dying.

With the final "Mary, Mother of grace, Mother of mercy, do thou protect her from the foe, and receive her at

the hour of death," the soul of her who in her youth had been happy Aileen Roche took flight to its eternal home.

## II

Down in the cool, shady canyon the Professor was talking, while standing in the sunshine of the cliff above the girl was listening. A little mischievous smile parted her lips as the Professor's clear tones floated up to her.

"A great uplift occurred during the Eocene time," he said, "and subsequent erosion has carved the land surface into mountains and valleys. A second uplift, with much volcanic action, occurred about the Miocene time."

The smile on the girl's face deepened into a laugh. What mattered the Eocene time or the Miocene time to her? At nineteen, with the sun shining down on her fair head, and the soft south wind lifting the little rings of hair that blew across her face, with the whole world of valley, mountain and canyon outlined in the sublime beauty of a perfect June day, the present time was all in all.

"Northern Arizona," went on the speaker, "possessed a vast series of Carboniferous and Mesozoic marine strata that clearly indicates—"

"Hold on, Professor," said a lazy, fascinating voice. "Do you know that my present feelings clearly indicate that I am hungry?" At the sound of the second voice, the girl above started so suddenly that her foot loosened some stones near the edge of the cliff, and in a second they were rolling down on the steep rocks below, barely missing the Professor's head as, scapel in hand, he stood at the base of the lofty range of cliffs that stretched through the canyon.

The Professor looked up, and the girl, holding on to a sturdy young mountain tree, looked down; for a few seconds the grey eyes below, rimmed by gold spectacles, looked into the blue ones above, then the girl's face vanished.

But not before the one who declared he was hungry, and who was lying stretched out on a bed of dry leaves a short distance from the place where the Professor had been conducting his researches, had seen and taken stock of her, though unobserved by the girl herself, who, startled by the sudden sight of the face that had met hers, had looked neither to the right nor the left.

For a second the young man had been lost in amazement at the loveliness of the wild mountain beauty above. Slender and supple of figure, simply dressed in some dark blue material, the head uncovered and crowned by very fair hair, the face under it fair also, though slightly tanned by sun and wind, combined to make up a picture that held him spellbound. Seldom had he seen a face so perfect, so full of radiant beauty.

Jumping up from his reclining position, the young man shook himself free of leaves and twigs, and walking over to the cliffs, looked down from his superior height of six feet at his companion, who, while not small, looked less tall than he was, on account of his more square and stocky build. "I move that we go forward now, Professor, and look for Adam Young's farm before night descends on us," he said. "We have been six hours in the canyon, and if I am not mistaken, our early meal was light." The Professor hesitated, seeing which his companion laughed and added:

"Besides, we will be here several months, while you carry on your researches for the Government, so surely we can now rest a while before you uncover any more strata."

"Very well, incorrigible one," said the Professor. "Lead on, as you say you know the way."

"Straight through the canyon," continued the other, reading from a paper that he took from out a knapsack that was slung across his back, "'around the left spur of the mountain, and thence along a road through two miles of roll-

ing pasture land that forms part of Adam Young's stock farm, until a turn in the road shows a farmhouse in the distance, the only one in sight, and a mile beyond that the Virgin river,' where, I believe, the aforesaid Adam waters his stock."

"As simple as a geometrical problem," said the Professor, in his cheery voice. "I have had a good morning's work," he added, "and you, Beard—well, you have had a beautiful rest." He laughed as he spoke, a laugh that was pleasant to hear, and that showed white teeth between firm, clean-cut lips. The heart of a child, joined to the wisdom of a world-known scientist, had combined to make Professor Michael Logy what he was. At thirty-five, the years behind him since he grew to manhood were a clean record.

The dark, beautiful face of the younger man was turned to him full of whimsical humor and pathos.

"Yes," he said, "I know I'm incorrigibly lazy, and that I don't make the most of my opportunities, and that I do those things I ought not to do.; but I can work, Professor, when the spirit is on me. You don't deny that?"

The Professor looked up affectionately at the tall, handsome man striding along by his side.

"You can work like a beaver when you want to, Beard," he said. "That is why I see great things ahead for you. It is for you to make or mar your career. No one but Frank Beard can do the work I know Frank Beard is fitted to do."

"A logical induction, Professor," said the other, with a laugh whose richness of tone went echoing through the silent canyon.

For another mile they trudged on until they emerged from the canyon, and a short walk around the spur of the mountain brought them to the road which formed the boundary of Adam Young's farm. It was about five in the

afternoon, and the sun, high in the west, was magnificent. The keen, clear breath of the dry air was exhilarating, and involuntarily the Professor bared his head to the cool afternoon breeze. They were rapid walkers, and the remaining two miles, that brought them finally to the brow of the hill, were quickly traversed. Here, as their directions said, they would see the farmhouse, with valley and river in the distance, spread out before them.

But they were not prepared for the beauty of the scene at that time of year. Even Beard, careless as a rule of scenic effects, uttered an exclamation. As to the Professor, a passionate lover of nature, he sank down on the dry grass under foot, his soul in his grey eyes, and gave himself up to an ecstatic enjoyment of the scene.

Westward the grey farmhouse and its outbuildings, set in a vast expanse of pasture land, was backed by the afternoon sun, which cut a path of dazzling light across the river in the distance. Herds of cattle roamed over the land, while numerous others were standing ankle deep in the river near the shore. Eastward, range on range of the Virgin mountains were lit up by the sun's splendid rays, while below them, on the left, was a deep embrasure in the valley that suggested a dried-up watercourse. Everywhere the clear air of Arizona seemed to bring distant objects near, and make them visible and distinct. "A veritable Eden," said Beard, in his rich, lazy voice, "and presided over by an Adam, too, Professor. I wonder if there is an Eve in this scene of enchantment?"

"Or a serpent?" said the Professor, dryly.

"We cannot do better than push on and find out," was the answer; and the Professor arose reluctantly, casting another glance at the deep embrasure down in the valley.

"I fancy," he said, "that at one time this depression was a branch of the Virgin river, and flowed eastward through

some opening in the mountains to where it may have joined the Grand Canyon of the Colorado."

Beard threw up his hands and struck a whimsical attitude.

"No more geology to-day, if you please, Professor," he said. "The proper study for mankind at present is man; and man as a decidedly hungry animal at that."

"Well, we have arrived at our destination," said the Professor. "Have patience, Beard; a good supper will restore your equilibrium."

They were walking up the road that led to the house as he spoke, and presently they came in sight of the long, low, one-story building that was built with a wide porch in front. The ground directly facing the house was inclosed in a barbed wire fence, and was brilliant with flowers; here, also, was an expanse of fine green grass, showing careful cultivation. The whole gave a cheerful and homelike aspect to the house, which was enhanced by the smoke that curled upward from the kitchen chimney, suggesting to Beard the supper for which he longed.

The ground around the rest of the house was rough and uncultivated, the grass coarse and more dry than on the pasture lands, where a fine system of irrigation kept it green and fresh throughout the summer. The Professor advanced, and was hesitating for a moment as to whether he should unlatch the gate and enter the inclosure, or go around to the back of the house, when suddenly the furious barking of a dog greeted their ears, and a magnificent Irish setter came bounding toward them. The Professor was in advance, but the dog passed him in a flash, and coming in sight of Beard, brought up on its haunches, its tail quivering, eyes gleaming, and emitting low growls that boded the young man no good.

Of physical courage Beard had no lack, so he stood his ground, looking

the animal squarely in the eye. What the next move might have been was doubtful, but at that moment the house door was flung open and a young girl came flying down through the inclosure.

"McDermott!" she called. "McDermott! How dare you, sir! Come here!" Instantly the dog lost its belligerent attitude and assumed one of abject submission. With bent head and tail between its legs, it half crept, half crawled toward the young girl, who stood, the incarnation of righteous indignation, just without the gate of the inclosure.

The moment the dog reached her feet she bent down, and taking hold of its collar with one strong, sunburned hand, with the other she administered several cuts with a short riding whip; then, letting go her hold of the animal, she stood erect, and said: "Now, go." And the dog went, glancing at Beard out of the tail of his eye in passing. Whatever animosity the animal felt was evidently held in check by the girl's castigation, but not conquered.

It was only when her dog vanished around the house that his mistress turned to the two men with a smile.

"I am ashamed of my dog," she said. "It is the first time I ever knew him to greet a stranger that way, and I hope it will be the last." The Professor and Beard hastened to make light of the matter.

Willingly would Beard, at least, have encountered a hundred snarling dogs for the sake of meeting the young girl before him; for here was the mountain beauty they had caught a glimpse of in the canyon. The Professor, also, recognized her. If the girl, on her part, knew him, she gave no sign.

"You must come in," she said. "We are just going to have supper, which you must share with us."

She led them into a wide hall that ran the length of the house, with a glass

door at the back; and making a courteous motion toward seats, she left them, after saying she would call her mother. They had not long to wait. A door on the left-hand side of the hall, in the rear, opened, and a sweet-faced woman advanced toward them. The once brown hair had turned grey; the figure, which at thirty had been slender and supple, was now at fifty cast in a more matronly mold; but it was the same face which had held and comforted Aileen Roche's dying eyes more than nineteen years ago—a face that inspired intuitive love and trust. So thought Michael Logy as he advanced and returned the woman's pleasant greeting, while she, on her part, warmed to him at once. Instinctively they recognized in each other a community of aims and ideals. The time came when their friendship was cemented in a lifelong bond.

Briefly the Professor stated his errand. He was sent in the employ of the Government to make important geological investigations in that region. He had letters of recommendation, which he proceeded to show. His work, he thought, might detain him until late in October; at present it was early in June. His friend he had met in Colorado, and finding he was bound for the same region, they had joined company. They were in search of an abiding place, and had been told that Adam Young, who owned and operated a large stock farm near the canyon, sometimes took tourists and others to board. Beard stated his errand. Not geology—oh, no! He was agent for a company in the East anxious to buy up large tracts of land, and use them for desirable emigrant settlement. They had, in fact, at present a party of about three hundred souls who wanted to emigrate to Arizona as soon as suitable land could be found and bought.

His handsome person and rich, sonorous voice made a favorable impres-

sion, and the business arrangements were soon concluded. Two rooms adjoining each other, and situated in a wing of the house, were at their disposal.

Evidently, in anticipation of their being required, the rooms had been made ready for them during their conversation with Mary Young.

Beard caught a glimpse of the daughter of the house vanishing down a side corridor, followed by a farm girl bearing an empty bucket. With a few pleasant words Mary Young left them, after saying she would call them to supper in ten minutes.

### III

An elderly man of patriarchal aspect sat alone in a luxuriously furnished office, high up in a building that occupied almost the centre of a busy city. The wide window in which his desk stood looked out on broad streets, pleasantly shaded, and beyond, in the distance, on a range of mountains, plainly visible from that high elevation.

The chief object, however, that would have attracted the eye of any one standing at the window was an immense granite building, topped at each end by three lofty towers. There was something unique in its aspect, proclaiming it, as indeed it was, the dominant force in the life of the city.

Presently the man, who had been reading a letter, pressed an electric button near his desk. The door of the room opened almost immediately in response to his ring, and a young man entered.

"You want me, sir?" he said.

"Ask Mr. Gordon to come here, please," was the answer, "and as soon as possible."

The young man bowed and withdrew. In about five minutes the door opened again, giving entrance to another man, rather advanced in years. The two

greeted each other as friends, the first occupant of the room placing a chair near his desk for the newcomer; then he resumed his seat, and spreading out the letter before him, glanced first at the sheet, then at his friend.

"I sent for you, Gordon," he said, "to consult you about Beard. He has been out since the semi-annual conference last November, and it is now May. During that time he has been in New York, Rochester, Chicago, Denver and Phoenix. From Phoenix, where he arrived early in March, he has pushed northward through the country districts. His last letter, which I have before me, was written just before entering the Grand Canyon of the Colorado; from there he expected to proceed westward to a point near the Virgin river, where we have information that a large tract of land is for sale. It is this land that we want. Beard writes of success in all the cities he visited, but his letters seem to me to lack enthusiasm and interest, and in this last one I detect positive indifference, to say nothing of the fact that since entering Arizona he has loitered too long on the way."

The other man laughed.

"And so you think, Hunt, that all this means the boy is going to fall away? In that you are all wrong. I know Frank Beard; haste in anything he undertakes is not his distinguishing characteristic, but neither is supineness. Rather, he is slow and sure; relentless in pursuing that which he has once determined to win."

"Yes," said the other, "provided he wants it; but does he ardently want to see the realization of his present work? I doubt it."

"It has been meat and drink to him all his life," said the other, quietly. "He has been reared with no other idea. For his age—he is only twenty-eight—he has already done well."

(To be continued.)



## THE GARDEN BENCH

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**I**F I were inclined to be pessimistic, I should have found an opportunity for indulging in gloomy reflections. I was there alone in the garden, you see, and the world, at least that part of it I inhabit, looked exceedingly pleasant, as viewed across the leaves of the one solitary larkspur that had planted itself at a considerable distance from the ample bed allotted to its race. The poet—who I firmly believe always considered sound more than accuracy—once called the larkspur the “knight errant” of the garden; but after an acquaintance extending over some years, I am rather inclined to call it the “garden tramp.” Early in the spring you will religiously uproot all the vagrant plants and carry them back to the bed, which is so large and continually widening its territory that you may well feel uncomfortable before the rest of the court, with the unspoken charge of partiality meeting you from many faces. I say, you will bring back the strays with the loving hand of a mother; and lo! on some day such as this, there a wild, blue-coated fellow will stand before you, actually laughing at having escaped your vigilance. However, whether it is due to the partiality of which his companions may too justly perchance accuse me, I have generally found the floral tramp securing for himself an agreeable setting. Now, this special one had selected a spot close to the low fence, overrun with Virginia creeper. A world of green was before and behind him, and he the one flower in the midst of it. There were no whites and golds for it to blend in with,

but there it stood alone, boldly commanding the eye and attention to itself solely. And it succeeded, as the bold usually do.

After my surprise at seeing it over there where never larkspur before had been, where none was wanted, I was forced to say the spot selected was admirably adapted to a flower that always appears to be wanting to “show off,” as the children say. Nobody possessing eyesight was going to pass by the wayside nor stroll through the garden without seeing that bit of color caught on that straight, stout spike of green. And I am as firmly convinced none would withhold a smile of admiration. As for me, somehow that flower, laughing back at me from its place forbidden, found the key to a world of very pleasant thoughts, or perchance I should call it musings.

“Th world,” said the bold larkspur, “is really the best thing we have. Down at the bottom of everything you are going to find good, and if you dive deep enough you will invariably draw it up; or, better still, if you wait long enough in hope and patience, you will see it float up to the top. I know,” added the larkspur quickly, seeing, very likely, the thought the simile suggested, “you will say it is only worthless things the sea casts up; the treasures it hides forever in its bosom. That is true of the sea, but it is different with the earth, and the earth is the place I know best. Everything of worth and beauty eventually earth gives up, and so does the heart. In some unexpected moment you will find a flower in this life when you

expected nothing, just as I surprised you in the green corner to-day. You call us tramps, and you are right. We've belted the world, picking up wisdom as we went," and the larkspur nodded sagely at me, although another might have thought it merely a passing breeze that stirred it.

The larkspur chatted on philosophically enough for one so careless, and I found myself agreeing with every statement. My optimism was let loose from all bounds, and the millennium had scarcely anything to offer to me better than I saw this earth possessing, as I looked at it across the tall head of the blue larkspur.

And then I walked the Lovely Girl. If I had been allowed to make my choice of a companion for that hour, it would have been the one coming to me, with the smile on her perfect face. The Lovely Girl is—well, she is just lovely. If, for instance, I were to say in her hearing that So-and-so is little less than a barbarian, regarded intellectually, she would hasten to say: "Oh, but you know So-and-so is so kind," illustrating it with a story, so told that, at its conclusion, I am almost ready to express the belief that we might all gladly be barbarians, if we could only possess the virtues of So-and-so—provided the Lovely Girl knew of our goodness and would thus extol it. That is the Lovely Girl, and you perceive she fitted in admirably with the mood awakened by the optimistic larkspur. I was on the point of telling her all this, when she said, surprising me even more than the larkspur had done:

"I am thoroughly disgusted with life, and people, and everything!"

"Not with my garden, I hope?" I observed, for there was no need to demand why this change of sentiment. She read

the question in my startled eyes, and, besides, she would tell me all in her own wise time.

"Maybe your garden, too," she responded. "It is all fair to the eye, but we know its roots all spring from the dank, dark earth; worms cling around them. Perhaps if we could see what goes on beneath its surface, we should never be able again to take pleasure in the garden."

"Then let us be wise and not try to get beneath the surface," I counselled. "If you seek for strange things, you will find them, and the finding will bring you to grief."

"But suppose the surface were suddenly stripped back, and the unsightly view were spread before your eyes?"

"I shall have to re-name you the Sphinx, if you talk in this strain further," I said, my eyes going back to the larkspur. And then I perceived the larkspur was very silent, and I did not know that the world in which it stood and that which lay beyond it were as pleasant as I had been willing to call them a moment ago. Those Virginia creepers along the fence had a snaky look, and their green was too bright to be beautiful.

"Who pulled off your rose-colored spectacles, my dear?" I then asked.

"Maybe I did not wear rose-colored spectacles," she hastened to say. "Maybe it is that other people, at least some people, wear dark ones that make everything look gloomy."

"Coming to this point of the argument, let me quote a friend, neither pessimist nor optimist. He says all the world wears spectacles, showing one or two of the primary colors and shades thereof. Sometimes these are so perfectly combined a white pair is the result, and that wearer is the sage, the seer,

the savior. But he still wears spectacles, and that is the reason man never yet has seen the world as the eyes of God behold it."

"I don't agree with your friend," declared the Lovely Girl, emphatically. "If his statement were true, it would be we, not the world, were in the wrong. There would be no such a thing as evil. It all lies in the fact that we wear colored spectacles."

"Let us consider it a moment," I urged. "We will take one—let us say a woman, who wears a pair of green spectacles. Her lover or husband has given himself to her; but, since no human being was ever the exact complement of another, there must be parts of his life she does not fill, just as he does not entirely satisfy every demand of her heart, or mind, or soul. Between this one she loves and another man or woman there may exist some tie of interest. If she did not wear a pair of green glasses, would she not be able rightly to distinguish the nature of that interest, and permit it to develop and give pleasure to her loved one, instead of finding in it a cause for jealousy that threatens her happiness and his, and finally, perhaps, destroys her home? The cause of the jealousy has no existence outside of her own mind, and it exists there because of the green spectacles through which she regards the world in general and her own portion of it in particular."

If it were any one but the Lovely Girl, I should say she threw aside my argument in support of the spectacle theory with an impatient gesture; but I could not term this silent disapproval of me that, when done by her. Then she smiled and said, respectfully:

"I came here to talk to you, and your tongue has been going like a bell-clapper ever since I entered your garden!"

"The bell-clapper is silent," I said,

regretfully. Once the Lovely Girl had seemed to enjoy my conversation.

"I want to tell you of something I heard the other day," she began, plunging into the subject. "I thought if it would make you as indignant as it made me, that you might dip your pen into vitriol and write it up for the Garden Bench."

"Vitriol!" I interjected, faintly, but the Lovely Girl did not hear me. I doubt if she saw me, or the garden flaunting its belated summer beauty, or the larkspur nodding wisely in the green corner.

"It all came about simply enough," she continued. "I was eating my luncheon one day in ——'s restaurant—a tea-room they call it. The little tables are close enough together, you know, for me to overhear a conversation at the next table. No one could help hearing this one I am about to relate. A girl I know slightly, a lady by birth and education, and a working woman by the spirit of modern feminine independence, was seated at that table closest to mine, when a woman—I suppose she called herself a lady also—came in and took the place opposite to the girl.

"Without any further introduction, the woman said to the girl: 'I do not think I am mistaken in taking you for a working woman?' The girl might have ignored the question, or given it the answer it merited. Instead, she said, 'You have made no mistake, madam.' 'I thought not,' said the woman, complacently. 'I am pleased to see, however, that you show more good sense than the majority of your class, and wear plain clothes. What is your occupation?' 'I am a stenographer,' replied the girl, coldly. 'Ah!' exclaimed the woman, and she made me think of a dog bounding upon a rabbit; 'you are just the person I want to talk to. It is principally against your class our work is to be

directed—you and salesgirls. What salary do you get for your work?' 'Pardon me,' said the girl, 'but before I answer your question I should like to know by what right you ask it?' 'I am a member of a society for the Prevention of Vice Among Working Girls, especially stenographers and salesladies,' she commenced, 'and while you may refuse to answer my question put to you here, it will have to be answered in the courtroom. Girls of your class it is who are ruining our homes, wiling away from us our husbands and sons, and spending on your selfish pleasures the money that belongs to us and our children. Oh, you need not glare at me like that! I don't know you, not even your name, and I am not making any personal charges. I am simply speaking of stenographers and salesladies and some other working women, as a class, and what I say you know is true, and if we had any doubt on the subject, you yourselves would put it to rest. Any one with a grain of common sense would know that it is simply impossible for a girl to pay her board or assist her family on the salary she receives, and dress as the majority of the members of these occupations dress.

" 'Now, to give you an instance: There is a clerk in this very store, on the floor directly below this tea-room, who dresses every day as well as, if indeed not better than, the wife of the manager of this store dresses when she goes calling. She sweeps in every morning in a freshly laundered waist, with silk petticoats, and there are real diamonds on her fingers and in her ears. Now, how can she dress like that on fifteen dollars a week—if she receives that much for her work here—and help her family? It plainly cannot be done! Nor is she alone, nor the only one in this store. Look around at the girls and you will always see them

well dressed, wearing fresh shirt-waists. Now, six waists a week means a big laundry bill, and the salaries of some would no more than cover that and their board at the cheapest place. Those girls get their money in other than honest ways, and it is the purpose of this society to which I belong to find out these ways. We are determined to tear off the masks from these hypocrites, save our husbands, and keep the money that belongs to us from being squandered on those wicked girls.'

" 'And have you no wish to reclaim the girls from the error of their ways?' asked the girl. 'We shall try, of course,' she answered, 'but we have little hope of doing so.' 'While,' said the girl, 'I deny wholly and entirely your charges against working girls in general and stenographers in particular, still, if we admit for the sake of argument that what you say is true, do you not think that the society to which you belong is working in the wrong way? Some girls have a deep love for pretty things, which is as irresistible in them as in the leaders of the society, who presumably are rich and idle women. All girls employed in offices, shops, etc., are expected to dress well. An establishment is graded by the appearance of its employees, and your girl who does not dress in accordance with it is soon dismissed. Instead of exposing girls to temptations of their vanity or their necessity, would it not be better for their employers to give them a wage which will permit them to live decently and comfortably, and have something left to lay by for the rainy day, or for the indulgence of a passion for silk petticoats and diamonds?' 'Ha! I know you—a Socialist!' exclaimed the woman. 'After a while I suppose you would want to have a share in the business? No, I do not think that a cure for the disease. The more they get, the

more they would want. The only way is to expose them—pull aside the veil and show the world what creatures our much lauded American working girls are.'

"'And at the same time announce to the world that your influence over your husbands was so slight, that they had so little love and respect for you, their wives, the mothers of their children, that they lavished your share of their earnings on the first strange woman that crossed their path'" exclaimed the girl, who gave this Parthian shaft as she rose from her chair.

"I got up, too," continued the Lovely Girl, "for I felt I could not stay a moment longer in the same room with that vile-minded woman. I joined the girl, and told her I could not help overhearing the conversation.

"'I know the girl on the next floor she spoke of,' she said. 'And to show you how groundless are her suspicions, I will tell you that her position is such that she sometimes makes twenty-three dollars a week. She has a brother who makes thirty-five dollars a week, and another brother also earning a good salary. They own their own home and have only their mother, who enjoys perfect health. The girl is not expected to contribute a penny toward the household expenses, and don't you think a girl receiving almost one hundred dollars a month can afford a fresh waist every day, and to wear a silk petticoat to work? All the girls in the store get a reduction on their purchases, and a silk petticoat lasts a long time. The diamonds she wears belonged to her grandmother, whose family was once very wealthy. There you have the secret, and if the manager's wife thinks her husband's salary is squandered on this handsome girl, she is sadly mistaken.

Poor man, he hasn't a thought for any one in this store only as a part of its vast machinery. As for the fresh shirt-waists the others wear, I know several girls in this very store who wash their waists at night and get up early in the morning and iron them. Did you ever see the 'wise monkeys' of the Japanese? A friend recently gave me the group. There are three of them in a row. One has his hands over his ears, the other his hands over his eyes, the third has his hands over his mouth. Hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil, say the three wise monkeys. I wish I had a group for the lady back there!'

"That very afternoon," continued the Lovely Girl, "two youngish men belonging to the upper rank of society and to which the members of the Society for the Prevention of Vice Among Working Girls belong, were standing not far from my desk. They were gossiping of their friends and acquaintances, and then one said: 'By the way, I hear that Pauline is out of the hospital.' 'Is that so?' exclaimed his companion, adding: 'Say, Bob, what's the truth of that? Were she and Jack ever married, or were they not?' 'Well, I don't know,' said his friend, and, to state the fact, they were both so drunk at the time I don't know whether they knew themselves whether or not they were married.'

"And that," cried the Lovely Girl, "is the class of people who are forming a society to protect themselves against honest working girls!"

The Lovely Girl's eyes were full of indignant tears, and I knew why the world had lost its roseate light for her. You see, she could not find any excuse to offer for the woman who had armed herself unjustly against the innocent. For myself, I was looking at the blue larkspur in the green corner of the garden.

# CURRENT COMMENT

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## Army Chaplains

The Ave Maria

From a source which need not be mentioned—it is a reliable one—we learn that there is a movement on foot to have a Protestant minister placed on the general staff of the United States Army as chief of chaplains. This movement should be generally known in order that, should occasion arise, it may be vigorously opposed. To permit such an appointment would be to put a premium on Protestantism in both army and navy; for there can be no doubt that if the plan were adopted for one, it would soon be extended to the other. Those who favor it assert that with a chief of chaplains much more could be done for the enlisted men, and that the efforts in their behalf of individual chaplains would thereby be greatly promoted. On the contrary, such an office would empower its holder to give orders regarding religious services, etc., which in the case of priests would be simply intolerable. The chief satisfaction of a Catholic chaplain is his freedom to adapt himself and his ministrations to the conditions in which he may find himself placed for the time being. The only immediate superior there is the least need of is the regimental commander, who, as a rule, is disposed to grant the chaplain the fullest freedom of action, knowing what a valuable aid to discipline is had in a chaplain who is thoroughly devoted to his work.

It is contended that the Protestant clergyman who is seeking the position of chaplain general of the United States Army is "a very broad-minded man, utterly free from prejudice against Catholics or the Catholic Church." Yes, but what about his successors? Can there

be any guarantee that they will not be bigots or martinets? The fact that a priest has a chance of holding the same position as ranking chaplain of the army is not to be considered for a moment. Such a chance is very remote; besides, the position would not be desired by a priest any more than he would be content to serve as chaplain with a Protestant minister as his superior officer. What induces priests to enter the army or navy is the realization of a great opportunity for doing good among an ever-increasing number of worthy, needy and abandoned young men. Protestant ministers, on the contrary, naturally covet and cling to a position which gives them a good salary, social standing, and security from change. Let them cling to it as they will, but without seeking to hold authority over others whose services are incomparably—and unquestionably—of greater value.

## Daily Living

The Sacred Heart Review

In an admirable speech delivered April 21, by the Coadjutor-Archbishop of Boston, before the Federation of Catholic Societies of Suffolk County, we find these stirring and thought-provoking words among many others:

"Federation, with its million voices raised in protest against Baal, crying out to the doubtful and doubting millions, 'God lives and true happiness is found only in Him,' must at last be heard. Clean living, honest dealing, voting without bribery, and the docile observance of law, in that alone is happiness, the happiness which conscience alone can bring."

What will be the result of all this endeavor? The speaker said: "Federation

is going to bring about a public appreciation of what the Church stands for to the nation, in such a way that we can never again be ignored."

Never again be ignored, and why? Because with one voice the Federation will "denounce, clearly and fearlessly, dishonest business practises, unhealthy conditions of labor, pernicious and ruinous financial methods;" it will "re-buke the heartlessness of avarice," it will counsel "moderation, honesty and patience;" its influence will rest, "not on mere theory, but on the eternal principles of law." That the Federation of Catholic Societies works and will work towards these grand issues we devoutly hope and trust; but the question rises: Is not all this the case with us to-day? And if not, why not? We are Catholics, baptized and brought up in the one true fold. Surely the Church herself is one vast Federation, of which each one of us is a pledged member by virtue of our Baptism. Surely every man among us should to-day, for that reason, be a living force for good in the neighborhood where he resides. To say of a man, "He is a Catholic," should be synonymous now with saying: "He is foremost in honesty, integrity, sobriety, patience, kindness, Christ-like goodness." His neighbors should wish to know what Church it is that can make a man be so winning, so noble, so true-hearted, so above fear and above reproach, loving God beyond all things, and his neighbor as himself. Is this so? Or are there among Catholics only too many men, and alas! too many women also, whose aim it is, as Archbishop O'Connell says of this nation, "to possess wealth at any cost, and to live in idle luxury?"

Self must be crushed down, if we would win victories for our faith. We are not only to "unite," but to "unite for a common good." Wherever we are, wherever we go, we ought to act alike; alike, that is, in uprightness, loyalty to the Church, sterling performance of

daily duty, and absolute fearlessness in proclaiming our faith by word and deed. We have to swing back to the lessons of our Baptism and of our Catechism; to renounce the world, the flesh and the devil; and to make the world say of us, "See how these Christians love one another!" And this should be done now, and everywhere, and always, in the grand, present, every-day Federation of the Catholic Church, towards which the Federation of the Catholic Societies will become, please God! a tremendous aid.

### A Good Omen

True Witness and Catholic Chronicle

It is a good omen when we see the forces for righteousness, irrespective of creed, conferring to the end that better conditions may obtain with regard to the deadly misuse of intoxicants.

The agitation for the better regulation of the traffic is as old as the hills. Statutory enactments(!) when enforced have done much to ameliorate the evil, but the keynote for dismantling the foe was struck by His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi in his address before the Women's Temperance Union the other evening, when he said he would strongly urge that the efforts of good temperance workers be concentrated in the moral suasion of the young:

"Teach the little girls and little boys on the benches of the country and city schools that it is degrading to acquire the habit of drinking strong liquors and these children will grow up temperance men and women and temperance fathers and mothers."

Here is a double weapon with which to fight the foe. The law and honest officials to keep the traffic within bounds, and the minds of the young to abhor it.

Conscientious officials can effect the former and right-minded parents and teachers the latter.

There is surely a rising tide of opposition to the saloon generally now

spreading throughout the country, and we would warn those who are engaged in the dangerous business to accept and abide by reasonable limitations to it.

They may find out too late that they have awakened a sleeping giant, who will brush them ruthlessly aside.

### Free School Books

*The Catholic Universe*

We hear the contradictory cries: "Free school books for all," and "Down with Socialism." The taxpayers are not petitioning for higher rates on the duplicates, but they would necessarily so petition if they asked for the free and indiscriminate distribution of school books. Books are not printed without cost, and that cost and some profit go out fastened to the books, and must be paid for by somebody or from some source. This is self-evident.

The Socialists go a little farther than some of the members of the board go, but as far as they go together, they ride on the same jaunting car. The Socialists want not only free books, but free food, free clothing, and free rides at public expense. Public expense usually gets back at the distribution office to each taxpayer, just as the letters carried on the fast mail finally reach, through the general delivery or by the postman, those to whom the letters are addressed.

By the way, why not have free letter delivery? Why not have postage rates or stamps entirely eliminated, because while some have not the money, others find postage an annoyance?

In the last analysis, some one must foot the bills. Taxes might go higher, but "Uncle Sam is rich enough to buy us a farm."

We are of the opinion that the Government ought not, as a rule, do for an individual what that individual can do for himself. The Government should not pay house rent, food or clothing bills for individuals unless they are really indi-

gent. And the more such indigents there are, the more money must be procured from the taxpayers.

### Church and State

*The Casket*

Our American exchanges are full of protests against the holding of high school exercises in Protestant Churches, and the refusal, in many cases, to grant diplomas to Catholic pupils who refuse to attend such exercises. This simply proves, what we have always maintained, that Protestants, in spite of their denials, do believe in a union between Church and State—only the Church must be theirs, not ours.

### The New Materia Medica—Salted Soul

*Catholic Standard and Times*

Who can separate the mind from the body? Surely no physician has ever been able to do it. The soul itself is thought to be a tiny grain of matter in the centre of the brain, which, when analyzed, resolves itself into the universal element, salt.

Thus is quoted an eminent experimentalist in medico-psychology, Dr. Dixwell, anent the theory of the power of music as a physical healer. If the soul of man be only a material molecule, the clever physician, of the Dr. Dixwell class, surely ought to be able to do it in urgent cases. Really, these gentlemen are too modest. They ought not to lack the courage of their convictions. "Is thought to be" is a poor way of shuffling out of a tight corner which they make for themselves. "A grain of salt" has no element of immortality about it, but it is useful as a figure of speech. We should be mindful of its antiseptic power in the case of rehashed travelers' tales, or newly-sprung forecastle yarns. But how much more so in regard to undefined theories of medical empiricists who do not dare to give their material surmises positive shape, but ride off on



the safe commonplace of "It is thought," or, "It is said." The "vital spark of heavenly flame" becomes in the hands of these materialistic charlatans nothing more important than the essence of a lobster's or clam's brain; and consequently the belief that God sent His only Son from heaven for no other reason than to offer Himself as a sacrifice to save such atoms of matter from annihilation is the dream of a maudlin imbecile. Here is a medical man, a theorist and an experimenter in the relative efficacy of certain impressions on the minds of the diseased towards a cure, and he endeavors to remove the most soothing of all influences—namely, the thought of God and His power to save—while looking for a material and uncertain agency! A holy priest, speaking the words of hope to a suffering soul, has in countless cases wrought more comfort than the combined theories and experiments of a legion of such jugglers—imposters we ought to call them—who thus prate about such matters beyond their ken. Such a one must have been in Shakespeare's mind when he wrote the query of Macbeth:

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,  
And, by some sweet oblivious antidote,  
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous load  
That weighs upon it?"

The physician who believes that the soul is merely a speck of matter, a scrap of earth, is of the earth earthy, and is therefore disqualified from talking about what belongs to God. God is the only one who can separate mind from body and conjoin the disjoined when the time to do so is full. Until the materialistic physician is able to create even so much matter as goes to make up a grain of salt, he cannot shatter the belief that the

human soul is a God-given particle that must last in weal or woe, as long as God Himself endures.

### Irish Literary Renaissance

Catholic Union and Times

One of the most healthful and hopeful signs of the virility of the newer movement for an Irish Ireland is the work being done in a literary way and the generous reception being accorded this work, not alone in Ireland, but on the continent and in America,—in fact, wherever literary tastes are actively seeking the added enjoyment of another tongue unloosed, and the sounding of so sweet a harp in the concert of intellectual orchestra.

This movement is endeavoring to bring before the world the full beauty, chivalry and high courtesy of the ancient Irish tongue and people which for long has lain neglected in the charnel-house of things forgotten, save only such as was preserved in the twilight gloaming of the Irish firesides in the story and traditions handed down from the bards and sages of hundreds of years gone by.

The toilers in the field of Celtic revival are re-shaping and translating into modern prose and poetry these dormant triumphs of literary and intellectual achievement of the ages now departed, but the glory of which is becoming apparent to the world though dimmed, as they must necessarily be, by the fading forces of time and the loss of innate spirit in translation. Marvelous, nevertheless, are the fidelity and truth with which these versions of ancient Ireland are being rendered into modern tongue, preserving not only the thought and outline of the legend or saga, but the atmosphere and tone and life of the original. The distinguishing note of the Celt in literature is strongly shown in the mysticism, the twilight tones, the glamour, and eeriness of fairy-tale and folk-lore which mark the soul-production as well as tangible reconstruction of these de-

lightful reliques of ancient Irish poetry and prose. The Irish tongue is a more poetic one than even that of ancient Greece, and the lilt of its prose is more pronounced and developed than in any modern language.

The institution of ten scholarships for the study and research in Gaelic by the Catholic University at Washington marks a great stride in the advance of the cult in America. Harvard University has also begun study and research into the heretofore untilled fields of ancient Irish literature. By the race in America this movement ought be hailed with universal acclaim; it ought receive unstinted and generous support. It will do more to elevate the status of our people in this country than anything else now possible. So let the good work go on, and speed the day when Irish thought and Irish intellect will receive the reward it has so long merited and been so long denied.

### A World-wide Institution

New York Freeman's Journal

That Congregation in the Curia which is known as the Propaganda presides, as its name implies, over the diffusion of the Catholic faith throughout the world. In all probability it is the most perfectly organized body on earth, and notwithstanding the stupendous masses of work with which it has necessarily to deal, is far more remarkable for the masterly expedition and mobility of its action than any bureaucratic government in existence.

From the days of Gregory the Great, Rome has been the one great centre of evangelization. All Christendom received the faith owing to the initiative of the Papacy. The Popes of Avignon multiplied the number of the Orders of Friars in Asia.

The discovery of America extended the scope of Christianity, and it was found in the days of Clement VIII. that

the interests of Catholicity had grown to such a tremendous importance that "a special congregation dealing with the affairs of Catholic faith" was absolutely essential.

Its creation at first, owing to defective organization, did not survive its founder; Gregory XV. re-established it, however, in 1622, issuing in regard to it on June 22 of that year the Bull "Inscrutabili."

Once a month the Cardinal-members were to meet in presence of the Pope; twice a month they were to meet under the presidency of one of the elder Cardinals among them. This rule practically remains even to the present day, and on the first Monday of each month the Cardinals of the Propaganda meet in council to the number of fifteen. Discussions and decisions are referred to the Pope, after going through investigation and examination at the hands of some twenty-five experts in Canon Law.

A protonotary apostolic holds a "watching-brief" at the Council on behalf of the Pope and duly makes his private report to the Pontiff.

Rome divides the universe into two parts which are very unequal in extent. In the less of the two, that is in point of territorial extent, Christianity under an ecclesiastical hierarchy is regularly organized; the larger is the land of heathens and schismatics, the territory of the missions. The decisions of Propaganda are, therefore, of vast moment in their application, since every one of them must at once assert the spirit of the Church, and at the same time reconcile the temporal interests of the country in which it is promulgated. Thus if a Catholic university is to be created at Washington or at Ottawa, Propaganda decides as to the statutes of the new foundation, a necessarily delicate operation.

A glance at the extent of territory over which Propaganda works will convey an idea of the nature of its responsi-

bilities in the world. With the exception of the Bishopric of Goa, a Portuguese possession in India, Asia comes within the scope of Propaganda. Oceania depends entirely for its ecclesiastical administration upon Propaganda. Propaganda reigns in the New World over the British possessions of North America, the United States, the Antilles, Guyana, Patagonia; it possesses no rights over Mexico or the South American Republics. Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Luxemburg, Bosnia, Servia, Roumania, Bulgaria, Montenegro, Turkey, Greece, a part of North Germany and some points in Switzerland come under the jurisdiction of this imperial congregation. Here are approximately the numbers of the Catholics in the various countries with which the Congregation deals:

England, 2,000,000, or one-eighteenth of the population; Scotland, 500,000, or one-seventh of the population; Ireland, 3,000,000, three-fifths; Norway and Sweden, 3,500 Catholics out of a population of 7,000,000; Denmark, 5,000 of 2,300,000; Holland, nearly 2,000,000, nearly half the entire population; Luxemburg, 211,000, nearly the whole population; Mecklenburg Schwerin and Strelitz with Hanseatic towns, 50,000, or one-twentieth of population; Saxony, 60,000, or one-fortieth part of people; Bosnia and Herzegovina, 300,000, or one-fifth of people; Servia, 10,000 of 1,600,000; Roumania, 120,000 of 5,000,000; Bulgaria, 25,000 of 250,000; Montenegro, 5,000 of 290,000; Turkey in Europe, 175,000 out of 9,000,000.

The method which Propaganda employs in conducting its spiritual conquests is worthy of notice. In an unexplored region, a few missionaries find a little Christian "outpost." It has hardly sprung into existence, but it has already come within the cognizance of the argus-eyed Congregation; it is given a constitution as a mission and all due powers consistent with its work. It has

not been long in existence, just long enough to get what fox-hunters call a "sense" of the country, when the little mission receives orders to extend its line of operations, the original little outpost becoming, then, a "base," and other members leaving it to form other outposts. This has been the method by which the Church has conquered Central Africa, that seemingly most impenetrable of all lands. In 1835, it was almost untrodden by the feet of missionaries; to-day it is cut up and divided almost as a chess-board, no area being without its settler for the cause of Christianity. The same methods have been applied to the Christian conquest of Oceania and China, and, indeed, for the practical purposes of its work the world may be said to be divided into a certain number of circumscriptions, which bring the entire universe into touch with the Roman Curia.

In no country in the world have the powers of Propaganda so marvelously displayed themselves as in Great Britain. From 1550 to 1690, Rome could only send her missionaries to the schismatic country at the risk of her servants' lives. In 1695, the first real establishment took place, and between that year and 1840, there were eight vicariates; Scotland in 1827, had only three. Pius IX., in 1850, re-established the Episcopal hierarchy; Leo XIII. revived it in Scotland in 1878. The Metropolitan of Westminster reigns over fifteen bishops; the arch-diocese of Edinburgh has four dioceses. Ireland, on the other hand, cannot be said ever to have lost its Catholic hierarchy. Theoretically, a country which is under an Arch-episcopal and Episcopal hierarchy ceases to be a "missionary country;" consequently the action of Propaganda in such countries amounts rather to a matter of expediency than to any right by jurisdiction which the Great Congregation could claim in the direction of the Catholic affairs of a province having an active hierarchy.

## WITH THE EDITOR

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"Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." Blessed, indeed, is Mary Immaculate, and all generations rejoice that she was found worthy to be the Mother of the world's Redeemer. The joyful feast of her visitation to her cousin, St. Elizabeth, is celebrated on the second day of this month.

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Death has claimed another illustrious Dominican prelate in the person of the Most Reverend Patrick Vincent Flood, O. P., Archbishop of Port-of-Spain. His Grace succumbed to a severe attack of pneumonia, and died suddenly on May 17, in his episcopal city, whither he had been hurried from Toco, where he had administered the Sacrament of Confirmation the day before. His loss is keenly felt, not only in Trinidad and the other islands of the Archdiocese, where he was deeply beloved by all, but also in Ireland and America and throughout the English-speaking world. The Archbishop was born in Longford, Ireland, in 1844. In 1861 he joined the Dominican Order, and spent four years at Tallaght, near Dublin, making his novitiate and philosophy there, and completing his studies in Rome at San Clemente and the Minerva. He was ordained priest in 1867, consecrated Bishop in 1887, and became Archbishop in 1889, succeeding Archbishop Gonin as Metropolitan of Port-of-Spain. May his great soul rest in peace eternal.

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The fourth session of the Catholic Educational Association will be held this year in Milwaukee on July 9, 10 and 11. The Association is doing much for Catholic education, and its work should be closely followed, not only by professional educators, but by all Catholics who have at heart the great and holy cause of Catholic education in America. The fol-

lowing partial program will indicate the character and broad scope of the Association's work:

Papers—"The Latin Classics in Our Theological Seminaries," Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D.; "The Sunday School and the Parish School." Discussion. "Educational Status of Our Catholic Deaf Mutes in This Country," Rev. F. A. Moeller, S. J.; "Catholic Educational Work Among the Negroes;" "Catholic Educational Work Among the Indians;" "Catholic Chaplains at Non-Catholic Universities," Rev. John J. Farrell. Discussion. "The Educational Value of Christian Doctrine," Rev. P. C. Yorke, D. D.; "Supplementary English Catholic Authors for College Classes," Rev. J. R. Volz, O. P.; "The Pastor and the School from the Teacher's Viewpoint," Brother Anthony; "The Catholic Church, the Patron of Learning," Rev. Walter J. Shanley. Discussion: "Educational Legislation in the United States;" "Relation of the American State to Non-State Educational Work," Hon. William C. Robinson, LL. D.; "Educational Legislation in New York in Relation to Catholic Interests," Rev. Joseph F. Smith; "Educational Legislation in Pennsylvania in Relation to Catholic Interests," John J. Sullivan; "Educational Legislation in Ohio in Relation to Catholic Interests," Rev. Francis Heiermann, S. J.; "Educational Legislation in Illinois in Relation to Catholic Interests," Michael F. Girten; "Educational Legislation in California in Relation to Catholic Interests," Rev. P. C. Yorke, D. D.; "The Classical Course as a Preparation for the Professions for Business," Rev. Alexander J. Burrows, S. J.; "The Function of the Community Inspector," Brother Michael, S. M.; "The Fostering of Vocations to the Holy Priesthood."

Following is the continuation of the program of the Cliff Haven Summer School:

Seventh Week, August 12-16—Evening lectures on "Studies in French History," by the Rev. John J. Dolon, Diocese of Brooklyn, dealing with the relations between (a) Philip the Fair and Boniface VIII; (b) Louis XIV and Clement X; (c) Napoleon I and Pius VII; (d) The Republic and Pius X.

Eighth Week, August 19-23—Lectures by Professor J. C. Monaghan, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, Washington, D. C. Subject, "Commerce Not Opposed to Culture."

Evening lectures by Dr. John G. Coyle, New York City. Subjects: "General James Shields, Warrior, Justice, and Senator from Three States;" "Matthew Lyon, the Man who Elected Jefferson;" "The Catholic Memories of Lake Champlain," by the Rev. Daniel J. O'Sullivan, St. Albans, Vt.

Ninth Week, August 26-30—Lectures by the Rev. Francis P. Siegfried, St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa. Subject, "The Old and the New Philosophy of Life." In this course the aim will be to formulate some of the main principles on which the Catholic Philosophy of Life is based, and to compare them with some contrary principles now being advocated.

Evening lectures by the Rev. Francis Clement Kelley, president of the Catholic Church Extension Society, U. S. A. Subject: "The History and Character of the American Volunteer Soldier;" "Irishmen in the American Revolution, and Their Early Influence in the Colonies," illustrated, by Patrick J. Hattigan, editor of the National Hibernian, Washington, D. C.

Tenth Week, September 2-6—Lectures by the Rev. Francis Clement Kelley on "The Dream of Equality and Its Realization." The Rev. John Talbot

Smith, LL. D. Subjects: "Literary Fads, Ibsen and Others;" "Literary Idols, Hugo and Others."

In a spirit of manifest hostility to the established facts of history, and with a narrowness of view that belies their professions and negatives their claims as reliable public teachers and exponents of truth, a number of publicists have lately appeared with the evident purpose of convincing the public that the Jamestown Exposition is nothing else than the apotheosis of American civil and religious liberty, the outgrowth and the triumph of "Anglo Saxon" and Protestant principles. But the American people are lovers of truth and justice and fair play, and bigots they will not tolerate—and, least of all, the surpliced political bigot. This was true even when Virginia denied Lord Baltimore a site for his colony, and forced him, the real founder of American civil and religious liberty, beyond her borders, because he refused to take the oath that denied equal civil and religious rights to all.

When George Calvert planted, through his sons, George and Leonard, the colony of Maryland, the first free soil in the new world, the fathers of Virginia were assiduously engaged in enforcing the intolerant decrees of a tyrant king.

There is no foundation to the claim, and not a scintilla of truth in the assertion that the founders of Jamestown and Virginia established the principle of equal rights on American soil. It is true that, in the course of generations, the illustrious sons of Virginia bore proudly aloft the torch of liberty, but not till they had caught the flame from the sacred fires kindled by the Catholic Calvert in Maryland. And yet we are solemnly informed by no less a literary light than Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, in a recent magazine article, that at this time "men were beginning to awaken from the leth-

argy in which they had been steeped by ecclesiasticism. The long struggle was on between the old and the new;" and that the Virginia colonists "anchored this continent to the Protestant religion and the English civilization;" and that "the tales of Spain's El Dorado untied the purse-strings of the London companies. But there was another and loftier motive. The zeal of the children of those who had suffered at Smithfield and Tower Hill, under the queen of Philip II, could not, with languor, see the church of Torquemada and Alva bringing vast tribes within their fold;" and that "from the earliest period of her history the colony (Virginia) stood for those principles on which she was originally founded: the service of God, according to Protestant faith; the establishment of English civilization; the rights of English-born citizens." This surely was liberty, civil and religious, with a vengeance—the liberty which England, the "mother country," ever has been wont to accord to her colonists, such freedom as Ireland and India have so long enjoyed at her hands!

That Jamestown is a historical landmark, no one will undertake to deny, nor will any one object to a reasonable elaboration of the story of the settlement for the sake of current publicity. But the people do object when history is travestied—even for advertising purposes. The intelligent American mind has small patience and little sympathy with those who would obscure or deny truth, whether the effort come from literary artists, the pulpit, or special pleaders retained by departments of "publicity and promotion."

In this number we present the opening chapters of a new serial by Miss Georgina Pell Curtis. Miss Curtis has endeared herself to ROSARY readers, and her name ever finds a welcome in the finding list of the best American magazines. She is rapidly and surely establishing her title to a post of honor and distinction in literature, and we congratulate her. The present tale, which depicts life in the land of the Pueblo, and is redolent of Christian faith, will be followed with absorbing interest.

### BOOKS

**HONOR WITHOUT RENOWN.** By Mrs. Innes-Browne. Burns & Oates, London. Benziger Bros, New York. pp. 368. Price \$1.25 net.

The motive in this story is the ennobling influence of self-sacrifice. A brilliant and wealthy girl of the British nobility renounces the world to become a Sister of Charity.

More than the usual amount of social comment is aroused by her unexpected action. By her acquaintances and friends who depend for happiness upon social devices, and the things that wealth commands, the vocation of the brilliant girl is inexplicable. In their belief the girl has simply thrown her life away

in obedience to a misconception of duty.

The story leads to the siege of Paris and the terrors of Communism in 1871. Here the brave Sisters of Charity win glorious laurels for their Order and for the Faith. Foremost in the work of ministering to the victims of that awful carnage is Sister Marguerite, the former English aristocrat; and it turns out that out of her goodness and devotion to suffering humanity comes a great good to many persons. It was given to her to lead many persons to a realization of God's infinite mercy and goodness, and to teach all who knew her that her vocation was not only a great boon to humanity, but served to teach a brilliant coterie of her school-day friends that,

ahead of them all, the good religious had chosen the greatest and noblest work in life.

The story is laid in England and France, and has to do with the latter third of the last century. Its descriptions are well and interestingly drawn, and, save in that the heroine is permitted to lean a trifle more toward loquacity than the dignity of her office permits, the story is well told.

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**HARMONY FLATS.** By C. S. Whitmore. Benziger Bros. pp. 188. Price 85 cents.

Life in a city flat is woven into an interesting narrative which has for its central feature the doings of the fairy of the tenement.

The trials, cares, sufferings, and the songs and laughter that sometimes fall to the lot of the careworn, are employed in sketching this picture.

Children so fortunate as to live beyond the great cities, and especially the millions of well-fed and well-clothed little ones who enjoy God's wide, open world of sunshine and pure atmosphere, may well wonder how the little ones in this story could imagine that they ever had any frolic and fun, much as they might try to make believe.

But even the poorest of the poor may find some happiness and much good if they but seek it rightly. This book points a good moral, and the story is interestingly told from a juvenile point of view.

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**SHORT MEDITATIONS.** By an anonymous Italian author. Translated by the Right Rev. John Edmund Luck, O. S. B. R. & T. Washbourne, Ltd., London. pp. 358. Price \$1.60 net.

This work embraces meditations for every day in the year, and is designed chiefly for the use of religious. It is dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus,

the support and the reward of the trials and of the conflicts of those who profess on earth perpetual poverty, chastity and obedience.

Although the author is unknown, the work has long held a high place in the estimation of the hierarchy, and for nearly two hundred years has been a favorite guide to meditation in the convents of Italy.

Its growing appeal to English-speaking religious induced the translation and publication in its present form, which does not aim to provide more than the outline of the subject matter for mental prayer. The actual shaping of the meditations thus aroused is left to the working out of God's Holy Spirit.

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**THE TRIAL OF JESUS CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.** By the Rev. Andrew Klarmann, A. M. Fr. Pustet & Co., New York. pp. 69. Price 10 cents.

This is a paper-bound edition of the able "Study in judicial arrogance and Pharisaical justice," designed for wide circulation.

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**HISTORY OF THE BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.** By E. Jacquier. Translated from the French by the Rev. J. Duggan. pp. 335. Benziger Bros. Price \$2.00 net.

This work constitutes Volume I of the International Catholic Library, which organization has for its main object the education of Catholic scholars of every country in the task of harmonizing Faith and Science—the knowledge founded on Divine revelation and that drawn from natural sources wholly.

The book is printed on fine paper, from the Riverside Press, Edinburgh, and is handsomely bound, making a first-class library edition.

The author has narrated the circumstances that contributed to the writing

of the books of the New Testament, his object being to show their historical environment as well as dogma.

Searching study is made of the philosophical and religious ideas of these Scriptural authors, and attention in detail is paid to the intellectual and social conditions of the times in which the books were written.

The books are dealt with in chronological order, as far as that method may be followed, beginning with the Epistles of St. Paul. A map in colors, pointing out the four important journeys of St. Paul, occupies the position of frontispiece in the volume.

This is a work that really must be seen and studied to be in any decided degree appreciated. It is one of those yields of scholarship that is most difficult to describe, since no more than the manner of treatment may be mentioned, unless one were to show by quotations—which space will not permit—the actual style of the work. It should have the grateful attention of sacred history students.

#### ST. BRIGED, PATRONESS OF IRELAND.

By the Rev. J. A. Knowles, O. S. A.  
Browne & Nolan, Ltd., Dublin. pp.  
285. Price 2s. 6d.

In this work the author deals with the character of an illustrious Irish saint second only to the great apostle of Ireland. His work has been accomplished in a manner to elicit very high praise at the hands of Archbishop Foley, to whom the volume is inscribed.

This book is held to be the first life of the great St. Brigid that is entitled to any claim in the matter of completeness. The work abounds in legends, many of them of a most delightful and ennobling character. It is a book that may be read by any one with pleasure and profit, and by Irish men and Irish women with a veneration and pride that a genuinely

Irish book of merit cannot fail to inspire.

The issuance of this book also marks the centenary of the foundation of the Order of St. Brigid. As a labor of love and of loyalty, Father Knowles has produced a really meritorious work and one that can hardly fail of appreciation in this generation of reviving interest in all that is good and great in Irish literature.

A MIRROR OF SHALOTT. By Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. Benziger Bros.  
pp. 334. Price \$1.25 net.

This is a volume of "Tales." Readers fond of delving into the preternatural, and those who enjoy stories of a ghostly character will find a rich field for cultivation in this book.

Father Benson describes the work as "A collection of tales told at an unprofessional symposium."

The narrators of these tales were all priests, twelve in number, to which the author added an experience of his own.

The tales are for the most part thrilling and laden with human interest. For scoffers and idle questioners this work is a religious tonic, as well as an edifying pastime.

ROUND THE WORLD. Benziger Bros.  
pp. 218. Price 85 cents.

Readers who like a variety of subjects sketched briefly, and pictured, will find this work of interest.

It deals with the "Great Eastern Question," "The West and the Great Petrified Forest," "In the Footsteps of the Apostles," "Revetment Work in the United States," "Near the Galway Town," "In the Heart of the African Forest," "The Blind Readers of the Post Office," "The Little Republic," "A Day in the Zoo," "The Reclamation Service" and "School Days in Egypt."

The book has more than a hundred half-tone illustrations.



# CONFRATERNITY OF THE ROSARY

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**I**NDULGENCES of an exceptional nature are granted members of the Rosary Confraternity. One of the most prominent and easily gained among the long list of indulgences is that granted for carrying the rosary. In Catholic countries it was the custom to bear the rosary on the exterior of the person so that all might be edified, but this is not incumbent for receiving the indulgence, and all that is necessary is the simple carrying of the beads. One hundred years and as many quarantines is the rich indulgence that Pope Innocent VIII, February 26, 1491, conferred on all who out of reverence for Our Blessed Lady continually carried her beads. This indulgence was revoked by Leo XIII, but renewed again by Pope Pius X, July 31, 1906. It may be gained daily.



To gain this indulgence it is necessary that the beads be what is commonly known as the rosary, that is crowns composed of five, ten or fifteen decades. As Rosarians know, the Rosary is made up of fifteen decades, and is divided into three parts, the five joyful, sorrowful and glorious mysteries. Beads made up of five, ten or fifteen decades are rightly termed the rosary, and it is these beads that the Church means when she grants indulgences or in any way refers to the rosary. No other beads must be known by the name of rosary. This is the command of Leo XIII in his great Rosary Constitution.

What greater mark of honor and respect can Rosarians show their Queen than by continually carrying her rosary?

By so doing they bring, as it were, their heavenly Queen into their daily lives. Wherever they go she is with them, and just as loved ones by their presence lend to one another's happiness, so Our Blessed Lady by her presence lends to the happiness of her children. It is but natural for Christians to love Mary, the mother of Our Saviour, for if the love of children for their earthly mothers is of such an inseparable union, what must be the bond of affection between the children of redemption and the Mother of mothers. Having the rosary always with one is a great protection against danger, for never is Our Blessed Lady unmindful of the honor paid her. She loves and protects her children, guards them against evil, and leads them safely over the pitfalls that block their course. If they fall, it is not because she deserts them, but because they desert her.



Many wonderful deeds are related of the efficacy of the Rosary, and among others the following tale: A dying mother called her only boy to her bedside, and as a last request begged him to be faithful to his Rosary. She confided him to the care of the Blessed Virgin knowing that, although her days were short, Our Blessed Lady would watch over her boy. In tears he promised to observe faithfully his dying mother's wish. For several years he was indeed faithful and his life was blessed, but alas! a time came when carelessness and evil companions caused him to forget his promise, and instead of the former happy youth, his sad plight soon made him a sorry spectacle for

men. Suddenly, one day, the sight of his beads stirred him from this state of lethargy and recalled his mother's death-bed and her dying request. Straightway his better self conquered and his heart grew sad because of his neglect. He again took up his Rosary, and it was not long before his life was again filled with happiness. One redeeming feature in the boy was that through all his waywardness he always carried with him his rosary. It was his salvation, and proved that his mother's confidence was not in vain.

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Rosarians should be foremost among Catholics in honoring Mary's beads. Those who are faithful to the Rosary, the Rosary will be faithful to them. In life and in death Our Blessed Lady protects those who love her beads, for never was she known to desert her clients. The simple carrying of the beads is an expression of honor to the Mother of God, and informs the soul with a proper disposition for the reception of grace. Let all Rosarians take advantage of this indulgence of one hundred years and as many quarantines, which may be gained once a day for carrying the rosary through devotion for Our Blessed Lady.

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#### VISITATION OF BLESSED VIRGIN

On the second of July the Church celebrates the feast of Our Lady's visit to her cousin, St. Elizabeth. Mary, having learned from the archangel that Elizabeth was about to bring forth, rises up and hastens through the hill country to the house of Zachary and there salutes her cousin. The Gospel tells us that when Elizabeth heard her salutation the infant in her womb leaped for joy, and being filled with the Holy Ghost, she cried out in a loud voice: "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. And whence is this to me, that the Mother

of my Lord should come to me? Blessed art thou that hast believed, because those things shall be accomplished that were spoken to thee by the Lord." To which Mary gave answer: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

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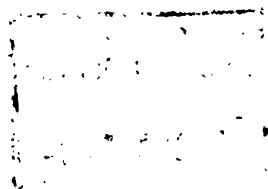
For three months Mary remained in Judea, serving her cousin in all humble offices. It was charity, the charity of Christ, that prompted her to offer her services to St. Elizabeth, the same charity and humility that made her dear to the heart of her Divine Son. What a beautiful example Our Lady's visitation affords all who would perform works of mercy! She leads the way and shows Christians that they, too, should pass through the rough mountainous country, that they should exert their efforts to be of service to God's creatures. She does not wait to be sought, but proffers her services. She brings the happiness and sunshine of her presence into the home of St. Elizabeth, and these two holy women rejoice together in the adoration of their bountiful God.

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O Mary! may we imitate thy holy example; may our lives abound in works of mercy; and may our days shine forth resplendent with deeds of charity and humility, in honor of thy visitation to thy cousin, St. Elizabeth.

\* \* \*

Who can count the victories that Christians have won over the invisible enemies of their souls by the power of the Rosary? Their number is known only to God. But it is our duty, as faithful Rosarians, to add to their number—to use this weapon of prayer to defend our own souls, and, as far as we can, the souls of our fellow Christians, against the attacks of our spiritual enemies.





THE ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

# THE ROSARY MAGAZINE

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NO. 2

## THE ASSUMPTION

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

She sees no splendid thrones or cherubim  
That crowd the space which is not earthly space,  
As she arises; there is but one face  
Before her eyes,—the happy face of Him,—  
The little Child that smiled; the world grows dim  
And very small, the sea a thread in lace  
Of many threads,—at last she shall embrace  
The Child that waits beyond the vague world's rim.

The blood-stained brow, the thorns she sees no more,—  
Has she not seen them long by day and night?  
The fainting body and the cruel art!  
No crown she sees, but on the golden floor,  
Clothed in the raiment of the whitest light,  
The Child she lost, the Heart of her own heart!

# The Master of St. Nathy's

IV

## A Treasonable Interruption

By P. J. COLEMAN

**A**T the annual examination in June candidates for admission to Maynooth were chosen from the young men of St. Nathy's.

It was a coveted honor—the climax of years of patient plodding, and the fortunate youths were the envy of their fellows, the pride and glory of the town and seminary. They represented the brain of the diocese, the budding hope of many anxious parents, who had pinched and scraped in secret pathetic ways to send their boys to the altar of God.

Solemn days, strangely blended of joy and regret, closed the term. Naturally, the more thoughtless and less seriously minded hailed the advent of vacation with exuberant and undisguised glee. The young Levites, who were going forward to the priesthood with high and holy motive, found a tinge of sadness in their pleasure. They had come to the parting of the ways. The period of careless boyhood was past. Henceforth for them would be the strenuous work of the more careful, thorough, methodical training at St. Patrick's. But no one left St. Nathy's without being well grounded in the fundamentals of fine scholarship. They entered the arena of the great national college well equipped for the fight, and not one among them but looked back forever with reverent affection to the old gray school in its embowering elms, and the kindly, if eccentric, Master who had formed them there to habits of careful thought and conduct. Nor would they ever pass from that Master's memory or prayers. Henceforth his eyes would be upon them through the long academical train-

ing of Maynooth, watching their progress, rejoicing in their triumphs, and making their successes part of his own.

His parting admonition to the favored ones would be, "Never be ashamed of Connaught, and never sacrifice a principle, unless it conflicts with conscience.

"Principles," he was wont to say, wiping his glasses deliberately, with much flourish of his favorite red handkerchief, "principles are the keynote of character, and without character there can be no enduring fabric of success. Be true to your conscience, true to your country and true to your God. The man who will deny his country has already denied his conscience, and soon will deny his God. But let not patriotism degenerate into mere sectionalism. Ireland is more than Connaught, more than Leinster, more than Ulster or Munster. Despise provincialism, but at the same time stick up for your native place. Maynooth is a place of provincial prejudices, and, while I urge you always to fight prejudice, you will often find it a test of true character to be loyal to the place of your birth. Maynooth is the arena of national competition. Healthy competition is good, and when that competition is done in the name of the provinces, such competition is honorable and productive of good, inasmuch as it is a stimulus to individual effort. Still, place Ireland above any of her provinces, and, working to the greater glory of God, I can assure you of success."

So well, indeed, did the Master impress himself upon his pupils that not one ever forgot his admonition. It is told to the present day how one of his promising alumni acted on the old man's

advice, not, however, in a way the Master would approve of. For on one occasion, when a Connaught man was carving a leg of mutton at dinner, his Bishop, who had slipped in unseen, standing unnoticed behind his chair, a Munster student, who thought himself ill-served and slighted, retorted on the carver with, "Ah, you Connaught fellow, you!" looking disdainfully at the meat before him. Whereupon the impetuous Connaught man, remembering, but misinterpreting, the Master's last words, seized the smoking mutton by the shank and incontinently smote his enemy on the face, saying, "There! Is that enough for you?" to the horror of the Bishop, who promptly rebuked the young man, and all but expelled him from the service of his diocese for his unseemly temper.

This standard of conduct enjoined by the Master often led to unexpected and startling results, and to this day the people of Derreen recall with bated breath the dramatic scene in the Cathedral of Derreen, when the Master rebuked a young priest in the pulpit for not announcing theories of patriotism consonant with the Master's private views.

An appointment to Derreen, in the Bishop's own parish, was an appointment par excellence of honor for a young curate. But it was always a crucial point in a priest's career when he was called on, for the first time, to preach before his old preceptor. He might not mind the upturned faces of the eager men and women, who drank in his every simplest dictum as inspired. Nor would he flinch from the criticism of the cultured few, like Colonel Plunkett. But in the Master he knew he would find an exacting censor, and no young curate ever faced the ordeal of his first sermon before his old friend without misgiving.

It was the refinement of cruelty, the acme of torture, to see the Master settle

himself deliberately in his pew beneath the pulpit, dust and adjust his glasses, cross his legs and fold his arms in judicial gravity, as the curate, in alb and cincture, emerged from the sacristy and made his way through the staring aisle to the pulpit in the body of the church. Not that the good man meant to be cruel; but his attitude expressed inquisitorial severity, entirely at variance with the tender smile and the kind grey eyes.

And in this he was unconsciously aided and abetted by his friend and crony of the next pew, Anthony O'Donnell, the National schoolmaster, who taught the town urchins. He, too, had been in Arcady, and while his reading was by no means as wide or varied as Professor O'Keefe's, still he was no despicable adversary in debate and no common critic in eloquence.

"*Æacus and Rhadamanthus*" the Bishop once dubbed the twain, after he had, as a priest, run the gauntlet of their judgment. "There they sit, like the Judges of Hades," he afterward confessed in the sacristy, "grim, censorious, inexorable."

Indeed, O'Donnell's criticism was well established in the land. Nor was it always devoid of caustic satire or malice aforehand. It is told of him that, as a youth, he had humiliated an old Roscommon priest in a duel of wits. This old man, hoary with seventy winters of saintly work, was often abstracted in the pulpit and wandered in his discourse. Elaborating, one Sunday, on the text of the loaves and fishes and the miraculous feeding of the multitude, he burst forth: "Think of it, brethren! Think of it! With seven thousand loaves and fishes, He fed a multitude of five!" Whereat, glancing at O'Donnell, he saw that worthy smiling sarcastically. Then, knowing that he had erred, but failing to recall his words, he summoned the schoolmaster to the sacristy after Mass. "I saw you smiling during the sermon," he said reproachfully. "I couldn't help it,

yer reverence," quoth the pedagogue. "Sure, that was no miracle at all. And, without irreverence, I think I could do the same thing mesel'." "What do you mean, sir?" thundered the old saint. Then O'Donnell pointed out the mistake in the sermon. But the good priest, dwelling on the essential miracle of the text, and admitting his error, wound up with: "A multitude of seven thousand with five loaves and fishes. There's the great wonder, my man. And in such a case, I wonder what so wise a man as you could do?" "Well, begorra," smiled the unregenerate O'Donnell, "in that case, admittin' that they gathered up eleven baskets of fragments, I'd feed them with the lavins of the last lot."

He had been known, too, to cross swords with the Master and apparently come out successful in the contest. O'Donnell, indeed, made no claim to Latinity; but one Sunday after Mass, in the chapel-yard, where the "boys" gathered to discuss politics, rents, crops, current prices, and exchange news with their friends, the National schoolmaster challenged the Master to translate a bit of Latin handed down from some old hedge-school, but not known to O'Keefe.

"Let me hear it," said the Master.

"Here it is," quoth O'Donnell. "'In mudilis, inlay, nonis, in daletaris, in oaknonis.'"

"Humph!" smiled the Master. "It sounds like Latin, but there seem to be too many ablatives, and not enough nominatives, and no verb at all. It might be a quotation from Tacitus. He had a habit of elliptical epigram. However, I'll write it down and consult my authorities. And next Sunday I may be able to give you the translation." Whereat, writing from O'Donnell's dictation, he scribbled in regular Latin orthography: "In modilis, in clenonis, in deltaris, in onconis."

Meeting O'Donnell next Sunday in the chapel-yard, "I looked up all my

lexicons, but there are no such words in the language," he said.

"They must be poor lexicons," smiled O'Donnell, winking at the gaping "boys," "for that sentence is good Latin with a good meaning—"

"Meaning be hanged!" snorted the Master.

"What is it, Misther O'Donnell, if you please?" suggested Fox.

"The meanin' is this," smiled O'Donnell, "'In mud eel is, in clay none is, in deal (fir or pine) tar is, in oak none is.'"

"Good! good!" roared the Master. "A capital hoax, by Jove!"

And the boys dispersed, laughing at the Master's discomfiture and extolling O'Donnell's scholarship.

Derreen is the capital of a vast estate that has long figured in the land wars of Ireland. It is an old town of some five thousand souls. Most of its homes are plain little thatched houses, lining five streets that lead by as many roads from a central square into the neighboring territories of Mayo, Sligo and Roscommon. Since the Act of Union its great curse has been that of absenteeism; a landlord, resident in Belgravia, drawing through local agents a luxurious living from impoverished tenants. The hovels of many of these dot the brown stretches of bog that surround the town. Many of these poor tenants were of the "spalpeen" class—that poverty-ridden caste of poor cottiers and small farmers who, to get the rent denied them by an ungrateful soil, emigrate annually to England, to reap the harvests of their English lords.

Evictions have always been common near Derreen, and there is always present in the town and its environs a smoldering spirit of rebellion that occasionally flames into bloody resistance to law.

The winter following the departure of Donald O'Hara and Roger Mulligan to Maynooth, the town was in a state of siege. The ukase of the evictor had gone forth, and bodies of troops were



marched thither to augment the local garrison. Day after day the streets sounded with the tramp of the scarlet legionaries, and every day saw some miserable village depopulated, its homes unroofed, and its famine-stricken people cast shivering on the roadside. Only the splendid diplomacy of the Bishop and priests, pleading with their exasperated flocks for patience and obedience to even harsh laws, prevented bloodshed in the streets. But a spark will explode a magazine, and an insignificant incident set the town on fire, towards the middle of November.

The evictions had been raging for some days, and popular resentment was keen against those who in any way gave aid or comfort to the evictors. Patriotic car-men refused to hire their cars to the police for eviction duty. The soldiers were, as a rule, passive spectators of a work which they heartily loathed. They were there more to maintain a show of force than to partake actively in the cruel campaign of extermination. It was the police, the Royal Irish Constabulary, who made a sanguinary display of zeal against their own flesh and blood, and against the police feeling ran high. Whoever had aided them in any way became a popular enemy.

It was the afternoon of the weekly market day, and the streets were filled with sullen young men, armed with clubs and sticks. They had flocked to town from the outlying villages, on the lookout for mischief. The police lay in force at their barracks, under officious officers, thirsting for a chance to distinguish themselves, while the local military garrison were wisely kept to their quarters behind their high stone walls, near the old school amid the moldering tombs.

Evening was falling, and the streets began to take on tones of purple and violet, when a car-man, who had been driving the police all the week, rattled up to the post-office in the central

square. In a moment he was surrounded by a raging mob of men and women, yelling execrations on him and his, and in a trice two burly constables, doing patrol duty in the square, had rushed to his rescue. But the constables were engulfed in that roaring maelstrom of humanity and emerged without helmets or tunics, with blood streaming into their eyes, only to be pursued to the very doors of their barracks.

Then strode forth a pompous officer with a huge sabre clattering at his heels. His hour had come. He would show this base "canaille" what stern stuff he was made of.

Colonel Plunkett was in the barracks and, recognizing sorrowfully that the town was in seditious riot, he marched sadly from the barracks before a double hedge of bayonets, driving the people before them into the square. The Colonel, as magistrate, had no other alternative but to disperse the rioters, peacefully if possible and as his humane instincts dictated; but, if necessary, by lead and steel.

To his horror the mob turned at bay in the market square, yelling defiance at the police, their front bristling with ash-plants, blackthorns, pitchforks and spades. The issue could not be doubtful. It was armed men against bare breasts.

With a groan, the Colonel called on the people to disperse, in the Queen's name. He was answered with a volley of stones which disabled two constables in the line of steel.

Then, reluctantly, he began to read the Riot Act. Slowly and deliberately he drawled out its fulminations, but there was no wavering among the blackthorns. There was no help for it, and, presently, with an ugly clatter of triggers, the line of glittering rifles was leveled at the blackthorns. Then, in sharp staccato, the pompous officer gave the order, "Fire!"

When the smoke lifted and drifted away over the housetops, five men were lying in the market place, their blood making little crimson pools among the stones, and the mob was flying with shrieks and curses by all the five roads that led from the square.

"I will leave the rest to you, Kelly," said Colonel Plunkett, in disgust, to the strutting officer. "I've had enough of this day's work." And without another word he galloped his horse out of the square.

That night bonfires blazed from hill to hill for miles into the country about that quiet little town. All that night bugle answered bugle from hamlet to hamlet among the moors and mountains. Drums rolled incessantly, and an anxious priesthood knew that the land was preparing to renew the conflict on the morrow.

Saturday came and went without any disturbance. The soldiers did not like the turn affairs had taken, but their commanding Major resolved to hold them to their quarters, come what might, and leave Kelly and his constabulary to face the issue they had been so active all week in creating.

But there was an ugly feeling of uncertainty and unrest in the town. Its streets were deserted, and all the roads were held by patrols of armed police.

Sunday came, and Bishop and priests were alike anxious. That day, they knew, the country would flock to Mass at the cathedral. As chance had it, the day was the anniversary of the Manchester martyrs. The memory of that glorious trio was yet green in the land; but, coming so soon after the bloody drama of the market-place, the day was fraught with frightful significance to the town.

The bell tolled for the eleven o'clock Mass, and by highway and byway the people trickled townward, in twos, in threes, in groups of ten and a dozen and twenty, all discussing in subdued voices the tragedy of Friday. Up the chapel-

yard they streamed, forming there into larger knots and groups, each with its speaker voicing the common mind. Gradually these dissolved and melted away through the doors, individuals pausing at the holy water fountains, blessing themselves, genuflecting and passing up the aisles, to find favorite places within sight of the high altar and near the pulpit.

At last the spacious aisles and nave were filled. A continuous murmur of prayer, like unto the wind in the top of trees, surged through the church. The organ added its mellow notes, and presently the priest and altar-boys entered the sanctuary.

Colonel Plunkett was in his pew, near the altar-rails. O'Donnell's white head was bent reverently beneath the pulpit, and the Master was bowed as if in silent grief. The "Kyrie" was sung and the "Gloria." Then there was a surging forward to the rails separating the aisles from the nave of an eager, hushed, expectant multitude. A thousand faces were lifted to the pulpit where would presently be seen the face of the preacher. Just now he was kneeling before the altar, his face hidden in his hands, asking strength and guidance for the task before him.

O'Keefe lifted his head as the preacher passed from the sanctuary and, adjusting his stole, strode to the pulpit. In the Master's face was triumph and glory and a great joy. The preacher was a young curate, not long from Maynooth, who was known for his patriotism—one who had not belied the promise of his youth, when a student at St. Nathy's. Surely to-day, thought the Master, those men who had fallen in the square would receive fitting tribute to their virtue. Their deaths would not go unrecorded, their names unpanegyrised with the long roll of heroes who had died for Ireland. It was the thought dominating all minds in that great congregation.

The Master settled himself in his place, drew out his glasses, wiped them, set them on his nose, crossed his legs, folded his arms, looked triumphantly about him and sat erect.

For a trice the preacher stood in silence, surveying the faces below. His own face was white and drawn. His chest heaved as if in the stress of great emotion. Then his voice came dropping into that tense silence, speaking dryly, mechanically, to the Gospel of the day. But, presently, he led, by pertinent transition, to the great thought of all hearts there, and then the Master was elate.

"We, too, must be patient, my brethren! God knows we have need of patience. We are being refined as gold in the crucible of affliction. We are being tried in the fires of tribulation. But I appeal to you, I beseech of you, not to betray yourselves by imprudence into the hands of those who would sacrifice you. Be not rash or precipitate. Desecrate not the Sabbath by violence. Go home quietly after Mass, disperse peaceably and leave the rest to God. 'Vengeance is Mine; I will repay,' saith the Lord. If, in God's decree, our brethren who lost their lives on Friday help to terminate the odious tyranny under which we groan; if they by their deaths focus attention on the exactions of an absentee landlordism, their blood shall not have been shed in vain. Henceforth their names shall be with those of the immortal dead—with O'Neil and Sarsfield and Emmet and Tone and those three heroes who died in Manchester—"

Like a shot the Master was on his feet, with blazing eyes, his hand upraised to the preacher.

"Died?" he cried, in ringing tones, before the horrified people. "Died? Oh, Heaven! what a euphemism for murder most foul and bloody!"

The priest stopped in amazement at the interruption. Colonel Plunkett, rep-

resentative of the law's majesty, turned and stared at the Master. The Master caught his glance and returned it.

"Yes, Plunkett," he went on. "I repeat it. Murder, murder, murder!"

A pin's fall would have been like an explosion in that electrified silence, as the Master strode down the aisle and out at the door. The beating of hearts was audible. Every breath was suspended; while each man looked at his neighbor, with clenched fists, and the agony grew intense.

Then the young curate, white of face, burst into tears.

"Murdered? Yes, murdered!" he repeated, in a hoarse whisper. And then, with never another word, he turned and left the pulpit.

The celebrant finished the Mass, but I fear there was distraction during the rest of the ceremony.

In the chapel-yard, after Mass, the people drew together in whispering knots. All agreed that O'Keefe had fatally committed himself, and all looked for his immediate arrest, with possible transportation to Van Diemen's Land. They were for going in a body to his house to protect him, but the priests came from the sacristy and, by earnest pleading, prevailed on them to go home, and in a little while the town was calm.

Mrs. O'Keefe had been to an early Mass, but she was startled to see her husband return sooner than she anticipated. Her wifely sympathy told her at a glance that all was not well.

"Are you ill, Richard, that you come so soon?" she asked solicitously.

"No, Susannah, I'm not ill. But young David Jordan has been dishonoring his fathers, and I couldn't stand it."

"David Jordan, our curate? Oh, Richard, I'm sure that he, of all men, would not do that. He so good, so pious, so zealous, so devoted—"

"Well, he temporized with tyranny, afraid, I suppose, of Colonel Plunkett—"

Just then a landau, drawn by a pair of dapple grays, drove to the Master's door, and Colonel Plunkett stepped out.

The Master saw him through the parlor window.

"He's come to immolate me, I suppose," he smiled, "but I'll show him!"

He went to the door and bowed with courtly gravity to the magistrate.

"I'm honored by your visit, Colonel, and you're heartily welcome to my home. Pray, be seated. To what may I attribute this honor?"

"Your explosion in church just now must surely give you an inkling of my purpose," grunted the grim old soldier.

"Explosion, eh?" smiled the Master. "You are happy in your choice of expressions, Colonel—"

"Come, come, Professor O'Keefe," interrupted the Colonel. "This is no time to bandy words. You are a firebrand in a peaceable community—at a most critical moment, too, when cool counsels should prevail. You place me in a most compromising position. I am a magistrate, bound to execute the law. I do not wish to be harsh with you. I respect you too much to find a strict interpretation of my duty pleasant. Yet you stand up in public and prate treason to an inflammable people—"

"Treason?" smiled the Master. "I spoke but the sentiments of my heart. Would you have a man eat his principles?"

"It was a most treasonable interruption," deplored the Colonel.

"Treasonable?" blazed forth the Master. "Then, in the words of a famous American, if this be treason, make the most of it."

"Oh, this is too much," sighed the irate Colonel beneath his mustache. "Here I come to you, as a friend, to warn you against the grave danger you incur and to beg of you to be more cautious in your public utterances, and you repeat the offence; nay, challenge me to a discharge of my duty. There is such

a thing as too much forbearance. Do not stretch my patience to the limit."

"I'm ready for the consequence of my every word and action. I seek not your clemency; nay, I disdain it," smiled the Master.

The Colonel looked at him a moment. Then the smile he could not repress—a smile of admiration for the man's bravery—broke out under his grizzled mustache.

"You're an awful fellow, O'Keefe," he said. "I've been at Balaclava and Inkerman and through the Mutiny, but hanged if I wouldn't rather face a battery of Sepoys or Cossacks any day than face that tongue of yours."

Then, taking his hat and cane, he rose precipitately, lest further indiscretion of the Master might mar the "entente cordiale."

"You know where to find me when you want me, Colonel," said the Master, as the magistrate entered his carriage. "I'm not the man to run away." Then, as the landau disappeared, "Confound his impudence! A firebrand? Eh? I'll show him!"

Then he called to his wife: "Susanah, have you any green ribbon in the house?"

"A couple of yards, I think," said Mrs. O'Keefe, wondering what he could want it for.

"Bring it to me, please. I'm going to parade."

The wife brought him the ribbon, of which he forthwith made a sash across his breast, tying the remainder on his hat. Then, equipped in the national colors, he left the house and strode into the square, making straight for the police barracks. A few shop-boys, standing at the doors of their shops, yelled with delight, while a joyful procession of small boys fell in behind. Down the square and the street leading to the barracks he went, with head erect, white mane floating at his shoulders, carolling loudly, "The Wearin' o' the Green."

At the door of the barracks he stopped and finished the song :

" 'When laws can stop the blades of  
grass from growin' as they grow,  
And when the leaves in summer-time  
their colors dare not show ;  
Then I will change the color, too, I wear  
in my caubeen,  
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to  
the wearin' o' the Green.' "

The urchins shouted and executed a war-dance, while a few constables, lounging in undress ease before the barracks, grinned in appreciation of the performance.

Kelly saw him and would fain have pounced on him from his lair, but he knew how solidly he was established in the love of the local gentry, especially of Colonel Plunkett. Therefore he concluded to leave the Master unmolested, and the Master, having braved the lion with impunity, went back from the den of the beast amid the plaudits of the gamins.

That night there was a council of Bishop and priests in the abbey, the Bishop's venerable residence near the town. The Bishop had summoned his assistants to deliberate as to the propriety of removing O'Keefe from the Mastership of St. Nathy's. He had had many tastes of the Master's eccentricity, but never before was he so hurt as by that day's scene in the cathedral.

The Bishop urged that his example was plainly subversive of discipline in the school, and the good of the school demanded his removal.

Father David Jordan, the young curate so dramatically interrupted in his sermon, pathetically pleaded extenuating circumstances and the exasperating events that had inflamed the old man.

Father Finn reminded His Lordship of the love and esteem in which the Master was held by his old boys, and the great good he had done in St. Nathy's.

But it remained for the genial, sym-

pathetic Father Tom Conlan to placate the Bishop beyond doubt or cavil.

"When was it known in this diocese, me Lord," he said in his rich Doric accent, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "that a patriot compromised his principles? If we've come to that, begorra, your Lordship'll have to set the example first."

And in the general laughter that greeted this reference to the Bishop's well-known youthful Jacobinism, that good man was completely disarmed, and the Master's pardon was pronounced.

But when Father Jordan reached home after the conference, he was told by Mary, his housekeeper, that a man in the parlor had been waiting for some time to see him.

It was dark in the parlor and the curate could not distinguish the features of his visitor; but, as he entered from the hall, he was aware of a stifled sobbing, and presently he found his knees encircled in a warm embrace and a white head was prone in the dust at his feet.

"Oh, David, Father David!" sobbed the voice in the darkness, "will you, can you, pardon an old man for having so abused you to-day?"

Then Father David knew that the Master was at his feet, and the tears sprang to his eyes.

Leaning tenderly down, he raised the old man and embraced him.

"Who am I," he said with choking voice, "that my old Master should seek my pardon?"

"Ah, my boy, but I humiliated you cruelly. I made you look ridiculous. But I am a hot-headed old man and often leap before I look. Will you pardon me, Davy, my boy?"

For answer the curate's tears rained on the white head on his breast, and the Master knew that the reconciliation was complete.

"Would to God that all men were like him!" mused the curate when the Master had gone on his way rejoicing. "Im-

pulsive, impetuous, quick, but the soul of honor and the heart of a little child in its guilelessness are his."

"Now what can you do with a man like that?" concluded the Bishop next evening, in relating an after-dinner story to Father Tom. "I was driving through the town this afternoon on my way to Kilmovee, when lo, and behold! what do I see but the Master, going from door to door with his fiddle? He had a crowd after him, of course, and I thought the eccentric had at last reached its limit. At conduct so derogatory in the head of St. Nathy's I was waxing very wroth indeed, when Dominick Farrell, the carpenter, stepped up. 'What does it mean, Dominick?' I asked. 'Mean, yer Lordship?' asks Dominick. 'It just manes that the Masther is get-

tin' together enough money to bury Dinny Morris that was kilt on Friday lasht—God resht his sowl! The poor widdy hasn't a penny in the world, and when the Masther heard of it a while ago, jusht afther school, he takes his fiddle and out he goes to get the buryin' charges. There he is for yourself to see, and I'll hould, yer Lordship, that he's gettin' the money, too. For no one could refuse himsel' or his fiddle in such a good cause. Oh, 'tis himsel' has the big heart, an' no mistake!' Now, what can you do with a man like that?"

Father Tom replied not, but there was a wistful smile on his lips, and in his heart kept singing a well-known text from St. Paul. And the end of the text was: "But the greatest of these is charity."

## The Heir to the O'Heegans

By LORETTO MARY CARROLL

**O**NE balmy day in the early spring there was great bustle and rejoicing in the house of O'Heegan, for that morning had brought the Heir to the O'Heegans. Every member of the household found fifty excuses a minute to pass the door of the room that held the precious bundle, and each time the footsteps would halt at the threshold and an ear would be pressed against the panel, listening for a tiny wail.

Mary, the cook, came breathlessly up the stairs oftener in the last few hours than she had in weeks before. With arms akimbo, she would stand outside the door until the baby cried, then, with a satisfied nod, "That's a good sign, God bless him and give him a long and good life," she would waddle away down to her kitchen again.

The housemaids were wondering what he'd be called, until Miss O'Heegan assured them that he would "be named for his grandfather, of course."

Down-stairs in his study sat Mr. O'Heegan, the grandfather. The door was locked and the old man sat before his desk; one of the lower drawers was pulled out and his feet, crossed, were resting upon it. He leaned far back in his chair, slowly rubbing the palms of his hands together; in supreme satisfaction with all the world and himself, he gave himself up to dreams of his greatest ambition that now would be realized in this Heir to the O'Heegans.

\* \* \* \* \*

A little lad of five years, with his father and mother and little sister, Patrick O'Heegan came from Ireland. The family settled in Richmond, Virginia,

and the father got work in the coal-yards. For seven years they lived in a cottage near the yards, and each morning on his way to school, with his little sister by the hand, Patrick trudged past the real old homes of old Richmond. After school he loved to listen to the stories of the old negroes from the plantations, gathered around on the green outside of the little store, waiting for "Massa" or some member of the "famby."

Then, Patrick O'Heegan's father was offered a position in the yards of a large Western company, and he moved his family to the growing little village of Chicago. He prospered, was thrifty and sober, and so was able to send Patrick East to college. After he finished his course, Patrick's father secured a place for him in the office of the company.

Then Patrick O'Heegan's life began. He climbed quickly from one position to another, with always the one picture before his mind—the old homes of Virginia. And with one ambition, planted a little seed back there in his boyhood by the negro reference to "the famby," Patrick O'Heegan lived for that ambition—to found a family that would go down from generation to generation, the House of O'Heegan.

At thirty he was secretary of the company and a stockholder. Shortly after, he married the daughter of the company's president. She was a sweet woman who really loved him and made him a good wife, but, first of all, she was a society woman. In those days, however, a society dame also had time for her home, so the O'Heegans lived in harmony and peace.

Patrick O'Heegan's first disappointments came with the birth of his first child, a girl, and hope did not shine again until the fourth child came to grace the mansion which by that time he had built on the Lake Shore Drive, and this child was a son. After him was an-

other son; and so Patrick O'Heegan rejoiced and dreamed, building his fortune greater, year by year.

His second disappointment came when his older son, his first boy, at the age of twenty-four, decided to forsake his father's wealth—to leave the world, open before him, to study for the priesthood. In every Irish Catholic heart this is cause for joy and thanksgiving in the home—that one has been chosen among them to serve the Lord. In due time Patrick O'Heegan also rejoiced, because he had another son, but he had dreamed of the eldest son of the eldest son from generation to generation down the ages, and for a long time his heart was sore. He could better have spared the younger boy.

And when year after year passed and that son did not marry, he was sad and disappointed, until, one day, returning from a trip to Canada, the son brought with him a young bride, a blossom from the snow country.

Now, at last, the old man's heart was happy, for to-day was born the Heir to the O'Heegans.

The Heir became a king in the house. Everybody had to see the baby. He was constantly in demand during all his waking hours, and when he slept, they watched him. Mr. O'Heegan would never consent to retire from business before; now, he gladly left his office duties to stay at home and watch the baby grow. All the old men in the neighborhood were repeatedly called in to admire the Heir; secretly calling the elder O'Heegan foolish, they excused him because this was his first grandchild.

During the long summer, he insisted on wheeling the carriage up and down the walk at the side of the house, in the shade. Then he would talk to the baby, while the baby cooed in answer and played with its pretty bare feet.

"That's right," he would say, as a little pink foot stuck out into the air,

"that's right, practice kicking; you'll be knocking a good ball to goal one of these days, I suppose. I can see that you are going to be a better athlete any day than your father." The baby would always chuckle in reply. "I know it, you rascal! You'll beat your old grandfather, too. And all the girls will be losing their heads over you.

"Do you hear that now?" he would sometimes say, turning to the baby's mother, as she came down the path for her son, "he says he'll marry a prettier girl than his father did." They'd smile affectionately into each other's eyes over the head of the baby, the strong tie, the bond, between Patrick O'Heegan and his daughter-in-law.

The grandfather was the only relative of the baby who seemed to notice his mother. Her husband was constant in his attention to business and only had time to be proud of his son. The grandmother and Miss O'Heegan were forever sewing for the baby, and talking about his gain in weight, his dear little smile, his resemblance to his grandfather, "the same dark curly hair of both my boys," his grandmother said over and over, so that they didn't take time to notice the pale young creature, always delicate in appearance, but frail as a shadow during the summer, when she had the actual care of the baby. Indeed, that was the only time she had him, when he fretted or slept.

So the days went by, in love for the baby, until in January, when he was almost ten months old, the laughing, robust heir to the O'Heegans began to grow pale and thin. Of course it was his teeth, but he required careful attention and he was almost always with his mother now. Shy and young, she went very seldom into the society that the older Mrs. O'Heegan and Miss O'Heegan enjoyed; her delicate health and the baby were her excuses.

Seated in a great armchair before the window in her room, young Mrs. O'Hee-

gan talked to the baby on her lap. "My dear son, your father calls this winter. Look out at the slush on the sidewalk, and the dirty stuff on the grass, and call this winter if you can! Baby dear, I thought I loved your father when I came here to live, but—" the great dark eyes of the baby looked solemnly up at her in what she felt to be reproach, "I do love him, son, yes, I do—don't look at mother so. If you only knew how grand it is in Canada!"

Lifting him up, she looked into the dimpling little face that smiled back at her. "Why, they are out skating now down the river, and the snow is piled high on both sides of the walk. Oh, Canada is beautiful! My son, when you are a man I will take you there—no—" she buried her face against his neck to make him laugh, "no, when you are a man you will take me back to Canada—your little old mother, all weazened up—won't you, darling?

"Oh—oh," memories crowded in upon her, and she sobbed: "I am so lonesome, baby. It is not so bad this winter as it was last, because I have you. When you came mother came down to see me; your Canadian grandmother hasn't seen you since, pet. What will she say when she does see you? Maybe she won't see you till you are grown up. I wish she could see you now, with your pretty curls and your tiny teeth—two of them, think of it! Gracious! if there isn't another! Grandfather! See—" and she ran down-stairs with him to have his grandfather exclaim with her for an hour over the wonderful new tooth.

One day when she put the baby in his little bed for his nap she sat beside him and watched the heavy lids trying to force themselves open over the great dark eyes. "Your eyes are so big and sad, baby, I think you are sorry for your mother, off here in this horrid city. You do feel sorry for me, precious lamb." With one desperate effort the eyes



opened and looked up into hers, and smiled so sorrowfully. "Baby, I think you are lonesome, too," she said, as she fixed the coverlet over him.

That night the baby had a fever; the next day he was worse; and the next they had a trained nurse for him. The mother sat up constantly with him and Patrick O'Heegan walked the floor in an agony of suspense. One night the baby seemed better, and the doctor said that young Mrs. O'Heegan must have sleep. Finally, he told her that she would be unable to care for the baby when he would be getting well and would need her, so she reluctantly consented to go to bed.

The next morning young Mrs. O'Heegan, awaking, jumped from her couch and ran to the window—the ground was covered with a clean white blanket of snow, and many, many thick flakes were falling. Clapping her hands in glee, she ran into the baby's room, exclaiming: "Oh, my son, you must see the snow; you will get well now! It is just like home to-day." She would have taken the little form in her arms, but the nurse approached her gently, "Mrs. O'Heegan, the baby died in the night while he slept."

The poor young mother shrank from the nurse and looked at her with wide-staring eyes, then at the little bundle on the bed. With an awful cry, she sprang

forward, grabbed the child and hugged it close to her bosom, swaying backward and forward, crooning over it: "Baby-my-baby—mother is here." She paced the floor; lifted the little face and pressed the little cheek close to her own. "There, there, sweetheart!" Again she clasped the little body to her heart: "Mother did not leave you, darling, she only slept a minute in the next room, right close to her little baby, and now he won't leave his mother. Baby will stay with mother?"

She rubbed the little hands and kissed the tiny face, murmuring: "Yes, yes, baby!" She ran to the window and held the baby up, "See, son, see the snow! Don't you remember that you are going to take mother back to Canada when you are a man?" She looked into the pale face, at the closed eyes and still lips, with eyes growing large with horror. Then she held the little bundle toward the nurse, and in a dazed, distant voice, she said: "My baby is dead."

For days she sat staring at the empty bed in the same dazed way. The snow still covered the ground, but homesickness was lost in this greater sorrow. The stricken old man tried to comfort her, but his own grief would overcome him and all he could say was: "Nellie, Nellie girl," and he would walk away to shut himself up in his study with his sorrow. Patrick O'Heegan's dream was over.

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## The Poet

By Theodosia Garrison

Fire he put upon his lips,  
In his heart a blade,  
"Thus," quoth Allah to his Saints,  
"Are my poets made.

"Yet what use," the maker sighed  
To his angels near;  
"E'en I may not give the world  
Ears that it may hear."

# Cuzco, the Capital of the Incas

By JOSEPH V. FERRER

**T**IME knows no fixed laws of respect for the great scenes of its past. Some places it keeps in sturdy youth, and other places, equally noble, it buries in decay. Thus it is that, at this day, the traveller who visits the city of Cuzco, in far-off Peru, experiences more of pity and sadness than of wonder and awe. This once proud head of the huge empire of the

In the days of old, before the coming of the unjust white man, Cuzco held a place of honor and importance far above that of any capital of to-day. It was the only great city in a land that spread over many thousands of miles. Here dwelt the race divine, sprung from the Sun. Here were gathered riches and treasures in palace and temple in fairy-like profusion. Cuzco was, in fact, Peru.



VALLEY OF THE VILCANOTA

Incas is now a squalid and miserable settlement of no beauty or rank. Yet, hidden away, almost lost though it be, amid the towering Andes, despite all its forlornness, there is one note that Time has not maltreated, namely, that here beats the heart of old Peru. For which reason this uninviting spot stirs the soul of the stranger far more than all the tawdry, if neat, splendor of Lima, the capital of new Peru.

This strange town is situated in thirteen degrees thirty minutes south latitude, and in seventy-four degrees twenty-four minutes west longitude. In a direct line it lies something over four hundred miles from the sea. The approach to Cuzco is not plain and easy like that to a modern city of no dignity. From the port of Mollendo, a scattered hamlet near the southern limit of Peru, there is first a weary journey by railroad.

This railroad in a few hours climbs from the shore of the Pacific Ocean to a point over 14,000 feet above that level. The sudden change in the pressure of the atmosphere affects every one, and it is not a weak heart that labors painfully, nor weak lungs that have to struggle for breath. As the train advances inland, strange names and stranger faces tell the traveller that the influence of the Aryan is weakening, and that a new world is opening its gates before him. On the second day the railroad terminus is reached, a town with the very significant title of Checacupe.

From this point onwards, recourse must be had to the old-time stage-coach. As this huge affair, with its four span of mules, and fierce-looking crew of drivers and guards, goes lumbering by, it is a sight full of romance and poetry. But the traveller, packed in with eleven other sufferers in a space not too roomy for eight, reads in the scene nothing but prose, and the soberest and direst of prose. The turn of the stage-coach lasts over twelve hours. The scenery without is always beautiful and at times sublime. The way lies through a winding valley that, never very wide, often narrows into a wild gorge, whose precipitous walls leave space only for the road and the rushing torrent that waters the valley. This stream, the Vilcanota, tearing madly

northwards, has an interest all its own. Here, almost in sight of the Pacific, is this sturdy affluent of the greatest of all rivers, the Amazon, that empties into the Atlantic on the other side of the continent.

Day is almost over when the goal is reached. One feels as though it



DESCENDANTS OF THE INCAS

is the end of the earth. The valley up which the road comes terminates here in a sort of amphitheatre. Save in the one direction, there is no outlet. Round about on every side are great mountains that no road will ever climb. Beneath these heights, at the head of the valley, is the traveller's rest.

Eight hundred years ago, there was no town here. The men who peopled the land were of no civilization, and knew nothing. There was no ruler, nor were

In the wonderfully prosperous reigns of the eleven Incas who followed Manco-capac until the coming of the Spaniard, the town outgrew its first limits many



A MOUNTAIN-TRAIL MID THE CLOUDS

there any laws. But one day there came from the south a venerable stranger, who announced himself as a messenger from on high. He was Manco-capac, child of the Sun, the divinity respected above all others by these primitive people. His lessons and counsels were lofty, sure tokens of his heavenly mission, so that the wretched people all flocked to him as their leader. This man was the founder of the dynasty of the Incas, and this people the nucleus of the great nation of latter times.

Manco-capac taught the men to labor in the fields, while his wife taught the women to spin and to cook. The national worship of the Sun was organized, and laws were made to protect the rights of high and low. A town was built, and, as in a spirit of prophecy, it was called simply, the Centre, which in the language of the people was Cuzco.

times. Its population became exceedingly large, for the Incas, in order to keep all parts of their varied possessions in union and harmony, maintained a colony from every tribe in the capital. Here the different peoples had their separate quarters, and preserved their own dress and customs.

As all the precious metals belonged to the crown, Cuzco under the different rulers became a city of gold. Each succeeding Inca outdid his predecessor in some fantastic display of wealth. The most extravagant of all was the golden chain, measuring over six hundred feet in length, made by Huayna-capac for use in a certain very solemn dance. This wonderful creation was kept in a temple on one of the picturesque islands in Lake Titicaca, and, together with other treasures, was cast into the water to save it from the Spaniards. Deep down in

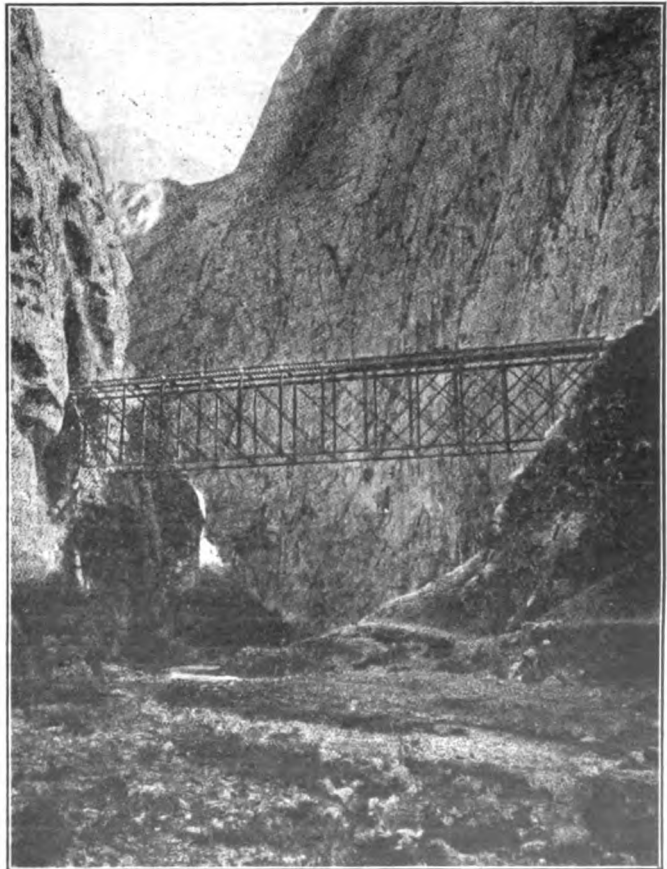
some silent cavern, it still remains, exciting the fancy of all who traverse this beautiful inland sea.

Roads that were comparable to those of ancient Rome led out of the city to all parts of the country. Quito, in the far north, and the towns of Chile in the far south were joined together by these links of communication. Llamas, laden with all species of merchandise, crowded the ways, carrying the products of the different climates back and forth. There were no drones in the great family. From the Inca down to the very children, all performed some daily task. These were the halcyon days, when peace abode in every home, and blood was never spilt.

With the coming of the adventurers from over the sea, a new era dawned. The troops of Francisco Pizarro entered Cuzco, November 15, 1533. There was no resistance offered them. Atualpa, the Inca, was already strangled, and without a leader the Peruvians could do nothing. Then, too, the fire-arms and horses of the invaders thoroughly dismayed the simple people. The city was treated as a captured stronghold. Everything of value was looked upon as the proper spoil of the Spaniards. The temples and palaces were naturally the first to suffer. Nor were private dwellings treated differently. Gold, wherever found, was seized. Many of the poor Indians were tortured to reveal the hiding-places of their treasures. Not even the tombs of the dead es-

caped desecration by these traitorous Christian hands. And in more than one other disgraceful way were the spirits of the natives wounded.

It was inevitable that, once Pizarro left Cuzco to found Lima by the sea, and most of the Spaniards were scattered up and down the country, bent on their greedy quest for gold, a revolt should arise. After much skilful planning, Manco-Inca, now the rightful head of the royal family, laid siege with two hundred thousand Indians to Cuzco. The small detached bodies of invaders were destroyed wherever encountered. For nine months the Spaniards, numbering one hundred and seventy, were shut up in their camp. Arrows with



RAILROADING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

burning cotton set fire to the city, and all save the more solid walls was destroyed. Had the Peruvians in their first encounter with the white men shown the same energy and bravery, the fall of the empire would have been stayed for many years. The garrison towards the end was in sore straits, and contemplated a desperate march to Lima. At the last moment, reinforcements arrived for the besieged, in the person of Diego d'Almagro and his followers. After a crushing defeat by this

fore undertaking the conquest of Peru they had solemnly sworn, in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, to share equally all benefits and riches that might come to them, if successful. Friends in adversity, the first touch of fortune separated the two old men, for Pizarro was now almost sixty years of age, and Almagro over seventy. Their quarrel brought disgraceful death to both, and to many hundred others.

After Almagro had routed the Indians who so sorely pressed the besieged



PERUVIAN VILLAGE SCENE

body the Indians were forced to raise the siege. From this time on, the Spaniards had no more trouble with their vassals.

Yet, strange to say, with the quelling of this great rebellion opens the most gruesome chapter of Cuzco's history. Francisco Pizarro and Diego d'Almagro, both of unhallowed birth, had been for long years companion adventurers and soldiers of fortune in Central America. Be-

Spaniards, he approached with the intention of entering the city. Hernando Pizarro, commander of the garrison, a brother of Francisco, knowing the trouble between the two leaders, refused to allow Almagro within the walls. Preferring stratagem to force, one dark night Almagro surprised the sentinel and, without bloodshed, took possession of the camp. After this a sort of truce was arranged between Pizarro and Almagro. It was only a makeshift. The

ambition of each was too great to rest content while the other was near. Events took on a darker hue, so that at last, in April of the year 1538, the forces of both sought for a settlement of their differences with the sword. Pizarro was successful. His rival, too old and weak to fight, was taken prisoner, and later, despite his many prayers for mercy, was strangled in prison. His head was then cut off and nailed up to the public gaze in the great square of the city.

The next grim spectacle of the same order that Cuzco witnessed came a few years later. This time it was the son of Almagro who was the victim. Young Diego d'Almagro, half Indian through his mother, was kept in prison for some time after his father's untimely end. At length Pizarro released him, thinking him incapable of anything serious. This time the great conqueror played poorly. His despised rival soon perfected plans of revenge, and on Sunday, June 26, in the year 1541, put them into effect. At

the head of a small band of desperate men, like himself with grievances against Pizarro, young Almagro entered the house of Pizarro in Lima, and, after a hard combat, put an end to his existence. As Pizarro died, he made a cross with his hand in his own blood, kissed it, and prayed to God for forgiveness of his sins. On the death of the Governor, Almagro became the undisputed ruler of Peru. He straightway became a cruel tyrant and soon had to flee from his enemies. He was taken prisoner in Cuzco, and with several of his followers was beheaded in the same great square where his father's head had been left

to wither and decay. This was in the year 1542.

Six years later and the Indians were witnesses to another feast of blood, at which only Spaniards sat. Gonzalo Pizarro, the youngest and last of the brothers of Francisco, was executed after years of successful rebellion. His head, fixed to a stake, was placed in the same great Plaza, and under it was posted an inscription, recounting the cause of his death. His goods were confiscated, his houses destroyed, and the ground upon which they stood sown with salt. Carvajal, his lieutenant, was quartered, and at the entrance of each of



LLAMAS, THE CAMELS OF PERU

the four great roads into Cuzco, a part of his body was nailed up. The most striking fact connected with these executions is that the bodies of the two Almagros, and of Gonzalo Pizarro, were buried in the same chapel in the Church of the Merced in Cuzco. The relentless enemies lie at rest, protected by the religion that they professed only to shame.

One more public execution must be noted. In this one there was no element of justice or right. A crime more unholy can scarcely be imagined. It forms the darkest of the many blots on the memory of the Spanish conquerors in



Peru. The sixth viceroy, Francisco de Toledo, troubled by unmanly fears of an uprising on the part of the Indians, resolved to extirpate the remaining male descendants of the royal family. Tupac-Amaru, a gentle and noble prince, lived with his household outside the city of Cuzco. The viceroy first sought to entice the Inca by fair promises to enter the city. Suspecting evil, Tupac-Amaru declined to leave his abode. Whereupon a body of soldiers, headed by Martin Loyola, a cousin of St. Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuits, was sent to capture him. The unfortunate Indian was taken and brought to Cuzco. After a hideous travesty of justice, he was condemned to be executed in the Plaza of the city. The details of the scene, as described by one of the great historians of Peru, an eye-witness, are too touching to be repeated. The horrified and murmuring inhabitants were quieted by a sign from the Inca himself, who at once, in sight of all, calmly laid his head on the block, and received the stroke of the axe with the heroism of a martyr, which in very truth he was. His wife and two sons were sent the long journey to Lima, where they soon died of grief. For many years following that of the tragedy of 1571, the anniversary of the death of the last of the Incas was observed in Peru as a day of great mourning. The mutilated corpse was interred in the Church of St. Dominic. In justice to the Spanish monarch, Philip II, it must be said that he was highly displeased at the action of his representative, and expressed his mind in no uncertain terms to Toledo himself.

From this time on, the history of Cuzco may be said to cease. A quiet settled down upon it that becomes more striking as the years roll on. It has suf-

fered severely from earthquakes that on two occasions destroyed practically the entire city. A railroad is slowly making its way, in true South American fashion, up the valley, and in a few years will undoubtedly reach Cuzco. But it is not probable that even this modern magician will work a change. Commerce cannot thrive in these mountain towns, so difficult of access, and where only the trade necessary for life's existence can be maintained. There is no future for this venerable spot. Its glory is in the lost and almost forgotten past.

The present town is truly unworthy of description. In one sense it is past description. There is nothing, save a few low walls, to recall its ancient magnificence. The streets are very narrow, and actually reek with foulness. The authorities, knowing nothing better, make no effort whatsoever to clean even the principal streets. The point that astonishes most the outsider is not, however,



A TYPICAL STREET VISTA

the lack of cleanness but the unsurpassable naiveté of the good townsfolk in their disdain for the public manners of self-respecting peoples.



The only reason why the great pest of 1720, that carried off over 70,000 individuals in Cuzco and the neighborhood, is not often repeated, is the heavenly

great language spoken universally in Central and South America before the Conquest. In the churches, special attention is given to the natives, and for



A DETAIL OF THE FORTRESS

purity of the atmosphere, due to the great altitude of 11,000 feet. The abundance of heavy rains is another godsend, for they scour the hilly streets at no expense to the nonchalant and languid citizens.

The greater part of the inhabitants are of pure Indian stock. Considering the fact that they have been in touch with a higher form of civilization hardly four hundred years, their condition entitles them to praise more than to criticism. Their character is very mild and tractable, and it has nothing in common with that of the North American Indians. In appearance, excepting for their color, the Peruvians are very like to Mongolians. Here in the mountains, the Indians dress in a very odd and fantastic manner. They are, in fact, a race apart in everything, having their own music, dances and even language. This language is really that of the town, for very few speak Spanish. Quechua, as it is called, is a language that has nothing in common with the European tongues. It is a branch of that

this reason almost all sermons are preached in Quechua. Their music is deserving of special study. There is a sad and weird strain in all the songs that is very impressive. This is especially true of the sacred music. The touching hymns of this childlike people to their Mother in Heaven are beyond all others devotional and soulful.

As illustrating the state from which the first Inca is said to have reduced the original Peruvians, and as demonstrating the nearness of rank savagery to the odd types one sees in the streets of Cuzco, it is quite enough to state that not more than one hundred and fifty miles farther east roam tribes of the lowest and most degraded savages to be found anywhere in the world. These Chunchos and Cosnipatos go absolutely unclothed, know no form of religion and have no laws. They are cannibals, and hunt man and beast with poisoned arrows. They lead their own happy life in the great and almost impenetrable equatorial forest, but a tiny step removed from the wild animals all about them.

The relics of the past that one naturally seeks in this region are very few, for they have not been treated kindly. The stern and ruthless soldiers who first occupied the land were troubled little by the passion of art, or respect for antiquities. All the gold and silver was sent off to enrich Spain. The great fire during the uprising of 1536 destroyed

irregular, oftentimes having as many as ten angles. These many-sided stones are so truly chiselled that a pin will not enter in the space between them. There was no cement used to stay or shield poor work,—the blocks rest one upon another with nothing between them. The proof of the builders' skill is seen in this, that the great earthquakes



CATHEDRAL AND PLAZA OF CUZCO

the roofs and interior fittings of the edifices, so that within three years after the capture nothing but walls remained of the city that was so proudly styled the centre of the earth. These walls, to a great extent, still stand. They reach no great height, as even the royal palaces had but a ground floor. Street after street is lined with these now gloomy specimens, and were it not for the squalor and neglect, one might at times believe himself in the city of his dreams.

The masons who built these walls were more faithful members of their craft than their latter-day brethren. The workmanship is perfection itself. The stones are not squarely cut, so as to be easily laid, but, on the contrary, are very

that have so damaged the town have not laid these walls low.

The ruins of the great fortress, that dominate the town from a near-by hill, offer the best examples of Peruvian masonry. Some of the larger stones measure over twelve feet in height, six feet in width and seven feet in depth. The genius of the architect played his strangest pranks here. Great rocks of all sizes and shapes are piled one upon another most indiscriminately, and they hold together to-day as closely as on the day of their placing. As things earthly go, they are everlasting. The wall of the fortress nearest the town has disappeared, for the early Christians, possessed of a delicate insight, used the

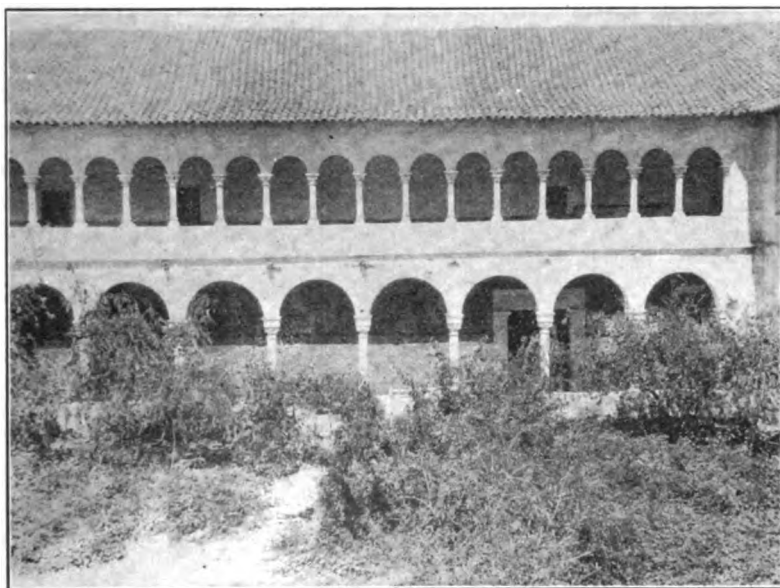
great monument as a quarry for the stones to build the cathedral and other churches.

The cathedral stands in the centre of the town, on one side of the quiet Plaza, and is built on the site occupied by a palace of the Incas. In a large hall of this palace, the first Mass was celebrated, for which reason was this site chosen for the principal church. It is a very dignified and stately edifice that would do honor to any city. Its art, however, has nothing in common with that of the country, and therefore it does not long detain the visitor. Cuzco was the seat of the first bishop of Peru, and has had a very notable series of prelates. The first bishop of Cuzco was the greatest. Vincent de Valverde was a

the greatest crimes of the Spaniards. Nevertheless, setting apart the bias felt by men of another or no religion for a Catholic monk, there is nothing to sustain these cruel charges.

Without a shadow of doubt the dearest spot in Cuzco and in all Peru, for the lover of the by-gone days, is the Convent of St. Dominic. The tenderest memories of the past are clustered there and the many remains of the ancient constructions that are there seen are among the best that are to be seen in all the land.

After the establishment of the new city, Manco-capac, first-born of the Sun, at once erected a temple to his sire. As time went on, and the children of Manco-capac prospered and became



WITHIN THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN

Dominican monk who accompanied Pizarro all through the campaign that added to the crown of Spain a territory far greater than its own. His is the most controverted figure in the history of Peru. The greater number of modern historians blame him for some of

wealthy beyond the fondest hopes of their ancestor, this temple of the Sun was ever the first object of their care, in such a manner that there was nothing in the kingdom like it for richness and magnificence. Architecturally it was not extraordinary, for plain walls not

more than twenty feet in height offer small scope for grandeur in that art. Its renown rested on its adornments.

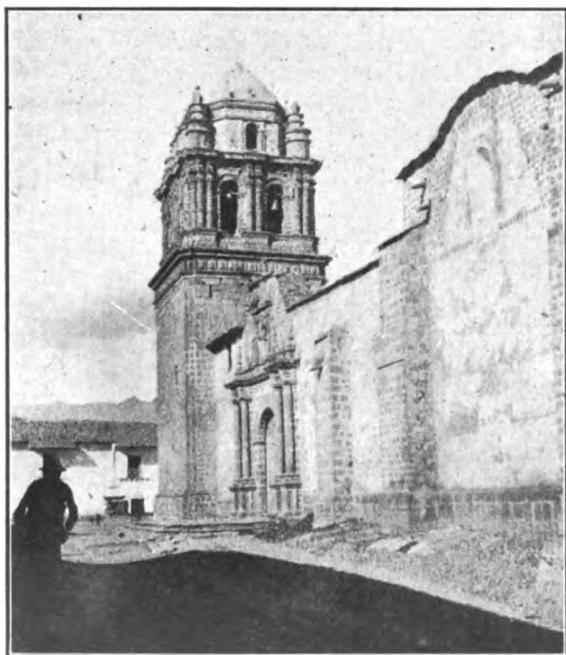
The space occupied by the different halls and gardens connected with the worship was enormous. The temple was a succession of buildings rather than one. The main hall was dedicated to the Sun. The whole surface of the walls was covered with heavy plates of purest gold. Around the whole enclosure, serving as a cornice, was a garland of the same metal, over five feet high. The great

can understand the transports of religious exaltation felt by the pagan devotees. In this great hall were kept the bodies of the dead sovereigns. Perfectly embalmed, they reposed in a sitting posture on great thrones of gold, placed on either side of the holy space. Their faces were all turned to the east, except that of Huayna-capac, the last of the Incas who ruled in peace.

Besides this temple there were other smaller ones. The most important of these was sacred to the Moon, in the Peruvian theology, the consort of the Sun. Here all was in silver, great plates of this metal covering the walls and roof. Like in the other hall, there was a great altar at one end and over it a great silver disc representing the Moon. The bodies of the departed queens were all preserved here. Another temple was dedicated to Venus and the other stars that were considered as attendants of the queen of night. The spirits that govern the thunder and lightning had their altar and holy place, for in this mountainous and rainy region these were not spirits to be slighted. Last of all, the rainbow had a temple. To crown all these glorious works, there was a beautiful garden adjoining the different sections in which were to be seen all the trees and plants of this people's acquaintance, made out of gold and silver.

For the service of the temples the Incas had a corps of consecrated maidens, numbering, it is said, some fifteen hundred. Like the Vestals of Rome, they were more like prisoners than voluntary servants. The unhappy one who proved false to her sacred office was buried alive.

Such was the famous shrine when the Spaniards enter. Naturally this place was the first to be sacked. It was



BELL TOWER OF ST. DOMINIC'S

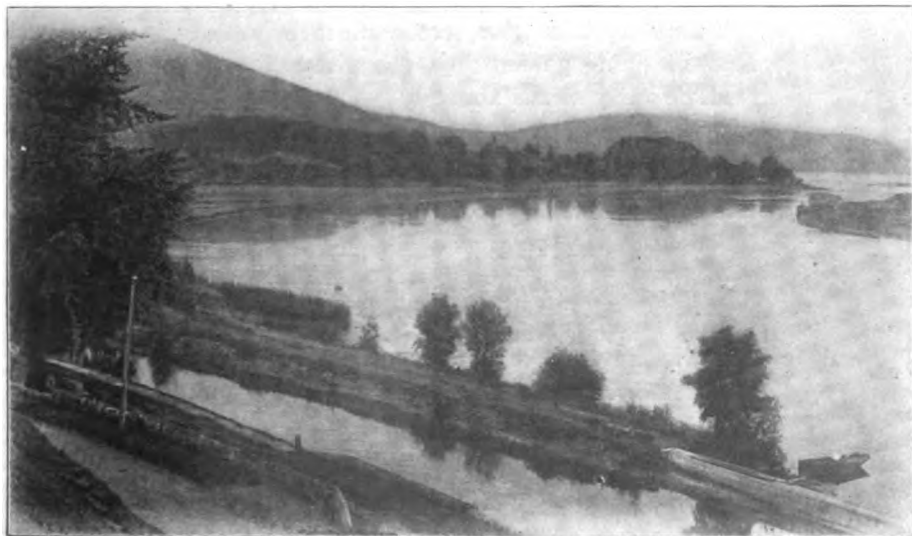
altar of the god stood at the western end, just where fell the first rays of morning pouring through the great eastern portal. Over this altar, taking up the whole space from wall to wall, was hung the famous image of the Sun. It was one huge disc of solid gold, with great masses of flame darting out from the centre. When this priceless mirror reflected back the light from the god, one

dismantled of all its treasures, and the buildings were allotted to Juan Pizarro. Actuated by religious motives, and, probably, by practical ones—for what use would a soldier have for a temple of the Sun?—this Pizarro straightway deeded the temple over to the Dominicans as a church and convent. The great hall of the Sun became the church. There is a tiny coincidence to be seen in this, that the brethren of St. Thomas of Aquin, on whose breast shone an image of the sun, symbolical of his genius and learning, should come into possession of this greatest offering of pagan America to its chief god. At every step in this quaint old abode of peaceful monks one encounters traces of the former structure. All the lower walls, outside and inside, are of Peruvian work. In the church, close to where the great altar stood, is the entrance to a subterranean passage that crosses the city and leads into the enclosure of the fortress.

The dwelling-place of the daughters of the Sun has become a convent of Dominican nuns. This is the most striking of all the changes that Christianity has brought about in this once benighted

land. The fairest and staunchest flowers in the Lord's earthly garden blossom now where once were the poor, forced growths of the pagan stalk. Precious tokens of the holiness of the Church of Christ, these devoted nuns here, and their sisters, of whatever garb or rule throughout the world, are the most favored children of Him Who gives to the weak the strength of giants, and makes of the gentle His most valiant warriors.

There is no better place or time to bid farewell to Cuzco than from the tower of St. Dominic's at sunset. The sun, disappearing behind the great mountains, leaves first in the grasp of the shadows its famous temple of old. Hence, moving rapidly eastward, the gaunt sprite clutches the picturesque villages and farmhouses scattered down the plain, until, reaching the mountain barrier far away, it passes over, leaving the land ready for night. One thinks of the words of a Peruvian poet, and makes the thought his own: that the fame and renown of the Inca race, like the shadows at nightfall, spread abroad and reach to every soul on earth.



## FIDES CONSOLATRIX

To John Dillon, M. P., on the death of his wife

By P. J. Coleman

O thou, revered where'er our race hath fled,  
What grief of thine but is of ours a part?  
With thee, bereaved beside thy holy dead,  
Weeps every Irish heart!

The exile's harp, by Babel's rivers hung,  
Wakes to the wail that saddens o'er the surge;  
And all its chords, attuned to sorrow's tongue,  
Peal back thy people's dirge.

Might love avail to plead with Heaven above,  
Or turn aside the dark decree of doom,  
Death had not rieved thee of thy rose of love  
Nor marred her beauty's bloom.

Might fond affection stay the stroke of pain,  
Or deep devotion foil the dart of Fate,  
With life's last pulse ten thousand hearts were fain  
Death to propitiate.

But ah! we may not fly relentless Fate;  
And love, rebellious, questions God's command;  
Beside the tomb with spirit desolate  
We bow, nor understand.

But Faith, consoling, points to purer spheres  
Where deathless glory crowneth them we love.  
And, gleaming golden thro' the mist of tears,  
Hope's city shines above.

I heard in sleep a loud lament of grief  
From Gallen's glens and Gara's crystal wave—  
The banshee keening at thy door, my chief,  
Sad herald of the grave.

I woke and lo! the winds of morning bore  
The tearful tidings of thy grief, afar  
From where the foam-white waves of Erris roar  
Beneath the sunset star.

But thou! revered where'er our race hath fled,  
No grief of thine but is of ours a part!  
And, so, with thee, beside thy holy dead,  
Weeps every Irish heart.

# The River of Life

By GEORGINA PELL CURTIS

## III

**T**HE man named Hunt returned to his letter, and knit his brows, meanwhile stroking the long, white beard that flowed over his chest.

"He writes that he expects to proceed to a large stock farm a few miles from the land we want to acquire, and take board there for a few months. He has heard of this place, and as it is only about fifteen miles from the land we have in view, he thinks it will do, although it is quite far from any postal centre."

"Give the boy his head," said the other, "and wait—that is my advice."

The owner of the patriarchal beard shook his head.

"There is too much at stake," he said. "It involves both money and souls. Since this doubt has arisen in my mind, I am not satisfied. There should be some one on the scene to watch him and report him."

"Well, then," was the answer, dryly, "send some one to watch."

The elder man wheeled around in his chair.

"How and whom?" he said. "There is not another house within twenty miles, and even if I had some one to send there would be no place where another man could put up. Whoever goes should be right on the spot, under the same roof with Beard, in fact, and yet unknown to him."

"Exactly," said the other. "But I did not have a man in mind. My idea is to send Jane."

"Jane!" said Hunt, in an astonished voice. "Jane!" he repeated. "Good heavens, Gordon, are you mad?"

"Perfectly sane," was the answer. "Listen! It is very simple. Jane has been fretting ever since November. She

is heart and soul with the cause and will do anything to serve us and to see Beard, even though her identity is not known to him. Day after to-morrow a party from here is going by rail to — and thence by wagon down through the Santa Clara and across Arizona to California. Jane can go with them as far as this farm of Adam Young's, well disguised as an elderly woman. She can ask for work and say she has changed her mind and does not want to emigrate to California. On these frontier farms they always want willing workers of either sex, and will probably jump at getting help. Once there, she can keep you informed of all that goes on."

"Gordon," said the other, "there is no doubt you are a genius."

The little grey man smiled.

"Sometimes you don't think so," he said.

Hunt waved the remark aside, too full of the proposed plan to waste time on side issues.

"The proposition is admirable," he said. "It has only one weak point. Sending Jane will keep us informed of Beard's movements, but it will not strengthen Beard in the cause if, as I think, he is on the verge of backsliding."

"Other forces may combine to bring about his rehabilitation," said Gordon. "Don't borrow trouble, Hunt. At present we will devote our time and energy to acquainting Jane with our plans and getting her ready. Her make-up and disguise require much care to deceive any one as sharp as Beard. Fortunately, she can act a part well, and has courage and nerve, though I say it, who am her father."

"And what about Aurelia Bond?" said the other.

The little grey man waved his hand. "Don't worry. We will manage," he said.

He arose as he spoke, and after a few more words bowed, not without a certain deference, and withdrew. As the door closed on his retreating figure the man named Hunt sat down in his chair, and dipping his pen in an ink bottle, held it suspended a moment in deep thought.

"A genius," he said. "A genius; and the brain and sinew of our cause." Then the pen came down on the paper, and he began to write.

#### IV.

Beard, all unconscious of the forces that had been at work in his behalf, was enjoying his first meal in the wide, clean kitchen that was Mary Young's special pride. Early training, joined to innate refinement, had made her keep up ways and customs that, as a rule, were foreign to the frontier soil. The table was spread with a white cloth and nicely set. An old-fashioned tea kettle, filled with hot water, stood in front of her plate, and a large silver teapot, that must have descended through two or three generations, stood at her right hand. The scene was indescribably homelike and full of peace, while it was clear that the inmates of the house were united by an uncommon devotion. Especially was it plain that the affection of father and mother were centered in the young girl, their only child. In a long, low shed that did duty as an outer kitchen, the dozen Indians who worked on the farm had their supper apart. A handsome Indian woman, the wife of one of the men, presided at the stove, and saw that all were served before taking her own meal. In the large kitchen, where Adam Young and his family had their table, the young daughter of the house sat beside her father. Next to her was the little farm girl of whom Beard had

caught a glimpse on going to his room, too overawed by the men on the opposite side of the table to raise her eyes from her plate.

Coming into the kitchen from their rooms, the travelers had been introduced to Adam Young; then the mother turned to some one who stepped out from behind Adam's tall figure.

"My daughter, Honor," she said.

The girl bowed and smiled. Catching sight of the laughter, hardly veiled, in Beard's brown eyes, she laughed outright.

"I must confess to having seen you both before," she said. "First in the canyon, then on the road. I owe you an apology, Professor Logy. When I heard your friend speak, I was so startled that I think I nearly sent some stones rolling on your head."

The Professor's grey eyes returned the frank gaze of the blue ones opposite.

"That was wholly immaterial, Miss Honor. Not being Henry Penny, I was not alarmed."

"It is as well," she said. "You might have thought I was trying to fling Ossa upon Olympus, and that our canyon was Pelion's leafy wood."

The Professor's eyes were round. "You read Homer, Miss Honor?"

"Oh," she smiled, "I read and love him. I don't think any other poet makes my mountains and the river so real to me. I read him over and over."

"It was I who taught her to love him," said Adam, proudly. "In the winter, when there is less outdoor work for me, Honor and I read together."

"But in summer the land does claim you," said Beard. And then he added, with a smile that few had ever been able to resist: "I don't know Homer, Mr. Young, but I do know land, and I am anxious to look at a large tract that is for sale about fifteen miles east of here. Can you drive me there? I represent an Eastern concern that is anxious to purchase."



"I am going to drive that way to-morrow morning," answered the farmer, heartily, "and will be glad of your company. It is good news to learn this land is to be sold. It has remained uncultivated for years, and taking it up will enhance the value of my own property."

"That particular spot is a favorite one of mine," said Honor. "It is just above the river, on quite an elevation. The view of the river and mountains is beautiful. I would like to be queen of such a domain."

"Lacking that," said Mary Young, "I confess to a little curiosity, Mr. Beard, as to what the land is intended for."

"I am sorry I cannot tell you," he answered. "It is a secret as yet."

The conversation flowed on pleasantly, and, supper over, Mary Young and the little farm girl disappeared into the outer kitchen. Adam Young laid a hand on the Professor's shoulder.

This tall, sun-burned farmer, bent with work in the fields, and browned by exposure to all sorts of winds and weather, had an early training and education, joined to natural tastes and innate nobleness of character, that made him a fit companion for a man of such scientific gifts as the Professor—a fact the latter was not slow to recognize. So when his host said, "I think I know a spot that will interest you, Professor; won't you come with me and see it?" he departed with Adam, nothing loath.

And so it chanced that Beard found himself in a few seconds alone with Honor. "I am going for a walk with my dog," she said. "Would you like to come with me?"

He assented eagerly, then laughed and pretended to hesitate.

"Won't your dog bite me?" he said.

"McDermott has learned better manners by this time, I hope," she answered. "He is slow to make friends, but you will not be a stranger to him now."

She called the dog and they set off, McDermott stalking along close to the

young girl on one side, giving an occasional glance out of the corner of his eye at Beard on the other, but otherwise displaying no animosity. They talked of many things as they strolled up a hill behind the house.

"Have you always lived here?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "I was born here, and have never been away but once. That was when I was seventeen, two and a half years ago, when I went with my father to Phoenix and through the Grand Canyon. It was a memorable trip, but I was not sorry to get home again."

"But your education," he said—"who has taught you?"

"My father and mother," she answered. "I have had no other teachers, except a Dominican Brother at the Mission, who taught me music, so that I could play for our poor Indian girls at the Mission."

"Oh," he said, in surprise, "you are a Roman Catholic?"

"Yes," she answered, "I am a Roman Catholic, as you call it, and I am proud of it."

She did not ask him what he was. To her he was a Protestant—of what type it did not matter. In her mountain fastnesses she had heard little and knew less of the diversity of non-Catholic creeds.

They walked farther on, until suddenly, around a slight elevation in the land, they came on a small inclosure, about seventeen feet square, fenced in with a barbed wire railing, at one end of which was a gate. It needed only a glance for Beard to see they had come to a burial plot. There were two graves, each with a wooden cross at the head. The whole place showed loving care. The grass grew smooth and thick, and some flowers, mostly purple and white, bloomed around the inclosure, close to the fence.

"My father's mother is buried here," she said, "and my mother."

"Your mother?" Beard was astonished. "The present Mrs. Young, then, is your step-mother?"

"I am Adam and Mary Young's adopted child," was the answer. "My own mother is buried here; who my father was, I do not know."

She did not pursue the subject, and he saw that any further questions would be intrusive. The twilight had begun to deepen, so, presently, they turned homeward.

Beard narrated all he had heard to the Professor, before retiring.

"This fair maid is going to be interesting," he said. "It is a step from reading Homer to playing the organ for a lot of dirty Indian children at the Mission. But she does it all, and apparently with ease, and with her heart in all she does. I wonder, Professor, how it would be if she loved—would it not be a revelation to her lover?"

The Professor had blown out his candle, and stood unseen in the dark, within his room.

"Take care how you treat her, Beard," he said; "she is only a child still, and if I am not mistaken, her name of Honor fits her character."

Then, before Beard could reply, the Professor closed and locked the door that separated their rooms.

## V.

"Honor," called Mary Young. "Honor."

"Coming, sweet mother," answered a silvery voice, and presently the young girl appeared on the front porch, where the elder woman stood gazing at the road that wound down the hill in the distance, her hand shading her eyes as she looked.

"I see three canvas-covered traveling wagons, Honor," she said, "and they will pass here and probably stop and ask for water. Run and tell Joseph and Simon to have it ready."

The young girl obeyed, and was back in time to see the wagons turn in the road that led up to their door. The stout wheels creaked as the wagons drew near, and the horses looked hot and dusty, although in splendid condition. A man and two women descended from the first vehicle, and Mary Young advanced to make them welcome.

"Only a short rest, good mistress," said the man, "and water for our horses and ourselves; then we must push on. We are emigrants bound for California, and have no time to linger, except for water, and one other matter that my wife here will explain while I help your men carry the buckets."

The Indian boys were bringing water as he spoke, and now half a dozen other men and women, as well as several children, descended from the wagons, and presently they all followed Joseph and Simon around to the back of the house, preceded by Honor.

Mary Young and the two women were thus left alone. Both women apparently were elderly. One was tall and stout, with red hair, and with dark glasses shading her eyes; the other, who advanced to speak, was slender, and worn almost to a shadow, while her mouth had a pathetic droop.

"My friend here," she said, indicating the red-haired woman, "started with us for California, but her courage has failed her. She dislikes the idea of going any farther, and would like to stop here for the rest of the summer, if you can give her work, and then she will return to her home in the fall."

"We do need help," said Mary Young. "A strong, capable girl is just what I have been wishing for. If she likes to remain with us, I am willing, provided you can answer for her character."

"Oh," said the other, "I have known her all my life. Martha Clay is her name. A good girl, and honest, and a splendid worker. You won't regret taking her."

The woman, who stood at a little distance, erect and not ungraceful, clad in a dark blue calico, with a sunbonnet of the same color on her head, and holding in one hand a stout black bag that seemed well filled, moved forward.

"I will serve you well, madam, if you will let me stay," she said, in a deep voice that, somehow, suited her square shoulders, broad chest, and general appearance of strength. Her voice and manner were not unattractive, but Mary hesitated a moment longer.

"Your eyes?" she said. "You wear dark glasses. Is not your sight good?"

The woman smiled, and removed the spectacles, revealing dark brown eyes of unusual power and brilliancy.

"I can see perfectly," she said, replacing the glasses almost immediately. "I wear these because, without them, the intense light gives me a headache. With your permission, I will wear them most of the time."

"Certainly," said Mary. "But before we close the bargain, I want to be sure you will not regret it. This is a lonely place, there is little diversion, and a great deal of work. The wagons that pass here, going East or West, are few and far between. Once your friends have gone, you may have to stay with us until the fall, unless you drive to D—, and go by train."

"I have thought of all that," said the woman, quietly; "but I want to stay. I am sure I shall never regret it."

There followed a few business details about wages, and the work to be done, then the woman lifted the bag she had dropped on the ground when she began to talk, and followed Mary into the house. In another hour the horses, watered and refreshed, were ready to start. There followed farewells on both sides. A few whispered words between Martha Clay and her friend took place, then slowly the ponderous wagons started up the road, headed west for the California frontier.

Martha Clay, in her little room off the outer kitchen, unpacked a few of her things, then drew out her two dresses, examined them critically, and with a shake of the head replaced them in the black bag, dropping the key in her pocket. In five minutes she emerged from her room, and went in search of her new mistress, whom she found in the pantry.

"I am ready to work now, madam," she said. "Anything you can give me to do?"

"Is there any one thing you can do best?" asked Mary Young, and the girl smiled, showing badly discolored teeth, that marred the expression of her face.

"I can cook," she said, "and I like it better than washing or cleaning."

"That is just what we want," said Mary. "Our Indian cook has to go away this week. You can take full charge of the kitchen, though there are a great many to cook for; and just now we have two guests."

"I am not afraid," was the answer. "I think you will be satisfied, madam."

The new cook was accordingly installed in the kitchen. She seemed of a retiring and serious turn of mind, answering pleasantly when spoken to, but keeping out of sight as much as possible, especially when the Professor and Beard were at home. She ate alone after every one else was through, and when she went out in the evening, invariably took a direction that would prevent her coming in contact with any one.

"She is an excellent worker, and seems of a good character," Mary told her husband, "and her coming was most opportune, just as Sarah had to go away."

Giving entire satisfaction, Martha Clay pursued her way. Alone in her room every night, with the door securely fastened, the calico dress was unhooked, and from it emerged a surprisingly slender figure. A white wrapper, taken from

the depths of her black bag, was donned. The dark glasses were removed, the red wig was tossed aside, and last, though not least, with tooth-brush and powder the girl brushed her teeth vigorously until they shone like pearls.

"In the day time, Martha Clay, the stout cook, with red hair, discolored teeth, and dark glasses," she said. "At night—well, myself, and a lady!"

## VI

"We are going to drive twenty miles to Mass to-morrow morning," said Honor. "Will you not come with us, Mr. Beard? Your friend is going."

Beard had contemplated a Sunday otherwise spent, but assented readily, even when further conversation showed him it would be an all-day affair.

"We start at five," said the girl. "There will be eight of us to go. We take our breakfast and dinner with us, and remain all day at the Mission. There will be Mass, and instruction in the morning; and after dinner, Sunday school, followed by Benediction; then we start for home at five o'clock."

"And you do this every Sunday?" he asked.

"Every Sunday," she answered. "The good Mission Fathers depend on us for so many things. I play the organ, and mother has a class of the Indian women, while father helps with the boys. It is the happiest day in the week for all of us."

"Besides ourselves, there will be your friend and yourself; Ellen, our little farm girl; Robert, our chief Indian boy, and Martha, our new cook—eight in all; and as I understand the Professor is a Catholic, you and Martha will be the only non-Catholics in the party."

"You would pluck me as a brand from the burning?" he said, in his rich, lazy voice.

The lovely blue eyes smiled on him. "Yes," she answered, "as I would any

one else, if I could. You will be surprised at the good sermon you shall hear. The Fathers are noted preachers."

"I fear I know little or nothing about it," he said, as they separated at the door of the house after the evening walk, taken sometimes alone, and sometimes accompanied by the Professor, that had now, after a three weeks' acquaintance, become habitual.

Beard walked through the hall to his room, and closed the door.

"So you wish me to understand that you would save me, not for myself, but as you would any one else—dirty Indian, or Western cowboy," he thought, as he blew out his candle half an hour later, and opened wide his window before retiring. "If you were not so beautiful, I might be content to have it so; but as it is, I am not. You have been in love before, Frank Beard, but never like this—never like this."

\* \* \* \* \*

On the other side of the wall that divided the two rooms, the Professor, also, opened his window wide, and allowed the cool night breezes to blow on his face. Simply and quietly the man knelt down and raised his eyes to the glittering firmament above. His evening prayers ended, he arose, and stood for a moment, his grey eyes in the darkness still fixed on the distant arc of light.

Deep down in the man's heart, unshaken by all his scientific gifts and knowledge, was a childlike abiding faith, which formed, indeed, the very foundation of his life.

"It is good to be here," he said, almost aloud, "and to-morrow I shall kneel near her at Mass. Mother of God! how pure and far above me she is, and how unworthy I am to try and win her. Since I am unfit to do it alone, may the blessed Saints assist me."

\* \* \* \* \*

Light and darkness—honor and dishonor—which would it be?

## VII

It was over—the long, delicious summer, filled for each one at the grey farmhouse with events, active or passive, of far-reaching import.

The plans of Beard had grown and materialized, and their success was now almost sure. In a month the expected colony would be on the scene, and in possession of the land he had bought. He himself had been selected as head of the new settlement. But it was not the thought of this which now engrossed him the most. Over and above his work for the cause, the man was dominated by his growing passion for Honor. Sooner or later, he must speak. If she accepted him? His thoughts beyond that were in a whirl.

Honor herself was in a dream. Something new had come into her life, subtle, undefined. But the touch to lay bare her own heart to her understanding had not yet come. The Professor watched; and, knowing the time had not come for him to speak, remained silent. Enduring patience and sublime faith were his.

Mary Young's clear eyes looked on and pondered. She alone knew what Honor felt. If she was disappointed, she gave no sign beyond reaching out toward the Professor with little acts of delicate kindness that cemented a friendship which had been growing for weeks.

Adam Young, with a less fine understanding than his wife, looked on with approval. Almost unconsciously, the tall, grey-haired farmer had been won by the brown eyes, ready speech and apparent frank confidence of Beard. Why had not he had such a son?

Martha Clay worked and watched and listened.

"I have met him and he has not recognized me," she wrote in her first letter. "My disguise was too good for that. He is doing all he said he would do, and

more. There is a girl here whom I am sure he is interested in. If he falls in love with her, it will keep him true to the cause."

A month later she sent home another letter.

"Frank is heart and soul in love with the girl," she wrote, "and I am sure is determined to win her. I believe the girl loves him enough to say, 'Whither thou goest, I will go.' I think Frank will speak just before the colony comes."

After that Martha's letters became more guarded and non-committal. All was going as those at home would wish, but she was busy, very busy. The work increased. If letters did not reach those who watched for them, it might be because of the difficulty of getting them mailed. She begged her father not to look for regular reports. And so matters stood until the twenty-ninth of September, a day of glorious autumn weather, when Beard asked Honor to drive out with him to inspect the land he had bought for his colony.

It was a beautiful site. Honor, who, as she said, had known and loved it from childhood, looked around appreciatively as she jumped lightly from the wagon that had carried them quickly over the fifteen miles that intervened between Adam Young's farm and the acres of rolling pasture land, farther north and west, that bordered the Virgin river.

The waters of the river sparkled in the morning sun, and the distant mountains stood out clear and beautiful against the blue sky. The fine, dry air set all her pulses bounding and dancing. She was happy with that immortal happiness of pure first love and unsullied youth. The breeze from the river swept over them as they stood on a slight eminence that commanded a wide sweep of river and country.

"This is the loveliest spot of this whole beautiful land," she said, "just the place to build a house. One would never feel lonely with this view of river and sky."

"It is the site I picked out for my own home long ago," he answered. "Many are coming, and many houses are going up; but they have made me head of the settlement, with the right of first choice as to where I would build, so I chose this. I am so glad—so particularly glad—that you like it."

Her pure, candid eyes met his dark brown ones, and for a moment he paused, then took a step forward.

"Do you know why I asked you to come here with me?" he said, in an odd, choking voice—"to ask you to be my wife, Honor, first in the home I shall build here—queen of my heart, and of all I have, for ever."

\* \* \* \* \*

"You are sure," he said, passionately, half an hour later, "that it will be for ever and ever?"

"For ever and ever," she answered, solemnly. "My love for you and my love for God will go hand in hand."

"The love for me first?" he questioned.

She looked out over the shining river below, then up at the blue sky above. The revelation of love had lifted her to hitherto unknown heights, but its very reality and depth made the spiritual world more real.

"When you are a Catholic, Frank," she said; "as I am sure you will be in a little while, you will understand why that cannot be. Perhaps I can't analyze it, but I know that my earthly love is built on a heavenly one. I could not love you so well, did I not have the other higher and deeper love."

"We will work together," he said, "to make the world around us better and happier. You shall be queen of this domain, and it must be soon, Honor. Listen," he added, eagerly. "The colony will be here in a month. After that I shall have endless work to do—land to apportion, building to supervise, plans to draw up. Why could we not be married in two weeks' time? We can live in a tent while our house is building."

She caught her breath. "Oh!" she said; and then she smiled.

"Your mind moves rapidly, Frank. Let me get used to one new condition before I enter on another."

But he continued to plead and urge all possible haste.

"It will be like planning a small city when the colony comes," he said. "They are going to bring lumber and everything necessary for building. There are English and Scotch carpenters in the party, and other men with almost every trade. When once they come, there will be a thousand things to attend to. Our main industry, to start with, is going to be sheep and cattle raising; but we have planned in time to have other industries, as the colony grows; and the burden of it all will fall on me. When the work once begins, it may be a year or more before I can get away, even for a day. Until they come, I am free, and can go with you to the Mission to be married. and then we can have a trip somewhere for a week before we meet the colony here."

"I will speak to mother," she said, simply.

He laughed joyously. "And I to your father," he said. "I have a friend in him, I know. I think he will be on my side, Honor."

## VIII

"I do not like such haste," said Mary Young. "The very fact that the child is not ours, Adam, ought to make us most careful of her future. Even a year's engagement for one so young is not long. Meanwhile, she will be perfectly happy, and we can watch this colony develop and see what comes of it."

"Beard has talked her over into a speedy marriage," answered Adam, "and now she seems to want it as much as he does. He is a fine young fellow, Mary, and devoted to Honor. Everything he has told us about himself seems fair."

"Yes," assented the wife, doubtfully.

"And Honor loves him," continued Adam.

"I wish it had been the other one," said Mary.

"The other one—what other one?" questioned Adam, in surprise. "Oh, the Professor? Why, Mary, where is your usual acumen? The Professor has no idea beyond his geological studies. He spends all his time digging and delving in the canyon, and Honor might have been born in the Miocene period, for all he thinks of her."

Mary Young's eyes took on a quizzical expression, but she said nothing. A thirty years' empire over her husband had consisted in letting him think he was the wiser of the two. Her ends were gained, not by arguing, but by tactful suggestion. It was of this she made use now.

"You said yesterday, Adam, that you must drive over to the 110-Bar ranch this morning. Suppose I go with you? The road lies past the Mission, and we might turn in there for an hour and consult the Fathers about Honor."

"Agreed," said Adam, heartily. "I will be ready in twenty minutes, Mary. With an early start, we can be back this evening."

Adam disappeared in the direction of the barns, and Mary entered the outer kitchen, where she found Martha washing the breakfast dishes. It was only seven o'clock, but the day on the farm began early. In a few words Mary told the girl of her intended trip. As she turned to leave the kitchen, there was a step outside, the door opened, and Honor entered, radiant and happy, followed by Beard.

"I met father, mother dear," she said, "and he told me you were going with him. I have to spend the morning in the dairy down by the river, and Frank has letters to write, which he says will keep him busy until dinner time."

"The farm hands have all gone to the far pasture this morning," said Mary,

"and have taken their dinner with them; and the Professor took a light lunch when he set out for the canyon, saying he had important work, and did not want to come home till evening; but Martha will be here, and will have dinner for you and Frank at twelve."

"And then," said Honor, "we are going to drive to D——, so Frank can post his letters. It is such a long drive we will not be back till seven. So it seems we will all be out, mother dear."

She turned and crossed the kitchen as she spoke, passing Martha on her way, who, with her broad back turned toward them, was busily drying dishes. "It is a lovely day, Martha," she said, pausing, and laying her hand kindly on the girl's shoulder. "After dinner you must go out and take an afternoon off. You have been working very hard lately."

Could Honor have seen the brown eyes behind the dark glasses, she would have beheld them through a mist of tears. The heart of Martha was torn by many emotions, but not the least was a daily growing affection for the beautiful girl whose attitude toward her had been one of unvarying kindness.

"There is something strange about Martha," said Honor to Beard, as they came out on the porch, she with her sunbonnet in her hand, he to watch her take the path that led toward the dairy and the river, before going to his room to write.

"I have hardly noticed her," he said.

"She is so reserved," said Honor. "Her voice is so deep, at times rough, almost masculine; and yet in many little ways she has shown such a tender heart. At the Mission the Indian children all love her. She listens so intently to the sermons, and has never missed a Sunday since she first came; and after the first month she began to talk to Father Smith every Sunday. Once I asked her if she had a nice talk with him, and she answered 'Yes,' but told me nothing

more, and, of course, I don't like to ask questions."

"She has a history, no doubt," said Beard, "though she is too plain for it to be a romance."

"I wish I thought she was happy," said Honor, as she stepped down the path toward the river—"as happy as I am, Frank."

She waved good-bye as she spoke, and he stood for a few seconds watching her until she disappeared from view; then, with something that seemed almost like a sigh, he went back to his room.

Gathering together his papers, he seated himself at a table that stood in the window, with his back to the door, which he had closed on entering. For a few moments he bit the end of his pen thoughtfully, then, dipping it in the ink, began to write.

He heard the wagon drive up to the kitchen door, listened half absently to the sound of Adam and his wife stepping into it. The crack of the farmer's whip, and his call to the horses, also reached his ear; then came the rumble of the wagon, gradually growing fainter and fainter as it sped down the road. Presently it was lost to sound, and silence and calm seemed to descend on the farm, save for the two hearts it still sheltered—the one coldly selfish, absorbed only in the thought of the goal it had in view, the other great in the hope held out by a new-born faith, and in the unselfish purity of a sublime renunciation.

The clock ticked, and Beard wrote on.

"My plans are safe now, beyond a doubt," he wrote. "I am about to add to our colony by marrying a beautiful girl, the daughter of the farmer I have been living with. She knows nothing—no one here does—of the purport of the colony. I will tell her all that after our marriage. Under my influence she will speedily be won to the cause and become a good and obedient member—"

He paused, frowned a little, and then wrote again:

"The parents I am not so sure of. They are Catholics of a decided type, and too old to change. I fear there will be trouble when they learn the use of our newly-acquired land; but the land is ours now, and I do not think they can hinder our plans for a good colonization. Barring them, there is no one else to interfere."

There was a soft footfall outside his door, so light that the deeply-absorbed man did not hear. The footstep paused only for a second, then the handle of the door turned and some one entered and closed the door again. Utter silence descended once more on the room. Beard came out of his deep inner consciousness. The door had surely opened and closed. Was it the wind? Some subtle, undefined fear suddenly possessed him; for a second he remained staring at the closely-written sheet before him, then the pen dropped from his hand, and there was a sidelong glance over his shoulder, followed by a leaping to his feet.

"Jane!" he said. "Jane! Oh, my God!"

The tall, slender, beautiful figure that stood with its back to the door, uttered no sound; but the dark eyes continued to gaze at him gravely, reproachfully, like some seer or sibyl, laying bare his past to the man's mind and bringing home to him, as nothing else could, all the hideousness of the future he had planned.

"Yes, it is I, Jane," said a soft, musical voice, different in every way from Martha Clay's deep, rough tones. "I am here, Frank, where I have been for three months, and for which I thank God."

He gazed at her bewildered. She was clad in a long, white robe that clung to her with a sort of mournful grace. Her fine, dark hair surmounted a face pale, but beautiful, while her hands, large and finely formed, were locked together in an intensity that caught and held his eyes, even while his senses were reeling.



Jane here, and for three months—where, and how, and why?

"Yes, I have been here," she said, "as Martha Clay. You must blame the system you belong to, Frank, not me. They sent me as a spy, and I—well, I have done my part and am through."

His brow cleared. "Oh!" he said, "that is it, is it? Well, I have nothing to conceal. You know that Honor Young is to be my wife; you know the colony will be here in less than a month's time. What more is there to know?"

She took a step forward.

"There is nothing more for me to know," she said; "but a great deal for you to know, Frank Beard. The first of which is that I am going to save Honor. Do you think she will marry you if she knows all? You know she will not."

"You dare not," he said.

"I dare anything for my conscience and the right," she answered. "Three months ago I came here as devoted, heart and soul, to our cause as you are. Like you, I have been born in it, bred in it. I knew nothing beyond it. I was a good and obedient member, a willing tool. When they said to me, 'Disguise yourself, go and watch Frank Beard,' I went. Here I came, and in order to divert all suspicion from myself, I went every Sunday to the Mission. That has changed my life, Frank. What I began indifferently for expediency's sake, I am now ready to follow with my whole heart; for I have found the Truth, and the Truth has made me free."

"You mean—" he said. His reeling senses could not yet grasp it all.

"I mean that I am converted to Catholicism, Frank," she said. "In another week I shall be baptized, then I am going from here to enter a religious order as a novice, and to devote the rest of my life to working among the poor, the fallen, the unfortunate—women such as I would be, did not my conscience tell me that, because I was born

and reared in the system I now renounce, the sin is not at my door."

"You shall not," he cried. "You belong to me, Jane. It is only jealousy because you know another is to be first."

She waved him back, as he advanced toward her. "Frank," she said, "from my heart I pity you. You are only as I was—a victim; and of the vilest system that ever polluted God's beautiful world. It is not too late for you, also, to turn from it. Tell Honor Young the whole truth, tell her you are a Mormon; that you already have two wives, of whom I have been one. You have deceived her, and won her under false pretenses, and you know that when she hears it she will send you away and never see you again."

"It is jealousy," he persisted, madly. "Listen, Jane. If you say nothing, if you keep silence, I will let you be first. The dignity of chief wife shall always be yours."

Her beautiful, sombre eyes took on a look of unutterable pity and reproach. "Never," she said. "Go back to Aurelia Bond. She is your first and only lawful wife. My life henceforth is to be given to God and to the practice of that religion which now is dearer to me than my life."

He did not answer. There was in the girl's whole presence a noble dignity and sorrow that could not but inspire respect. He would not have dared even to touch her. She laid her hand on the door knob, turned it, and opened the door—then she paused.

"Remember, Frank," she said. "Honor must know all to-day. If you do not tell her, I will; and this colony—you know it must not come—not a person in this country will tolerate it, if they are warned in time."

"But the money," he said, in despair. "Think what I have paid for the land."

"It can be resold," she answered. "Such land as that is valuable, or will be in time. If you act in the matter at

once, you will lose less than if the colony comes and then is ejected."

Her calm dignity and power, the truth of all she said, was so unanswerable that he could only groan. Had he not been circumvented, his plans wrecked, his future altered, by the very system for which he had been working? What was there for him to do?

She swept out of the room, and then for a moment turned to speak to him once more.

"Frank," she said, "you do not understand—how can you?—but perhaps some day you will. My daily prayer will be that you, too, may come to know it—all the height, and depth, and beauty of the Catholic Church; all the moral and spiritual starvation of any other belief. And now, farewell."

She was gone, and he dared not follow her. For a few moments he sat down heavily in his chair, then the clock struck eleven, and the sound brought back to him, in a wave of unutterable regret, that Honor was lost to him. Even now it was time to go and meet her; and he must go. Better see her away from the house, down near the river, where Nature might plead for him. Go he must, and at once; for he dared not stop to think.

## IX

Opening his door, Beard walked down the corridor, and presently was out on the porch, and following the same path to the river that Honor had taken over three hours ago. He walked rapidly, his brain still in a whirl. There was no sound anywhere, so he was totally unprepared for the figure that suddenly sprang up in his path—a veritable incarnation of avenging fate. Was this the mild-eyed Professor, his companion of the past six months—this man, whose look of dreamy abstraction was gone, and whose grey eyes, through their gold-

rimmed spectacles, were fixed on him coldly, relentlessly?

He came to an abrupt standstill, and the Professor spoke: "Frank Beard," he said, "you are a scoundrel!"

"A scoundrel!" repeated the Professor, in a white heat. "Chance took me back to my room this morning. I was there before you came in, and I heard all—everything—that passed between you and that noble, honest woman, who would save Honor Young. Oh, my God!" he added. "To think how you have deceived us all."

"I don't call it deception," answered a dogged voice, "to practice that in which I was born and reared. This is a point you seem to lose sight of, Professor."

"It is not the point at issue, Frank Beard, and you know it. On your honesty as a Mormon, because you were, as you say, born and reared in it, I pass no judgment. What I do condemn—what every honest man and woman in the world would condemn, are your methods. Had you made it known from the start that you were a Mormon, had you come among us as such, there would have been no deception. Had you tried to win another wife, as you apparently won your first two—openly, under the Mormon banner—whatever we thought of the system, we would have recognized your honesty; but, no—you have won Honor Young's love under false colors; you have bought land for your colony under false pretenses; you have practiced deception on every side, and on that I cry shame, and again shame!"

The Professor's voice rang out like a clarion, his grey eyes flashed; and his face paled with the depth of his own abhorrence of all he had just heard.

Beard's handsome head was sunk on his breast, and his usually eloquent tongue was still, although it came over him again in a wave of impotent anger that everything he had so subtly planned for in the past three months was lost.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked, stubbornly.

"To leave here at once," said the Professor, "to-day, and never come here again."

"It means ruin for me," the other cried. "I have invested several thousand dollars of the society's money in this land. It will all have to be paid back out of my own pocket, and meanwhile the land may not sell again for years."

"I will buy it," was the answer.

"You?" and Beard stared. "Are you prepared to pay it all—seven thousand eight hundred and fifty dollars?"

"Every dollar," said the Professor. "Listen to me, Beard. I will make this as easy for you as I can. There is time for you to saddle your horse and ride to D—— so as to catch the express that stops there at nine o'clock to-night. Meet me a week from to-day at the hotel in Denver, where we first met, and you shall receive the full amount you have paid for this land; then the matter will be closed."

Beard straightened up. Well, since it must be, he would give up the land; but Honor? He knew the strength of her love for him. Might not he yet prevail? "I will go," he said; "but I must see Honor first. Now, let me pass, if you please, Professor."

The Professor stood back. He had no power to prevent an interview, much as he would have wished to save Honor pain.

Without a word, with scarcely a glance, with no thanks to the man who had so nobly responded to his need for financial help, Beard passed on and down to the dairy near the river. Left alone, the Professor raised his eyes to the distant mountains. His indignation at the man's deception and sin had been just; but now anger left him, and his heart was torn with pity for the woman he loved, and whom he was powerless to shield from coming sorrow.

"Almighty God," he said, "give her courage and strength. Mother of Mercy, pray for her, and may the Angel of Consolation minister to her when she hears all."

\* \* \* \* \*

Honor's work at the dairy was absorbing, and the morning passed quickly, until, glancing at the clock that hung on the wall just above a row of shining tin pails, she was surprised to find it was nearly eleven o'clock. Her work was almost done, and knowing that Beard would leave the house and come to meet her at eleven, she hurried, and as the clock struck the hour she emerged from the dairy, closed the door, and putting on her sunbonnet, started up the hill. The ascent was easy, and arrived at the top she decided to wait there for Beard, and seated herself on the fallen trunk of a tree just within a small clump of trees that gave a pleasant shade. The late September weather was very warm, and after her vigorous work of churning butter for over three hours, the young girl was glad of a few moments' rest and repose. The path on the other side of her wooded retreat led through the fields, straight to the farmhouse, and it was this way that she knew Beard would come. Absorbed in her own thoughts, she sat motionless, one hand supporting her chin, the while she gazed dreamily toward the distant river, whose rippling surface had always held for her a peculiar fascination.

"I am never lonely when I can see water," she had once told Beard; and on his asking why, she had answered that she did not know—perhaps it was the constant motion that made it seem instinct with life, different from the immovable steadfastness of the mountains.

Suddenly the sound of an approaching footstep reached her ear; she listened, and knowing it, smiled and arose from her seat on the log. Lifting her sunbonnet from the ground, she was just about to step out into the path

that would bring her in sight of the advancing figure, when, borne down to her by the wind, which was blowing in her direction, came a voice, and what the voice said, was:

"Frank Beard, you are a scoundrel!"

She recognized the speaker as the Professor, and utter astonishment held her spellbound. Every word of the conversation that followed came to her with terrible clearness and distinctness. After the first few words, where the Professor spoke of saving her—Honor—her brain was in a whirl, her mind in a tumult, while her limbs seemed suddenly paralyzed and incapable of action. She could not have emerged from her retreat and have advanced toward the two angry men if she would.

She heard Beard accused—of what? Of some terrible thing—was it of being a Mormon? Oh! surely that was false; she must burst the iron bands that seemed to encase her limbs; must fly out and deny it, and shield him from the world. Why did he not deny it himself, since the power seemed to be taken from her? Why did he not contradict that calm, quiet voice, so full of a just indignation, which was speaking in her defense—to save her, Honor, from the abyss that she saw opening at her feet? As one in a dream, she heard the Professor tell Beard he must go—heard him agree to buy the land so that the false man might not be financially ruined. Then came Beard's final "I will go," and his announcement that he must see her first, followed by the sound of his step drawing nearer and nearer, arousing her to an agony of action.

Every instinct of her love and faith told her she must not see him. The mere thought of the sound of his voice, the touch of his hand, aroused within her such a wave of moral and spiritual repulsion that her one thought now was of flight.

There was yet time—he had one more field to cross—and about fifty feet in the

other direction were some woods that led toward the distant canyon. With a cry from the depths of her heart for strength, the young girl turned and fled toward the cool, shady trees, whose branches seemed to hold out protecting arms of succor. In her haste she forgot her sunbonnet, and it lay unheeded on the ground only a few yards from Beard, but unseen by him as he passed the spot a moment later. He reached the dairy, and, finding it locked, called Honor by name—once, twice, then again louder, the last call reaching the ears of the distracted girl as she fled onward toward the canyon, causing her to press both hands over her ears so she might not hear him again.

Receiving no response, Beard turned and walked up the hill again. This time the pink sunbonnet, lying under the trees, caught his eye; and in a second he comprehended it all. Honor had been here waiting for him, had overheard all the conversation between him and the Professor, and had fled. The knowledge aroused him to a fury of savage persistence. See her he must and would. Let her feel the electric influence of his words, of his looks, his voice. Surely she would never say no then. He would convince her that the Mormon tenets were of the Lord, and to be obeyed as Divine truth.

The vanity and blind ignorance of the man spurred him on to persist. Which way had she gone? Why, yes, surely, across the open field toward the shelter of the trees that led to the lower end of the canyon, where it bordered on the river.

He sprang forward, and, fleet of foot, lithe of limb, was soon racing through the tangled grass and shrubs. Was his direction the right one? His quick eye suddenly caught sight of a bit of muslin hanging from a prickly shrub. Ah! yes. Here she had torn her dress, had been detained for a moment, and every mo-

ment now was so much lost time for her and gain for him.

A hundred yards ahead Honor heard him. Should she continue her flight, or turn at bay and bid him go?

Again came that terrible revulsion of feeling—of profound moral horror of the man's deceit. No, she would not stop, would not see or speak to him again, as long as she had strength to run.

What followed happened at one and the same time. Beard, catching sight of her through the trees, sprang forward with renewed ardor; but the next moment uttered an exclamation of pain, and fell headlong, one foot caught fast in a rabbit trap. Honor heard the cry, and thinking he was nearly upon her, she pushed aside a heavy growth of tangled grass and trailing vines and leaped for-

ward, her breath almost gone, and her heart beating to suffocation. The next moment she was conscious of falling through space, of striking the cool waters of the river, of a few moments' struggle ere the waters closed over her head, and she began to sink—then merciful oblivion descended upon her.

Beard heard the sudden splash, and understood instantly what had happened. In frantic fury he strove to free his foot from the trap, but it was in vain; and, overcome at last by the full horror of the girl's fate, of his own share in it, and inability to save her, as well as unnerved by the agonizing pain in his captured limb, he, for the first time in his healthy, hardened life, fainted.

(To be continued.)

## Moonrise At Sea

By Edwin Carlile Litsey

Starlight, and silence, save the muffled throb  
Of the great ship's strong heart—a Titan's sob!  
A purling from the prow, and wash of waves.  
The low breeze murmurs a few dreamy staves  
Of phantom music in the rigging dim,  
Like echoing sigh from drowsy seraphim!  
Then over all this trackless, heaving sea,  
Which moans and writhes in ceaseless agony,  
I see a faint glow in the eastern sky.  
The near stars tremble, flicker out and die.  
A fan-shaped space upon the firmament  
Where colors strange and rare are subtly blent;  
Colors which shift, and change, and lighter grow,  
Uniting in one radiant overflow  
Of a pale flood of moonlight. And to me  
Across the restless ardor of the sea  
Is laid a path of silver, oh, so fair!  
A shimmering path my human feet to dare.  
And, standing in the holy night, I know  
One walked to meet his Master long ago.  
And I am minded my soul's debts to pay,  
And trust my feet upon that shining way;  
Knowing that if 'tis best, I shall not sink,  
But be upborne by Arms which never shrink!

# THE BEGINNINGS OF DOMINICAN SCHOLARSHIP

By REV. JOHN B. O'CONNOR, O. P.

**T**HE last half of the twelfth and the first half of the thirteenth century constituted in Europe a period of general unrest. Titanic forces were struggling for the mastery. Great principles, pregnant with human interest, were seeking expression and recognition. The human mind was in travail, and ideas were born which were to mark a new and a glorious epoch in the history of human thought and civilization. A bitter struggle between the Papacy and the house of Hohenstaufen, which was to continue for a century, had already begun when St. Dominic was born. The very year of his birth had witnessed the murder of St. Thomas a Becket. Innocent III was gradually re-establishing Papal supremacy. The early years of the thirteenth century had seen the English barons wrest Magna Charta from King John. On the border-lands of Christianity the fifth crusade was waging the battle of truth and virtue.

From an intellectual standpoint the age was even more momentous. Europe was rapidly emerging from the twilight of knowledge that had characterized the tenth century. Two spirits seemed to contend for the mastery of the intellectual world: the old spirit, which began with the invasions and still smacked of barbarism, a spirit which contented itself with the barest rudiments of learning—the spirit of feudalism; and the new spirit, conscious of the dignity and power of knowledge, conscious of principles, laws and forces in the realms of physics and metaphysics, as yet unknown to the world at large; conscious of the need of new methods for the attainment of larger results—a spirit altogether inquisitive and keen in the pursuit of knowledge. It was the spirit of a new civilization.

The head and front of this new movement was the Church. Not only did she found and endow schools, colleges and universities, but she loaded the student and scholar with privileges, emoluments and honors. Whenever town was in conflict with gown, which was often enough, the Church always manifested, within the bounds of justice, a tender parental indulgence for the wearer of the gown.

While the battle still hung in the balance, the crusades, introducing a new method and color of thought from the East, and the general diffusion of the teachings of Aristotle, injected a new element into the struggle, and one that was hostile to the spirit of feudalism. The new spirit triumphed; schools multiplied, scholars abounded, universities sprang up and numbered their students by the tens of thousands. The whole age was marked by rapid and radical changes, great ideas and mighty movements, many of which have endured with undiminished influence to the present day. It was altogether a forceful, impetuous and chivalrous age, possessed of a giant's strength and a child's discretion. Indeed, the thirteenth century's tireless quest of truth has often been likened to the persistent inquisitiveness of a precocious child.

But this intellectual revival was not without its disquieting element. Human reason, fostered and developed under the guidance of the Church, was, in the middle years of the twelfth century, dazzled by the consciousness of its own power, and began to take on an overweening arrogance toward faith and authority. From this time on it asserted its absolute and undivided supremacy in the realm of knowledge, human and divine. It undertook to measure all truth by the capacity of its own under-

standing. Faith was impugned, dogma challenged, and even the mystery of the Trinity was held to be not beyond the reach of scholastic analysis. It placed its own judgments above God Himself, and demanded that they be accepted as the infallible criteria of truth. St. Bernard thus describes how generally this spirit had permeated the times: "Along the streets and in the squares people dispute about the Catholic faith, about the child-bearing of the Virgin, about the Sacrament of the altar, and about the incomparable mystery of the Trinity." Of course, this license in human thought could have only one effect, and that a disastrous one, on the souls of men and on the cause of truth alike.

The Church met this new situation with intellectual forces of no mean calibre. William of Champeaux and St. Bernard attacked the rationalists with all the resources of their great intellects. If any criticism of their work be permissible, it is that their method was in some degree insufficiently constructive. With splendid erudition and unanswerable logic they laid open the fallacies and sophistries of their opponents, and clearly pointed out the fatal tendencies of the dialectical system in the hands of irreverent men. But they did not seek to purge that system of its abuses and employ it as a weapon of defense. This was to be the work of another century. The immediate consequence, however, was that the three thousand "logic-mad" students, if I may use the expression, who followed Abelard in his peripetetic course, turned from them as the Athenians turned from St. Paul, saying: "We will hear thee again concerning this matter."

A policy of repression was next adopted, and in 1209 the Bishop of Paris convoked a council to condemn the heresies of Amalric of Bena, who taught not only the incarnation of Christ, but also of the Father and Holy Ghost. Though he had been dead two years, his

desiccated bones were disinterred and deposited in unhallowed ground. Even harsher methods were applied to some of his disciples. This council also forbade the reading of the physics of Aristotle. Six years later Robert de Courcon, a Papal Legate, condemned the metaphysical works of Aristotle. Perhaps it would be more in accord with the facts of history to say that the Council and the Delegate condemned the Arabian translations and commentaries of the philosophical works of Aristotle.

Yet, drastic as these measures were, they failed of their purpose, and the spirit of rationalism swept on. In the thirteenth century it attained the height of its power. This century deified Aristotle and regarded him as one who had said the last word on all subjects, and whose conclusions were the infallible criteria of truth. In this century men began to speak of the Philosopher much as St. Augustine says the masters of Carthage spoke of the Aristotelian categories in his day—"with cheeks bursting with pride, as of something altogether divine." Avicenna, indeed, had said that Aristotle was the only man God had permitted to attain the highest summit of perfection. It was clear, therefore, that a crisis was imminent in the struggle between Western belief and Eastern unbelief, and the outcome was of supreme concern to the cause of Christianity. The age certainly had need of some tutelary genius whose dominant spirit would guide its splendid energies to high aims and worthy ends.

This was the condition of the intellectual world when St. Dominic stood pleading with Innocent III for permission to found a new religious Order.

As the Patriarch contemplated the age in which he lived, he discerned in it three fatal defects, to which could be traced all its evils: First, the notable absence of the contemplative spirit among men of the active life; secondly, the lack of authoritative preaching;

thirdly, a deficiency of reverend, yet scientific, scholarship. It was to supply these wants of the age that St. Dominic established the Order of Friars-Preachers. Though the Founder was a leader among men and an ardent progressionist among thinkers, he was not a frivolous innovator or a wanton iconoclast. His habit of thought was of a strictly conservative and constructive character. He was a thinker whose work was to mark a distinct epoch in the intellectual world, and to exert a remarkable influence on the development of scientific thought. But this was not to be accomplished by the leveling of all existing institutions and the utter condemnation of all present methods. His were not the methods of the hysterical and sensational demagogue. Novelty for novelty's sake did not appeal to him. He was a builder who could avail himself of "old things and new." He, therefore, adopted the contemplative spirit of monasticism, and not only united it to the active life, but made it the very basis of the apostolate. He knew full well that reverence is born of contemplation; that contemplation also begets knowledge, knowledge love, and love zeal for souls—the indispensable virtue of a successful ministry. It was the knowledge of this that prompted him to write on the very first page of the Constitutions of the Order its divine mission—to impart to others the fruits of contemplation—"aliis tradere contemplata."

The second great deficiency of the times was a learned and zealous body of priests, unfettered by parish duties, who, in a special manner, should devote themselves to preaching. The heresies of the Waldenses had but recently sprung from the abuse of the preaching office, usurped by ignorant and unauthorized men. The very last Council of the Lateran, which St. Dominic attended in the capacity of a theologian, had severely arraigned the bishops, to whom the office of preaching primarily belonged,

for their neglect of this most sacred and important duty. St. Dominic, therefore, planned that his followers should labor for souls through a preaching of the Divine Word, based upon a profound knowledge of sacred science.

The third and most urgent need of the times was a school of Christian philosophy that would place theological exposition on a scientific basis, and defend it from the attacks of rationalism.

The method of theological exposition in the first six centuries of the Church's existence was that introduced by the Fathers. It was, of course, based upon the Scriptures, and developed by patristic commentaries and the traditions and decisions of the Church.

With the beginning of the seventh century, a new method made its appearance. Already the teachings of the Fathers had come to be looked upon as authoritative in an eminent degree. They were, therefore, made the basis of the new method conjointly with the Scriptures, tradition and the decisions of Popes and councils. The writings of the Fathers were mostly made use of through the medium of compendia and extracts of their writings.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century yet another method had come into general use, which was to be known as the scholastic method. It is impossible to ascribe, with any degree of certainty, the beginnings of scholasticism to any particular individual or time. Some refuse to acknowledge any other than Albert the Great as the first scholastic; others go back to the person and times of Abelard; others still affirm that its rise dates from the controversy over the Eucharist, participated in by Lanfranc on one side and Berengarius on the other; while others still look to Scotus Erigena and the ninth century for its origin. One thing, however, is certain—the appearance in the twelfth century of more numerous and more accurate translations of the Stagerite gave



to this method a new and powerful impetus. It was, in substance, an alliance of faith and reason—the dialectic system applied to the elucidation of theology. It consisted in developing, expanding, illustrating, and clearing of objections in a didactic manner, the dogmas of religion.

Whatever service the dialectic method conferred on theology, it had proved a dangerous weapon in the hands of the proud and headstrong. Personified by Erigena, Berengarius, and Abelard, it stood for dominant reason and irreverence. Scotus Erigena had said that “authority is derived from reason.” Abelard taught that “liberty was the right to consult reason and to listen to it alone.” In the persons of Averroes and Avicenna, it championed pantheism and naturalism in many of the universities of Europe. It was not always employed in the service of truth, but often for mere vain display.

The third great need of the times, therefore, in the judgment of St. Dominic, was an order of men capable of defending the supremacy of the faith with sacred and profane science—science not acquired for the vain purpose of academic display, but for the defense of truth and the salvation of souls. He realized the urgent need of a body of men capable of refuting the brilliant aberrations of future Abelards, of combating the Hebrew and Arabian philosophers, who were injecting their subtle poisons into the thought of the times, of purging the Philosopher himself of error and of harmonizing his teachings with the Scriptures and patristic writings.

The Church then possessed no such institute to meet the needs of the times. Before St. Dominic's time the religious Orders were holy asylums for the promotion of personal sanctity by labor, fasting and prayer. The work of St. Anthony and St. Pachomius was hidden in the wilderness. Its spirit of solitude

was unsuited for the turbulent times of the thirteenth century.

In the sixth century, St. Benedict founded the monastic Institute of the West. But its spirit, too, was purely contemplative, and not of an active, aggressive apostolate in the outer world, though the necessities of the times more than once forced it to enlarge its scope. For more than six hundred years monasticism had served gloriously the needs of the Church, and in its schools and scriptoriums the cause of education and civilization; but in the twelfth century monasticism, representing the synthetic and mystic spirit of St. Benedict, had begun to lose its ascendancy; and at the beginning of the thirteenth century its influence upon the times was wholly negligible. The contentious character of that century was not in accord with the spirit of “quies” that filled the cloistered silence of the mountain abbey. Not later than the year 1118 the monks, as though in protest against the irreverent spirit of the schools, closed their doors against all lay students.

It was under these circumstances that St. Dominic conceived the idea of founding an Order of men versed in sacred and profane science, trained in dialectical skill, who, though formed in the silence of the cloister, could enter the noisy arena of the university and successfully measure lances with the arrogant knights of reason in defence of the faith. His followers were to be students, scholars and educators, not by chance, personal inclination, or indulgence, but by design and the requirements of their vocation. Truth—universal truth—its acquisition and diffusion, was the intellectual ideal he would realize in his followers. “Veritas” was the motto emblazoned on the escutcheon of the Order. Such was the chivalrous design of St. Dominic. The very conception of such a scheme indicated the greatness of his mind and the sweep of his vision. How effectively he planned and how true

to his ideals were his associates, may be seen in the fact that even his own contemporaries began to call his Institute "the Order of Truth."

St. Dominic was well qualified intellectually to plan so great an undertaking. He was a man whose native gifts of intellect were of the highest order. A university course at Palencia, extending over ten years and pursued with intense ardor, had placed him in possession of all the knowledge of his times. He was a profound student of the history of the Church, knew its trials, understood the dangers that menaced it, and was thoroughly familiar with its needs. The active part he had taken in suppressing the Albigensian heresy, and his extensive travels with the Bishop of Osma, added to his theoretical knowledge a vast fund of practical experience and gave him a deep insight into the spirit and trend of his times. He had taken a conspicuous part in the apostolate of the written as well as of the spoken word. Doctors of wide renown, scholars of highest repute, sought his advice and called him "Master." Honorius III recognized his scholarly attainments when he made him theologian of the Vatican.

With a clear apprehension of the mission of his Order, the Founder equipped his infant Institute with rules of marvelous detail and extraordinary wisdom. With that far-reaching range of vision that is characteristic of all great thinkers, he planned not merely for his own age, but for all time. Having this end in view, he imparted to these rules a flexibility and elasticity which would permit of their adjustment to all times, places and conditions. With extraordinary liberality, he embodied in the Constitutions the power of dispensation when unbending adherence to the letter would fetter apostolic zeal.

Among the first official acts of St. Dominic, as Master General of the Order, were rules looking to the promotion

of the educational influence of the Institute. The first general chapter of the Order, presided over by St. Dominic himself, admonished the brethren to attend assiduously to books and studies. The Dominican "*ratio studiorum*," as drawn up by Vincent of Beauvais, covered all the knowledge of the times, whether in the domain of art, history, philosophy, or theology. How thoroughly equipped the Order was to carry out this ambitious course of study may be judged from the fact that in the first decades of its existence its ranks were recruited almost exclusively from the students and professors of the universities. They did not forswear their allegiance to science when they put on the Dominican habit; rather did they consecrate it to religion, that they might extend the reign of Him, one of whose titles is "Lord of Knowledge."

As the architect of the new Institute, Dominic not only drew up the general plan and design, but carefully worked out each detail and specification. Clearly he saw that, to maintain the high standard of scholarship he had proposed, it would be necessary to afford his followers the very best educational advantages obtainable. With this end in view, "*Studia Generalia*," in which university courses were pursued and degrees conferred, were established by St. Dominic himself at the University of Paris, and by his successors at the universities of Oxford, Montepelier, and Bologna. Besides these "*Studia Generalia*," which were of the nature of small universities, each convent had its school and master of studies. From this exposition of the beginnings, of the plan and scope of the Order, it will be seen that its great lights of learning, who, with unfailing regularity, rose in each succeeding generation, were not accidental to its career, but the legitimate fruit of St. Dominic's genius and planning.

The first star to shine in the Dominican firmament was that of Albert the

Great, "The Universal Doctor." He was the first of the youthful Order publicly to teach philosophy, as he was the first systematically to apply the Aristotelian philosophy for the elucidation and defense of theology. In 1228 he was invited to the University of Cologne to reform its curriculum and method of teaching.

As we have already seen, the rationalistic movement, which received such a powerful impetus from the genius and popularity of Abelard, as well as from a widespread diffusion of the Arabian translations of the Stagyrte, had assaulted the very citadels of theology. The ecclesiastical authorities had employed condemnation and repression without avail; the movement had already acquired alarming proportions. At this critical juncture a new method of attack, as unique as it was bold in its conception, was inaugurated by Albert. He had made a profound study of all the writings of the Philosopher, as well as of his Arabian and Jewish commentators, and he was convinced that the trouble lay not so much in the real teachings of Aristotle as in the unwarranted conclusions of his interpreters, and the false readings of his ignorant or prejudiced translators. Acting upon this knowledge, Albert purged the peripatetic philosophy of its errors, reduced it to a system adapted to the needs of Christian apologetics, and employed it as a weapon for the defense of theology. In his hands philosophy could be truly defined as "intellectus quaerens fidem."

The boldness of this step caused the sincere, but short-sighted, element in the schools to gasp with amazement. Then a storm of vituperative abuse and false accusations burst upon him. He was accused of enthroning a pagan within the very sanctuary, and of giving him the place of honor in the magisterium of the Church. He was spoken of in such endearing terms as "the ape of Aristotle" and "the Aristotelian ass." Yet it was

this method which, without derogating in the least degree from the dignity and the pre-eminence of Catholic theology, gave the first permanent check to the progress of rationalism and pantheism in Europe. Its utter rout was to be accomplished by one even greater than himself.

It would be difficult to overestimate the influence of Albert upon the philosophical and theological thought of the thirteenth century. Among other of his ecclesiastical writings, his contributions to ethics are of special value. He formulated two new proofs of the existence of God, completed the Lombard's doctrine of reprobation, and refuted with consummate skill Aristotle's doctrine of the eternity of the world. To him belongs the credit of introducing a method of theological exposition which began the disarmament of pantheism, checked rationalism, and which, in the hands of his most illustrious pupil, was to result in the utter discomfiture of the enemies of supernatural truth. This in itself was more than enough to rank him with the foremost scholars of the Church; but, as we shall see later on, his great mind studied and illuminated other than ecclesiastical and cognate subjects.

St. Thomas was the pupil of Albert the Great. It is impossible to give, within the limits of this article, more than the barest outline of his varied and priceless service to thirteenth century thought. He found the spirit of rationalism still aggressive, if no longer progressive, and pantheism still exercising a baneful influence in many of the universities of Europe. It was his allotted task to take up the work of Albert and drive home the attack so successfully begun by his illustrious teacher.

One of the greatest results achieved by St. Thomas in his active scholastic career was to force upon the learned world the recognition of the fact that the spheres of faith and reason were distinct; and that reason alone could exer-

cise no independent jurisdiction in the domain of supernatural truth. This was an event of vital importance in the conflict between rationalism and faith. In the development of philosophical thought, many questions, originally of a strictly metaphysical character, took on in their implications a theological significance, whose solution the theologians claimed for their exclusive function. In reprisal, the intellectual liberals of those days, following the example of Erigena and Abelard, identified the science of philosophy with that of theology, and declared that the mysteries of religion constituted legitimate matter for the searchings and probings of human reason.

By the brilliancy and incontrovertible character of his argument, St. Thomas forced the admission that the domain of reason did not extend to all the facts of supernatural truth; that, while philosophy might be the efficient handmaid of theology, it could never be its mistress, or even co-laborer, in the determination of supernatural knowledge.

No more brilliant exponent of the power of human reason ever existed than the Angel of the Schools; yet none was more keenly conscious of its limitations and its utter impotency where the mysteries of religion were concerned. With unerring precision he drew a line of demarcation between natural and supernatural truths, and forced the withdrawal of the latter from all discussion that was based entirely upon human reason. In fine, the result of his encounter with the rationalists was, as Dr. Uberweg puts it, "the complete accomplishment of the until then imperfect separation of natural from revealed theology, revelation being now withdrawn as a theological mystery from the sphere of philosophical speculation." This victory found concrete expression in a decree approved in Paris in the year 1271, which asserted the supremacy of theology and forbade the professors of the philosophical faculty

to treat of any essentially theological questions. St. Thomas' marvelous power of synthesis finds its most perfect expression in his "Summa." In this stupendous work he gathers the scattered and seemingly discordant elements of Christian theology and clarifies, co-ordinates and harmonizes them in one magnificent fabric, wherein theology and philosophy conspire to show forth the beauty of God's eternal truth. Not only did the Angelic Doctor summarize, systematize, and illumine all theology, placing it safely beyond the destructive assaults of rationalism, but he Christianized the philosophy of Aristotle, effectively refuted the dangerous teachings of Averroes and Avicenna, proving them heretics even in the peripatetic school of philosophy, created a Christian psychology, subordinated reason to faith, and established the supremacy of dogma in the schools. His theological writings may be summed up in the words of Ozanam as "a vast synthesis of moral science, in which was unfolded all that could be known of God and man, and their mutual relations."

The paternal affection entertained by Albert the Great for his illustrious pupil, St. Thomas, was beautifully illustrated by the following incident: The agitation which followed the adoption of the Aristotelian philosophy was increased by the new methods and new opinions of St. Thomas. Four years after the Angelic Doctor's death, this hostility on the part of the reactionaries had not abated. On the seventh of March (strange coincidence), 1277, Stephen Tempier, Bishop of Paris, condemned four of his propositions. Albert, hearing of the impending censure, though over eighty years old, and burdened with the infirmities of age, traveled all the way from Cologne to Paris, after the laborious manner of those days, to defend the memory of his Dominican brother and illustrious pupil. Here was fraternal love and Dominican loyalty

worthy of the best traditions of the Order. In connection with this incident, it is no less interesting to know that Robert Kilwardby, Archbishop of Canterbury, himself a Dominican philosopher of great attainments, did not suffer his loyalty to the brethren to interfere with his devotion to the truth as he saw it, as befitted a member of the Order of Truth. On March 18 of the same year he approved the condemnation pronounced by the Bishop of Paris. It is not a little surprising that half a century elapsed before this unjust condemnation was revoked.

The study and teaching of the Scriptures were entered upon with enthusiasm from the very beginning of the Order. At a general chapter, held at Paris in 1236, it was ordered that a Concordance of the Bible be prepared. This great work, of priceless value to Biblical students, and the first of its kind ever attempted, was brought to a successful issue by the brethren of the Order under the direction of Hugh of St. Cher, afterward Cardinal.

In the same year the Paris Dominicans produced a corrected edition of the entire Bible. When this was found, in the light of later scholarship, to be not without fault, a more perfect version was issued, in 1248. In 1256 the general chapter forbade the use of the "Bible of Sens," as the first correction of text was called. When we consider the difficulties under which these Dominican Scriptural scholars labored—the scarcity of books, the absence of archaeological studies, and the lack of data that is now within the reach of every student—we are able to form some idea of the vast industry, varied learning, profound study, and tireless research required for these contributions to Biblical literature.

In the person of Raymond of Pennafort, the Order gave to the Church one of its greatest canonists. At the request of Gregory IX he gathered together, in

one work, all the decrees of all the Roman councils scattered through various documents and letters. He supplied the decretals omitted by the Benedictine monk, Gratian, and edited those given out after the time of that indefatigable compiler. These he published in 1234. So accurately was this great work compiled that not only the individual documents contained therein, but the compilation itself, and of itself, has been recognized as authoritative by all the Pontiffs from Gregory IX to the present incumbent of the Holy See. This collection has the same force of law to-day that it had almost seven hundred years ago.

Another intellectual giant of the Order in this century—for there were giants in those days—was Vincent of Beauvais. Albert the Great, St. Thomas, and Vincent of Beauvais constitute a trilogy of intellects such as are rarely found in the entire history of an Order, not to speak of a single decade. Vincent was, without doubt, one of the greatest encyclopedists that have thus far attempted the task of summing up the world's knowledge. He conceived and executed the heroic design of writing a work which would be a temple consecrated to the custody of universal knowledge. This work, one of the most remarkable contributions to general literature in any age, he realized in his encyclopedia, called "The Great Mirror." In this tremendous work he compiled the then sum of the world's knowledge under the heads of "Nature," "Morals," "Doctrine," and "History," adding his own luminous commentaries and special treatises.

Under the head of "Nature," he deals, following the order recorded in Genesis, with the whole work of creation—the heavens, the earth, the natural kingdoms, and the corporeal and mental make-up of man. The second part, entitled "Morals," is contained in two folio volumes, and treats of the conclusions of all the great theologians of the

**age.** Under "Doctrine" he writes of all the arts and sciences. The historical part contains a universal history of the world.

In this marvelous work, which has served for the basis of even modern encyclopedias, Vincent reviews, arranges, and compiles all extant knowledge, sacred and profane, Christian and pagan. In an age in which books were so scarce and so costly, we can readily understand why scholars in every branch of learning journeyed from the remotest parts of Europe to consult the "Great Mirror" of Vincent of Beauvais. This tremendous work would have failed of accomplishment, a fact to which Vincent himself bears testimony, had it not been for the splendid and harmonious cooperation of his Dominican brethren. They sank their own ambitions in the general good, and found ample reward in the increased fame of the Order. "The Great Mirror" is a fair example of the earnest and tireless efforts of the Institute in its very cradle to serve the cause of learning.

The study of Oriental languages was cognate to the study of theology and philosophy, since many of the writings of Aristotle were accessible only through translations from the Hebrew and Arabic. These two languages constituted the serviceable medium for the introduction into Europe of more than one heresy. Aristotle's brilliant reasoning came forth with halting step from the miserable versions of Averroes and Avicenna, who corrupted it to bolster up their own peculiar systems. In order, therefore, the more effectively to refute these and other Eastern commentators, the Arabic and Hebrew languages were immediately taken up and given a permanent place in the Dominican curriculum.

So familiar were the members of the Order, in the first part of the thirteenth century, with the Hebrew language, that on their appearance at the University of Oxford they were assigned a place for

their convent in the Ghetto, that they might labor the more effectively for the conversion of the Jews.

At the request of the Kings of Aragon and Castile, Raymond of Pennafort, third General Master of the Order, established colleges at Muncia and Tunis, to combat the growing influence of the Jews and Mohammedans. Twenty of the Fathers conversant with Hebrew and Arabic were sent to these colleges to write and preach against the errors of the unbelievers. At Muncia, over ten thousand of the infidels were converted to the Faith. It was in the interests of this work that, in 1264, at the request of Raymond of Pennafort, St. Thomas wrote his celebrated "Summa Contra Gentiles." Father Accoldi wrote in Arabic on the errors of the Arabians, and Father Martin composed a Summa in Arabic against the Koran, and another in Hebrew against the Talmud.

In the study of Greek, the Order took even a greater interest. Shortly after the death of St. Dominic, familiarity with this language was widely prevalent among the Dominicans. Every year a number of young men were sent to Greece to perfect themselves in the language of Plato and Aristotle. Though not a consummate Hellenist, in the sense of the Humanists, St. Thomas possessed an excellent working knowledge of the Greek language. In the "Catena Aurea," alone, he cites the opinions of sixty Greek writers. In the "Summa" he cites twenty ecclesiastical and about the same number of secular Greek authors, including Heraclitus and Aristophanes. His commentary on "De Interpretatione" offers some criticisms on the Greek text.

William of Brabant, sometimes called William of Moerbeke, was one of the young Dominicans sent to Greece to study the classic language of that country. On his return, in 1268, he was made chaplain of Clement IV, and afterward to Gregory X. He was also appointed Greek secretary at the Coun-

cil of Lyons in 1274. At this Council he was one of those who chanted the Nicene Creed in Greek, thrice repeating the words "Qui ex Patre Filioque procedit," contested by the Greek Church.

At the instance of St. Thomas, William of Brabant produced, in 1273, a literal Latin translation of the Greek text of all the works of Aristotle. After this it was possible to study Aristotle without having recourse to the corrupted translations from the Arabic, which soon fell into desuetude. He was made Archbishop of Corinth in 1277, but continued to translate from the Greek into Latin. Besides Aristotle, he rendered into Latin Simplicius, Proclus, Ammonius, Hippocrates, and Gallen.

Thomas Cantimpretanus, who entered the Order in 1232, also acquired great renown as a translator from the Greek. He rendered into Latin most of Aristotle's works on morals.

Geoffrey of Waterford translated the "Physiognomica" and "De Regimine Principum" of Aristotle from the original Greek.

Physical and applied sciences were not without their devotees among the Dominicans of the thirteenth century. Albert the Great was, doubtless, the greatest scientist of his age. Without noticing the fanciful legends that have been woven into the biography of this altogether extraordinary man, it may be said that his achievements in the field of physical science were, in some instances at least, centuries ahead of his times. He wrote extensively on astronomy, cosmology, botany, mineralogy, geography, and natural history. The "a priori" methods of the schools did not blind him to the necessity of an inductive system in the work of experimental science. This principle he was the first to put into practice, and with the most gratifying results to science. He, too, was the first to perceive the law of affinities in the composition of metals. With the same earnest love of truth

that characterized his ecclesiastical writings, he combated the popular fallacy of the transmutation of baser metals into gold by means of the philosopher's stone. Humboldt declared that in his "*Liber Cosmographicus de Natura Locorum*," he surpasses, in many points, the age in which he lived. As a botanist, Maier puts him before all the ancients but Theophrastes. Dr. Jesser, who wastes no love on Catholic scholars, equals Albert in his "*Cosmos*" to Aristotle and Humboldt. Hallam grudgingly says of him; "He may pass for the most fertile writer of the world." Altogether, he was, as Englebert, his contemporary, says, "a man so Godlike in all science that he may suitably be called the wonder and miracle of our times." His works, printed at Lyons in 1651, fill twenty-one folio volumes, and form an encyclopedia of all the learning and polemics of his times. St. Thomas, too, while not the peer of Albert in physical science, was not without interest in it. To him is assigned the authorship of a remarkable work on the manner of building aqueducts, and another on bridge construction.

From the earliest years of the Order, the Dominicans exerted a powerful influence in the then existing universities, and materially contributed to the founding of others. Though not affiliated with any university, the Order was identified with nearly all the institutions of learning in Europe. The University of Paris conferred a chair in theology upon the Dominicans in 1229, and another in 1231. In the light of the bitter opposition to the entrance of religious among the professors of the University of Paris, there is no more honorable page in the history of that university than the eloquent and pathetic letter addressed by the united faculties of Paris to the Master General of the Dominicans bewailing the death of St. Thomas, and praying that the university might be given the honor of watching over his tomb.

Such, briefly, were the beginnings of Dominican scholarship in the thirteenth century—the first eighty-five years of the Order's existence. Though succeeding ages have not produced another Albert the Great, St. Thomas or Vincent of Beauvais, any more than Italy has produced another Dante, or the English-speaking world another Shakespeare, a brilliant galaxy of Dominican scholars has appeared in every age, and in every branch of learning. The names of St. Antoninus, Capreolus, Cajetan, Bannez, Soto, Canus, Medina, John of

St. Thomas, Billuart, and Natalis Alexander, will be known as long as ecclesiastical sciences engage the minds of men. But, what is of greater importance, the same spirit of study, the same love of truth, the same high standard of scholarship inspired by St. Dominic and realized by his followers, are as much in evidence in the revised "Ratio Studiorum" promulgated last April by an international commission on studies, as in the curriculum drawn up by Vincent of Beauvais almost seven hundred years ago.

## Come With Me

By ESTHER COTTRELL

### IX.

#### THE MISSES MADDOX

**C**AWORTH lived in Georgetown with his two maiden aunts, Miss Letitia and Miss Milicent Maddox. These two estimable ladies were survivors of Georgetown's glorious generation, and they regarded Washington as a mere mushroom growth. Congress, commissioners, civilians, might try to merge Georgetown into the Capital by calling it West Washington and renumbering its streets, but in the minds of the old inhabitants, Georgetown was unmergable. It possessed a history, a venerableness that commanded one's loyalty. It had been a social center when Washington was a mud-hole and the White House was comfortless as a barn—in those days, long of tradition, when white-sailed ships plied up the placid Potomac to deposit their cargoes on Georgetown's hospitable wharves; when General Washington and many other great men rested their weary heads at

a hostelry, still standing, near the river; when ambassadors made merry in the great houses on the hills and Senators appeared as gay gallants in embroidered waistcoats and satin small-clothes. And now, though streets had been cut ruthlessly through green lawns and box-hedged gardens, many of the old houses still remained. Perched on clay cliffs, accessible only by means of precipitous steps, they flaunted their owners' claims to ancestry, even while they confessed their present poverty.

The Maddox mansion, though old, showed no very obvious signs of decay. The front door, with its brass knocker, had been painted to a snowy whiteness; the vine-twisted pillars of the portico had been patched into a state of solidity, and on the roof, from which the wind had coaxed some of the shingles, new ones had been fastened, so that the gables presented a series of spots to the sky.

"We must have those shingles painted," said Miss Letitia with a decision that was astonishing, when one con-



sidered that the subject had been discussed for three months past.

It was a warm morning in February. Caworth, who was standing in the porch watching his aunt bending over a red rose that had bloomed resplendently in one of the straw-strewn flower beds, said lazily:

"Aunt Letitia is always right. The roof looks as if it had leprosy."

"I can't allow a poor man to go up on that roof in winter," said gentle Miss Milicent from the doorway. "He might slip and break his neck, and then his death would be on our hands."

"Don't a painter know his business?" snapped Miss Letitia.

"You might tie a rope around him," Caworth suggested. "Aunt Milicent could sit in the parlor and hold one end of it."

"Now, John," remonstrated Miss Letitia, "you really ought not to be so indifferent to the appearance of your home. Wasn't it your mother's home and your grandfather's home, and won't it be your home as soon as we are dead and buried?"

"Don't accuse the boy of indifference," said Miss Milicent softly. "I'm sure the place would have gone to ruin long ago if it had not been for John. Our patrimony is hardly sufficient to make needed repairs."

Miss Letitia came up into the porch and Caworth stooped to take off her rubbers, which she had prudently put on before inspecting the flower bed. "I'm not accusing John of anything," she said, after thanking him for the small service with formal politeness, "but I don't suppose he will ever want to settle here. He's been a wanderer ever since he left college. He's just like his father. Didn't his father go to Berlin and open a bank? Wasn't it the most unfortunate thing that ever happened! If he had staid in America, he never would have met that rascal who ran off with his money."

"But John may get all that money back," said Milicent, who was insistently sanguine.

"He never will," declared Miss Letitia. "I know human nature too well. That German woman will marry some one else before the year is out, then she will forget all about her obligations to John. She isn't going to keep on paying her first husband's debts when she gets a second one just as bad."

"You forget, Letitia, that her first husband is still alive."

Miss Letitia sniffed. "Divorces are very plentiful nowadays," she said.

Miss Milicent looked pained. "Really, Letitia, you forget the attitude of the Church on divorce. I don't think you should mention them as a matter of course before John."

Caworth chuckled. He was used to these discussions of himself, which went on regardless of his presence. In the eyes of the old ladies, he was still an innocent, unsophisticated boy.

"I'm afraid the poor German is impoverishing herself," he said. "She sent by express three hundred this morning."

"You see, Letitia," said Miss Milicent, approvingly, "she is a most conscientious person."

"I think she is very foolish."

"Foolish! Why, John?"

"She's under no obligation to me," said Caworth, "and for my part I wish she would stop it. I don't want a woman working for me—an unknown woman who has a husband in the penitentiary. She has trouble enough."

"Well, perhaps it distracts her mind from her troubles," Miss Milicent suggested, soothingly. "Perhaps it gives her some reason to keep on living—perhaps, John—who knows?—it may preserve her from suicide."

Caworth threw back his head and laughed. "Perhaps," he said, with more seriousness, "I never thought of that."

Miss Letitia regarded him disapprovingly. "The woman seems to have some

idea of honesty," she said, "but I doubt if she is respectable. I fancy she's in a ballet, and dances in one of those dreadful German gardens, and I suppose she would keep it up even if she had no debts to pay, for women never seem satisfied in these days. They all want a career of some sort, when everyone knows that the career the Lord has laid out for them is enough to keep them busy? I heard only yesterday that Senator Penworth's daughter is teaching in the convent. Now, why isn't she satisfied to stay at home and look after her father's establishment and attend to her social duties?"

Caworth looked interested. "How long has she been teaching?"

"For the past month. She passes here every morning. Once she stopped to see Milicent about some charity case that the nuns had recommended to her."

"Then, perhaps, she is teaching for charity."

"No, she isn't. The nuns explained to me that they were at their wits' end to find some one to train the children's voices for the commencement exercises, and when Miss Penworth heard of it she offered her services. The nuns hesitated, at first, to offer her any compensation, but when, at my suggestion, they delicately mentioned the matter, she seemed very glad to accept the price they paid her when she taught there regularly. She's a handsome girl. I wonder she doesn't get married."

"Perhaps she doesn't want to."

"Now, John, nearly every woman wants to."

"Did you?"

"Of course," she candidly confessed.

"Then why didn't you?"

"Because I never found a man to my liking, but that doesn't prove there were none in the world."

"I'm sure," said Miss Milicent, "you had many offers."

"But they were not the kind of men I could fancy."

"I know," Miss Milicent agreed, "you were always difficult to please."

"We are wandering from the point," continued Miss Letitia. "Why does Miss Penworth teach? Isn't her father a rich man?"

"I believe he is."

"Then he must be very miserly."

"Not necessarily."

"But why does she teach?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Don't you know her?"

"Yes."

"Is—is she peculiar?"

"Peculiar?"

"I mean is she a 'new woman'?"

Caworth smiled. "She is certainly not an old one," he said.

"Now, you know what I mean, John. I don't often gossip about my neighbors, but Milicent and I have been thinking that it's time you were married and—we've decided that you ought to marry money—"

"Oh, Letitia," remonstrated Miss Milicent, "I said that a girl with money was not unlovable, and that Miss Penworth had a most attractive personality, and that her fortune might be a consideration to many men."

"You agreed," said Miss Letitia, "that her fortune would be a great advantage to John. He has birth, brains, to offer. I believe she is the daughter of an obscure politician."

"I would hardly call a United States Senator obscure," said Miss Milicent.

"Well, they are nowadays. Some of them spring up in a single night out of the wild woods. They buy their votes; they sell their principles; some of them are boors; some of them are worse. In our day things were different. Ability counted for so much more. Your grandfather, John, as I have often reminded you, was an intimate friend of Mr. Webster, Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Clay—"

"I've heard of them," said Caworth. His manner was disconcerting to the old ladies. His reserve was maddening.

"Do you know Senator Penworth?" Miss Letitia next inquired.

"I've met him."

"Is—is he prepossessing? Do you like him?"

"I believe he's considered very prepossessing. I do not like him."

"Why?"

"Well, there are many reasons. The chief one is, I believe he's a thief."

"Oh, John!" chorused both old ladies. "Surely you are mistaken."

He looked at Miss Letitia, smiling. "Weren't you making some general suppositions yourself?"

"Yes, but—"

"Isn't it worse to condemn the whole United States Senate than one man?"

"Your language, John—" began Miss Milicent.

"Is good English, Aunt Milly. Here you two dear souls sit planning out my future, marrying me to the heiress of a million, when, no doubt, she is looking for a duke to load her with estates and tenantry. Take an inventory of my belongings, mental, moral and material, and what are my chances?"

"You are never serious," said Miss Letitia, "and you never seem to consider your future. You spend your money—you take no measures to provide for yourself. What have you done with that \$2,000 the German woman sent you?"

"It is in bank awaiting her disposal."

"You mean that you intend to return it?"

"When she needs it."

"But you don't know where she is—"

"I'm waiting to discover."

"You're as absurd as your grandfather about money affairs. He was never practical."

"I wouldn't call John impractical," spoke up Miss Milicent. "He will grow more economical when he's married—"

Caworth stooped and kissed his gentle champion. "What, even if I marry the heiress?"

"But you said you wouldn't," snapped Miss Letitia.

Miss Milicent, who still read Jane Austin and dealt largely in sentiment, said: "Wait until you fall in love, John, and then the money won't make any difference."

## X.

### TEMPTATION

Caworth's den in the front of the house was enough to distract the mind of any housewife. Books and filing cases were piled from floor to ceiling; stacks of newspapers crammed the corners; the big desk by the window was overflowing with half-written pages of manuscript, and the long line of empty ink bottles in the mantel was eloquent of toilsome days. Miss Letitia and Miss Milicent had been requested to keep their busy dusters away from this sanctum. Caworth considered the dust picturesque and the company of the persevering spiders inspiring. He watched their patient spinning with keen interest, conscious of a genuine feeling of companionship, while he worked over a many-volumed history on which his ambition was concentrated, his best powers focused.

Every morning he arose at six to give to it the first fresh morning hours. In this way it took no time from the real business of his day. One morning, deep in thought, as he looked from his high window, he saw Marian Penworth passing the lower end of the garden. He glanced at his watch; it was only half-past eight, early for a society girl to be up and stirring. The next morning, at the same hour, he watched for her. She was prompt in arriving. Then his aunts were right. She had work of some sort in this part of the town. As she passed, morning after morning, he wondered what motive inspired her. Was it restlessness, greed for gain, or pure philanthropy. Her personality had always interested him. She seemed to hold

so much in reserve. But, he told himself, he could not form a fair judgment of her, for their acquaintance had never emerged from its first formality. Since that strange requested interview, he had never been to the house, and, though he had met her frequently at M. Fontaine's, she had never asked him to call upon her. At this he had wondered a little. Corinne had tried to explain her friend's oversight by saying: "I don't think Marian likes men; she never asks them to call upon her."

"Many men go to the house," Caworth had said. "Hickling is there frequently."

"They are her father's friends, but I can't understand why Marian has never asked you."

He had laughingly said: "It is incomprehensible." But, though the matter seemed at the time of little importance, he mentally confessed that the omission was puzzling.

One morning Miss Penworth stopped to call upon Miss Milicent. Caworth saw her coming up the garden path and his curiosity led him down the stairs, where he appeared upon the porch as if by accident. He found Miss Penworth seated on a small rustic seat, where Miss Milicent, wrapped in a heavy camel's hair shawl, spent the mornings sunning herself and directing the old negro who worked all winter in the garden.

Miss Penworth held out her hand as Caworth appeared in the doorway. "Perhaps you will help me," she said in a tone of appeal. "I seem to be bent on an uncharitable errand. Miss Maddox has been helping a poor family around the corner and the family is getting pauperized in consequence. The father and sons are able-bodied, but they won't work as long as they can get food and clothes by sending here. Won't you add a remonstrance to mine?"

"But the poor mother is sick," said Miss Milicent.

"I know, and she wants to go to the hospital, but her husband won't let her."

"Why?"

"He's afraid the neighbors will lose interest if he can't substantiate the sick wife story."

"Dear me!" said Miss Milicent. "Do you really think the poor man is as wicked as that? Do you think, John, that a man could be so wicked?"

Caworth smiled. "Men have few limitations in that line," he said.

"If you would stop sending them food," Miss Penworth went on, "they might be persuaded to work, and then while they were away I could have the ambulance sent for the woman and we could get her to the hospital without any trouble."

"Oh, I see," said Caworth. "It's a plain case of shanghai. While you're in the business, why don't you have the patrol sent for the men?"

"I wish I could," said Marian, with real fervor. "I feel that they are a bad lot, but they have not done anything definite as yet."

"You speak regretfully."

"I know I do."

"Perhaps," said Caworth, lightly, "I might make myself useful. I might persuade the men to rob a bank or sandbag a man."

"I wish you would go talk to them," she said earnestly.

"And suggest the bank?"

Marian smiled. "Get them out of the house. Take them to the club or to jail, anywhere you please, or get them some work."

"It might be interesting. What are their qualifications?"

"One of them is a carpenter, I believe."

"That's a harmless trade. I've been in need of some book-shelving in my office for a long time. I'll go after him at once."

Miss Milicent breathed a sigh of relief. "You're so good, John. He al-

ways sees the way out of difficulties, Miss Penworth. I think if we have any more perplexing cases we had better refer them to him. Have you the address of the poor woman, or will you go with John and introduce him?"

"I'll have to go with him," said Miss Penworth, after a moment's reflection, "and while he is talking to the men I'll tell the woman that we will send for her as soon as we can. Good-bye Miss Maddox, and don't worry your soul about them. You're too good. I'm afraid your generosity will make beggars of us all."

Miss Milicent smiled and said patiently: "Perhaps you young people are right. Even our modes of charity seem to change." While Miss Letitia, who had been watching the trio through a careful part in the parlor curtains, nodded knowingly as Caworth and Marian passed down the garden path together; "I hope he will improve this opportunity," she said.

In the weeks that followed the opportunities grew more frequent. Dear old Miss Milicent, who believed every beggar's idle tale, had been sending, unquestioningly, soup, clothes, provisions to a dozen families who lived upon their ready imaginations. As soon as Miss Penworth's wealth and Miss Penworth's interest in paupers became known, these families began to apply to her, but she, with a New Englander's practicality, ferreted out their actual needs before dispensing her charity. Once or twice a week she called upon Miss Milicent to confer with her about these problematic paupers, and several times, since Caworth was the only man available, he had been called upon to act as mediator, judge and protector in some of the more obscure alleys where Marian was afraid to venture alone.

A strange half-unwilling friendship grew between them. Unwilling on Caworth's side because, as the days lengthened, he feared his own feeling. Marian

Penworth's inheritance placed her so far above him that he did not even want to suspect himself of reaching out to her. While she, cut off by her unfortunate marriage from anything like lawful thought of sentiment, began to dread the attractiveness that she admitted he had for her. Haled and upbraided by her conscience, she purposely avoided him when they met in their social rounds in Washington; then some pitiful pauper's tale would lead her to Miss Milicent, who was trying vainly to adjust herself to associated charity methods. Caworth always appeared at these conferences. Once Marian wrote to Miss Milicent, but the old lady had an attack of rheumatism and Caworth answered the note in person.

These meetings in the old Maddox parlor were so free from formality that Marian found them delightful. The old house, sheltered by its towering trees and hedged in from the rest of the world by the tall, even box-bushes, seemed to possess the reposeful charm of a by-gone century, while the old ladies treated her with a motherly patronage which presupposed a total lack of experience in one of her tender years.

"Really, dear," said Miss Milicent one day, "you talk as if you had experienced some of the wickedness of the world. Now, how could any one so young—"

And when Marian explained that she was nearly thirty, Miss Milicent exclaimed: "I'm nearly eighty, my dear, and you're but a child as yet."

Unconsciously Marian was affected by this persistent attitude of theirs. In their presence some of the buoyancy of her girlhood returned. Her marriage seemed so unreal, so remote, that she began to ask herself boldly why should it make any difference in her present state. Her father had been urging a divorce upon her. Why should she not apply for it and let it end even the memory of those few married months—those

months which had been kept so secret. Only Hiram Wade knew and she trusted him implicitly. But what would Hiram Wade think? To her he was the personification of her best inborn principles. Since her confession to him in the dusk of that winter's afternoon he had made no attempt to see her or press his suit. This did not surprise her; she had known it would end that way. Occasionally they would meet at dinners, and she was conscious of his watchful eyes fixed intently upon her, but her manner was so reserved in company that he must regard her as blameless. No one could accuse her of seeking admiration. Even her cordiality was criticised as "cold."

Once or twice she felt tempted to reveal herself to Caworth. She wondered, almost unceasingly, what his attitude to her would then be. But something besides pride held her back. She tried conscientiously to analyze this feeling, but it baffled her. Such a revelation, she told herself, would presuppose his interest, his possible affection; it would make the return of his squandered substance almost impossible; it would shatter their friendship, which had grown to be so much to her. But if he loved her—why shouldn't she grasp at a happiness that, instinctively, she felt lay within her reach? For weeks the temptation assailed. She felt that she was drifting farther and farther away from her moorings. It was Corinne who, unconsciously, brought her back.

"I'm just longing for you to get married," she said one day, dropping in for an exchange of girlish confidences.

Marian, who was lying, white-faced and inert, on a lounge in her bedroom, smiled and said, "Why?"

"I believe you would be happier, and, then, I must confess to some curiosity. I would like to see the paragon. I know he will be altogether splendid. You're so strong, so capable, so ideal yourself

that you could make a man great and good, or famous, or anything you like."

Marian winced at the words. "I wish I were strong," she said, "or I wish I had the strength of a Church to lean upon."

"If you're not," said Corinne, gaily, "you deceive even the elect. Mr. Wade said last night that you had more moral force than any woman he knew."

Corinne was unprepared for the effect of her words. Marian buried her face in her hands. "Then God help the other women," she sobbed.

Corinne was on her knees with her arms around her friend's neck. "Why, Marian dear, what is it? Have I hurt you in any way?"

"It is your faith in me, Corinne—your faith that I don't deserve. I've been wicked in my heart—so wicked in my heart."

Corinne rippled out a little laugh of relief. "A whited sepulchre! I refuse to be convinced. I'll wait for some manifestation, and then I'll never pin my faith on man or woman again."

That evening Marian wrote to her aunt and uncle in Massachusetts, telling them that she was coming to pay them a long visit.

## XI

### A PROPOSAL

The fire cast a halo about Antoine Fontaine's silver curls and made him look like a pictured saint set against a dark background.

Hiram Wade stood facing his friend, with his back to the fire, warming his long, thin hands, and lifting his coat tails at irregular intervals when the odor of scorching wool warned him of their too close proximity to the blaze.

"I know it is not the American custom," the old Frenchman was saying. "The young people marry here without thought. Corinne possesses so much power for happiness or misery that I fear

for her future. She is the child of my old age. I cannot be with her long. The proposition may seem strange to you, but it does not seem so to me—I believe you are my best friend.”

Wade’s lean face was a study. “Not strange,” he said, “but I am not a young man. Corinne may have set her heart elsewhere.”

“Ask her. No man ever lives long enough to know a woman. Ask her to marry you and see what she says, Wade. You need a wife—you are leading a lonely life and all the time longing in your heart for close family ties. Believe me, I am giving you my most precious possession because I feel that I can trust you always, and because—ah! my friend, we have always spoken to each other without reserve. I like not the influence of her home—”

Wade stooped and grasped Antoine Fontaine’s hand with an impulsiveness that proved a long-tried understanding and sympathy. “God bless you for your confidence,” he said. “I was thinking I had little to offer Corinne for the faith, the trust, the love I might gain.”

“Women are willing to beggar themselves when they love truly. Go ask Corinne if I speak not the truth.”

There was a pause, an unnoticeable moment of hesitation, then, with characteristic decisiveness, Wade said: “I’ll go ask her now. I hear her singing in the parlor. She does not know I am here.” And with a strange expression on his face, he passed out of the wavering circle of firelight.

Corinne did not hear him coming; the soft rugs muffled his footsteps. He followed the sound of her voice, dimly realizing with a new-born joy that she was singing his favorite, old-fashioned ballad—“Believe me if all those endearing young charms.” At the end of the verse Wade tried to join in the chorus. Corinne turned a laughing face upon him.

“What a sound!” she said. “What a dreadful sound!”

Even in his most serious moments her laughter always proved contagious. “My musical talent was never cultivated,” he said. “Did you think you heard a guinea pig under a fence?”

“I thought the thunders of the mountains were let loose and the avalanche had descended.”

“I know,” he said, resignedly, “I have a voice for the high seas. But never mind, even fog-horns have their uses, even if they have their limitations.”

“When did you come?” said Corinne.

“Some time ago.”

“I’ll go tell father.”

“Wait a moment; I want to see you.”

Her eyes wore a half-frightened look of surprise. There was something in his tone that arrested her attention. Hitherto, in spite of her growing feeling for him, his friendly, elderly attitude had given her an ease of manner, a sense of comradeship, which Wade, in his loneliness, had thoroughly enjoyed. It had never approached the brink of sentiment. Even now his hesitation seemed chiefly due to a certain reluctance to break in upon their present relations. From a charming child, in whose society he had been able to cast away the weariness of his world, she had suddenly developed into a woman—a woman to be won. And yet, the proposition which at first had seemed so strange to him, seemed less so as he looked at her. Why had he insisted upon regarding her as a child when her deep blue eyes, looking up at him now, half curiously, were so full of earnestness, so capable of womanly feeling?

“I’m sure I’m going to bungle things,” he began, taking a frail gilt chair by her side, “and the sooner I begin the better. I want to tell you a little story, and then I want your opinion, and then—then I want something else.”

Corinne breathed a little inconsistent sigh of relief. So he was only going to tell her a story. In the beginning of

their acquaintance his quaint anecdotes had constituted his chief charm.

"I'm listening," she said, smiling, "and I'm longing to give my opinion, so hurry and come to the end."

"Well, once there was a man—a capable man—perhaps a conceited man, for he refused to acknowledge there was such a thing as failure as long as he had a brain, a body and a soul. He believed in work, the hardest sort of work, and he was most persistent, for he never stopped, and when people thought he was idling, his brain was going like a sledge-hammer—"

Corinne looked up saucily. "Was he ugly?" she asked.

"Very."

"And thin?"

"Very."

"And long-haired?"

"Very."

"And a tiny bit bald on top?"

"Perhaps."

"On account of his wisdom?"

"Perhaps."

"Did he care?"

"When people impolitely noticed it."

"Go on," she said, laughing.

"Where was I?"

"Your brain was working like a sledge-hammer."

"Well, sledge-hammers are all very well when one is dealing with men, but when it comes to women a man wants delicacy, tact, and a thousand other things, and this man didn't have them. He was stupid—undeniably stupid—and he fell in love, which didn't help the matter. He fell in love with a married woman—"

He paused for a moment. Corinne seemed to shrink from him. She had turned away her head, her lips were trembling, but he did not see her face.

"But he really didn't know she was married," he went on. "She had to tell him pointblank—he couldn't take hints—and then—well, of course, that ended the matter and the man tried to pick up

his life and go on just as if nothing had happened. He kept on telling himself that there were other women in the world, but he didn't believe it until, one day, he suddenly realized that there was some one—some one 'else who had brought life and warmth and cheer into his world when he hadn't the sense to see, and then, he began to wonder if this some one would fill his life for him. Do you think she would be willing to try?"

Corinne's face was flushed, her small hands worked together nervously. The crisis had come when she had least expected it. What a cruel crisis! Who was the other woman, she asked herself, the other woman who possessed his love?

"Oh, I—I don't think she could," she said.

"And she wouldn't be willing to try?"

"Oh," she cried, "you do not love her—you could not love her, while the other woman fills your heart."

He took her hand in his cold, steady one. "I need not have told you about the other woman. I need not have been so honest with you, but I did not want any secrets between us. Are you sorry that I told you? Few men, when they reach my age, can offer a woman their first love. Would you want me to deceive you in the beginning?"

"No, no," she said, "but this is different: My father urges you to marry me, and you come to me in love with another woman."

"He did not urge me."

"But he asked you?"

He made no attempt to equivocate. The moment seemed too sacred. "Yes, he asked me—he is willing to trust me, and I hoped—I hoped that you might feel the same."

She looked up at him through her tears. "Oh, I do trust you—"

"Then listen to me for a moment, Corinne. When you first came into my life you seemed to me a child, a gentle,



care-free child. Your absolute lack of self-consciousness, your laughter, your joy in living, rested me, cheered me, gave me courage to go on struggling even on my most discouraged days. I used to watch you and envy your father—I wished you were my daughter—and all this time, Corinne, because I was stupid and slow, it never occurred to me that there was a chance, a slim, possible chance, that you might be my—wife.”

She caught her breath. “But the other woman?” she asked.

“The other woman is impossible.”

“But if she were not?”

His lips were set. “I should have married her if she would have taken me,” he said, slowly, “and never realized what you might have been to me.”

She rested her elbows on the keys of the piano and buried her face in her hands. “I feel that I can never be very much to you, for I feel that you love her still.”

“She is impossible,” he said again.

“But you love her,” she persisted.

“As we love our dead.”

“Was—was it long ago?” she questioned, with childlike hopefulness.

“That depends whether you measure time by feeling or by the calendar. It seems a very long time ago.”

“Years?”

“Many years.”

“Were you very young?”

“I must have seemed so. Ah, Corinne, can you not believe me when I tell you she has passed out of my life?”

“But you have not forgotten?”

“Men don’t forget. They sometimes refuse to remember. That is the best or the worst they can do.”

“Oh,” she said, with a pitiful little sigh, “I wish I were the other woman.”

“Because you want no part in my life?”

“Because—because you love her—while I—”

Into his homely face there flashed an expression of joy. “While you, Corinne?”

Again she buried her face in her hands. “Another woman might not say it, but I—I must learn to be content with what you have to give, for I love you—I have always loved you.”

## XII

### DEATH.

The spring sunshine filtered reluctantly through the heavy lace curtains of the east bedroom when Marian awakened with a start, and, putting a long silk kimono over her nightdress, she went to her wardrobe and began to feverishly throw her clothes in a heap upon the floor, preparatory to packing them for her journey to the North. With the independence of one long accustomed to waiting on herself, she forgot, half the time, that she had a maid to attend to these trifling offices. Her train did not leave for several hours—she knew the schedule by heart—and she would need few clothes in the little village where the fashions were always belated. There was plenty of time, but after a restless night she sought refuge in activity.

She felt half ashamed of this hurried journey. It seemed to be an open confession of the strength of her temptation—of her own weakness. And from what was she flying? A thought—a mere suggestion. And how could she flee from herself?

Caworth had never broached one word of sentiment to her. He had carefully avoided all the approaches, but it was this care—this obvious effort—that made her feel that their friendship had reached a place where it must pass, as all platonic friendships pass, into the Valley of Doubt, where hearts and souls are cross-examined, and only one out of every two emerges free from passion.

It took a long time to finish a small amount of packing. Her mind was so distracted by reasoning with herself that the effort to remember such practical necessities as brushes, shoes, rubbers, was conscious and wearisome.

When the gong sounded for breakfast, the tray of the trunk was still incomplete. She made a hasty toilet, and, as she turned from her mirror, wondering a little at the pallor of her own face, some one knocked upon the door, and before she answered the summons her father came smiling into the room. He looked at the trunk with some surprise.

"You're not going away?" he began.

"Only for a short time. I made up my mind suddenly. I meant to tell you last night, but you were out for dinner, you remember."

"Where are you going?"

"To uncle and aunt."

"Are they ill?"

"No."

"Then why do you go?"

"I think I ought."

"You're just like your mother," he said, with an unpleasant little laugh. "Always doing the doleful thing for conscience's sake. Suppose I don't want you to go? I've got good news for you. You can't guess what it is." His naturally jubilant spirit began to reassert itself.

"Terrapin for dinner?" she guessed, making an effort to enter into his mood. "Have you found a cook who can actually cook terrapin?"

"Now you are frivolous," said the Senator, with affected sternness. "I'm in dead earnest. What is the most desirable thing that could happen to you—the most desirable?"

The expression on his face was so strange and eager that she grew serious at once, and, in the morbidness of her mood, she spoke on impulse. "Death," she said, then stopped short, feeling half ashamed.

"Right," said the Senator, seating himself easily on the wide window sill. "The possibility of Jim Hollins' death has been before both our minds too long not to be able to jump at that conclusion."

She looked at him with wide-staring eyes. "You mean that my—husband is dead?" she said.

"Yes; there can be no doubt about it now. Dead and buried two weeks ago. There are the papers to prove it—doctor's certificate says consumption. Damp cell—poor fare—I suppose. Hollins, who had lived on the fat of the land, couldn't stand the change forever. Never was a more timely end—term would have expired this fall. I saw his death announced in a German paper—got a friend of mine to verify it. Thought I wouldn't raise your hopes until I was certain. Now you can begin life over again—no scruples to hang to."

She sank weakly down upon the bed and looked toward him with unseeing eyes, and then she buried her face in her hands. "Oh, I didn't mean that," she said.

"Mean what?"

"That I wanted him to—die."

"But you agreed it was desirable?"

"Don't—don't say that."

"Why not?"

"Oh, because—because he is dead."

He laughed again, this time good-naturedly. "Then we won't mention the fact at all, though no mortal woman, under the circumstances, could help rejoicing over the fact that she is free."

"Free?" She repeated the word questioningly, as if she was asking herself all that it meant to her. She was too dazed to comprehend her liberty. Her only feeling was one of shamed vexation that her father should rejoice, and presuppose her joy, in the death of any one—death that, in its inevitableness, forces respect, wrests solemnity from all.

"I wish you wouldn't go away now," her father went on. "I want to give a

dinner the first of next week, and I want you to preside. It will be very inconvenient."

She heard him with a certain mute surprise. How could he pass from tragedy to trivialities? Could he not give her a moment's interim of comprehension? She wanted to cry out to him for sympathy, for the love that he had unconsciously denied her. The old dread feeling of loneliness returned to her. There had been no one to bear the burden of her shame—there was no one now to understand. The shock seemed to quicken, momentarily, the old love into life. Her forebodings about Ca-worth receded, and she wondered why she had felt the necessity for going away. Her life was over. She was flying from spectres—spectres of sin.

Her father grew impatient at her silence. "Is there any reason for your going?"

She put her hand to her head with a bewildered gesture. "No," she said, like one slowly wakening, "no, there is no reason now."

"I don't like to interfere with any of your plans," he continued, with that boyish plea for appreciation, "but a man needs a woman's help in society—I'm such a blundering fool when it comes to rules of etiquette. Now, let's go to breakfast."

He chatted gaily all during the simple meal about his own affairs. He carefully refrained from alluding to her husband, but she felt that the buoyancy of his mood sprang from the news he had received from Berlin, and she, with a woman's inconsistent remorselessness, blamed him for this gladness. While he talked she listened inertly, making a pitiful pretense of breakfasting. When he turned to his morning paper she breathed a sigh of relief, and, getting up from the table, she went to her room, and there flung herself upon her bed with one desire to cry, as she had so

often cried when a child, when there was no one to understand. But she lay there for hours, and no tears came to her relief.

She was not grieving for her husband—he had passed out of her life so long before—but she felt an infinite pity for him, a pity that submerged the old feeling of outrage at his deceit. Her wedding vows taunted her conscience. What should she have done? How should she have acted? Was her place in Berlin outside the prison bars? Had her mission lain so close that she should have shared his shame, or had she acted rightly in accepting the burden of his debt, and going where restitution was possible? Oh, she had been so young, so pitifully young, when these doubts first assailed her—and her grandfather had decided matters for her by taking her far away, and now all her misgivings were useless. Her husband was dead—dead. With the mind of a woman, grown old beyond her years, she viewed him compassionately as a sanguine, reckless boy, forgetting that his years had kept pace with hers.

The maid came in to straighten up the room, but when she saw the prostrate figure on the bed, she retreated, with the rare intuition of a French maid who has witnessed many boudoir tragedies.

It was twelve o'clock when Corinne came. She was bubbling over with the great news of her engagement, and she wanted Marian to rejoice with her in her happiness. She ran upstairs, as was her custom, and knocked upon the door. There was no response; then, following out a schoolgirl habit, she turned the knob and peeped in.

Marian looked up and smiled wanly. "Oh, Corinne," she said, opening wide her arms, "come to me, Corinne; I want to feel that I am not alone."

Frightened by this welcome, Corinne threw herself on her knees beside her friend.

"Tell me, Marian, tell me what has happened." Her own joy was lost in the real distress for her friend.

"My husband—he is dead," she said, simply.

"Your husband!"

Marian went on: "It is such a long story, Corinne, and my head aches. I was married long ago, when I was younger than you are. I should have told you before—I should have told every one, but I was ashamed. He stole, Corinne—he stole, and was put in prison. He died there. I should not have left him to die all alone. He was my husband. I have not done right, Corinne—I have not done right. He was my husband. We were married in a little chapel—I've forgotten the name. I've tried so hard to forget. He stole so many thousands of dollars. You must not tell any one, Corinne—I'm going to try and pay it back—you must not tell any one." She seemed to suddenly realize that she had said too much, for she sat up and caught Corinne's hands in both her own. "You must not tell," she said. "I hardly knew what I was saying. You must not tell."

Corinne's face showed real alarm. "You have a fever, Marian; I'm sure you have a fever."

"No, I'm better now. I had to talk to some one. You Catholics would go to confession, and I suppose it would be a relief. I have not done right. You see, I took back my maiden name, when all the time I was a married woman."

She felt the girl in her arms give an involuntary start. Corinne's great love had quickened every perception. All night she had lain awake wondering who the "other woman" might be, and now a sudden suspicion loomed large, and dwarfed her sympathy.

"And no one knew?" she said.

"No, no one guessed. It was so long ago."

"But if some one had loved you, you would have had to tell?"

Marian was thinking only of Caworth. "Yes, if some one had loved me, I would have had to tell."

"Oh, I see," Corinne said. "God pity me now. I see," and, escaping from her friend's clasp, she hurried, white-lipped, from the room.

(To be continued.)

## A Sweeter Harp

By Rev. T. L. Crowley, O. P.

When David's hand swept o'er the harp there sprang  
A pleasing harmony. Each note, a prayer,  
Broke in sweet rapture on the vesper air  
While from the scrolls of memory he sang  
His Maker's mercies. Forgot were clang  
Of war, forgot the spoils that in the glare  
Of sunlight shone. All other joys were bare;  
Each passing, fleeting, futile thought a pang.

But I, upon a sweeter harp, awake  
A heav'nlier flood of melody. The beads  
I touch of Mary's dulcet legacy,  
In ecstasies of golden sound, break  
Upon the air. My soul the Saviour's deeds  
Most sweetly sings upon the rosary

# In Perugino's City

By MARY F. NIXON-ROULET

**T**HERE is no Perugia of to-day. From the first glimpse one has of the walled Etruscan city across the gray-green of the olive-hued landscape, battlemented against the Umbrian sky, creeping up its hillsides like some great monster, the city is medieval. It is a bit of history left unchanged by all the vicissitudes of

stones, are as the Baglione and the Oddi built them. The streets—stair-steps in many places, ending abruptly in a cul de sac—go up or down according as the hillside determines and, with their archways, form vistas of a landscape equalled nowhere in Italy.

From the rugged grandeur of the Porta Augusta, splendid monument of Roman rule, with its dark magnificence, its plain lettering, its stone bucklers, and the fortress gate of the Bersaglieri, with its bastions and buttressed wall, the Perugian streets are a network of surprises. Murder, rapine, ill deeds, haunted these dark alleys and sunless corners, and 'the very stones cry out all the horrors of history. No city of all the fearsome Middle Ages was ever so rent and torn with strife as was this hillside town, with its strange contrasts.

"The mountains rise in noble lines, chain behind chain," writes a traveller, "until their farthest peaks melt into the clouds, hiding their purple under snowy copes. Over the vivid patches of young wheat the olives cast their shadows, like trails of incense. Sheltered clefts in the hillside are purpled with violets and anemonies, and, like the blossoming rod of St. Joseph, the bare branches of the almond trees bend under



PERUGINO

their weight of rosy snow. The sun, struggling through vapor, shines, a pale halo, over this land of saints, or a light wind arises, driving the mist before it, tearing it into long transparent veils fit for Ma-

fortune, and it is a mass of picturesque vistas of to-day's beauties and reminiscent scenes of past glories. No modern rebuilding mars its quaintness, and its old houses, in their time-softened hues of diverse colored

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donna's wear. \* \* \* The Umbrian towns sit upon thrones, but the throne of Perugia is grandest of them all, arising above a sea of olives and

or lost, all with smile and courtesy. The courtesy lingers, but the smiles turn to prayers as one tarries in the Duomo after early Mass, for Perugians are de-



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vines, where shining spots in the landscape are historic cities and the glistening ribbon that bends along the southern plain is the Tiber, winding down to Rome."

Dark and silent as are many of the quaint old streets of Perugia, gliding under archways, jutting out from the ragged remnants of the city's wall, overgrown with moss and climbing vines; or, turning some sharp corner up steep steps beneath swinging wrought-iron lanterns, gray with age, the life of the city is gay and bright. Perugian women are charming. There is in even the simplest of them a graceful dignity very pleasing and a manner of gentle friendliness quite akin to the calm beauty of their large, serene eyes, eyes which Perugino loved to paint in his Madonnas. In the market-place one hears gaiety and mirth, and at its booths one smiles in sympathy as bargains are made

vout and take their religion as seriously as they take their pleasures gaily.

It is an imposing pile, this Cathedral of San Lorenzo, still unfinished, yet fine enough sarcophagus to contain the remains of three of the Popes, Innocent II, Urban IV and Martin IV. In its library is preserved the precious Codex of St. Luke, gold on a purple ground, a magnificent specimen of illustrating.

At the outside of the Duomo stretches the Piazza del Papa, so named from the bronze statue of Pope Julius III, by Vicenzio Danti, dating from 1556. Upon the cathedral steps it stands, calmly extending a hand in papal benediction over all the strife and tumult and rancor of this troubled town. And what a hotbed of strife it has been since the wars between Octavius and Anthony (41 B. C.)! Destroyed by the Goths in the sixth century, rent in twain by Guelph and Ghibelline in the Lom-

bard wars, torn by Oddi and Baglione, well ruled by Braccio Fortebraccio, but later surrendered to Pope Julius II, captured by the Duke of Savoy, by the Austrians, by the Piedmontese. Always brave, always rising, phoenix-like, from the ashes of whatever party burnt itself out, historic Perugia holds tales as thrilling as any romance ever penned.

Before the cathedral is the famous fountain of the city, with its three basins, carved by the two Pisanos in 1277, its central figures of bronze Nereids by Arnolfo di Cambio. Here, also, frowns the Palazzo Publico, grim and splendid, with its square, fortress-like, battlemented walls. There is the superbly carved Guelphic lion and Perugian griffin over the doorway, where they look down as savagely upon the peaceful scenes of the square to-day as they did upon the bloodshed and violence of past ages.

There was always warfare here, and a chronicler tells how, in one fierce squabble, the soldiers begged interference from a noble not concerned, choosing him for arbitrator. This doubtful honor he not only refused promptly and vehemently, but ensconced himself in the Palazzo, threatening to hurl missiles down upon any one who spoke of him as umpire! He had seen Perugian quarrels umpired before, and he had no mind to have the quarrelers turn upon the peacemaker and become friendly in mutual hatred of him.

Preaching upon the square of the Duomo, San Bernardino called all of Perugia to repentance, of which, in truth, they were in sore need. Strong

men wept and bewailed their sins at the magic of his voice, which opened all the locked chambers of their wicked hearts—opened them to penitence and prayer. "Misericordia," they cried, presenting him with their gold and jewels for the poor, a more robust form of piety than we always see to-day.

The Church of the Confraternity della Giustizia di San Bernardino, with its facade of Agostino Fiorentino, dating from 1461, was built in his honor. It is all in marvellous hues of delicate blue, soft reds and ivory white, with most entrancing angels, poorly painted but fascinating for all that. Near by is San Francesco dei Conventuali, for which Raphael's "Entombment of Christ," now in the Borghese Gallery at Rome, was originally painted, and which contains the remains of the Condottiere Braccio Fortebraccio, brave knight and noble of Perugia, slain at the siege of Aquila, June, 1424. San Domenico is remembered with a church and lofty



THE CITY'S MARKET-PLACE

campanile, where an older Gothic church was built in 1304, but of this only the choir remains. Further on, outside

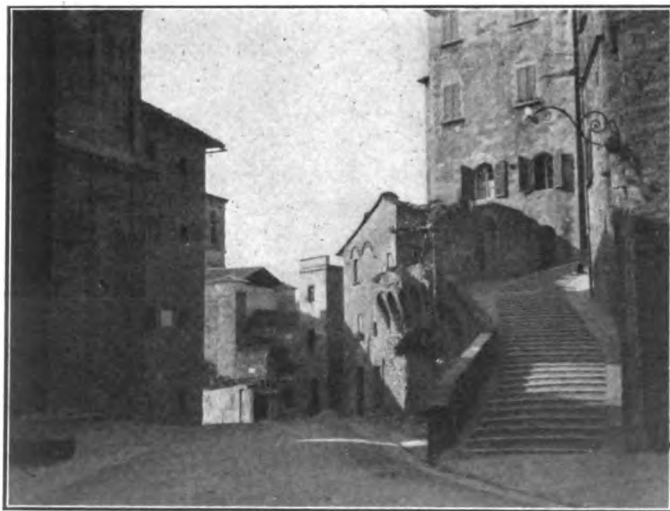
the Porta San Pietro, is the huge pile of San Pietro de Cassinensi, its graceful campanile rising above the hillside studded with stone pines, within, a vast picture gallery crowded with valuable paintings and the celebrated choir stalls of Bergamo.

Artistically the interest centers in a small house in the Via Deliciosa, whose steep steps Raphael climbed to see that beloved of Perugians, Pietro Vannucci, who lived here after coming from Florence, and to whom his admirers gave the name "Perugino."

It would seem almost fame enough for Vannucci to have been the master

mannerism nearly always to be found in his paintings, are sometimes affected and generally sentimental, but always warm of color, wistful of expression, tenderly devout. A rare exception to this last rule is found in his "Baptism of Christ" in the gallery in Perugia, remarkable in its careful study of form and coloring. The figure of Our Lord is graceful, that of St. John Baptist, who stands with arm raised to pour water upon the head of the Saviour, is remarkably so, but the picture is cold and unresponsive and there is little or no devotional feeling evinced.

There are few of his paintings in this gallery which are in the first rank of Perugino's work, but nothing of his is finer than the frescoes of the Sala del Cambio. The sala itself is a fitting setting for such scenes as Perugino depicted upon its walls, and the warm tones of the antique woods tone in with the hues of the frescoes, which show every phase of Perugino's genius. Little attempt has been made at congruous composition, but the figures stand side by side in formal, almost conventional, fashion against a back-



A MEDIEVAL STREET

of Raphael and to have had that genius copy him as closely as he did, but his claims to fame rest on no borrowed greatness. His laurel wreath is his own. He was Perugino long ere he taught the dreamy-eyed Umbrian to paint, and in many ways he was, indeed, his master.

The first Italian artist to handle successfully the new medium of oil, Perugino's characteristics are so marked that his paintings can be identified immediately. His slender, quiet figures, full of grace, the heads slightly tilted, a

ground of superb landscape, Umbrian in character, with its delicate hues, its undulating hills, its fine sweep of meadow and sky. The coloring is rich, warm and transparent, the figures quiet, slender and graceful; his little mannerism in the placing of the heads upon the shoulders is but slightly apparent. The subjects are scenes from Plutarch, classic types and antique virtues draped in nondescript garments, the ancient clad in modern armor, but none the less interesting for the ana-



chronism. Even finer than these, however, are the "Delivery of the Keys to St. Peter," in the Sistine Chapel, "The Crucifixion," in Santa Maddelena de Piazzì (Florence), the "Adoration of the Shepherds," and the exquisite "Madonna and Christ with Saints," in Vienna.

The painting of the "Delivery of the Keys to St. Peter" is remarkable for dignity of composition. In the background is the Temple of Jerusalem, to which a wide and spacious stairway leads. In the foreground is a little crowd of disciples, upon each face a look of deepest attention to the two characters before them, in whom all interest centers. St. Peter is kneeling as Our Lord stretches out to him in an attitude of divine beneficence the Key which was to unlock the doors of the Christian Church for evermore.

"The Crucifixion," a triptych, is one of the quietest portrayals of a passionate scene ever painted, and it has an element of majesty which more excitable, crowded canvasses utterly lack. In the central portion of the painting Our Lord hangs upon the cross, St. Mary Magdalene at His feet. In the right division are St. John and St. Peter; upon the left, Our Lady, with St. Dominic, to whom Perugino had an especial devotion. In the background is the dreariest, most solemn landscape ever painted, with Perugino's favorite trees, tall, graceful, slender, against a clouded sky,

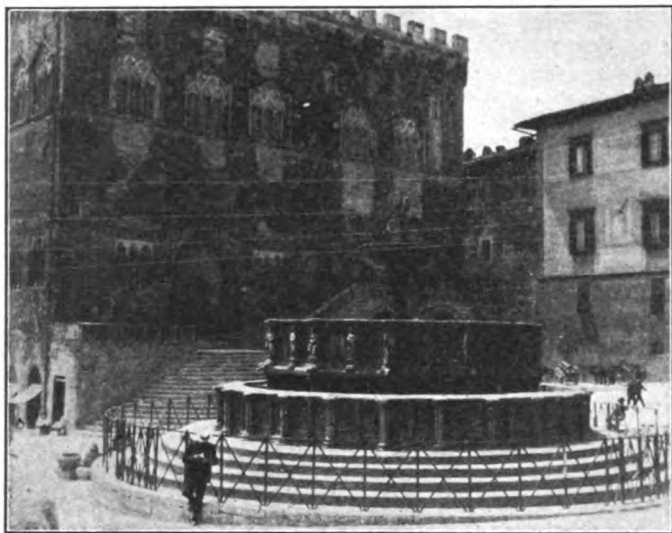
and the solemn, solitary figure of the Crucified stands out with a distinctness most realistic and awful.

Very different is the "Adoration of the Shepherds," simple, sweet and tender. Our Lady and St. Joseph are kneeling in worship of the new-born God; shepherds in the background, kneeling, too, angels aloft, singing the Heavenly hymns of joy. Our Lady's



PERUGINO'S MADONNA AND CHILD

face is fair and gentle, and the Infant Christ is the loveliest of babies, though less thoughtful than is the Viennese Madonna. This Child Divine, seated upon His royal mother's lap as on a throne, is babylike in dimpled contour, but His face is filled with thoughts high and noble, and his expression is unfathomable. And the Mother of this



THE FAMOUS FOUNTAIN

On the right is the Bishop's Palace, where Leo XIII resided more than twenty-five years

Child God? In her portrayal has Perugino reached the highest level of his genius. The saints beside her, fair as they are, are but foils for her beauty. She is calm-browed and holy, the high regality of noble blood in mien and on the open brow; all of earthly beauty in the curled crimson lips, the straight nose, the perfectly arched brows, yet heaven, too, in the nobility of patient resignation of the deep eyes, thoughtful and far-seeing. Dignified and gracious, she is the embodiment of motherhood, the ideal woman.

That the same artist could have painted this and some faces that Perugino painted, is hard to understand, but Pietro's great popularity was his undoing. The almighty dollar would seem to have been as potent a factor

in his day as it is at present, and Vannucci's miserable poverty of youth set its seal upon a spirit naturally soaring high into the ether above worldly considerations of sense or common sense. Avaricious he does not look, but there is in his peculiar face, keen-eyed, open of brow, something which seems calculating, yet which may be only the mask of self-restraint worn by one who has suffered much. Vasari complains that he was "porphyry-hard of brain and avaricious" but Vasari's statements were wont to

be inconsiderate, to put it mildly, and we find no proof that Perugino was other than more sensibly provident than is usually given to the worshippers at the shrine of art. To be sure he drove a hard bargain with the old Venetian Doges for the frescoing of the Ducal palace, asking double what satisfied



A REMNANT OF THE BATTLE-SCARRED

Titian, but the journey to Venice was long and hazardous, and life in the city on the lagoons was exhilarating, and likely to be more exciting than pleasant. Perugino believed in himself and his work, and he had plenty of it to do at home—so why not charge for perilous trips abroad?

That Perugino is guilty of multiplying his themes and painting other than his best, is undeniable, but the temptation must have been great when people clamored for his paintings faster than he could turn them out; yet one can scarce think ill of the painter of such exquisite things or of the man who gave one of his best pictures for one-third of its original price to Santa Maria de Bianchi at Castello della Pieve, for the honor of Our Lady.

Every convent in Umbria coveted a Perugino, every church longed for an altar-piece from him, and upon the turbulent Perugians the calm, translucent beauty of Vannucchi's religious paintings fell like a heavenly benediction.

"In the dim twilight of the churches they rose like visions above the mad crowd who sobbed before them or who, in ecstasies of repentance, fell upon the necks of the foes whom they would presently fall upon with the sword." Land of sinners and soldiers, yet were there saints to redeem their sins, and the sweet saints of Perugino, still gleaming from chapel and cathedral walls in old Perugia, lift one heavenward like high, pure thoughts on wings of prayer.

## Friendship

By Rena E. Olds

What is that subtle, fair, elusive thing as friendship known?

A paltry toy?

A thing to be allured, embraced, then lightly thrown—

A passing joy?

Stand forth, my soul, and tell me softly what it means in part

To have a friend;

How much of joy or pain, perchance, another heart

To thee dost lend.

Then sweetly clear and sure the answer came, inspired by heav'n,

To my rapt ear:

"There is no boon on earth, I ween, to mortals giv'n,

Than friends more dear.

"A drawing, heart to heart, by some unseen, obscure, innate

Affinity;

Then confidence and trust, than which one step more great—

Divinity.

"More strong than brother love; of many a life the secret pow'r—

'I had a friend.'

Not all its work complete till faith and love each hour

Together blend."

A friend—is there in me to understand, to satisfy

Some other heart?

Is He a Friend of mine? Then He will help me try

To do my part.

# The Strange Case of Cassierre

By JAMES S. M. KEELER

## IV

**T**HE Jesuit being gone and the money removed, Cassierre sat at a large mahogany center-table. He rested his head on his hand and appeared to be thinking. There he sat and never stirred. He was like a man in bronze—immovable. Perhaps he was asleep. Madame Hyacinthe returned and looked in. Yes, he slept. That was her opinion. She withdrew, leaving him undisturbed. If he found rest in that study, why not there as well as in bed? In the morning she went to his room. This old woman was anxious about his health. She would have his coffee brought to his bed if he so desired. She would try to make him cheerful. She would say, "Good morning, M. Cassierre. How is M. Cassierre this morning?" After thrice knocking, she opened the door of his room very cautiously. Madame Hyacinthe, though she could scold, sometimes could be cheerful also. She was in her pleasantest manner. She was about to give her salutation—but the bed had been undisturbed. Cassierre was not there. She hurried to the large study where she had seen him the night before. Cassierre still sat with his head on his hand; his position had not been changed one iota. The old woman approached. She would wake him and laugh. She touched him on the shoulder, but alas! this was no common slumber. The rich man slept 'tis true, but slept "the sleep that knows no waking." Stiff and lifeless was Cassierre! The millionaire was dead!

Struck with horror, and looking like the death she had just encountered, the old housekeeper reeled out of the room, but could not speak as a servant ap-

proached her. She pointed to the room where sat the corpse and fell unconscious to the floor.

"He may not be dead," said the nurse, hurrying out and giving orders for the doctor.

Doctor Foras, knowing only too well the weakened condition of his patient, was soon on the scene. His face was pale as he hurried into the room. He spoke to the dead, still hoping, but he spoke without avail. He caught up the white and shapely hand, but it was cold as marble. The pulse—there was none, for that heart was at rest and forever. Truly Madame Hyacinthe had seen a corpse in Cassierre on the night previous.

The death being reported, the news spread rapidly and was soon known to all. Courdet, who had laughed at Cassierre but a short time before for believing in premonitions, was almost frozen with terror. When he heard of the death he immediately thought of the warning, and the words of the great financier now seemed like a prophecy. This cold, cynical student of science almost felt the presence of the supernatural. Yes, Cassierre was dead, and Courdet wiped the salt tear from his cold grey eye. He withdrew from the college for the day, denying himself to everybody. He had a great friend in Cassierre and he went with his memory and his grief to his room alone.

In the evening he dressed, but ate nothing and went out.

"No," he said, in response to a query, "I will not ride." He would walk and be alone. He wore deep crepe on his silk hat and his walking stick was plain black, without gold. The cold, unbelieving look that usually sat in his face was

altered somewhat. The face was rather of thoughtful sorrow and introspection.

Courdet arrived at Cassierre's at a time he most desired. Madame Hyacinthe alone sat in the room where lay his dead friend. The old housekeeper knew the professor but she did not like him. Courdet was an unbeliever and the one above all others who, in her opinion, had most influenced Cassierre. It was this man who had given the dead master his cold and hateful religion. She cried as much for this, perhaps, as for anything else. But the Churchmen's opinion about him was wrong. Old Madame Hyacinthe always insisted on this. All he needed was faith, she said, and he would have been a saint indeed.

The old woman looked rather sharply at the professor as he entered. But she softened in a moment, for his face had changed she thought—not so bold and defiant, but relenting and sorrowful. She stood up when he entered and saluted coldly. She was overcome when he cried. She forgave Courdet; she forgave him everything. She could forgive anything in anybody who cried for Cassierre.

The professor found his friend laid out as he said he wished to be. The coffin, long since bought, was used at last. Cut roses exhaled their perfumes and a golden candelabrum glistened beneath the lights of many tapers. Courdet looked steadfastly at that once thoughtful face. Tears welled in his eyes and ran down his cheeks. He then turned and sat at the foot of the casket and covered his face. As Courdet sat in this position, three other men entered. They also were from the College of France. They were also affected by the sudden news, but not in the same degree as Courdet.

"Didn't M. Cassierre express a wish to see some of the faculty?" asked one of the three. He was a middle-aged man who spoke, stout and grey, and apparently a man of affairs above the rest.

Madame Hyacinthe sharply took him for what he was, a professor of law. M. Cassierre found dead in his chair was again explained, and the old woman cried.

"But during his sickness," said the spokesman, speaking again, "didn't M. Cassierre send for M. Courdet and for me?"

"No," was the short reply.

"This is strange," said another, "for everything has been converted but this house, and still there is nothing in the bank."

"M. Cassierre," said the first speaker, addressing the old woman, "expressed his desire on many occasions to make us, as representatives of the College of France, his heirs, his executors and assigns. His vast fortune was to be devoted to higher education and the advancement of learning."

"I know nothing of this," said the old woman, "nor of wills or testaments. Had he sent for you, I would have done his bidding—would have had his wish gratified."

Courdet, who sat in deep sorrow and was thoroughly oblivious to the first question, was now fully alive to the peculiar inquiry.

"Everything has been converted," he said, "and drawn," speaking with reference to the bank. "It is here in this house, in a vault built out of the next room."

Courdet thought this would settle the matter, for he felt ashamed.

"To us, individually speaking," said the spokesman, "this is nothing. Personally, we'll be none the richer. Inquiring into this matter may seem hard and out of place in this awful presence, but as men charged with the conduct of a great institution of learning we have our tremendous duty and must see that it is conscientiously discharged. In view of M. Cassierre's oft-expressed intention of making our institution his

beneficiary, we must see to it that not one franc has gone astray."

"There is a private vault here," said Madame Hyacinthe, utterly disgusted with this kind of talk in the death room. "Yes," she said, "come and see. I remember many boxes being brought here. And if iron and masonry can make it safe, no treasure, I'm sure, is safer."

The door of the vault, when tried, was found unlocked and swung noiselessly on its hinges. This created some suspicion in the men who were watching, and the old woman, looking in, was immediately filled with consternation. This recess, once containing the largest private fortune of France, held nothing. Nothing but a cold, silent, steel-defined space, a great void without a solitary gold coin to attract the eye and say for what this thing was made. Iron-bound boxes with their contents—where were they?

Surprise was written in every face, and the old housekeeper, who felt it was her duty to account for it all, would have spoken, but she didn't know what to say.

"My remarks seemed premature," said the man of law, looking at Courdet, "but you see we are already late. Where did it go?" he asked, his eyes penetrating the frightened old lady.

Madame Hyacinthe was not guilty, but she felt as one at the mercy of some awful tribunal.

"Where did it go?" asked the stout grey man again.

"The priest has the money," said a voice, and the group started, as if at a message from the dead. Still the voice was strangely human and all turned to the corner whence it came. But it was only a parrot; an old, green, uncanny, rumple-feathered thing. The bird had been watching from its cage and was still cool and collected, though the object of the concentrated gaze of all eyes. It had a knowing, evil look, and apparently found much pleasure in the surprise of the group. In fact, it laughed, and

hoarsely, at the four men and one woman looking into the empty safe and at one another. It laughed at the inquiries and the frightened look of Madame Hyacinthe. It stood on its perch again; it repeated "The priest has the money." Then it laughed again and again.

"What priest?" asked the spokesman, excited to the point of crediting the old mimic with human testimony.

"Why, the Abbe," said the bird, speaking composedly and like a thing of evil.

"It's possessed," said the old woman. "It's a devil; I always said it was; and it lies."

Though the man of law could, in his excitement, question the parrot, he could now laugh with the others at old Madame Hyacinthe for speaking of this ancient specimen as if it were a human being.

The men finally withdrew, wondering, in view of the old woman's denial, what, if anything, those words could mean. A parrot is not entitled to serious attention, yet these men from the College of Paris were filled with suspicion. It was well known to these men that Madame Hyacinthe was a very devout believer and that she had longed for Cassierre's conversion. Now, was Cassierre's death as sudden as reported, and was nobody present? This old woman, seeing Cassierre failing, had taken it upon herself to call in a priest. The loss and the mystery were reported to the police, who quietly went to work to unravel its difficulties.

In the meantime, the funeral arrangements were made by those whom Cassierre often said he would like to have near him. Embalming, for a time forgotten, was finally mentioned, and recommended, of course. But Courdet said: No, Cassierre did not want to be embalmed. Cremation would be the style of burial, but again Courdet intervened—it was not the manner in which the dead wished to return to ashes, to dust.

They all wondered, but Courdet had been instructed. The coffin and the tomb, he said, and there was no alternative.

Courdet had long since been chosen by Cassierre himself to deliver the funeral oration, but the millionaire in his prophecy had not been taken seriously. Courdet could never believe it was anything more than a fancy, but here it was, prophecy, or what you will, realized. Courdet was unprepared; he had nothing ready. He was full, it is true, of a vague philosophy, and Cassierre once said that this would suffice. But would it suffice? The life of a good man may help a system, but the life itself is infinitely better than all abstract teaching. "I will speak of Cassierre," he said. "From that abundance of good I can say something to honor him now gone and inspire the lives of all who remain and may hear me."

Waxen tapers, continually renewed, burned with their dim, religious light on the evening of the obsequies, for Cassierre was laid away with the setting of the sun. "That's the way I wish to go out," he once said, and perhaps he wished to be buried in the evening. This was the interpretation, at any rate, and this was the time.

Every invited person was present when Courdet began to speak. There was no vain curiosity here. Either they respected the memory of the dead, or, if any one did not, he was there to hear Courdet. The professor's reputation was certainly great, but his grief was now greater. This was good. He would speak from that fullness of heart that gives to the oration in the mouth of the master and in the presence of death such solemn magnificence. For those literary beauties so prized in the Academy he did not seek, but he was never so beautiful.

He retold that life, in truth, in a style so artless and so beautiful that it was the very despair of art. Beautiful sentences revived good deeds, and passages were

like actually moving decades from the life now ceased. In that silence, only broken by his voice, Cassierre lived again. In mind and heart, in word and deed, in all that makes for the good and the great, he was still near them. Courdet pointed to his works. They would live, and for aye, even when others had crumbled and gone, though entitled by far to a happier fate.

But to be immortal—that is, to be a memory merely—is this the dim, uncertain recompense of the good and the great? To live in a memory that is destined to forget—how unjust to all man's toil and doing! But Courdet saw nothing more along the horizon. It was a beautiful cloud, crimson-hued, but in spite of his hope it must be passing. It must be lost in certain night, whose star might be more typical of the beautiful everlasting.

Courdet, though more consoling than other infidels on similar occasions, was far from imparting to the heart the hope of the Christian. He himself seemed to realize this and endeavored at times to find something. He very vaguely hinted at another existence, but that was all. He would gladly have said, "He is gone, but he is not dead," but he must add, "Nescio," ("I do not know"). Oh, how tormenting to exile the heart and follow the mind that says "Come," but which cannot pilot us up in the sky whither we all would so gladly go. If Courdet could have repeated the Nazarene, "Ego sum resurrectio et vita," the few Christians present would have still cried, perhaps, but they would have been comforted. But Courdet did not say this.

The dusk was falling when the pallbearers lifted the coffin and the funeral procession emerged from the colonnade. There was no prayer—at least none was audible—and no hymn to sooth the heart and speak of rest. None of those heavenly anthems written in the early ages; the hopes, the confessions, the heart-pourings of holy monks and her-

mits. Not a note, not a strain from mournful reeds; silence and gloom and cold-cut faces, still proud in the presence of a thing they could not explain.

Servants in mourning weeds carried the coffin and the dead. The coffin was uncovered and the handsome features of Cassierre could be plainly seen, even from a distance, above the rim. Servants carried candles, too, as the procession went down the main avenue of the long, wide and beautiful grounds. They were moving towards the sepulchre of highly wrought marble that stood in the middle. A dense crowd gazed through the grating in silence from the street.

A light wind came up. One by one the candles went out, but one was still burning. It wavered, flickered, bent over and got back again. It was the one that was foremost. It was watched by all in the solemn moment and noticed by the crowd from the street. It was strangely conspicuous. Old Madame Hyacinthe trembled as it sank and prayed for its burning. It meant something. What was it? Was this the last ray? Or could such things have any meaning? But let them have significance or not they affect us,—yes, they affect us, though we cannot explain.

The old housekeeper still prayed, and redoubled her prayers as the wind was renewed, stirring the branches above them. But it still lived until extinguished, and the door of the sepulchre closed on the dead.

## V

Cassierre was scarcely a day in his marble tomb when his brothers took steps to possess his estate; and the College of France, seeing the preparation, made ready to defend it. But the short, grey man who spoke up in the death chamber at Cassierre's spoke up again.

"Let us have the money first," he said, calling the rest to their senses. "Parrots are not good witnesses, I know, but

you all remember the words, 'The priest has the money'—and the money is gone. Who is the man?"

"Cassierre had no friends among the priests," said one of the committee.

"We're not speaking of friends," replied the grey-haired man, with cutting emphasis.

"True," replied the other, "but none save one who might have some reason for claiming a friendship would venture to call on Cassierre."

"One not a friend might have been summoned, as I hinted before. Who is this Madame Hyacinthe?"

"A very much indulged old woman, for one thing," said another member. "But, in spite of this, I don't think she'd go to the length of being responsible for an unwelcome guest."

"Cassierre was a shrewd man among shrewd men," said a fourth, "and I guess he yielded nothing of importance to this old woman."

"Clever men have been duped before," the spokesman replied, "and in unexpected places. This Madame Hyacinthe is a very fanatical Christian," he continued, after a moment's pause. "Where does she attend church?"

"Who knows something of this old woman's affairs," said a rather dry man of jurisprudence, vainly endeavoring to conceal a smile.

"Maybe the police can tell us," said a voice.

"Why, they will," said the grey-haired man, a little put out over the remark, "they will. I dare say they already know."

A messenger announced an inspector of police even as they spoke. Madame Hyacinthe had been under surveillance. She attended church at St. L—. She had called at the priest's house a number of times. It looked suspicious. Did this old woman work in the matter with the Cure or the Abbe?—for sure enough he was an Abbe. It required a delicate hand, the inspector said, still intimating



that the proper one was addressing himself to the work. Some of these were no common people, nor, indeed, in any sense was this a common case.

In the meantime, all Paris burned with excitement. It was embarrassing then to wear a biretta, but more annoying still to be an Abbe. "The priest has the money," and "Why, the Abbe," were expressions on every lip. The priests themselves were not less curious and all were wondering and inquiring to know if, possibly, one of their number really had the money. Not as a theft, of course; the thought was intolerable. But still, did one have it?

The cry to arrest every priest in the city went unheeded. The feeling toward the Churchmen was bitter enough in official quarters, but at the same time these men did not feel at liberty to break away from those methods that generally obtain among cultured people. Still, "Have at them," was the incessant cry.

Courdet, who was more grief-stricken than all the rest, and oblivious for a time to all that was being said or done around him, finally woke from his deep sadness.

"Why these inquiries, this espionage of Madame Hyacinthe and the Abbe of St. L—?" he asked. "To know what priest was a possible friend and probable caller before Victorien's death? There was only one with whom he was on terms that might be called agreeable. That was Pere Lamereaux, the Jesuit at St. Blanc, and not the Abbe of St. L— of whom I hear so much. I once heard Victorien speak of the Jesuit. They were friends in their school days. They were students at the Jesuit College of St. Mary together."

"Ah!" exclaimed those who were listening, "a starting-point! Thanks to M. Courdet for coming from his reverie. That was not altogether a 'bon mot' perhaps that came from those rumped green feathers."

This information was given to the police. They were not a little embarrassed after so much attention to the Abbe of St. L—. They stroked their beards and were forced to laugh. Such an experience is not uncommon in their business. But they must now turn about. Delicate work, one of them said only a short time ago, and it was. This was rather weak evidence on which to search the premises of Pere Lamereaux, but without this search how would they know? One, and then another, would go with the intention of searching the place, but their resolutions would fail them at the gate. They knew something of Pere Lamereaux. He was a kindly old man; but they never allowed for this characteristic until within sight of his house or the old man himself in his garden. They generally saw him in his garden. In the summer time he used to read his breviary there. It had trees, vines and ornamental bushes. It had flowers that gave out sweet odors even to the street. Altogether, it was pretty.

Pere Lamereaux was walking there as usual when one of the inspectors came along. The Jesuit walked with the book behind his back, his forefinger marking the page he had been reading. He took off his biretta, still walking and reciting a portion he knew by heart. The recitation over, his eyes wandered into the street. The inspector's resolution failed him, as usual; he turned his head and walked leisurely along. He was not unknown to the Jesuit and what brought him to that quarter the Jesuit pretty well knew. The inspector looked again; they saw each other, but it was a look merely. Both pretended indifference. Did M. Inspector think that Pere Lamereaux would start at seeing him? If he thought so he was mistaken. The Jesuit only smiled as the officer passed, and having finished his office, turned to think about the case that had set all Paris talking.

What brought the officer that way he easily knew. Among all the priests of Paris they had finally settled on him. In view of the hue and cry, he was now sorry he agreed to execute the wish of Cassierre. Thousands of people would question his motive. And, then, he would be embarrassed, even to arrest. And after all this he could not hold the money even for the good for which it was intended. It was contrary to law as it stood. Cassierre wanted him to have it—yes. But where was his witness? Cassierre gave him the money, it is true, but no will or testament, duly signed and executed, could be produced to say so.

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"You can get nothing out of this old woman," said one inspector to another. "All she does is cry and say, 'Please don't torment me!' As to the servants, they are honestly ignorant as to any priest's presence at the house before Cassierre's death."

"Do people pass the gardens frequently?"

"Yes, and I have stood and watched three nights in succession to know, if possible, what ones passed regularly. I noticed a number of these. I followed them. I talked about the matter, but they could give me nothing. All had seen Cassierre walking in his garden, but he was invariably alone."

"I have found the truckman who conveyed the boxes," said another official, breaking into the room and the conversation. "A very dull fellow, who, in spite of the noise over this affair, didn't seem to realize that the boxes he carried were the boxes in question. But with a little assistance he recollected taking boxes from Cassierre's, and he's sure now he took them to the priest's house at St. Blanc. To be sure, I took him to the place and he admitted that that was his destination on the night Cassierre died. He now thought of and fumbled for a bit of paper signed, 'Pere

Lamereaux.' The priest, he said, did not want to give this, claiming that it was not necessary; but the old man, dullard and all, would have it or no delivery."

"Ah," said the chief officer, "a good suspicion nicely verified. A dull old man, eh? The kind the good Pere would most likely employ. Please see Pere Lamereaux and say that M. Cassierre's money has gone astray, and say, too, that it is thought he took it in for safe-keeping."

All this, robbed of its irony, simply meant: Go to the residence of Pere Lamereaux and, if you find our suspicions well founded, place the Jesuit under arrest.

When the Cure of St. Blanc heard all the talk in the city and had very good reason to believe the police were on the trail, he began to wonder what he would do.

On the evening in question he went and took counsel with some of his Order. Up to that time he had told them nothing about it. They were surprised to find the rumors that the priest had the money verified. The very old director in whose presence he related the story could not help making some adverse criticisms on the wisdom of such an agreement, and, again, for his unusual silence. But time was precious and not to be lost. It mattered little now whether he was wise or unwise in taking the money and keeping his own counsel. The city was stirred and the police were moving. The results would soon be known.

"We must get ahead of the police," said an old member. "We must make a statement of the case. This suspense is injuring our interests. If we wait for them, they are bound to make a discovery; and in matters of this kind I never did like discoveries. Then, too, we must be more candid than others you know. If my heart's in my breast and not on my sleeve, I'm too subtle to be honest

and only the credulous believe in my motives."

This was the sentiment of all and pretty soon Pere Lamereaux went home. They would meet the next day and prepare a statement for the press. But too late! When the old priest got home, his housekeeper met him in the hall. There was something wrong from the expression on her face and Pere Lamereaux almost anticipated the word "inspectors," which she spoke in a hushed tone while pointing to the parlor.

The Jesuit was undisturbed by the word, and opening the door said, "Good evening, gentlemen."

The inspectors were somewhat nervous, but after returning the greeting, one of them said:

"We're sorry, Pere Lamereaux, to have the disagreeable duty—"

But the old Jesuit broke in with, "No apologies. It's your duty to find the money, since all the facts are not known and the case so misunderstood. I have that which you seek. It's stored in the vault beneath our feet. It is yours until we have a better understanding. And as for me, I'm at your disposal."

"To be candid and speak the truth," said one of the inspectors, "we came with the intention of searching the premises, but I'm glad that this now is unnecessary. Our conduct, too, as to your arrest was to be contingent on what we might find. But you have been fair with us and 'twould become us very little to be otherwise with you. We beg, however, that you call at headquarters tomorrow. In the meantime, we assume all responsibility. And I might add," said the speaker, "that you come prepared to give bond for your presence at a later hearing."

"I thank you for so much consideration," said Pere Lamereaux as he opened the door for the officers to leave. "Your conduct becomes genuine Frenchmen, and as a Frenchman and a priest I'll prove that your trust in me is

not misplaced. I'll certainly visit the office as you direct and give the bond generally demanded in such cases."

The men the old Jesuit had just bowed out were men of deep culture as compared with those he was going to meet. The fact that they knew him in a way was, perhaps, responsible for this. At any rate, the men he met on the following day were cold, stiff and insultingly formal. The fact itself that he was a Jesuit did not favorably appeal to them. It could be seen at a glance that they were diabolically opposed to Church and Churchmen, and that they were pleased, rather than annoyed, with their present duties.

The bond was placed at an enormous figure and fairly staggered Pere Lamereaux and his companion. They talked with the officers, they argued and reasoned; but what good was reasoning? These men would not listen. They had so much time to furnish the bond demanded; otherwise, the alternative.

Pere Lamereaux and his brother Jesuit went out for the eminent lawyer who generally looked after all the legal affairs of the Order, and fortunately finding him, he indignantly accompanied them back to the office. It is needless to say the bond was reduced, and needless, too, to remark that those who made it so excessive and arbitrary regretted the action that laid them open to the excommunication of one of the greatest lawyers and denunciatory orators of all France.

The Jesuit and the lawyer himself went on the bond and for a time the matter rested. But before the revised figures were finally accepted, an official and a dray went to the priest's house at St. Blanc and the sealed and iron-bound boxes were taken away. The former bankers of M. Cassierre were consulted and certain figures obtained. The final account that the rich man had with them coincided exactly with the figures the police arrived at after counting the golden treasure. If

the Cure was a thief he had spent none of the money, nor had he sent any away. No, not a solitary gold piece was missing. Not a seal had been broken nor a box opened from the time they had been sent from the bank to Cassierre's.

"Well, we have the money anyway," said one of the lynx-eyed men, after finishing the count.

"Yes," said another, "and the man."

And as the money had been but a short time since under bond and seal, the man himself in a short time to come would be under lock and key; a punishment for himself and a humiliation for all those who believed in such persons.

Jesuits high in the Order called on Pere Lamereaux the next day. They were accompanied by La Bruyier, the old pastor's counsel. Upon meeting, they expressed the oft-expressed regret, but these men were too sensible to dwell upon it. They wanted a way out of the difficulty.

"I have met with strange things," said one old priest, "but this, right in our own Order, is one of the strangest. We cannot afford to miss a solution, for history already has us misrepresented. Pere Lamereaux," he said, turning to the pastor of St. Blanc, "how did this strange transfer come about. We all knew Cassierre more or less. He was a stubborn infidel."

"I knew Cassierre at St. Mary's," said the one addressed. "We were good friends. But after he left the Church I saw little of him and he little of me. Yet that friendship, although we were apart, was unbroken, strange though it may seem. For a long time I had something to tell Cassierre and one day sought him out. His father, although it is not generally known, was buried alive. This, too, though awfully strange, was his grandfather's fate. Was burial for the living also in store for Cassierre? Not in reason, surely, but we are not always reasonable and I was

filled with fear. I felt it was my duty to tell Cassierre, and I did. The story was a stone to crush his heart. I was afterward sorry, but who can direct us in things of the kind? I hope I am not guilty.

"You took Cassierre for a stubborn infidel," Pere Lamereaux went on. "Well, I, too, was brought to look upon him as an unbeliever of deep conviction, but after that story he seemed to undergo a change. After conveying that horrible information I met him again; in fact, I met him at two different times, accidentally once, and again by agreement.

"I saw him one evening walking by my church and he seemed to be listening to the bells. Even to me they seemed never so beautiful, and slowly but surely they stole over him till his soul, I thought, rising and flying, cried to Him Who so long ago died for us all in Judea.

"Again, I thought that Cassierre, even though an infidel, could not be other than charitable. The thought was confirmed; I witnessed a deed. I saw him one night give money to a beggar girl. I was pleased. I was overjoyed, for she asked it in Christ's name. He gave her money and his coat, for a storm was about to break. He gave nothing, perhaps, in giving his purse, but he gave his life, I believe, in giving his outer garment. Cassierre caught cold and you know Cassierre is dead.

"I shall pray for you," said the beggar girl, and although I have been a priest for years, saying Mass and praying and leading others in prayer, nothing to me ever sounded more beautiful. That prayer has been said and recorded in heaven.

"Cassierre is safe," I said, as I went home that night; and truly Cassierre is saved. And now that I feel that the rich man has entered heaven, I care not if before the judges of the land, and those only, I should be condemned.

Who converted Cassierre? With that strange conversion I, perhaps, shall be generally credited, but God, the beggar girl and the bells were the means of turning that heart. The honor can never be mine.

"How did I get the money?

"I called to see him after his illness, for he had recovered for a time, even to be seen in his garden. I never saw a sadder face. And his mood was as tinged as his features. He seemed between the two worlds. He had wearied of the one and was hoping for the other. Touching his money, he brought it up suddenly. He wanted me to take all he had for Church and for charity as a partial atonement for his life without faith. At one time he intended to give his great wealth to the College of France, and declared his intention. Now, he never announced a change of mind, hence the College's refusal to believe that he changed it, and the widespread conviction that the priest who tried to force himself upon him in his last agony actually stole it, with the help of Madame Hyacinthe, when the millionaire was gone."

"You had no witness to this gift, then?" said the lawyer.

"No."

"That's too bad. The third party is necessary. Without it, they will not believe your story."

"Were you even seen at Cassierre's?" asked an old priest.

"To my knowledge, no one saw me there," said Pere Lamereaux, "and Cassierre thought this circumstance favored his giving without putting me to the trouble of defending the gift in a suit at law later."

"Then," said the lawyer, "all we can say is what you have said. We have not a defense, but a statement merely. We cannot hope to retain the money. But considering that it is now in the hands of the police, that it has been restored,

that it was not cunningly concealed, and was willingly surrendered on demand—all these, I say, are things that must certainly work in our favor."

"We don't want the money, M. La Bruyier," said one of the Jesuits. "All we want is public opinion rectified. I regret that Pere Lamereaux accepted the money under the circumstances. I regret it very much, but regrets are idle—barren—even with the poets, so let us turn to the situation."

"The case will be called immediately," said La Bruyier, "providing we are ready." And he looked around inquiringly.

"As ready now as in the next quarter," said the provincial. "To-morrow, the next day, or the day following; it matters little. To defend our conduct in any matter, we go to rather than shun the light."

"The prosecution, I'm sure, is more than anxious," said La Bruyier, laughing; "so we'll have no trouble in securing an immediate trial. To be eager, too, helps a little, and we'll have that much in our favor. But the best thing on our side is Pere Lamereaux's explanation. If my experience counts for anything, that will set all to right."

With this the conference was brought to a close and La Bruyier and three of the Jesuits went out.

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Although Madame Hyacinthe was greatly worked up when the money was first found to be missing, after the funeral she seemed to think little about it. About all she did was lament the sudden death and pagan burial, as she called it, of him who was her kind master. The old woman never thought she was watched by the police. She would have started in amazement if she were told that these men could tell her the exact number of times she visited the house of the pastor of St. L—. And she never knew that by reason of these visits the good priest on whom she

called was suspected of having stolen Cassierre's money.

Old Madame Hyacinthe fell into a gloomy silence after the rich man's death. Her manner of living was retired enough before, but now it was intensified—almost like a spirit doomed to walk a certain floor. Her orders to the servants were few and short and always in monosyllables. She didn't read the papers and heard nothing of Pere Lamereaux's arrest. Indeed, his trial, which occupied but a single afternoon and evening, was drawing to a close before she knew he was in the hands of the police.

The old woman once went into the room of the vault, and recalling the scene created by the men from the College when Cassierre lay dead in the house, turned and looked at the parrot. The old bird gazed silently at her, but it repeated none of its phrases and seemed afraid.

"Thing of evil!" she cried, shaking her clenched and withered fist menacingly.

For the moment she thought about the money, but even this soon passed from her thoughts. She could not think of anything or anybody but Cassierre.

"To find him dead," she repeated continually, "after all my hopes and prayers!"

The police and those interested in the College of France were strong in the opinion that the old woman really had called some priest to attend the dying millionaire. Had she known their thoughts, she would only have regretted that it was not so. She surely would have called the Abbe of St. L— had she known that death was near, and only cried now to think that the last, last chance had escaped.

Madame Hyacinthe walked every night down the flower-skirted avenue that led to the tomb of the millionaire. She would pass and re-pass and then

stop and look at it. As she stood there one evening as the dusk came on, a girl, scantily attired, came suddenly on her.

"You are Madame Hyacinthe," she said. "I heard you spoken of in the court just now."

Then she stopped to catch her breath, for she had hurried, even to running, to Cassierre's.

"What is this, girl? What do you say?"

"Pere Lamereaux will be convicted," she said. "I was there. I was a witness. I spoke up before the judge. M. Cassierre never had friendly intercourse with the Jesuit—that is what they said. Yes, they said this, even though the good Pere had sworn to something different. And not being his friend, he could not in his sound mind have given him the treasure found in the cellar of the priest's house at St. Blanc.

"I know nothing of the money," I said, 'but I once saw these two old men together. It was in the night. I knew the millionaire to see him on the street and I knew Pere Lamereaux by sight. I walked near them for I wished to ask an alms, but I was embarrassed and waited till they parted. I heard them talk; and from this I gathered that, though they had not met for a long time, they must have been very good friends. I heard M. Cassierre say, 'You must come and see me,' and I heard it promised. Then they parted; it was just before the rain; and then I begged for money that I might eat. The rich man gave me his purse. There it is. His name is on it. He gave me his coat, too, that I might be protected from the storm that was about to break like a fury.' I laid the garment down. 'There are not many like it,' I said. 'It is costly,' I continued, 'and for that reason the more easily identified. Then, too, his tailor's mark is on it. That coat was once the dead millionaire's.'

"Do they have invited guests at court?" asked the beggar girl of Ma-

dame Hyacinthe, who stood looking in amazement at her.

"If so, I was an uninvited one. Everybody stared but nobody spoke. The silence was terrible. I did not sit in the witness stand but stood in the midst of them. And I swore, too, for the cause was just. 'By the Crucified,' I said, pointing to the cross, 'this is so!'"

"Then I turned, leaving the purse and the coat,—I turned and left, and no hand was put forth to detain me. I came all the way here; I came for you. Can't you say something for Pere Lamer-eaux?"

"Say something for Pere Lamer-eaux?" repeated the old woman. "Oh, young girl, is it necessary? It it come to this, that a poor old woman like me must say something for Pere Lamer-eaux? If it is necessary, then I am sorry, for I cannot help him. I never saw him here. But has he the money?"

"Yes," said the beggar girl, "and arrested for it."

"Then he must have been with M. Cassierre at some time before he died. The night I went out, perhaps. Oh, if I could have only seen that! If I could have seen the good master with the good Pere! And now the priest of St. Blanc is to be condemned for receiving a gift! Oh, to have seen it, that I might testify! M. Cassierre! M. Cassierre! if you could only come back again!" she cried. "If you could only speak once more, facing these avaricious and irreligious men and saying, 'I am not of you. Disturb not my memory and let my atoning gift alone.'"

The old woman cried bitterly and the beggar girl joined her in her tears.

"Who cries for M. Cassierre?" said a voice.

The old woman and the beggar girl looked up. The door of the tomb had been opened as they cried, and there stood the dead (?) gazing, silent and motionless.

The two vesper mourners were unconscious as Cassierre walked out. He looked for a moment upon them, but he did not stay. They would come to again he knew, and he turned down the walk that led to the lower gate. His face, beard and hair were like the driven snow. He felt like a spirit, although he was not a ghost. It was like a new experience to him to feel the air, see the lights, hear human voices and walk on the earth again.

He took the unfrequented street when possible and went unrecognized, though not without comment, for he went uncovered. It was deep dusk when he entered the Palais de Justice. The man, in his rather loose fitting garments, white hair, unkempt beard and strange looking eyes, certainly appeared spectral at the time. As he passed through the dense throng outside the Palais de Justice many who knew him while "living" were seized with an unspeakable terror; some cried and some fainted, but he passed rapidly and these were not many. But his rapid passing only gave credence to his supernatural coming.

Cassierre soon stood before the tribunal of justice. Everybody seemed to recognize him at once,—or rather his spirit. Though he came through the door and walked across the hall, many would have it that he rose through the floor. All argument ceased, and there ensued a silence and a terror that only the supernatural could produce. Everybody would have left, but none could move. Cassierre even saw old friends drawing back. Courdet, who delivered his funeral oration, Dr. Foras, who attended him in his last illness, and the lawyers of the trial. The judges, too, who knew him well, although trying to look composed, were withered with fear.

Cassierre, understanding, raised his pale right hand; he appeared like a prophet invoking judgment. Those about him were petrified.

"Bear witness," he said, "and be not afraid."

His voice sounded of the sepulchre; and even as he spoke, many would not believe him alive. A woman at the front cowered, as his eye for a moment rested on hers, and seemed on the point of swooning away.

"I am M. Cassierre," he said, "laid away while sleeping and numbered with the dead. I am he who was unbelieving and rich. I am he whom all Paris thought slowly returning to dust. But for a time at least, I live, and of you, men of the College of France—and of you whose solemn business is to measure justice—of you both, I say, I demand a reckoning. If the money found in the possession of Pere Lamereaux is not his, it is mine, and not yours. I demand its return. And as I said, 'Bear witness,' so you are all my witnesses. I again give this money to him to whom I once gave it before—to Pere Lamereaux," he said, pointing to the Jesuit on trial, "to him whose religion was not argument or sneer, but charity. Let all who hear my voice bear witness, for, for him I am come and for him I ask judgment."

Pere Lamereaux and the other Jesuits present sprang forward to embrace the resurrected, but he fell before they reached him.

"Hand of God," exclaimed an old priest, and cried.

Doctor Foras again looked at Cassierre.

"Truly, this is the end," he said.

When Cassierre was laid out in his marble palace again, a great crucifix stood at the head of the casket; and cherubs in marble supported a vase whose water, salt-sprinkled and newly blessed, lent a meaning to death that it formerly missed. The philosopher was not there; but the beggar and outcast now ventured to come and look upon Cassierre. And each and every one now

entered unchallenged, for there was no longer privacy here. And each and every one took a palm branch and sprinkled holy water on the face of the dead; and every one prayed. Nobody gave them the icy look; nobody inquired, "What brings you here?" Nobody asked, "Where is his money?"

"Let the infidels claim me if they will," Cassierre once said to Pere Lamereaux, "and I care not, providing you can say a private Mass for me."

But the infidels' claim had fallen and the bells were ringing at the Church of St. Blanc. Pere Lamereaux was very much worn after the legal ordeal, but he still insisted on singing the Mass over Cassierre. The deep, mournful tolling of the chimes announced to the old Cure the approaching time and recalled Cassierre's walk past the church one evening. The recollection was so touching that he was almost overcome.

He walked to the church and up the long side aisle to the vestry where, assisted by deacon and subdeacon, he began to vest. As he girded his loins and raised the chasuble over his head, the organ filled the arches without with its moving harmonies.

The old priest then walked through the dimly lighted sanctuary and down the main aisle, accompanied by deacon and subdeacon and many acolytes bearing candles and burning censers. They met the remains at the inner door and, chanting slowly, led the way to the great altar.

Cherubini's grand requiem was sung and as the "Kyrie" went out, old Madame Hyacinthe looked up and around her. And although the tear was in her eye and she sighed, she was satisfied. To herself she seemed to say, "All this is for M. Cassierre."

And maybe she thought that that very Mass had been written for Cassierre; that in writing that "Kyrie," "Credo," "Sanctus," and "Dies Irae," the great



Italian with prophetic vision had none other than her great and dead master in mind.

And when the deacon sang in the Gospel, "Resurget frater tuus," she thought this, too, had been especially spoken of Cassierre. And when a little further on he sang, "Qui credit in me etiam si mortuus fuerit, vivet," she cried again, but was consoled.

The old woman knelt with her face covered, and the Mass was finished while she was thus meditating. It was only when the celebrant intoned the "Kyrie" in the last rites that she woke from her spiritual reverie. It was a sad, sad rite but she cried no more. All those supplications and prayers uttered by the priest were not to her mournful forms merely, to remind us that another of the living has been numbered with the dead, but so many aids to conviction that the latest of the dead is numbered with the just.

When Cassierre was again placed in his marble sepulchre and his friends one by one departed, his former old house-

keeper still stayed. This good man had a fascination for her even in death. But her prayer, dream, meditation, or whatever it was, was shortly interrupted. The beggar girl again mysteriously approached, touched her on the arm and said:

"Truly, truly, thy good master is saved."

"Ah," said the old woman, smiling in her sadness, "fair unknown girl you are come again. You who once asked an alms for Christ's sake and started a train of thought so productive of Christian results in him who now lies in this marble monument. You who receive of him, you who prayed for him,—yes, it becomes you now to announce his salvation. And truly, as you say, he is saved; for when the priest sang out in the last rites, 'A porta inferi,' I heard angelic voices far above the choir, replying, 'Erue Domine.' And when all was over and the music laid, I heard still other voices saying, 'Blessed are the dead.'"

THE END

## Blessed Henry Suso on Suffering

III

By FATHER THUENTE, O. P.

"My unfathomable love shows itself in the great bitterness of My passion, like the sun in its brightness, like the fair rose in its perfume, like the strong fire in its glowing heat."

**T**HE predominant thought throughout the life and works of Blessed Henry Suso is one of suffering.

When man sinned, the Almighty cursed the work of His creation. The weight of the curse has certainly fallen upon us. The world has become a "valley of tears," for tears flow always and

everywhere. Christ's words, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," are realized to their full extent by all. Therefore it may be of practical, personal interest for us to study the thoughts of Blessed Henry Suso on suffering.

The question, "Why must we suffer, since God is so good and loves us so much?" troubled the great saint, and in his anguish he turned to Eternal Wisdom and asked for an answer. "Lord," he prayed, "Thy love is sweet, yet no sooner dost Thou admit any one to Thy friendship when Thou dost prove him

by severe trials. Lord, why dost Thou allow him to suffer?"

And a beautiful, profound and universally true answer comes back from God. "Mark well," says Eternal Wisdom, "what thou art, where thou art, and whither thou goest, then shalt thou understand my designs. Thou art created to my Image and Likeness. I am Infinite Goodness; thou art yearning for it. Thy desires are infinite, therefore the world can not satisfy them."

The very greatness of the soul, living in exile instead of in heaven, for which it was created, is the reason for its sufferings. It is the "Mirror of the Divinity," according to Scripture. By reason of its spiritual, intellectual and free nature, it becomes like unto the Trinity.

Although the essence of the soul is finite, its desires are infinite, as its existence is eternal. Therefore all the things of this world, "the unjust goods," cannot satisfy its cravings. The soul, consciously or unconsciously, longs for God, and it will never be happy until it possesses Him.

The world with its pleasures and vanities is restless. It is not happy. It is constantly looking for something new, something better, something more beautiful, and it finds it not in this world.

In the purified and sanctified soul the painful longing constantly grows and becomes more pronounced. The Psalmist cries out: "As the hart panteth after the fountain of water, so my soul panteth after Thee, my God. My soul hath thirsted after the strong, living God; when shall I come and appear before the face of God?"

St. Paul expresses the same idea when he asks to have his soul freed from his body. He regarded his body as a prison-house which kept his soul away from God, the object of his most ardent desires.

Blessed Henry Suso, like the Psalmist and like St. Paul, expresses this unfathomable desire of the soul to possess God

Himself—a desire which the whole world cannot satisfy—in a dialogue between himself and God, between the "Servant" and the "Master." The Servant speaks: "Lord, when a soul is yearning for Thee, and Thy sweet presence, then art Thou silent. Lord, should not this grieve the heart? For Thou art my tender Love, my only Desire, and yet when I call upon Thee, Thou art silent." Eternal Wisdom answers: "And yet do all creatures cry aloud to Me, 'Thou art He.'"

The meaning of this strange answer is: Why do you complain? Does not all creation tell you of Me? But the Servant remains dissatisfied. In his sorrow he cries out to Eternal Wisdom: "Dear Lord, it is not enough for a languishing soul!" And Eternal Wisdom, in Its goodness, answers again: "Dost thou not know that every word I utter is a word of love for thee; every line of Scripture is a sweet love-letter for thy heart?" And the Servant sweetly answers: "Lord, Thou knowest well that to a loving heart everything that is not its only Love and its only Consolation is insufficient."

Another reason for our suffering Blessed Henry ascribes to the boundless goodness and love of God.

The soul, forever longing, desiring and yearning—for it is infinite—easily makes the sad mistake of satisfying her thirst by attaching herself to the false, deceitful, uncertain and changeable things of this world. And God punishes this sinful attachment by allowing bitter and painful experiences to follow. "My dwelling-place," says Eternal Wisdom, "is in the pure soul; therefore can I not suffer her to attach herself to anything else. But she is inclined to evil, therefore do I encompass her path with thorns. Her ways are strewn with tribulation, that she may not set the foot of her desire anywhere except in the paths of My divine will."

Thus, poverty, infirmity and sickness are often great blessings given by Divine

Providence. They are protections against the snares of the devil. "Woe to you rich," says Scripture; "Blessed are the poor;" "Blessed are they that mourn;" "Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice' sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

A third reason why God in His mercy permits suffering, is the desire to test the strength of the soul and to permit her to feel her own weakness; to give her an opportunity to manifest her love and fidelity and thereby win a greater crown of glory.

Thus Job, of old, suffered patiently, and in all his trials blessed the name of the Lord. "For I know," he said, "that my Redeemer liveth, and in the last day I shall rise out of the earth, and I shall be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see God. Whom I myself shall see, and my eyes shall behold, and not another. This, my hope, is laid up in my bosom."

About the future rewards for suffering the saint speaks most eloquently in his beautiful chapter on the ineffable joys of heaven.

"The more bitterly thou shalt suffer, the more honorably wilt thou be received. What joy will pervade the heart when the soul shall be praised and extolled! All the heavenly host will rejoice that she has suffered so much and has overcome all. Her sufferings and wounds shall be turned into bright jewels, for they have been received for the love of God."

There is a fourth cause for our suffering. It is found in our sins and imperfections. A fervent soul must turn to God, but it may not remain constantly united with Him. Such constancy, says Eternal Wisdom, is found only in a very few of the purest and most perfect souls. Most are frequently distracted, and the Lord complains of this, saying: "Why dost thou permit thine eyes to wander so thoughtlessly when thou hast constantly before thee the Blessed and Eter-

nal Image, which never for one moment turns from thee? Why dost thou stop up thine ears when I address so many and sweet words to thee? How is it that thou dost forget thyself when thou art encompassed with the Eternal Good? Why dost thou seek consolation in exterior things when thou bearest within the Kingdom of Heaven."

These distractions and imperfections cause spiritual suffering. The soul becomes like a man "satiated, relishing nothing, disgusted with everything. His body is languid, his spirits are dull. There is dryness within and sadness without. \* \* \* He who visits me, finds an empty house, for the Master, who gives wise counsel and gladdens the heart of the family, is not at home."

That great crimes and sins should have their own immediate bitter consequences is easily understood. The sinner must confess with the thief on the cross: "We receive the due reward of our deeds."

The final cause of suffering is our imagination. Blessed Henry Suso illustrates it well by telling an anecdote: Passing by a house one day, he heard a poor woman sighing and lamenting bitterly. Touched by her grief, he entered to console her. "Good woman," he said, "why dost thou grieve?" She answered him, saying: "I have lost my needle and cannot find it." He left the house, saying to himself, "If she had one of my crosses, she would not cry for the loss of a needle." All of us suffer more or less from such imaginary troubles.

When our saint complained to the Lord that his crosses were greater and heavier than those of others, he received the truthful answer: "Every sick man imagines his own sickness the worst, and every one in distress thinks his own trouble the greatest. Had I sent thee other sufferings, it would have been the same. Conform thyself freely to My will in all sufferings which I ordain for thee, and all will be easy to bear."

Whatever the nature or cause of our suffering may be, we must bear it with utter resignation to the will of God. We must learn to say with Jesus suffering in the Garden of Olives: "Father, not my will but Thine be done." With Jesus we must become obedient, obedient even unto the death of the cross. Without obedience, suffering leads to impatience and sin. With obedience, suffering gains value in the sight of God. It transforms pain into joy.

One day Eternal Wisdom asked the Servant: "Tell me what of all things gives the greatest delight to the highest of created spirits?" "Fain would I learn it of Thee, O Lord!" said Blessed Henry. Then Eternal Wisdom answered: "Nothing gives greater delight to My angels than in all things to do My will. If the highest among them knew that it would tend to My praise to root up nettles, it would be his greatest delight to perform the work."

This is certainly a most wonderful answer. This joy of the perfect in doing the will of God, no matter how painful and humble the work in itself might be, Blessed Henry Suso felt in his own heart. When he heard the Lord say: "I Myself never appeared on earth so worthy of praise before My Father as when I hung in mortal agony on the cross," the Servant answered: "Lord, if Thou wert to permit me to become the most abject person that the whole world could produce, if I were to be accused of the foulest crimes that ever any man committed, so that whoever saw me would spit in my face, I would willingly bear it in praise of Thee, provided I was guiltless in Thy sight."

We must all aim for this high degree of perfection, though we may not all attain it. It is not absolutely necessary. God does not strictly demand it of us. The saints asked for crosses. "Lord, let me suffer, or let me die," prayed St. Catherine. We need not do that. The saints suffered cheerfully. If we can-

not do that, we can at least try to suffer patiently. Suffering must always turn us to God. In the cross we must see the will of God. If it comes against our will, we must accept it because God so wills it. This is necessary, and, strictly speaking, sufficient.

When the Servant asked Eternal Wisdom: "Which suffering thinkest Thou so very profitable and good?" the Lord answered and said: "Every kind of suffering, whether willingly accepted or unwillingly incurred, as when a man makes a virtue of necessity in not wishing to be exempt from suffering without My will, and ordering it in humble patience to My eternal praise."

Blessed Henry Suso having taught us why we must suffer, and how we must suffer, shall be our guide in helping us to begin to travel the road of perfection, on which we shall learn to suffer patiently, even cheerfully.

A very useful, practical advice is found in the words: "In good days, look to evil ones; and in the evil ones do not forget good days. Then can neither joy nor sorrow affect thee. If in thy faint-heartedness thou canst not endure My absence with pleasure, wait for Me at least with patience, and seek Me diligently."

The truth of this doctrine we find beautifully illustrated in the life of St. Catherine. When she was once overcome by gloom and sadness, the devil appeared to her and told her that she would always suffer thus in this world and be lost eternally in the next. St. Catherine resisted the temptation in her heroic way, and told the devil that she feared not suffering, that it was her delight. Hardly had she answered him when Jesus appeared to her and filled her heart with sweet consolation.

A great writer expresses the same thought when he says: "When it rains, despair not; the sun will shine again; and when the sun shines, do not break

your umbrella, for you will need it again."

Writing to his spiritual daughter, a cloistered nun, the saint tells us that he tried to acquire patience by remembering his sinfulness and by turning to Christ for mercy. "Even as a woman," he writes, "takes soiled linen and washes it clean in pure water, thus I in suffering turn to the Precious Blood of Jesus and wash my soul clean in it. Thus my suffering, whether innocent or guilty, always terminates in God."

The Precious Blood is purifying and refreshing. It took strength, life itself, from Christ on the cross. It gives strength and life to us. By bathing the sinful soul in the Blood of the Lamb the soul begins to live again, and by bathing the living soul in the Blood of the Lamb, all wounds are healed and it grows strong and vigorous again.

The saint, as we know from his history, learned to love the cross and learned to carry the cross by meditating daily on the Passion and Death of the Lord. For many years his soul was so sad that he would neither work nor pray. Meditating on the Passion of Christ, he learned to forget his own sorrow, so that he never felt it again in the same manner. Having tried this remedy and having been cured by it, he recommends it to us.

"Truly," he says, "the unfathomable good which is found in Thy Passion, O Lord, is a thing hidden from all hearts.

"Fervent meditation on the Passion makes man the possessor of exalted knowledge. Truly, it is a living book in which everything is to be found. Blessed is the man who has it ever before his eyes.

"I am determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified," he says with St. Paul.

Quoting the words of St. Bernard, he says: "To meditate on the Passion, I call eternal wisdom, perfect knowledge, salvation; it humbles me in prosperity

it raises me up in adversity; it guards me against all evil in security.

"The meditation must not be done in a hasty manner, but with heartfelt love and compassion searching into its mysteries, otherwise the heart remains as unaffected by the devotion as the mouth by untasted sweet honey."

But by meditating devoutly, we shall learn to say with the Servant—"Lord, beholding Thee, Thou delight of my eyes, with the looks of love, the great violent sufferings which I have borne for Thee have become as sweet dew in the month of May."

There is nothing more painful than suffering, but there is nothing more joyful than to have suffered.

"Suffering is a short pain, and a long joy."

Let those who dread suffering reflect on the advantages derived from it. We quote a few of the many enumerated by Blessed Henry Suso:

"Souls are lost and ruined amid the pleasures and delights of this world, but constant suffering refines and elevates to God.

"Suffering turns away God's wrath and obtains many favors. It transforms an earthly to a heavenly creature. It is the straightest, surest way to heaven.

"How many a one has been awakened from the sleep of sin to a life of merit?

"Suffering is a safeguard against grievous falls, it is the key to self-knowledge. It makes a man rely on himself and have faith in his neighbor. It is the guardian of purity, and confers the crown of eternal salvation.

"Through suffering we become the companions of the martyrs."

"Behold the soul," says Eternal Wisdom, "clothed in the purple garment of suffering, her head crowned with thorns, her hand bearing a scepter of palms. She may be despised by men, but I call her blessed, for she is my elect."

In the Sign of the Cross we must conquer.

# The Master Thought

By AUGUSTINE GALLAGHER

**H**ENRY ALLEN and Bernard Walters had settled their summer outing plans, and believed themselves to be quite happy in the contemplation of forthcoming delights, when the manager, Mr. Bowen, upset the arrangement.

Mr. Allen was bookkeeper and Mr. Walters an engineer in the contracting department of The Big Idea Mili Building Co., and, having a clue to prospective business, Mr. Bowen had need of services that only Bernard Walters was likely to render to the company's satisfaction and benefit.

Mr. Bowen put a fair face on the matter, although compelled to admit that it wasn't to his fancy to interrupt a valued employe's vacation plans, especially when he knew that that employe had set his heart on a trip to the seashore.

"But it's an all-right place—this Alton Knob region—where the mill is to be built, Walters," he urged. "There's chance for an outing there that may not be found everywhere; you will be at no expense and, since you have only to watch and wait, your time will be your own."

"But I wanted to go to the seashore this season," responded Walters, in tone indicative that he had, of course, abandoned the idea, in face of the business demand made upon him; but that, even so, he had made something of a sacrifice for duty's sake.

So, it fell out that Henry Allen sought the gayety of a seaside populace, with its discomforts of crowded caravansaries and swarming strand, and the incomparable desolation of loneliness in the midst of a cosmopolitan throng, while Bernard Walters idealized midsummer within the breeze-fanned plateau region of Alton Knob.

Given the plans and specifications of the enterprise, and the Big Idea's bid, Bernard was to play a game of waiting and diplomacy. In this he was to find acquaintance and friendship strong factors—it was always so on a contract—hence, he had come early on the scene. Learning the lay of the land, so to speak, he would study the people, the prospective buyer as well as the ever interesting competitor, for even the Big Idea Mill Building Co. recognized competition.

Mr. Bowen, manager and general of the myriad forces at the great corporation's command, had instilled into the mind of every trusted lieutenant this logic:

"Recognize competition early; the earlier the better. Get rid of it as soon as possible. Competition disposed of writes Big Idea proposals in trustworthy emphasis, while competition in conflict obscures the idea of worth."

That, indeed, was the Big Idea. It was not the corporation's great wealth, its patents, devices or any of its other agencies for gaining and manipulating business—it was the belief of its master in worth and truth that gave life and strength to the Big Idea; and in the hands of such a man as Bernard Walters such capital naturally meant success.

The day after his arrival at Alton Knob, Bernard drove two miles out upon the plateau, skirting the foothills that jutted out here and there nearly to the Limestone River, to the falls, which was the site of the prospective industry, and also the home of its chief promoter.

Here was a large hewn-rock farmhouse, surrounded by orchard, vineyard and outbuildings indicative of prosperity. There were no weed and bramble-grown fence-rows, nor unpainted, ramshackle

buildings, and the air of the place spoke eloquently of industry and of plenty.

Jonathan Howard, the owner of this ideal Western farmstead, was also the foremost factor in the new mill movement, and it was to become acquainted with and consult him that Bernard Walters had driven thither.

Mr. Howard warmly welcomed the engineer to Locust Hill. The fame of Bernard's skill as a builder had gone before, and thus it was that, at the mention of his name, he was received as one already known.

Presently the mill site was reviewed, and leisurely the plans submitted by the Big Idea were gone over, and, incidentally, the story of splendid enterprise encompassed by his plans was alluringly set out by Bernard.

Jonathan Howard was more than drawn toward this sane, good-humored, matter-of-fact young man; he was more than charmed by the skillful presentation of the Big Idea's plans and proposal—he was convinced. Bernard believed that this was so, but, wisely, he did not presume to voice that belief. Other bids were yet to be made, competition remained to be disposed of. But he had made sound progress—that was certain—and Bernard was well pleased. The day was fine, the landscape a rare picture of delight and the atmosphere a tonic to this city-dweller; and, despite the fact that he had foregone a seashore outing, he was happy.

The pursuit of business is a mighty motive in this age. There is that in the thought of enterprise which is the thrill of excitement, the dash of adventure, the dawn of power, the broad play of ambition, the quest of wealth—in a word, the glow of modern greatness—which is ever beckoning to the human epitome of reliance, skill and valor.

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Bernard Walters cheerfully accepted the invitation of Jonathan Howard, and instead of resuming occupancy of the

stuffy room at the village tavern, he now rejoiced in the temporary possession of a spacious, uncarpeted apartment in the big farmhouse. The oak floor of his room, polished by repeated scrubblings, was a sanitary invitation to the breezes to search out every nook and corner for the daily airing it was given through three open windows; and the homespun rug, spread before the quaint four-poster, held just enough of color to blend harmoniously with the vase of flowers that adorned the little table in the center of the room.

"There's more than an air of outing here," mused Bernard, as he watched one squirrel scamper after another and contest for the possession of a choice morsel, just below his window.

In the orchard, and in the cottonwoods along the river, the birds were piping their waking songs. There was everywhere about the place the evidence and sound of activity after a season of repose. The atmosphere was twin-laden with the perfume of flowers and the subtle voices of a rural dawn.

"This is real life!" exclaimed Bernard. "And to think that I was running away from it, seeking the conventional distractions, the artificial things of life, in sheer ignorance of the splendor and the luxury of Nature's pageantry."

A week later came a letter to Bernard from Henry Allen. Henry wrote from Rest-If-You-Can, By-the-Sea, on stationery that pictured and storied a palace at the disposal of wayfarers. But the picture and the story cast no spell on Bernard. Nor did the letter of his fellow toiler. Henry wrote:

"My Dear Bernard:

"I'm sorry I came here alone—doubly sorry that I came without your companionship. I find that the perils of the sea are mostly ashore.

"There's plenty of the care-free song and laughter of life on every hand, but I'm daily more and more surprised that

it doesn't move me to jollity in the least. That blithe air which bore me hither has fled; the ocean's swell has lost its poetry of motion and the surf-song is the saddened drone of a dirge. I'm lonesome, and there doesn't seem to be any way to relief save vanishment.

"I've met several persons here who I'm quite sure are worth cultivating, but I didn't come here to cultivate new-found acquaintances. My mind was so wrought upon by the pictures of anticipation that the discovery of their unreality has driven pleasure beyond my reach. I'm going home, where I can at least be useful. This is no place for a lone toiler who is given to thought, but it is a brilliant field for frivolity and the idle conquests of life."

"Should you procure a good contract you will be in line for felicitations, for you will have lost nothing and gained that much; while I have not only lost my time and my temper, but my savings have been dissipated to the enhancement of my unhappiness.

"I will not now undertake it, but may sometime relate to you how miserably poor one feels while paying an exorbitant rate for the box-stall they call a room in this barn; and the cowed nature that we poor, driven provincials take on while the lordly waiters heave left over and half-done viands upon us at panic prices.

"The moment a guest at this robbers' rendezvous is suspected of having an occupation in life, he is marked for pillage. By the stain of toil he is branded as being the probable bearer of wealth, and by the token that he knows no better than to work, he is listed as being incapable of taking care of himself and his money, too. Thus it falls out that these rollicking shore pirates proceed to take the money, leaving the victim only himself to look after; and, on the theory that the quicker the better, they give the least possible reckoning for their species of robbery.

"But at that, I think it were better to hold up the victims and have done with them at once, for they might take the hint and go away. No, they do it differently—they show you ravishing displays of fresh fish in glass storage, then beguile your sharpened appetite with hash.

"They have music everywhere, and all day long, for every one save you; but the moment you undertake to edge into a group bearing symptoms of enjoyment, there's a freeze-up and you're tossed a rebuff that takes your breath. There's any amount of room on the piers if you go out when there's nothing doing, and when the tide's running out one may have all the room he desires; but when the tide is rolling in, and there's life and laughter on the strand, you can safely make up your mind that there's none of it for you—that is, unless you have gained the password and learned the grip of the American Order of Artless Loafers. They own the seashore. They appear to be willing to let working people keep up all of the expensive institutions, provided they do so as quietly as possible, but they just simply can't endure the arrogance of Westerners who assume to be equal to "Our Exclusive Set."

"They tell me here that if a guest can prove to the waiter's satisfaction that he hails from New York, and permits the waiter to carry his purse, he may be permitted to have food at meal time—otherwise one must rest content with what's left, whenever he can get it. It is not considered safe to slight a real New Yorker, because even the noble-born and haughty waiter realizes that your office boy of yesterday may be the opulent director of trust and insurance companies to-day. The vaulting possibilities for pliable hypocrites in Gotham's financial field have come to be proverbial among these robber folk. Moreover, hailing from New York holds forth the promise that one may at least have held



out a million or two in securities, mayhap have only cracked a safe. But even so, he'll know, being from New York, how futile is the hope that he may lay out his money as becomes his fancy at a seaside hotel.

"I learned yesterday that there is a place, fronting on this same ocean, where only those persons go who are in quest of recreation and relaxation. My informant had it as a truth that at this modest sea-nook persons from west of the Alleghenies were still regarded as Americans. I also understand that there are many such modest and genuinely joyous retreats along the coast, and that one finds there the very best of comradeship, since the familiars are they who, like myself, have learned the folly of being too forward.

"Being about strapped of ready cash, I shall have to defer any nearer knowledge of real seashore resting-places to next year. I've just about served my apprenticeship at this sort of captivity and am for the first time in my life glad to see the end of my string.

"Hoping to see you soon at home,

"I am faithfully yours,  
"Henry Allen."

Bernard laughed heartily when he had read Henry's letter. As he folded and returned it to its envelope, he thought: "Well, I have missed a trial, and I've at least gained my outing, for a more ideal situation than this I am enjoying could not be devised."

And as he stowed the missive away in his traveling bag for future reference, he mused: "How little we know of what's good for us until we learn by experience! I could not have believed, in the first place, that I should have found contentment possible in an out-of-the-way place like this, to say nothing of the delightful revelation it has been to me. It has been the unfolding of a new world—no less—for hitherto, I find, I

have lived in ignorance of the beautiful world God has given His children."

Something like this Bernard said to Jonathan Howard as they walked through the orchard to view the vast wheat fields from a near-by eminence, later in the day.

"Yes, it is a beautiful world," assented Jonathan; "and also it is a good world."

"I think better of the world than I possibly could have done had I not come here," said Bernard.

"That may be," ventured Mr. Howard, "but I think you might have come to think well of it anywhere. The world itself is all right. There's beauty everywhere, save where man has marred the work of nature, and goodness is nowhere obscured save by the evil deeds of men. You know the lines:

"Where every prospect pleases  
And man alone is vile."

"Well, I accept that description, especially of the open country."

"I cannot conceive of men stooping to dishonor in environment such as this," said Bernard.

"It doesn't much matter what the environment may be, so long as the devil can reach his man and he be pliable," and Jonathan snipped a timothy head high into the air with his walking-stick, in emphasis of his declaration. "Of course, a nearness to nature has a softening influence on man, and that influence is for good, but there's never a baser villain than he who matures his designs in solitude."

"And yet it seems to be such awful ingratitude to God to disobey His will in the midst of the wonderful blessings we perceive at every hand."

"Yes, it does seem so, doesn't it?" mused Jonathan. "It does seem as though evil were a blacker crime in the midst of peace and goodness than a like offence committed in the wake of want

and squalor and wicked surroundings. It does seem so, and maybe, it is so—I don't know—but I do know this: the devil's always the devil, and no honest man's his friend, wherever he may be found."

Their walk back to the farmhouse led through a field of red clover in bloom. The air was perfumed with the scent of honey and vocal with the hum of bees. All this was new to the man from the city, the man whose genius as a constructor of mills had made him famous.

Here, indeed, was enterprise—the countless little creatures toiling as they sang, and every one—all but the drones—obeying orders strictly; the drones suffering the penalty of banishment in consequence of their idleness.

Bernard paused long in front of a busy and populous hive to observe the activity, and as he did so there was an unusual commotion among the tiny creatures.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed Jonathan, "you're fortunate in your affairs, Mr. Walters. You will now witness an interesting proceeding. Under warrant of the Queen, they have arrested a drone. That's what the fuss is all about. See!

they are bringing the sluggard forward now. Note how they halt and give the culprit one more chance! Now they have heard the sentence—it is to cast him out. Observe with what fidelity they obey!"

The great drone, requiring the combined efforts of more than half a dozen workers to cast him forth, now lay prone upon the ground beneath the hive. The tragedy was over—the law of compensation had been enforced.

"It is wonderful!" exclaimed Bernard.

"Yes, truth is generally wonderful when we are surprised by its manifestations," assented Jonathan.

"And these be simple folk who cling to nature and the soil?" asked Bernard of his inner self when alone. "Seers of the earth and philosophers they," he mused, "they really live."

The night songs of the little creatures in the trees, hedgerows and grasses were lost too soon to Bernard. As he lay listening to their fantastic melody, he marveled that men should strive so zealously for the sterner things of life. It came to him that somewhere in the future an hour awaited him wherein he would relinquish, as the playthings of a dream, the material things of life; and he was deeply grateful for the thought.

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## A Vision of St. Dominic

By Jennie M. Buhlinger

Midnight wrapped the earth in silence;  
 All the convent inmates slept;  
 All save one—the white-robed founder,  
 Who a nightly vigil kept  
 In the dim, deserted chapel  
 Where a flickering, red light shone,  
 Burning then, as now, in homage  
 At the Eucharistic throne.

In an ecstasy of fervor  
Prayed St. Dominic this night,  
Till the dusky chapel faded  
Slowly from his 'raptured sight,  
And before him stood the Saviour,  
In the glory all His own,  
While near by His blessed Mother  
In her star-crowned sweetness shone.

And around these two were gathered,  
In that fair abode of rest,  
'Midst its gleaming ranks of angels,  
Peaceful throngs of happy blest.  
Filled with joy too deep for language,  
Gazed our sweet saint on the scene,  
Till at length a mystic shadow  
Crept upon his soul serene.

For beholding other founders  
With their own disciples nigh,  
Looked he round for his dear children,  
But not one could he espy.  
Over all that mighty concourse  
Swept his tender eyes in vain;—  
No familiar face or figure  
Met their gaze to ease his pain.

And with heart in anguish sinking,  
Tearfully he bowed his head,  
Till Our Lady, to him calling,  
Wide her cloak of azure spread;  
When behold! his sorrow vanished,  
Into joy his suffering turned,  
For within that dazzling mantle  
Stood the band for whom he yearned.

Thus the sacred vision left him;  
And the great saint, kneeling there,  
Knew that thenceforth his dear Order  
Would be Mary's special care.

# Where Wealth Was Vain

By ADELE GLEASON

**B**UT that our coachman's grandmother had her laces mended by Donna Sanchez' mother, we never should have gained entrance to their home, for the Sanchez family had little desire to meet strangers. But our coachman acted as ambassador and presented us as persons of quality.

We had gone to St. Augustine for a purpose. At Jacksonville we had learned that there was a great artist at St. Augustine for a time, and we knew that if Delphina's talent could have his recognition, it would mean almost life to her.

We had lived in Bohemia until we knew that quaint, cheap places often made the most effective studios.

Our friends had loaned us tapestries and many foreign things with which to decorate, and the only question now, but yet the first, was to find a cabin.

To enter Don Sanchez' house, we stepped over a high upright board that was the door-sill and went in to a still room, where only there came a few rays of light through the never-opened red wooden shutters.

The walls, eighteen inches thick, were of coquina, well whitewashed, with an effigy of the Blessed Virgin adorning one side, and St. Joseph holding the Divine Child on the other.

There was an old piano, bought in London one hundred and ten years before. It was half toothless, the keyboard two octaves long, and its slim square legs, it seemed, could hardly support a boudoir chair. Now, "ditties of no tone" were the only things possible to play upon it.

Just then Donna Sanchez stood in the doorway; a black rosary dropped down

upon her withered, brown, old hands; her eyes, marvelously young, large and clear as a deer's, shone upon us kindly and wonderingly.

"Bien venida, senora Americana!" was her salutation.

Her heavy hair was mostly black. She wore a dark blue shoulder cape and trim petticoat. In the kitchen yard just a little behind her stood the big old fig tree against a blue sky.

"Your foot is in my house, you shall sit here and be blessed," said the gentle voice.

"Do you use the piano now?"

"Piano and I both too old; no longer sing. To sell? Oh, no, not to sell. No, never! My mother sang there; I keep her singing place."

"How much land have you here?"

"Just one-half acre, used to have one hundred acres for our family. You speech with my husband. He like to talk. I not like to talk much, but I will be your friend every day. I will pray for you."

We asked Don Sanchez if he would sell or rent the little cabin down by the sea-wall.

"No, not sell my land, not one inch. I own down to low water mark, low tide, ocean front and back to street, me and all my fathers. Who shall ever step there except my guest, while I live? I guess nobody." Then he laughed.

"You think I am poor? Maybe you do think so! Is a man poor when he got what he want, and nobody can get it away from him? Money don't make you rich; keep what you got that make you rich. I got land. Da's enough, ain't it? You think I sit in kitchen; yes, da's so, but I see people walk in street. Nobody can buy me out. Why?

Not 'cause they got no money, but 'cause I won't sell! Da's all. Ha! ha!"

"You have lived here a long time, have you not?"

"Yes, yes. I was in Seminole war."

"Do tell us about it!"

"You say 'us,' but you don't tell me is the young lady your daughter?"

"No, she is my friend, and it is for her use I wanted to get the cabin down by the sea-wall; it would be such a lovely studio to show her work."

"Tha' ol' place for studio? How odd you speak!"

"Tell us, though, about your being in the Seminole war."

"I was just seventeen years old, just. They said my father must go. I said no. When his horse came up to join de cavalry, I just jumped on in his place, and I called out good-bye. I never came back till de wa' was over.

"Yes, I tell how. My father had wife, seven children, his old papa and mama, and they cry if he be killed; then he must stay home any way and take care of all, so I went in his place. I always thought that a very entirely unjust war, but then I got back of trees an' fight just like Indian. I never minded captain when into a fight; just pitched in best I could. Always I minded orders in camp and hadn't anything else to do.

"Did young lady ever read 'bout Osceola? I knew him well. A man under flag of truce said: 'Come here to me, I want to talk to you some.' He talk, then they shut Osceola up in big fort. I always thought time to catch a man when he fighting, not when he talking, but some think different. I always think that war unjust anyway. I knew the Indian that started it. He worked for a man I knew. That man had two sons. The Indian asked for his pay. They wouldn't pay him; the Indian struck white man; white man shoot Indian. Other Indians run off an' tell chief, an' big war start off. Everybody

most got killed, I say, not what books say. Are you tired with my talking?"

"No, no; tell us more, if you will."

"I sit here and think. Sometimes I laugh. My wife so religious, she don't like to see me laugh.

"No, I never drink, da's reason I'm alive. I took coffee pot, tin cup and bag of coffee hung by my saddle. Yes, I drink coffee now. I'm seventy-three, very smart in de head, same is ever, only my legs don't move much. I catch rheumatism by swamps in the Seminole wa'.

"My wife she can walk 'round and work; she don't have to think, but who's going to stop me, an' in my own house? If I got anything you want, you just tell me, I give it. Come every day. Take all you see! God bless you! Come again."

We bowed ourselves out, determined to go the very next day and make another effort to get the use of the cabin. So upon the very next day Don Sanchez answered the question about the sea-wall cabin.

"Live in it if you will."

"How long may we live in it?"

"As long as you will."

So we lived there, not for many weeks, but long enough to have Delphina's work win her entrance into the life for which she longed. There we heard the tide rise and fall and saw the great luminous beam from the lighthouse shed its light over the waves, and over the far sky, and come to us again.

In due time the great artist came and admired the quaint studio, but better still he approved so heartily of the little artist's work, that he said if she had not work enough(?) he could send her all she could do, and that when it was too late in the season to stay by the sea-wall she could come and have a studio joining his own.

So, by a happy series of small circumstances, Delphina was lifted from the

"Slough of Despond" to more happiness and content than often falls to the heritage of mortals.

A wheeling chair had found its way to Don Sanchez' house and they surmised it came from us. When we came to say good-bye and voice our thanks, Donna Sanchez would hear no word of

gratitude from us; she pointed to the chair and said:

"You have blessed us, and you shall be blessed."

Her rosary always at hand, we could catch just a word now and then, "Sancta Dios," "Mary, Mary, pray for all of us."

## A Conversion

By O'C. RIGOLA

**S**IXTY years, thin grey hair, a round little face, hazel eyes sparkling under big spectacles: thus was Miss Margaret the embroiderer, known to everybody in D—. She lived modestly and in a very regular fashion, rose and retired at the same hour all her life, but was not devout, which scandalized her next door neighbors—the Misses Tippel, two withered, long-tongued spinsters.

Margaret was, however, a favorite, having never injured anybody, and having never required a neighbor's help. Left an orphan at a tender age, she had been able to find enough work to enable her to meet her few wants; and she passed through life quietly, serenely unknown.

However, disease laid for the first time its heavy hand on her frail shoulders. And in spite of her endurance, Margaret was not able to shake off the burden which overwhelmed, undermined, and drew her insensibly towards the tomb.

Each neighbor then paid a little attention, bringing a contingent of consolation and gaiety; and the gossips seated themselves near the high bed to retail the current news.

The Misses Tippel came only once; serious, austere, grave, they approached the patient, and after a few confused circumlocutions, declared her state alarm-

ing and decided that she ought to go to confession.

"No! never!" replied Margaret energetically. "If you have nothing else to tell me pass through the door and don't come back." And they came no more.

The two sisters had scarcely left when there appeared in the threshold a young and elegantly dressed woman, the sight of whom caused a great joy to the patient.

"Oh, you are good to come to see me, Mrs. Bernard. You amuse me so much with your pretty stories! It is so dull lying still doing nothing; and to add to my misery those stupid neighbors who come chattering death and confession to me!"

"Why, you're not so very ill, my dear Miss Margaret," said Mrs. Bernard, with a gay smile, "you'll get better."

"Well, I think so. I am strong yet, though sixty. I must live, if it were only to madden those devotees."

"You'll live, and we shall see some more of your beautiful embroideries," Mrs. Bernard affirmed, taking the thin transparent hand in her own. And dropping this subject, she related such droll stories that Margaret laughed with all her heart, forgetting her illness, only repeating at intervals: "And after"—"And then?"

Night had fallen: the young woman retired, promising to come back. She

entered a church, prostrated herself a few minutes before the Blessed Sacrament; then went quickly home, feeling anxious as to the means she should employ to bring the patient to better sentiments.

The next day, she tried, however, to lead the old woman's soul to higher thoughts. In her stories she ingeniously tried to speak of the beauty of heaven and the divine mercy. She slipped in anecdotes from the lives of the saints. Margaret listened without the slightest exclamation. Nothing touched her. And all the while she grew feebler; it was now only an affair of a few days.

The Wednesday following, she received still more joyfully her spiritual and gracious guardian.

"I feel better," said Margaret, "and I am happy to say it, for I am thinking of my nephews, who would doubtless be glad to see me die, and who have certainly sent those two old jades to inform them of the moment; but patience. They shall have none of my little fortune."

"Do you wish to speak of it to a solicitor?" gently insinuated Mrs. Bernard.

"No, no, it is useless. You see, ma'am, I am not rich, but I've been economical, and I don't wish that they should profit by it. Besides," she repeated with her ordinary obstinacy, "I must recover."

"And your nephews will be fairly cheated, as well as the Misses Tippel," added Mrs. Bernard with a sudden inspiration.

"Oh, those creatures! What can I do to punish them for having said such disagreeable things?"

"Live, that's the first point that will annoy them; then—"

"Then?" repeated Margaret, impatiently and curiously. And Mrs. Bernard leant mysteriously towards her, murmuring laughingly like a child who prepared for a good frolic:

"Send for a priest. That's what will send them into a rage."

Margaret recoiled as abruptly as her weak state permitted, darting suspicious looks on Mrs. Bernard.

"Just for the sake of teasing them," replied the latter with gaiety; "they'll see a priest coming in, will believe that you're dying, and later on, when you're quite well, they'll be furious on account of the mistake they made. Then what rage to see that you acted as they wished! As for you, it binds you to nothing. You will chat ten minutes and the role will be played."

"What a good idea! Ah, if it wasn't so late I should send for Father Healy."

"I shall go immediately," replied Mrs. Bernard. Twenty minutes later she returned with the priest, to whom the innocent stratagem had been made known. At sight of him Margaret, whose enfeebled memory had forgotten the project of teasing her neighbors, apostrophized him:

"What do you come to do here?"

"Ah, ah," interposed Mrs. Bernard in a mysterious whisper, "the Misses Tippel are standing at their door, they saw us coming in, and if you saw their discomfited countenances!"

Margaret laughed; the conversation became friendly between her and the priest. The intelligent intermedial had nothing more to do; she retired. What passed between those two souls, one of whom had refused the peace that the other brought, nobody ever knew, not even the Misses Tippel, who listened at the doors.

But the following Saturday, Margaret, after having received the last sacraments, exhaled a last quiet breath, holding fixedly on the crucifix her grateful and sweetly expressive little eyes. She was thinking no longer of the Misses Tippel.

When the nephews came for their inheritance, they found in a stocking coppers and white pieces to the amount of forty-three shillings. It represented the economy of half a century of labor.

# The Mists of Earth

By A CONVERT

## THE PRAYER

**I**T was eight o'clock, on a night clear and cold in January, 18—.

New York, never quite at rest, was once more decking herself for the usual evening's festivities. Her busy streets were a scene of hurrying forms, vehicles and bright lights, all symbolic of the fact that sleep was not to be thought of until the minds and bodies of the people, exhausted by the strain put upon them, should refuse to exert themselves further; demanding the season of unconsciousness and repose to furnish them with renewed vigor to begin another day.

As one advanced farther up town, the constant din grew fainter, the atmosphere more rare; and here the mind was less confused than amid the gaiety of brilliantly illumined theatres, concert halls and restaurants offering many inducements to the pleasure-loving public.

In a quiet street in the upper portion of the city, where the glare of the electric light gave place to the more subdued rays of the street lamp, stood a long row of residences lining either side of a broad drive; and from their peaceful aspect, it was evident that the residents either were absent or enjoying a simple evening, mayhap grouped in family circles around cheerful winter fires.

To all outward appearances the house in question resembled its neighbor dwellings, save that there was but a solitary light visible. It glimmered steadily through the closely drawn shade of a parlor window. This light gave one the impression that the family had withdrawn to the back part of the house, but presently, the shade was slowly raised, revealing, by the red glow of a banquet lamp, a young girl. She was clad in a

grey gown, the bodice of which was relieved by a cluster of scarlet berries; a spray of the same nestled in her dark hair, caught up in a loose coil. Many were wont to remark the sad, thoughtful expression her face assumed when in repose, and which sat strangely on a maiden of sixteen.

It were easy to deceive the world by a bright, light-hearted manner, especially in one so young; but to-night there were none to demand a smile or wonder at its absence; and her serious mood prevailed. Glancing up and down the street, and seeing that there was no one abroad to observe her movements, she sat in an arm-chair by the window, drew aside the curtain, rested her chin in her palms, and fell to musing.

And the young girl, thus meditating, was I, who am now imparting to you my story.

The streets into which I looked were deserted. Only the distant rumble of wheels, or the occasional faint cry of a newsboy broke the silence.

I wondered how many of the countless hundreds, hurrying to their different destinations, were giving one thought as to the end of so much ambition and pleasure. Could the gaily dressed women, in their opera-boxes, see the shadows lurking behind the gleam of their jewels? Did the men realize that the very schemes they were exultingly planning, would perhaps to-morrow fade before the ashes of their dead selves?

Perhaps you think these morbid thoughts? Well, man's life is strange, all told! Even at my age, existence seemed made up of joys and sorrows, laughter and tears.

"It is hard," mused I, "to hide our thoughts deep in our hearts, that the cold unsympathetic eyes of the world



may not gaze upon them; and to have no friend with love so true that he may anticipate and ease our heart-aches.

"No friend! Yes, there is One, and He is God! But heaven lies so far above the blue, and we cannot see beyond ourselves. There seem to be so many gates one knows not which to open. Surely so many ways of worshipping God cannot all be right, and each a contradiction of the other. Surely one of these gateways must connect humanity with the Divinity, in that close relationship which God must feel toward those whom He has created a little lower than the angels."

Continuing in this strain of thought for some time, endeavoring in vain to solve these problems of life, I there, as if impelled by some hidden influence, laid upon the night winds a prayer, which I bade rest at the feet of God, until noticing it, He should send me back an answer; my petition was this:

"Oh, great Creator of the universe! look down in pity upon me, Thy child, and tell me how best to adore Thee. If there be a true faith, teach it to me, for the way is so dark and so lonely, and I know not what to believe. Teach me the truth, O Lord, and I will be content!"

Having thus unburdened my soul I arose, and glanced once more about me; but the cold lamplight without, contrasting strangely with the rosy glow of the luminous parlor, and the fire of love in my own heart, shone on as aimlessly as before; and the night winds brought me no answer. So drawing down the shade I retired to rest, for the hour had grown late, and the others were sleeping.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two months later I was sent to the convent, as the best means of gaining a proper education. This convent, dedicated to St. Mary, stood in one of the widest and prettiest streets of a well-known village.

Two years passed quickly, during which time I pursued my studies; and

once more I stood by a window, thinking of the changes through which every life must pass; but this time it was at the window of our dear old class room, facing the front grounds of the school; my grey gown, with its garniture of scarlet berries, had given place to the simple black uniform of the convent girls.

The slow, solemn tones of a neighboring church clock echoed through the stillness of the night, each of its eight strokes repeating the call for mortals to bend the knee in silent adoration to God.

My glance traveled from earth to the broad spangled dome of heaven; and suddenly a star shot across the sky, as in the twinkling of an eye! I tried to follow its course, but it vanished like a soul that, summoned from earth without warning, takes instant flight into the unknown region of Eternity.

And this is the destiny which we all must fulfill! Such a thought caused me to tremble; and I stretched out my arms in yearning, voiceless supplication:

"Thou hast opened the flood-gates of Thy mercy, O Lord, that I may gaze thereon; but dost Thou know the terrible loneliness of being able to look upon the beauties of Thy kingdom with no power of drawing nearer to Thee? I am in Thy house, yet not of it; surrounded by Thy children, yet apart from them; there is a tumult in my heart, and I must subdue it all alone. Like Thomas, I would place my hand in Thy sacred side, to prove that the wound lies there. Grant me the boon of faith. Then I shall rest secure, and my prayer will have been answered!"

I had remained immersed in thought for fully half an hour, when my meditation was broken by the chapel bell ringing for night prayers. On leaving the room, I paused at the door and my eyes dwelt upon the Blessed Virgin's altar, stationed between the windows. Her statue, forming a central figure, rested on a drapery of pale blue silk and lace; at her feet burned a tiny blue lamp.

yielding the only light in the room, and on either side of her was a bank of lilies and roses, drooping their heads in humble acknowledgment of our Lady's charms. In that last look, I fancied that her glance met mine; and as I turned away, I heard her sweet lips murmur in a sad good-night: "Watch and pray!"

#### THE ANSWER

In the convent there was a large room, used both as a chemistry and an elocution hall during the day, and devoted to the amusement of the pupils in the evening.

On this particular night in early summer it re-echoed with the sound of pleasant voices. Rows of lights ran down the center and sides of the room, and lining the walls were broad windows, graceful palms and choice plants.

Under each chandelier, down the center, stood tables surrounded by chairs, for the use of the senior classes; and at either extremity of the hall was a grand piano; at one of these a Senior was trying over some new music, which, to judge from the tell-tale countenances of her "satellites," seemed to give rise to the thought:

"Why rushed the discords in,  
But that harmony might be prized!"

Some of the girls stood in groups, or sauntered about the room conversing in low tones of "home."

Now, the principal table in the apartment, or so we thought, was that presided over by my eight estimable classmates and myself. Some of us had our elbows stationed in a more comfortable than elegant position, a few were embroidering, and others were engaged in the delightful pastime of tormenting their neighbors. One of "our girls," who had been gazing rather quizzically at a book beside her, looked up and remarked drily:

"Now, I wonder who first advised the teaching of geometry to girls? just as

though we intended blossoming out into full-fledged civil engineers and—"

"Ladies and—gentlemen!" spoke up another, with a grimace at the—"gentlemen," "I will now introduce to you one of the earliest modes of physical culture known to our esteemed forefathers!" and she started off, to the movement of the dance number which some one had asked for, just managing to escape the eagle eye of a passing Sister, before whom she was dignity personified!

During all of this time I had been sitting quietly; joining occasionally in the prattle of the girls, and then becoming silent, as I thought of our lives beginning and ending, thus far, in nothing but daily studies and small delights or grievances.

About to resume the reading of a book, I was settling myself in a comfortable position, when a favorite school-mate, stealing up from behind, drew me away from the table, as a token that she desired my company. We promenaded up and down the long room keeping pace with the music, and had just finished the "fourth round," when some one near said to me: "A Sister is asking for you at the door."

Having no idea why I was wanted, I left my companion and hastened to the entrance. There our class teacher greeted me, saying that a Sister who had been away for some months on account of ill health, and of whom I was very fond, had returned and was inquiring for me. Rather startled by this information, for a strange dread had seized me, I followed my informant down a spacious hall, up two flights of stairs, and along another lengthy corridor, the dim lights of which cast weird shadows over the highly polished floor and somber walls.

Finally we paused before a ponderous door, that looked forbidding in spite of the great silver knob gleaming on its dark surface. It was the door leading

to the guest-chamber. I heard the word "Enter" spoken beside me; but turning, discovered that my companion had mysteriously disappeared.

For some seconds I stood watching the door, longing yet dreading to enter, when presently it swung upon its hinges of its own accord, to a space of about eight inches. Endeavoring to see through the gloom, I discovered that all within was enveloped in utter darkness!

Touching the handle, the cold metal of which sent a shiver through me, I was about to open the door wider, when a familiar voice called softly:

"Come in, dear; do not be afraid!"

Swiftly throwing back the barrier between me and that which lay beyond, I crossed the threshold, and gazed intently within.

Little by little the veil of darkness was lifted, and a silvery moonbeam—entering through the window in the apartment, and remaining as the only light throughout the entire scene—wavered in its course, crept over the surface of a narrow bed, until, nearing the head, it settled on the face and form of a nun. She was reclining rather than lying down, and was dressed in the habit and linens of her Order. One hand rested lightly on her breast and the fingers closed over a plain black rosary. Near the other hand, lying listlessly idle, was an open manual. On a chair near the bed was a black shawl, against which rested a small crucifix. All this I perceived at a single glance; and with a heart-rending cry I sprang to the bed, knelt and buried my face in the soft covers, for I had recognized the Sister who had guided and cared for me, never tiring in spite of my faults, never influencing me toward her religion, but whose image was indelibly stamped upon my heart, as a living example of all that was pure and holy. She was one of God's chosen, but alas! who was I?

Feeling Sister's fingers glide gently over my bowed head, I compelled myself

to look up to her; and as I did so she addressed me:

"You are startled, my child, to see me lying here, but I am very tired. They think I will become well again, but my heart tells me that there is another and a longer journey in store for me; and I wished to see you, whom I have loved well, before departing."

"Surely you don't mean to leave me, Sister? Why, you have but just returned!" I answered. Then, by degrees, her meaning dawned upon me, and as the full force of the terrible truth came over me, I whispered in awe:

"You mean—to die? No! no! Not that, Sister, not that!" I cried. The intensity of my grief frightened me. She waited until it had abated somewhat, then with a sad smile said chidingly: "Ah, dear child! where is your faith?"

My faith! Was God about to answer the petition I had sent up to heaven that far night? And must it come back to me through the lips of a dying Sister? "Tell me! Ah, Sister, will you tell me where and how to seek it?"

"Here," she answered, laying her hand upon the open page of the manual. "And now, it is of this that I would speak to you." She left the bed, and crossing over to a large chair near the window, with the manual in her hand, sat down, her figure bathed in the soft radiance of the moonlight. I followed, and placing my arm 'round her as I had done in the old days, in a half unconscious and protecting manner, waited for her next words, which meant so much to me.

"You will find this book marked," she said; "keep it, guard it, and read it well, for it is the key which will unlock for you the gate of heaven. I will pray for you, and will never forget you. We shall know each other better when the mists of earth have rolled away, and our souls lie as open books before the gaze of God!"

Sister laid her hand once more upon my head, but this time as though in loving benediction; then she arose and half staggered to the center of the room, where she caught hold of a heavy table, swayed, closed her eyes as in death, then fell to a kneeling posture against the table. I was powerless to move, and could but watch the clasped hands and bowed head, being incapable of any other thought than that, as I looked upon the Sister so dear to me,

"She died; and left with me  
Memories of what had been, and never  
more would be."

But what change was this now stealing over that silent form? Gradually she seemed to be clasped within the close embrace of some strange supernatural power, awful in its sublimity, and was lifted bodily upward from that lowly resting place! As the figure of the nun ascended, the ceiling divided, and the dark blue sky appeared, in which the stars hung like sanctuary lamps, to light the way to the throne of God!

Higher and higher she rose, and the dark habit of her holy Order fell at my feet, leaving in its place a white raiment, as beautiful as the celestial light of her countenance. The light of an immortal soul shone from her face in such splendor that my eyes were dazzled. Then, opening her eyes, already radiant with visions of another world, she looked down at my dark robed figure, and her glance changed to one so full of tenderness and pity for the one whom she was leaving to battle in this cold cruel world alone, that my heart for the moment rebelled against the fate that held me within its grasp, to earth; and, kneeling, I held out my arms beseechingly to her, and murmured brokenly: "Sister, do not leave me behind!"

But my only answer was a last faint sigh which seemed to say: "Not for long!" Extending her hand, she let the

cherished rosary fall, till it rested around my neck; then she vanished, the ceiling closed, total darkness reigned.

Sinking so low that my face was hidden in the folds of the habit, and pressing the crucifix of the rosary close to my heart, I uttered a long deep sob, and—awoke! Awoke, to find that the light in the room where Sister had appeared to me was truly a moonbeam; but it was shining instead on my own bed, in my room just off of the dormitory, wherein the girls and I had been sleeping for hours!

The manual of my dream was a counterpart of one given to me by our class teacher the night previous, in remembrance of the Sister who had really been ill; but who shortly afterwards returned, and is still living. Her book is now among my treasures. The rosary was one borrowed from a classmate that day, because, for an unaccountable reason, I liked to have one near me. I crossed my arms over my breast, pressed the rosary to my heart, and could never afterwards enter the "Land of Dreams" without my beloved prayer-beads held in this position.

Then I once more fell asleep; but with the knowledge that the true faith had at last entered my heart, leaving no doubt in its wake, through the prayers and unconscious example of her who to me never held a dearer name than just Sister.

I am now a Catholic; and if you likewise wish to find the true faith of Christ, you must pray; for God wants a willing and an active heart; not a stone! And when you have found what you seek hidden beneath the sacramental veils of the altar, such burning love for your crucified Lord will fill your heart, that you will die, rather than that this priceless jewel should be torn from you.

Truly has Pope said, that there are

"So many worlds; so much to do;  
So little done—such things to be!"

# CURRENT COMMENT

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## The Truth About the Congo

The Sacred Heart Review

It ought to be constantly borne in mind by Catholics that the question of Congo atrocities is not one affecting the Catholic Church in any way, and that so far as the Catholic Church is directly concerned it makes no difference to her or her members whether King Leopold's administration of the Congo Free State is bright with virtue or dark with crime. The good name of the Catholic Church is not involved in the affair, and there rests no burden on any Catholic—only in so far as his own sense of justice prompts him—to take up the cudgels for the much-abused Government of the Congo. Nevertheless it is certainly true that much of the severe criticism of the Congo Free State's treatment of its black subjects comes from Protestant missionaries, and that most of the Protestant papers are harping upon it as if it were something disgraceful to the Catholic Church; and this because King Leopold, the ruler of Catholic Belgium, is also the ruler of the Congo Free State. But Catholic States and their officials are not impeccable, and the stability of the Church does not depend on their internal administration. We are not called upon to defend all the actions of Catholic statesmen or political administrations.

All this should be clearly remembered, because so much space has been given by Catholic papers to the Congo Free State, and so many have been the Catholics of prominence who have spoken in its defense, that there is danger of our overestimating it, of looking upon it as a Catholic question of the first importance, and of identifying the Church with the administration of affairs in the Congo.

In his book, "The Truth about the Congo," recently published by the Forbes Co., Chicago, Professor Frederick Starr of the Chicago University, who went to the Congo Free State as an independent observer, shows that the reports of the Protestant missionaries as to atrocities in that land are highly exaggerated. \* \* \*

Turning to the whole subject of alleged unwarranted cruelty to the natives, Mr. Starr says he saw plenty of flogging, but not with such an instrument as Protestant missionaries have been exhibiting in this country. Indeed, Mr. Starr saw a flogging administered to a native, not by some bloodthirsty officer of the Government, but by an official of a Protestant mission!

Mr. Starr does not think the flogging done in the Congo is in general severe. Nor does the chain-gang strike him with such horror as it does the missionaries who want to arouse the world. "It is a very mild form of punishment," says Mr. Starr, "and one which, of course, is common in as bad a form if not worse throughout many of our Southern States."

As to the cutting off of hands in punishment for not bringing in rubber, Mr. Starr says that people in this country seem to expect that every traveler in the Congo must meet with crowds of people who have had one or both hands cut off. Personally he has seen but one case, though he says he might have found another had he looked for it. The Professor does not excuse this barbarity, but he says that the soldiers in punitive expeditions are natives, and in the excitement and bloodthirst aroused by military attack they relapse to ancient customs. \* \* \*

Already the agitation of the missionaries has had its effect, and it may result

in the taking over by Belgium of the administration of the Congo. The missionaries say this will satisfy them, but Professor Starr says it will not. He says what they want is to have the Congo Free State a British possession, which is the conclusion arrived at by others than Professor Starr.

### **The Catholic Church and Industrial Peace**

The Pilot

A group of the moneyed class, but more than ordinarily thoughtful and farsighted, were watching a Labor Day parade. Among the men on foot and the women in barges the faces were for the most part keen and vigilant, with a light in the well-opened eyes that might easily flare into the fire of battle.

"Thank Heaven, nearly all of them are Catholics," said the richest manufacturer among the spectators. "Mark Hanna was right. The Catholic Church will be the mainstay of the country in the troubles ahead of us." In answer to sharp exclamations and enquiring glances, he went on: "Why, all of those men who have a little education would be out and out Socialists and Anarchists, if they were not Catholics. The Catholic Church saves the situation. It compels me to respect their manhood, and them to respect my property."

It was a terse statement of the influence of the one permanent religion on the industrial situation everywhere, but especially in America. The advance guard of the great Catholic immigration to the United States had with small exception to begin their new life in the humblest and most laborious occupations. They dug our canals and the sewers of our cities, they laid our railroads, they hewed pathways through the wilderness, they mined our coal and precious metals, they filled our mills and manufactories.

They and their successors for many decades were English-speaking, and by reason of long antecedent oppression, more demonstrative perhaps in their enthusiasm for American ideals of freedom and equality than the older element in the land. This literal acceptance of America as the land of freedom, the home of the oppressed of the world, this naive confidence in the school-book assertions of no impassable barriers between class and class, that the son of the humblest citizen might rise to the highest office in the nation's gift, these alluring object lessons in the achievement of the poor boy or the "self-made" man, were not always pleasing to the long established property owners, the employers of labor, and the offspring of five or six generations of lettered ancestors.

It was not clear to them that underlying our Declaration of Independence was the unity of the human blood as the warrant for the equality of the human right. The natural tendencies of power to ungenerous self-assertion, of wealth and culture to unkind segregation, began to show themselves as the resources of our country developed.

The workman on the contrary had to learn that a combination of mine-lords, or mill-lords, or trade-lords, even under a republic, could be for a time as discouraging as the banded might of the sons of a hundred earls; that the ballot was not sufficiently protective of the weak while ballots and legislation could be bought, and that there might be, even in a free land, racial and religious prejudices with all the force of law. He had to learn the saving lesson that "freedom is growth and not creation," and he could never have learned it in time to save the country from the danger of his vehement new needs and desires with their inadequate means of realization, save under the tutelage of the Catholic Church.

The Church said to him, in effect: "Patience: Your temporal rights flow

from your dignity, which you share with the highest, of sons of God and brothers of Christ. Unite to better your condition; advance by all lawful means as high as your brains and industry will take you. Look back nineteen centuries to see the Divine Founder of your religion in His carpenter shop; a poor fisherman raised up to rule His Church. See the son of a working man in the same place to-day. Make a home for your children, and by taking out a modest stake in the land, it will be harder for the covetous rich to add house to house and field to their own eternal ruin. But, if your abilities suffice to carry you but a little way on the road to fortune, be content with little. If sickness or misfortune bring hopeless defeat to your lawful ambition, remember this life does not end all. Above all: keep the Commandments; give God the first place; respect the life, the property, the good name of your fellows of every condition. Covet no man's possessions. Seek no end, however good, by unlawful or doubtful means."

Such in briefest and barest outline the Church's message to the toilers, the while she has held them to the house of God by the power of the Word of God, the strength of the Sacraments and the Sacrifices; and to the home by their devout and peace-loving wives and the appeal of the little hands of their many children.

It has been well heeded for the most part; the workers knowing that she preached even more forcibly to the rich their own duties as mere stewards of God's bounty, and the rights of the workers. She cries "Woe!" not alone to him who defrauds the laborers of their wages, but to him who would curtail their rights as men to the joys of home and fatherhood, to mental improvement and due rest and recreation.

So by her steadfastness and consistency, she has held the workers, and been sought as the intermediary by the em-

ployers in the day of imminent trouble. She is the supreme force for law and order, as well as the encourager of righteous progress up from the ranks in all the modern world. The makers of public opinion have respectfully studied and disseminated the great Encyclical on labor of the late Pope Leo XIII; a son of the aristocracy by birth, a brother of the workingman by intelligent sympathy and affection.

The Catholic English-speaking pioneer immigrant has largely fought the labor battle for the men of all races who follow him to these shores. He has done his work well wherever he has been faithful to his spiritual leaders, who are of the people and in sympathy with them, but sufficiently broadminded and in harmony with the principles that stand the test of time to realize that in mutual respect and harmonious cooperation between the employers and the employed is the safety of the social order.

### A Protestant View of Our Schools

The following words taken from a discourse of Rev. George C. Richmond, pastor of an Episcopal church in Rochester, N. Y., will illustrate the Catholic position on one of the gravest questions of our religious life.

"We teach music, botany, chemistry and everything else but religion and morality," he said. "Our public graduations display the lack. I sat on the platform of one of our high schools at a recent commencement. For three hours we listened to girls and boys reading essays on 'The Beauty of Nature,' 'Where the Wild Rose Blooms,' 'The Glories of Swamp Life,' 'How to Look Nice,' 'How Lovely it is to Have a Mamma,' or something like it.

"One of the members of our Rochester Board of Education sat near me at the time and we agreed that such efforts on the part of our high school graduates were ridiculous and a shame. Not an

inspiring moral note in it all. Nothing about loyalty to the Church or State. Nothing but fun, sport, good times, etc. Our citizens are growing tired of seeing on our streets the ordinary high school boy with hat tipped back, cigarette in mouth, air of insolence and motions and spirit of a barroom rowdy.

"Do our teachers instruct them in morals? What says Brother Carroll as he visits our schools? Does he urge our boys to be truthful, reverent toward superiors and deferential to those placed above them in authority? Our high schools in Rochester are breeding places for irreligion, weak morals and confidence in a 'get there' spirit.

"Seldom have I been so inspired as the other night when, in a great crowd of our Rochester citizens, I listened to our distinguished, forceful and beloved Bishop of Rochester, the Right Rev. B. J. McQuaid. It was at the graduation of Nazareth Academy. The honorable Bishop made a great plea for a recognition of God in education and for a spirit of reverence in all our life. He condemned in no uncertain terms the lax, imperfect and outrageous attitude of our public schools in regard to religion and morals.

"I had never heard Bishop McQuaid speak before. Some of my friends among the Protestant clergy of our city had told me that the Bishop was 'daft' on our public schools, 'bigoted,' etc. Well, all I can say is this: I am still a Protestant and a lover of my own form of Church, but it seems to me that our Church needs a few bigots of the stripe of Bishop McQuaid, who stand without fear of rebuke and seeking no favor, on the side of God and Christ.

"What a wonderful result we see in these days of our school graduations! From the schools of Bishop McQuaid come forth young boys and girls with reverence and love for their priests and pastors and for those set over them in

authority. But in our public schools and Protestant families what do we find? Criticism of the pastor; irreverence for the Church and her sacraments, carelessness about Church attendance, except for a fashionable wedding now and then. Remember our Catholic boys and girls go to Mass on Sunday before they go to Glen Haven.

"But our children of to-day never say prayers, never go to church as a rule, are disobedient to parents, speak lightly of duty and sneer at authority. I am glad we have Bishop McQuaid and his splendid church right here in Rochester."

### Lawful Dishonesty

Catholic Union and Times

We regret to say that many of our people place the law's privilege instead of their own conscience. They fail in business; the law allows twenty cents on their dollar of indebtedness; they subsequently retrieve their business losses, but never think of paying the eighty cents on the dollar they yet owe their creditors. They lull their conscience with the refrain, "the law allowed it." Now, there is the greatest difference in the world between the court's decree and the demand of conscience,—just as much as between divorce and the perpetuity of marriage. One cannot annul the other; courts do not destroy or change conscience. Its voice is the whisper of God's law once thundered on Sinai, from whose obligation earthly judges and juries cannot dispense. No more can the court excuse a real debt that God's commandment tells us we owe than man's hand can eclipse the burning sun of midsummer or chill its fierce beaming. The court's decree is nothing in the matter. It is no more than if one man would tell another not to pay his just dues.

A splendid instance of honesty, that mounted above the law's allowance and



the court's decree, is given in the conduct of Edward Bailey, who went to the wall in the Cudahy "pork corner" of 1903. The bankruptcy court permitted a settlement of thirty-six cents on the dollar. Last week he mailed \$60,000 to forty firms and individuals to whom he yet owed the sixty-four per cent, from payment of which the law excused him. That the Chicago papers exalt the man with the caption "Honest Ed," only shows how rare a virtue is simple honesty in and out of the market-place. Our Catholic faith teaches us that the seventh commandment forbids stealing, be it even protected by the sanction of civil law, and forbids any and all men weighing their souls against the trickery of lawyers or the technicalities of statutes. Justice, like God, is eternal, and its obligations everlasting. Restitution must be made when possible, or mortal sin unforgiven blocks forever salvation.

### The Work of Federation

The Catholic Mirror

Two million Catholics, lifting their voices through half a hundred delegates in a strong and steady demand for what is right and fair and just, is an encouraging sign in these selfish times. And we are strongly disposed to believe that the American Federation of Catholic Societies is the best leaven in our national life. A glance at the principles and resolutions adopted by the Federation of the great convention of a few days ago, will give a fair idea of the ground upon which this far-reaching movement is based. And will show good and sufficient reason why every Catholic who has his country and his religion to heart, should affiliate himself, not only in name, but in active labor and regard, with its workers and promoters.

An extract from the principles, reads: "The aims of the Federation, therefore, are religious and patriotic; they are the interest of all American citizens, and

especially of those who believe in a Divine Religion, through Christ Our Saviour." What better can we do, then, than get behind those aims, and push and push, cheerfully and wholeheartedly, until they are firmly implanted in the breast of every man and woman with whom our influence brings us in contact? An organized propaganda is necessary for the success of any undertaking, however small; especially is it necessary for the promulgation of our doctrines and beliefs. And here we have one ready to our hand. Federation is guided by the brightest men in this country. The great minds at the head of it are well fitted to grapple with the difficult problems that present themselves day by day. So well have they done so, that their platform needs only the cooperation of the faithful everywhere to become the corner stone of the nation's future greatness.

Another of the Federation's cardinal principles, is that it "is not a political organization, and does not attempt to control the political affiliations of its members." And it does not, as we know the word politics in its commonest use. Federation will never ask: "Are you a Republican; a Democrat; a Populist?" But it will ask: "Are you a voter for clean government?" It will ask of the man who runs for office: "Are you worthy to represent your people?" Politics is a result, not a cause. Given a people with clean and healthy ideas of government, with discretion in the selection of candidates, and the result will be good, independent of politics one way or the other. And the greatest work of the Federation is to bring the people to such a condition of mind. No wonder Federation is not a political organization; it is far above mere politics as such; it works upon the cause, satisfied that the result will take care of itself. And every Catholic who enlists under its banner is helping along the greatest movement that ever dawned in America.

## WITH THE EDITOR

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On the 15th of this month will be celebrated the great feast of the Assumption. Although the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady, body and soul, into heaven is not a defined dogma of faith, it is nevertheless universally believed by Catholics — and no Catholic, indeed, would presume to question a teaching of the Church which so closely approximates to an article of faith and which is founded in reason and supported by constant and uniform tradition. That Mary Immaculate, who was preserved from all taint of sin by anticipation of the infinite merits of her Divine Son, should suffer the consequences of sin is repugnant both to Catholic instinct and right reason. Let all honor, then, be paid to Mary in her glorious Assumption; and let us not forget that she will welcome to the unspeakable joys of heaven her faithful clients when they will have paid the common penalty of physical suffering and death.

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If proof were wanting of the present deplorably low tone of public morals and the sadly vitiated taste of the reading public it could be supplied in abundance by the daily press. Flaring headlines and detailed and disgusting accounts of revolting crimes monopolize the news space of the leading American dailies — and even the unpretentious purveyors of "news" in obscure communities use every means at their command to exploit the deeds of shame and violence that are daily disgracing our country and civilization. From New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and other great centers of population comes the ominous cry that

a "wave of crime" is sweeping over the land. Crime is rampant, especially in the large cities, and the civil authorities are admittedly unable successfully to cope with it. There are those who believe that the foreign element of our population is largely responsible for the present epidemic of crime; and strangely enough some of the metropolitan journals profess to share this view and are joining the cry, "Away with the foreigners!" Cartoonists also are employing their talents at the expense of the "foreigner" and are pleasing popular fancy by representing gigantic sewer pipes draining Europe of her criminals and pouring them onto our shores. The injustice and cruelty of this is at once apparent to the thinking mind; but there are thousands of thoughtless persons whose opinions are formed largely, if not entirely, by the "yellow" daily, and these will accept without question the false and vicious representations and conclusions of these "educators" of public opinion. We hold no brief for the vicious and criminal foreigner who finds an asylum in America; but we submit that an overwhelming majority of European emigrants are worthy of American citizenship and contribute immensely to our national prosperity and greatness. Nor can we overlook the fact that the native element of our population constitutes a large per cent of our worst criminals. The real cause of the present moral disturbances and criminal conditions is to be found not in the influx of "foreigners" but in the decadence of religion, in man's revolt against the eternal laws of God and the principles of

right human conduct. The condition of unhappy France to-day proves our thesis. History repeats itself. Vicious literature, immoral theatres, Godless schools, divorce courts and other mischievous agencies have long been doing their deadly work in America and our people are reaping the fruits of their blind folly.

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The predominant virtues of the great St. Dominic, whose feast we celebrate on the 4th of this month, were charity and humility. These were the source of the greatness of the illustrious saint and patriarch who made such a profound impression on his age and upon all succeeding ages. The great commandment of the law, the love of God and 'neighbor, is not, unfortunately, a dominant note of the twentieth century. The spirit of the world abounds and pride and hate and selfishness have led men far from the high and holy ideals proposed by Our Blessed Master, Who loved mankind even to the death of the Cross. St. Dominic exemplified to a degree rarely equalled by the servants of God the teachings and the spirit of Christ, and his glorious achievements for God and humanity have ever exercised a mighty influence for good in the world. Had the great Founder accomplished no other work than the establishment and propagation of the Rosary he would be richly entitled to the gratitude and benediction of the faithful for all time. Let Rosarians, therefore, especially honor St. Dominic and let all Christians earnestly strive to imitate him.

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An organized band of murderous blackmailers headed by a schismatic priest has been for some time operating successfully in New York and other Eastern cities. Large amounts of money have been secured by the evil

laminous Orientals and their victims, in some cases, have lost their lives. With their usual "enterprise"—and stupidity—a number of daily papers throughout the country have chronicled these crimes in such a manner as to lead the public to believe that the culprits were Roman Catholics, employing such headlines as "Murderous Priests," etc. The management of these offending journals should know that such conduct is unwarranted, unjust and indefensible, and merits the severest condemnation of all fair-minded people.

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The following just and pointed editorial utterance of that excellent Catholic weekly, *The Sacred Heart Review*, requires no comment:

"'A Word on Everyday Religion,' in last week's *Republic* was the best and brightest editorial we have seen in that paper for a long while. It reflects great credit on the editor—on his selective rather than on his creative power, however. Because it is a word for word reproduction of the greater part of an article which appeared originally in *THE ROSARY MAGAZINE* for July—an article entitled "For Men Only," written by that well-known Catholic literarian, Maurice Francis Egan."

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In striking contrast with our overcrowded Catholic churches are the small and constantly decreasing congregations of the sects. Protestantism as a system is fast disintegrating, and our Protestant friends are confronted not only by the problem of the empty pew, but the empty pulpit. Resort is had to all sorts of makeshifts to attract the people—soda fountains, brass bands, etc.—but Protestantism is unsatisfactory to the masses and they are either ceasing to be members of any church or are entering the true fold of Christ.

## BOOKS

**THE HOLY HOUR OF ADORATION.** Compiled by Rt. Rev. William Stang, D. D., Bishop of Fall River. Benziger Bros. 32mo. pp. 194. 50 cents net.

The Devotion of the Holy Hour is growing more and more and consequently the demand for a manual to guide those who practice the Holy Hour is also increasing. To spend the hour in silent adoration is tedious and tiresome and certainly not conducive to the best results; therefore most pastors have devised a little program, alternating between vocal and mental prayers, interspersed with hymns, to carry the faithful through the Hour with the least amount of distraction possible. The booklet under present consideration, compiled by the late lamented Bishop of Fall River, contains an order of exercises which will recommend itself to all adorers of the Blessed Sacrament.

**STIMULUS DIVINI AMORIS**—that is, the Goad of Divine Love. By St. Bonaventure. Benziger Bros. 12mo. pp. 309. \$1.25 net.

This extraordinary book was written by the seraphic Saint Bonaventure, a Doctor of the Church and one of the most illustrious members of the Franciscan Order. It was done into English by B. Lewis A. of the same Order and is now revised and edited by W. A. Phillipson, priest of the archdiocese of Westminster.

It will prove most helpful and profitable not only to those who have received a call to the religious life, but as well to all devout Christians who wish to increase within their souls the fund of divine love. From the preface we quote:

"'The Goad of Divine Love' has ever been held in high esteem by saints and devout persons. There is a note in an

antique hand on the margin of one of the manuscripts which says: 'In my opinion this book may be called the book of life and a compendium of the whole doctrine of beatitude.'"

Louis of Granada compared it to the "Meditations of St. Augustine," and St. Francis de Sales called it most excellent. Some portions of the work, notably the "Meditation upon the Great Sorrow the Blessed Virgin Mary had on Good Friday," are as beautiful as anything to be found in the whole range of medieval ascetical writings. It is impossible not to be struck by the devotion to the Sacred Passion that breathes in almost every page, as well as by the evidence of the most tender love of the writer for the glorious Mother of God.

**THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION.** By the Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J. B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. 18mo. pp. 112. Paper 15 cents; cloth 40 cents.

In this little volume we have a most interesting series of articles on the Protestant Reformation. It is a subject not only of perennial interest but as well of everlasting importance to Catholics. Therefore should they all be versed in it. The special value of the booklet lies in the fact that the chapters are short. Much, very much, has been written on the Reformation but most works bearing on the subject are voluminous and by their very size appal the reader whose time for other than business or domestic cares is all too limited. Yet all Catholics should be up on the history of the Reformation and a careful perusal of Father Coppens' little book will give them a clear and accurate understanding of the events prior and subsequent to that most important epoch in the history of the Church. It will prove inter-

esting reading and will enable Catholics to answer intelligently objections which are often brought against the Church in regard to the Protestant Reformation. From the author's preface we quote the following:

"The question answered in this booklet is old, but it has received of late a new illumination from the present sad condition of the Catholic Church in France. The progress of events which have tended these last years to the destruction of Christianity in that country is strikingly like the early progress of the Protestant Reformation over the half of Europe."

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THE MOORES OF GLYNN. By the Reverend J. Guinan, C. C. Benziger Bros. 12mo. pp. 360. \$1.00 net.

Father Guinan has already contributed to Catholic literature two excellent popular works, namely, "Priests and People in Doon" and "The Soggarth Aroon." Both of these books contain delightful sketches of rural life in Ireland. The work under present consideration ranks with the other two. Father Guinan has a remarkable power of description and of drawing his characters true to life, so that they stand before the reader living, breathing beings and impress him in a manner that he will never forget. Father Guinan may deservedly be classed with Father Sheehan and Dr. Barry, two priest-novelists of first-class gifts and attainments.

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SODALITY OF OUR LADY—HINTS AND HELPS FOR THOSE IN CHARGE. By Father Elder Mullan, S. J. P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York.

The sole aim of this little book is to be useful. The plan is as follows:

The general statutes which are given first are the basis of the whole. The remainder of the book comprises twenty-eight chapters in five parts.

The first part presents general information and aids. This includes an outline of the Church Law on these bodies, and directions for applying it in their establishment. The second part considers the sodality already in existence, and after describing the character of the body, proposes general ways of maintaining its successful action. The third part deals with the spiritual life of the members and with matters that touch its various occasions and manifestations. Here belong the exercises of piety, individual and collective, and the works of zeal. The fourth part has to do with the less frequent sodality events, treating them in the order of their frequency. Some hints are added as to members no longer active. The fifth part consists of a chapter of personal suggestions for the one in charge of the sodality.

The booklet is neatly bound in flexible morocco and printed in clear type on good paper.

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SERMONS. By the Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty, late Bishop of Kerry. Benziger Bros. 12mo. pp. 512. \$2 net.

The present volume is a careful selection of the best sermons of the Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty as they appeared in the two volumes edited by Most Rev. Dr. Coffey, one of his successors. This edition was received so favorably that it rapidly went out of print, and it is in response to a continuous demand that this new edition is now issued.

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FOLIA FUGITIVA. Leaves from the Log Book of St. Erconwald's Deanery. Edited by Rev. W. H. Cologan. Benziger Bros. 12mo. pp. 450. \$1.50 net.

This book will be found of great interest to the Reverend clergy since it is composed of a series of papers prepared with great care and delivered at various conferences of different clergymen.

**ECCLESIA: THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.**  
Burns & Oates; Benziger Bros.,  
American Agents. 12mo. pp. 184.

This volume is made up of a planned series of papers by Dom Gilbert Dolan, O. S. B., Fr. Benedict Zimmerman, O. D. C., Fr. R. H. Benson, M. A., Dom John Chapman, O. S. B., Dom J. D. Breen, O. S. B., A. H. Mathew and Fr. Peter Finlay, S. J. It is prepared, as will be seen, by high authorities and provides a concise and clear exposition of the Origin, Notes and Prerogatives of the Church of Christ; and supplies a specially suitable manual to place in the hands of non-Catholics. It offers to Catholics themselves a particularly valuable armory of information and assistance in the conduct of their discussions with inquirers or opponents.

**FOUNTAIN OF LIVING WATER—**  
Thoughts on the Holy Ghost for  
Every Day in the Year. Collected  
and arranged by Rev. A. A. Lamb-  
ing, LL. D. Fr. Pustet & Co.  
12mo. pp. 330.

If there is a devotion in the Catholic Church which needs to be stimulated and augmented it is devotion to the Holy Ghost. Books upon books have been written on devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the Sacred Heart, St. Joseph, St. Anthony and others, but only a few have thus far appeared upon devotion to the Holy Spirit, the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity. Father Lambing's work should, therefore, be eagerly welcomed. It is not in the form of a treatise, which might prove abstruse and dry to the multitude, but it comes in the form of well-selected readings brief and to the point, a special reading assigned for each day of the year. Bishop Canevin in his preface very well says:

"The aim of the book will recommends it to all who appreciate how much we need the protection, light and guidance of the Paraclete. It aims to make

men less worldly and more spiritual by encouraging them to lift up their hearts daily, and daily to find the teachings and voice of the Holy Ghost in reason and conscience ruled and directed by principles of faith, hope and charity. It is the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity Who has suggested the pious instructions and devotions which the author and compiler of this book has collected from various sources, and so arranged that each day of the year has some appropriate selection to remind us that if we seek we shall find, and if we ask we shall receive the gifts of God. The regular and thoughtful use of these simple meditations and prayers cannot fail to produce fruits of holiness, bring light to see the truth clearly, and strength to observe the commandments faithfully, and to sanctify the reader with that grace, peace and confidence which are not of the world nor of men, but of the Spirit of God."

**JOSEPHINE'S TROUBLES.** By Percy Fitzgerald. Benziger Bros. 12mo. pp. 208. \$1.35.

"Josephine's Troubles" is an interesting tale founded on some personal experiences of the terrible year (1870). The author, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, claims for the story that it carefully reflects the whole tone and agitations of the great war. Mr. Fitzgerald has done the story in his best vein.

**LIFE OF ST. AGNES, VIRGIN AND MARTYR.** By Dom A Smith, C. S. L. Benziger Bros. 12mo. pp. 144. Net 60 cents.

This book is one which may be recommended to all classes. Mothers, the first and most effective educators, will learn from its pages the importance of home training; the clergy will find it useful when endeavoring to revive the old devotion which was so generally exhibited to St. Agnes centuries ago.

## CONFRATERNITY OF THE ROSARY

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St. Dominic's entire life, from the moment he entered upon his missionary labors till he joined his faithful spouse in heaven, was devoted to the Rosary. He preached it continuously to all classes, showing them its beauties, its grandeur, its utility, and growing eloquent in the praise of her who so generously bestowed this gift upon mankind. Can we wonder that St. Dominic was a prince of preachers when his heart and soul were so wrapt up in this glorious theme? Behold him with the multitude hanging on his lips, his zeal glowing with a brightness that lights up new vistas to their darkened visions as he lifts them from the state of darkness into the bright realms of new life! Behold the crowds that come to scoff soon joining fervently on bended knees in the recitation of the Rosary! What an edifying and inspiring sight it must have been to see the man of God in the midst of the people, telling the beads and eloquently exhorting his hearers to respond and meditate! In this manner he fulfilled his heavenly mission, his success being so pronounced that it might be compared to a conquering force crushing into ruins every barrier of opposition.

St. Dominic preached the Rosary because he loved it, because it came from the Queen of Heaven. He prayed to Mary to assist him in suppressing the Albigensian heresy, and to bring back to the true faith these apparently lost souls. Other means of converting this fanatical sect had been tried in vain, and it was not until Mary came to the rescue, through the intercession of her devoted client, that the eyes of these unfortunate people were opened. St. Dominic planted the great truths of Christianity deep in the hearts of his hearers, with the result that their future lives were an honor to God and His Blessed

Mother. He ever continued to honor Mary through her Rosary, teaching it to the multitudes, and thus furnishing spiritual food to the famishing and strengthening them against the temptations of life. The secret of our Saint's success as a teacher of the Rosary lay in the fact that he made Mary's beads a part of his very life, meditating upon them, and entering deeply into their spirit.

In the teachings of the Rosary are exemplified the lives of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, portraying them in their joys, sorrows and glory; and St. Dominic was a living exemplar of those teachings. "If you would be perfect," said Jesus, "follow Me." What better means is there in daily life of knowing Our Divine Lord than through meditation on the Rosary? Saint Dominic constantly meditated on the great mysteries of the Rosary and took to his saintly heart the lessons that he learned, and perfected his life accordingly. Would that our sinful hearts could grasp the inspiring thoughts of purity, of humility, of charity, and the other beautiful virtues that St. Dominic learned so well from the mysteries of the Rosary. Who will not say that his love for the poor was born of profound reflection on the humble birth at Bethlehem? that Mary's visitation filled his heart with charity? that the humility of Jesus and Mary left an indelible impress on his soul? The virtues of the Rosary became a part of his very nature, so that he was simply a living model of Christian perfection.

We can readily understand the marvellous influence that St. Dominic exercised over all who came within his spell. "From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." St. Dominic's heart was filled with God. Everywhere he went immense crowds flocked to hear the

divine words that fell from his lips. With the Rosary he caused sinners to mend their ways, to abandon their lives of debauchery and shame. He led them to the feet of Mary, and placed them under her protection. This people who could not be coerced by the sword, who refused to obey the commands of State, who in their pride and haughtiness were destitute of any saving faith, could not resist the heaven-sent Dominic. His influence was too great, for when he explained to them the Rosary, they awoke as from a dream, and chiding themselves for their past negligence followed him hither and thither, practicing the counsels he taught them. Conquering with love where force failed, he saved countless souls from eternal damnation. To hear him was to love him, and the people were anxious to come in contact with him, to touch the hem of his garment, so closely did he resemble Our Saviour in His public life. They loved to be near him for he brought them happiness. They tasted the passing pleasure of sin; now they partook of the food of life, and experienced a new delight the like of which they had never known. "Lord, it is good for us to be here," in the company of Thy apostle, in union with him honoring Thee and Thy Blessed Mother, cleansing our sin-

stained hearts in preparation of Thy love and presence.

St. Dominic gave the work of propagating the Rosary to his sons as an inheritance. They received it from him with filial obedience, and with the aid of Our Blessed Lady, labored valiantly to spread devotion to her beads. The ends of the world resounded with the "Paters" and "Aves" of faithful children. St. Dominic may be rightly termed the father of the Rosary, for as the Blessed Virgin gave it to him, so he gave it to us. May we as faithful Rosarians cherish it as he did. May we love it and bring it into our lives, so that our words and example may be an edification, a source of assistance to less fortunate creatures.

Pray for us, holy father St. Dominic, that we may be true imitators of thy life. Thou who wert so signally favored on earth by our Blessed Mother, what must be the bond of love that unites thee in heaven! We, thy children, striving to do the will of God and anxious to become ardent lovers of Our Blessed Lady, implore thee at the throne of the Most High to petition Our Mother to guide us as thy offspring, to fill our lives with the happiness and contentment of deeds well done, and to lead us through life's journey valiant soldiers of the Rosary.

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### BIRTH OF THE ROSARY

It chanced that Mary (in Bethania then).  
Thinking of Nazareth, sighed—and sudden smiled.  
Remembering how, when Jesus was a Child,  
She kissed pricked fingers in the Rose Garden.  
And Jesus knew and said: "Dear Mother, when  
My work is done, thou shalt be crowned and styled  
Queen of Rose Gardens, sweet and undefiled,  
And plant a Rosary in the hearts of men."

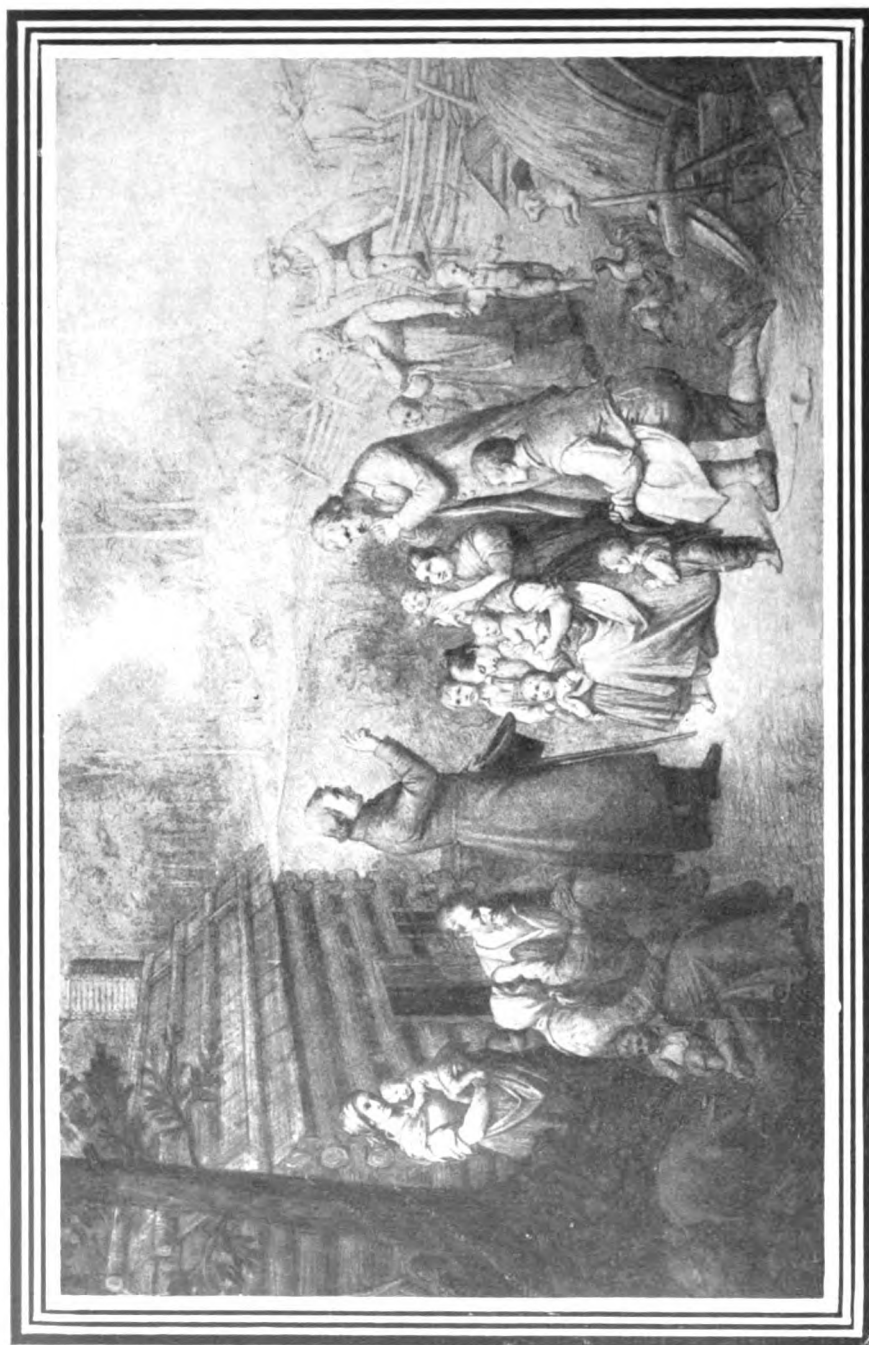
So Mary chose her gardener and gave—  
Long afterwards—the preacher-saint to know  
How he should plant this Rosary of prayer,  
Where she may always wreathed roses have;  
And, as she plucks, still countless thousands grow.  
And fill the courts of Heaven with rose-sweet air.

—*Mariale Novum.*  
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THE COMING OF THE APOSTLE

This is a copy of Lamprecht's old painting in a Munich salon. The scene represents the discovery by Rev. Edward Fenwick, O. P., in the wilds of Ohio of several devoted Catholic families. The holy missionary was afterwards first Bishop of Cincinnati. This year is the hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Somerset, where the meeting took place

# THE ROSARY MAGAZINE

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NO. 3

## Mutual Fire Insurance

By AUGUSTINE GALLAGHER

**T**HE study and development of Mutual Fire Insurance has come to be an important consideration in the business world, and among men charged with the custodianship of large property interests.

Among the directors of the great Fire Insurance Stock Companies there is a deep-seated hostility to every plan of writing policies that produce less than the premiums demanded by those stock companies. For the past twenty years or more the big stock companies have been fighting the little Mutuals, hither and yon, wherever they might be found operating.

The Mutuals were assailed as having neither means nor stability of scheme of operation. They were denounced as unsafe, wild-cat institutions—as at the outset some of them were—and for a decade or more the way of the Mutual was very much beset. On the one side were the enemies of the Mutual plan of insurance, the big stock companies, which, through their thousands of agents, contested every prospect with the Mutual's solicitor. On the other side was the law-making power of the State endeavoring more and more to safeguard the public welfare.

Stock companies with great wealth in the form of reserves and profits everywhere paraded their ability to pay, while

denouncing the seekers after business for Mutual concerns as impudent, if not criminal, paupers. Demagogues lifted up their voices in the legislatures, and with the assistance of well-paid "lobbies" and approachable fellow members, succeeded for a time in making Mutual Fire Insurance operations nearly impossible.

But all the while there were men of nerve and brain at work on the Mutual plan. They determined to make it go if it were possible for sane business men and property owners to husband their own savings along economical lines—as against the extortionate and extravagant lines of the stock companies—to meet their probable losses from fire. And these men finally made it apparent to their friends, and they through their friends and thus to legislatures, that the Mutual plan of insurance was perfectly safe when properly safeguarded. Thus a change in the character of legislation came about in the various States and in the doing thereof it was found advisable in nearly every State in the Union to curb the outlavery of the "Old Line" companies.

As it worked out—and always in the public interest—the public opinion that had been aroused in order to oppress the Mutuals brought the subject of insurance forcefully to the public mind, and the most natural result followed—laws

in the interest of the public welfare, regardless whether stock companies or Mutual was the subject.

Prominent among the commercial interests that resisted the demands of the big stock companies in the early day of Mutual Fire Insurance, was lumbering. Unable to pay the rates demanded of the stock companies, forty or fifty lumbermen banded together for mutual protection against loss by fire. It was an experiment, to be sure, but it had the recommendation of being a serious undertaking by a body of men determined to make it go if possible.

Believing that if an insurance corporation with heavy expenses to meet could safely carry their risks at the rates demanded, and make money by the operation, they thought they should be able to carry their own risks safely on a like premium, and, having no expenses to defray and desiring no profits, that they should be able to turn back to each member a substantial dividend at the end of the year.

The proof of the matter was the trial of the plan. They not only had good, safe insurance, but at less than twenty-five per cent of the cost demanded by the stock companies; and as might be expected, the plan grew and was broadened. Being men of large means and in high business repute, the lumbermen's defiance of the stock companies caused much more than passing comment among men of large affairs.

Grain merchants and operators of grain warehouses constituted another branch of business that had been heavily taxed by the stock companies. And so with the millers of flour. Inspectors for the big stock companies would say to the grain elevator owner, and to the miller: Your risks are so very hazardous that we really don't care much to take them at any price, but since under the law we are writing general insurance, we'll give you such and such a line—always large enough—at

such and such a rate, which was usually about what cash would loan for in the market.

The natural outcome of this state of affairs was that both the grain and milling interests formed strong Mutual Fire Insurance organizations. Seeing this, the big stock companies offered to lower their rates, but they were unable to get them low enough to recover the business. The Mutual plan did not involve expensive offices, nor high salaried officers. Nor was the item of advertising, so lavishly indulged in by the stock companies, a feature of the Mutual's outlay. All of these items of expense had been cut off when the corporations were abandoned; and, since the big stock companies could not get away from such expenses and do business on the simple plan of the Mutuals, the stock companies failed to meet Mutual rates and lost the business permanently.

This fight was made years ago. Indeed, the solvency of Mutual Fire Insurance in either mentioned branch of industry has long ceased to be questioned. And what is true of the lumbering, the milling and grain trades is true of numerous other lines of business and traffic. The lines mentioned were pronounced types for the observation and guidance of others, because the lumberman, the miller and the grain merchant are generally found to be important personages in the business life of their village. Usually they control a bank in addition to their regular lines of business, and the market they command brings to their village most of the foreign money that comes thereto. So, when these three business factors threw over the Old Line companies Mutual Fire Insurance was given a mighty forward push. And from that time Mutual Fire Insurance has commanded the respect and the solicitude of lawmakers.

In Missouri, Illinois, Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts Mutual Fire Insurance has been espe-

cially well safeguarded. Other States have followed the lead thus made, until the Mutual concerns of nearly every State in the Union are known to be reliable.

The business of Mutual Fire Insurance is growing every year. It is believed by men of wide experience in the insurance field that the Mutual plan is still in its infancy, so to speak; and that eventually, every line of business and all large property holding classes will carry their own insurance at the minimum of cost.

Reasons assigned for these views are numerous, but chiefly they are that the big companies must meet operating expenses that the Mutuals know nothing of: that the stock companies, in order to go forward and make money, take too many risks in congested districts, and finally that their method of inspection—good as it is—can never bring about the spirit of caution and care on the part of the policy holder which the knowledge that he must help to meet a loss, even if it occurs to himself, is known to effect.

The movement in Ohio to carry Catholic church insurance on the Mutual plan, although yet young, is commanding wide attention; and it is the opinion of insurance experts that it will be a great success. There is little to guide one in forming a conclusion along this line, save the factors that have made Mutual Fire Insurance successful in other lines, and the fact that here, the investigators say, more than the average of prudential factors appear.

Catholic churches are held in such regard that incendiarism is nearly out of the question. Property held to be sacred must not be destroyed if human prudence, ingenuity or pains may preserve it from destruction.

Catholic churches, ahead of other edifices, are held to be high class risks because of the fact that nearly always some one is within or near the church. From six in the morning when the Angelus is

rung until sleep has claimed the populace at night, there is nearly a constant going and coming in Catholic churches.

It is held, in favor of Catholic congregations, also, that they meet promptly any and every necessary obligation. This makes them good creditors and necessarily strong factors in a Mutual Fire Insurance organization.

The character of buildings and the well-known system of keeping them in first-class state of preservation lends confidence to the Catholic Mutual plan.

As an idea of the necessary course to take in order to equip a Mutual Fire Insurance company in Ohio, the following will be interesting:

"Any company incorporated for the purpose of transacting the business of fire insurance on the Mutual plan shall thereupon have the power to elect officers and, upon procuring from the superintendent of insurance his certificate that it has filed with him its bond in the sum of ten thousand dollars approved by him, conditioned upon the faithful accounting of all funds and property coming into its hands, such companies shall have the power to solicit subscriptions for insurance and accept premiums, which shall be held by the company in trust for the respective subscribers until policies of insurance are issued to such subscribers. Such company shall not issue policies or grant any insurance until it has procured the certificate of the superintendent of insurance, and such certificate shall not be issued until not less than five hundred thousand dollars of insurance in not less than two hundred separate risks, no one of which shall exceed five thousand dollars, have been subscribed, and the premiums thereon, for one year, paid in cash, by the subscribers, aggregating not less than ten thousand dollars in cash, each subscriber agreeing, in writing, to assume a liability to be named in the policy, subject to call by the board of directors, in a sum not less than three nor

more than five annual premiums. And the same liability shall also be agreed to in writing by each subsequent subscriber or applicant for insurance who is not a merchant or manufacturer. And each subscription before incorporation shall be accompanied by a certificate of a justice of the peace of the township or city where such subscriber resides, that the subscriber is, in his opinion, pecuniarily good and responsible to the extent of the contingent liability agreed to be assumed.

"Mutual Fire Insurance companies organized under this act may thereafter charge and collect in advance upon their policies a full annual premium in cash, but such policy shall not compel subscribers, insured or assured, to renew any policy nor pay a second or further annual or term premium.

"Any such company must in its by-laws, and must in its policies, fix by a uniform rule the contingent mutual liability of its members for the payment of losses and expenses; and such contingent liabilities shall not be less than three nor more than five annual cash premiums as written in the policy; but such liability shall cease with the expiration of the time for which a cash

premium has been paid in advance, except for liability incurred during said time."

While legislation on this subject is not uniform as to features of procedure among the States, it is so on the general principles of the Mutual system. The laws of some States provide for premium notes instead of annual cash premiums, and again some provide for cash in a given percentage, and for premium notes as a further guarantee. It is believed, however, that a fair idea of the system may be obtained from its operation in Ohio, where, as shown by the legal requirement, a policy holder must pay in an annual premium, and must also agree to pay from three to five times as much if needed, and must furnish proof that he is capable of so paying.

As the result of this system, the holders of policies in Ohio Mutual Fire Insurance companies have had to pay annually from a very small fraction per cent to meet modest office expenses up to one-half of one per cent for insurance.

The usual custom is to return the unused portion of premiums as dividends, although in some States Mutual companies are permitted to retain a percentage to apply to a surplus fund.

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## Verses

By Edwin Carlile Litsey

- I pity him whom God has cursed with money,  
And sealed with greed the well-springs of his soul.  
I pity him who sits arrayed in power,  
Whose inmost heart is as an empty bowl.
- I honor him who takes life's riches humbly,  
And strives to fit his soul for blessings sent;  
I honor him whose wealth but makes him grateful,  
Who knows that such is but God's talents lent.
- I envy him whose hands doth daily labor  
For food wherewith to nourish his strong life;  
I envy him who bears the world's great burdens,  
His only riches home, and child, and wife!

# The Story of Anthony

By ANNA C. MINOGUE

## I

**T**ONY was kneeling on the cushioned seat of the carriage, gazing through the window at the ever-varying scene the street presented. He felt quite a man because he had been permitted to come up-town that afternoon alone for his father. Usually, when such a trip was allowed him, he was accompanied by his nurse or his mother. To-day his nurse was sick and his pretty mother was receiving. Tony was too small a child to know the meaning of that big word; but it was associated in his mind with a crowd of fussy women, who kissed him and in other ways disturbed his peace of mind when he ventured to join his mother. Hence he was glad when his mother said he might come down in the carriage for father.

He had sat very erect and dignified while the trip down to the city was being made; for had not his mother called him her little man when she kissed him good-bye? Men always sat up straight and crossed their hands on their knees when they rode in carriages, and Tony followed the custom religiously. But when Ben stopped the horses before the big bank in which his father spent so much of his time, the panorama of the street conquered his dignity, and climbing up onto the seat he began to gaze on the hurrying crowds. What were all those people's names, he wondered, and where were they going in such a hurry? At first he thought perhaps they were all doctors, hastening to see the sick nurses of little

boys, for it was thus the doctor had come to his home that morning. A second glance, however, showed him that this could not be, for few of them were dressed as fine as Doctor Danton, and the majority of them were women, and doctors were always men. Some of the women pushed babies in the prettiest of little buggies, and when he saw a little girl, with long golden hair, walking demurely past with a big doll clasped in her arms, he clapped his hands and cried aloud with delight.

The exclamation caught the ear of a man who was passing, his eyes bent darkly on the ground. He turned his head and, seeing the face of the child at the window, stopped short. In one sweeping glance he took in the dark eyes and brown-tinted skin, and the long curls, black as night, that fell around his neck.

"The very one!" he whispered, and without a moment's hesitation he stepped out of the passing crowd and, opening the carriage door, said to the negro seated on the box:

"To the Strand Hotel!"

Ben had been dozing—for the summer sun acts like an opiate on the colored race—and never doubting that the unseen owner of the voice was his master, he slapped the reins over the backs of the staid horses, and in another moment the bank was left behind. Tony crouched into the corner of the carriage, his dark eyes big with fear.

"Your father has gone to the hotel, my little boy, and he told me when the carriage came for him to get into it and bring you to him," said the stranger,

and Tony's fears grew still. The man's voice was soft and quieting, and the face he bent toward him was magnetic in its beauty. He was well dressed, and Tony's education had led him to trust appearances of wealth and to fear only tramps and beggars. Moreover, the gentleman was one of his father's friends, so he was safe in his company.

"What's your name?" inquired the stranger, as the horses trotted along. The question did not awaken any suspicion on Tony's part, for ever since he could remember his parents' friends had put that senseless question to him.

"Anthony Lanes Webster," he answered politely, as he had been taught to do.

"How old are you, my son?" the man further inquired.

"I'll be five years old in August," he responded, proudly.

"Are you sure you haven't made a mistake?" questioned the man, in surprise. "You are so big, you surely must be six years old! Now think right hard, and tell me if you weren't six last August and will be seven next month."

The puzzled expression came into Tony's face. He was certain that his mother ought to know more about his age than this friend of his father; and yet, suppose he were seven years old! Then he could go to school and could have a dozen boys to play with instead of being shut up in the house half the time with a nurse who always had a sick headache and objected to fire-engines and steam-cars in the nursery.

"I think you have forgotten your exact age," persisted the man. "Now don't you think you will be seven in August?"

The deep, gloomy eyes were bent upon him and they exercised a strange influence over the child's mind. It could not be called fear, but rather a

desire to please, because of the uncertainty of the consequences that might follow his displeasure. Perhaps his mother had made a mistake, for Tony was not ready to admit that he had done so.

"Maybe I will be seven next August," he said, slowly. "I only know what they all tell me. And I reckon big people get things mixed up sometimes, don't you? They have so much to remember, you know."

"That is true," rejoined the stranger, affably. "And mothers and fathers have so many children's ages to think of it is no wonder they sometimes make mistakes."

"But my parents haven't any other child but me," said Tony, lifting his surprised eyes.

"Of course not! Of course not!" said the man hastily. "Your father has told me about his only child often. But your parents have many things to think about. Just imagine all the money your father has to take care of—other people's money at that, of which he must be doubly careful. He has to keep an eye on all the clerks in the bank, so they won't run off with any of that money, and he has got to lock it up securely each night so that burglars cannot get it. Your father has so many things to remember, it would not surprise me if he were to forget the exact number of your years."

"Yes," said Tony, "and my mother has more things to remember than my father."

"How is that?" inquired the stranger.

"Why, you see, she is receiving to-day and ever so many ladies will come to the house, and she has to remember the name of every one of them. I never could do that, for some of them have the funniest names you ever heard."

"That is a fact!" said the man, and Tony thought how handsome he was



when he showed his white teeth in a pleasant laugh.

"Can you tell stories?" suddenly asked Tony.

"Sometimes," said the man, modestly. "Do you like stories?"

"Oh! better than anything else!" he exclaimed. "But I know all nurse's stories by heart, and I'd give anything to hear a new one."

"Doesn't your father ever tell you stories?" asked the man, in surprise.

"No," said Tony, very slowly. It looked like betraying his father to admit the truth, and he hastened to add, "He is too busy with all that money, you know, and when he comes home he has to talk to the company. By the time they have gone I am asleep."

"Now I call that too bad!" cried the man. "If I had a little boy who liked stories I would let the company take care of itself, and every night I would take him on my knee and tell him the most wonderful stories that were ever heard of. I'd rather amuse my little boy than try to entertain a crowd of dull people."

Tony gazed up at the face that looked so winning now, and greatly he wished his father possessed this man's appreciation of a little boy's love for tales. Wouldn't it be nice to feel his father's strong arms around him, as he listened breathlessly to the wonders his father could relate!

"Haven't you any little boy?" asked Tony.

The man shook his head and made no answer, and Tony felt that in some way he had hurt his father's friend. He slid a little nearer to him on the seat, and slipped a timid hand under the gloved fingers.

"I'll come to see you sometimes, if you would like it," he said.

"There is nothing in the world I should like better," said the stranger, a

glow coming into his eyes. "And I'll take you on my knee and tell you such stories as no little boy ever heard before."

"Will they be stories about pirates?" asked Tony eagerly.

For an instant the man was dumb, then he said, lightly:

"Pirate stories are the ones I like best to tell. I know so many of them, I can tell you a new one every day."

"And do you know poems?" asked Tony, his appreciation of the worth of his new acquaintance growing rapidly.

"Indeed I do, hundreds of them!" cried the man.

"Oh!" exclaimed Tony, lost in visions of future happiness. Then he added: "I am glad I met you. I didn't know there was such a man in the world as you are."

The stranger laughed. Somehow the laugh grated on the child's over-sensitive ears, and he drew back into his former position.

"It seems droll that any child should say he is glad he met me," the man hastened to explain. "I have not known many children in my life. Once I had a little brother whom I loved very dearly, but a wicked woman taught him to hate me, and somehow after that I began to get far away from children. His mother was my father's second wife. She hated me because, being the older born, I should inherit the property in place of her son. I couldn't help that, and my brother was all in all to me. I tried in every way I could to win her by increased love for and kindness to her son, but, evil herself, she could not believe in the good motives of others. She knew that my brother was entitled to a certain sum of money and a small estate which was not included in the entailed property, and she thought I did not want him to get this, and meditated some injury to him, and that my

affection was only feigned in order to ward off suspicion when I should have accomplished my wicked designs.

"She was a very fascinating woman and had my father completely in her power. She began to poison his mind against me, and so far succeeded that from being the kindest of parents he became the cruelest. So miserable did he make existence for me that I was glad when the time came for me to leave home for college. But college days could not last forever, and when they were over and I went home to take my place in affairs for which my position and education fitted me, I found she had not only turned my father completely against me but my brother also. He hated me now as intensely as he had once loved me, and I began to fear for my life from their combined malice. Still I bore with it, because I was sustained with the belief that at length I should overcome their hatred by proving to them I loved my brother. In various way I advanced his interest, even at the sacrifice of my own.

"Gradually a change began to come over my stepmother, which was soon repeated in my brother. They who had previously been cold to me now became friendly. I was happy for a time in my fool's paradise, but I was hurled out of it by a visit from our family lawyer—a shrewd but perfectly honest old man. He came one day and told me plainly that if I wished to preserve my life and liberty I must be watchful, for it had been told to him by one whose honor was unquestioned that my stepmother and brother were plotting to have me committed to an insane asylum. I was different in many ways from other young men, not loving social pleasures as they did, preferring the society of a few choice friends, and the seclusion of my library at other times, to the gayety of the fashionable world.

"Besides, I was fitting myself for work which I had felt called upon to do. My country was distracted by the tyranny of a foreign government and warring factions at home. With a few patriotic and congenial young men I was studying the situation in the hope of finding a remedy for her distress. We felt there was the highest and holiest work for us to do, and we were preparing ourselves for it when the blow fell.

"The intelligence conveyed by the old lawyer almost drove me insane. I had not dreamed until then there was such depravity in human nature, and it made me as wicked as themselves. I wanted to kill my brother, because I knew his death would be worse to my step-mother than death to herself, although she was the guiltier of the two. I did not yield to my passion, but I feared if I were to remain there I might. Moreover, the position was full of danger to me. The wickedness I had discovered in my family led me to suspect every one, even the companions of whom I have just spoken. There might be traitors among them, I thought, who were working with my brother and his mother for my ruin. They might accuse me of plotting against the King, and I might be sent to prison to languish there until the day of my death arrived.

"I took all these things into consideration and resolved to quit the country until such time as the death of my father should leave me in full possession of the property, when I should speedily rid the house of that wicked woman and her son. In this decision the lawyer fully agreed. I announced my intention to my father. His wife immediately suspected that her designs had been discovered, and she glared at me with all her undying hate in her eyes. She pleaded with me to stay, told me that my father was now an old man, unable to look after the interests of the vast estate and

that it would suffer from neglect. Finding I was not to be won in that manner, she sent her son to me. He pleaded in the name of his love for me, and, hearing his words, I was strongly tempted to choke them back into his black heart. I gave no sign, however, of my wrath, but quietly told him that I was fixed in my determination to see the world, and he was wasting his time and energy in urging anything contrary. Baffled, he, too, retired, and that very day I left the house. I felt to remain there another night would be fatal.

"That was many years ago. Since then I have wandered over the entire globe. I have hunted tigers in India and lions in the heart of Africa. I have traveled the sandy deserts of Arabia and have penetrated into the ice-bound regions of Siberia. I have roamed with the red-man on the plain, and been presented at the courts of kings. Many changes have those years witnessed, and the greatest of all awaits me in my island home. My country, aided, my son, by your glorious country, has shaken off the shackles of serfdom, and holds now her rightful place among the nations of the earth. No longer are we subjects of a foreign power, but citizens of a free republic. No longer must we pay tribute to a hated government, but may devote ourselves to the upbuilding of our national prosperity.

"There are other changes, too, changes that effect my destiny, and yours also, little child of the stranger. My father is dead and the vast plantation is mine. They and every one, except the old lawyer, think I am dead, also, for it has been some time since word was received from me. My brother, now married and the father of children, has assumed possession of my estate, has declared himself its lord and master, and his mother thinks her great hope has been realized in spite of my

precautions. I go to dash that hope to the ground, cross the ambitions of my brother, and turn him and his family out of the home they have usurped."

He lapsed into silence, and Tony gazed at him in wonder. Much of what the man had said was not understood by the child, but the roll of the sentences, the eloquence of the voice and the magnetic beauty of the dark face, impressed him. Here, indeed, was a wonderful man, and he was sorry when the stopping of the carriage brought their journey to an end.

"Ah! here is the hotel!" exclaimed the man rousing himself from his reverie.

## II

When Mr. Webster came out of the bank, he paused for a minute on the steps, as he looked up the street, expecting to catch a glimpse of the approaching carriage. Several passed him, one drew up at the curb before him, but the one he expected did not appear. For a moment he seemed puzzled, then he remembered it was his wife's receiving day.

"Dot forgot me this time!" he said to himself, with a whimsical smile around his mouth. As he was preparing to go down the steps he was joined by a friend.

"Which way, Webster?" he inquired.

"To the corner," he rejoined, "to get a car for home."

"Why, I thought I saw your carriage before the bank as I went in," observed the other gentleman. "The horses certainly resembled yours, but I suppose I was mistaken."

"Yes, for it would have waited for me," replied Mr. Webster. Together they walked to the corner, where they parted as Mr. Webster's car came in sight.

Half an hour later he was entering the door of his home. The murmur of

women's voices coming to him from the drawing-room, he hurried quietly into the library. He was tired and did not wish to encounter any of his wife's guests then. The room which he entered was spacious. In the time of his father, himself fond of gaiety, and with three daughters who inherited his social tendencies, it had been a ball-room, and the laughter and music and dancing with which it had so often resounded still seemed to echo at times along the brooding silence of the books with which the son, on coming into possession of the old home, had filled it. Nature had intended Mr. Webster for a student; circumstances had made him a man of affairs. He was not unhappy in his work, foreign as it was and must remain to him, for he had early schooled himself to the acceptance of his portion of existence; but his best hours were spent here in the company of his books.

As he unclosed the door and his glance fell on the easy chair by the long table, strewn with books and magazines, the weariness lifted from his eyes; then he swept the lined walls in unconscious greeting to those many well-loved friends. He laid his hat aside and as he was drawing off his gloves, he singled out a child's story-book among the volumes that all but hid the table; and again the whimsical smile came to his lips.

"The kid's been here 'readin'," he thought, recalling Tony's familiar imitation of his father. "I wonder," he continued, sinking into the chair, and picking up the child's book, "if it is really an inherited love for study that makes him so fond of coming here, or just a natural impulse to copy's his elder's actions? I hope, if it be the former, that I shall be able to give him a better chance to follow his natural bent than I got. I'll admit I should be well pleased to see him turning to the path I could not follow. If there is anything that would compensate me for all I have

missed in being denied to pursue it, it would be the knowledge that my sacrifice has been the means of developing my boy. I know that I am looking eagerly forward to the time when he shall start to school, and here, in this dear old room, I shall assist him in the pursuit of knowledge. The time will come when we shall reach the limit of my power as teacher, and then—well, what sweeter than to become his pupil! He will lead into the new fields, I will follow. I may not be able to keep up with him all the way, but if he make any great find, he will shout back the news to me. It will be a compensation to slip down the years in such companionship with him."

With the pleasant running of his thoughts there mingled the far-off murmur of the voices of the women, growing thinner all the while the callers departed. Then he was conscious of two clear voices in the hall, and knew his wife was accompanying Mrs. Miller, her childhood friend, to the door, at which they would linger for their little confidences which the crowd had prevented them from exchanging. Their low laughter came to him, chasing away his thoughts of the future, and he smiled in sympathy with their merriment.

"They are like a pair of schoolgirls still!" he thought, and instantly blessed the happy fortune that had kept them such. "Miller is a good fellow," he continued, "and I hardly think it will be his fault if she ever lose that happy heart of hers. As for Dot—well, while I and the boy are left to her, everything else will slip from her precious mind like the proverbial water from the back of a duck. That's the last good-bye!" he concluded, as finally the door closed.

A moment later the rustle of silken skirts announced the approach of his wife. He threw open the door and caught a kiss from her surprised face.

"Ah! you are home, Dick?" she exclaimed.

"I certainly am!" he announced, with a laugh. "Come in and tell me all about it. Was it as big a crush as you expected—and wanted?"

"Quite," she replied, dropping into his chair. "But it has left me completely played out. I didn't know you were home, and so I came into this one quiet place in the house to get a little rest before dinner."

"There is nothing to prevent you from getting it," he rejoined. "I can follow the example of your guests."

"You want me to tell you I consider you a part of the soothing influence of this room," she said, with her happy ringing laugh. "But I won't! And if you want to leave me, you may do so."

"You know you are dying to talk about your friends,—how they were dressed, how they conducted themselves, what they said, etc.," he answered. "And I am the most obliging of husbands, you know."

"Truly it was a success, Dick!" she said. "And Cousin Mary did appreciate my giving this for little Marcia. There were tears in her eyes when she told me how much it meant for her child. And Marcia looked like a picture. And she won her way into everybody's heart. If she does not become a favorite, I shall be greatly mistaken. I was just wondering, Dick, if we could manage to take her to the beach with us this summer? I am anxious that Marcia should marry well. It might strain you too much, dear, and I have said nothing about it, not even dropped a hint of what I should like to do. There is no need of raising expectations if we cannot realize them, you know."

"Oh, I suppose we could manage somehow," said Mr. Webster, knowing her heart was set on forwarding the interests of his cousin's lovely young daughter. "Marcia is a fine girl, and would grace a higher sphere than her mother's unfortunate marriage with that foreigner brought her into."

"And yet," said Dora, toying with the string of rubies that lay like a circlet of fire around the white lace of her bodice, "it is from that foreign father she has inherited this strange, this striking beauty which will win for her greater wealth, higher position, than she might otherwise have secured. It isn't often you meet such beauty as Marcia's."

His eyes dwelt fondly on the fair beauty of the woman before him and mentally contrasted it with the loveliness of his cousin's daughter, vivid as a flash of lightning in a gloomy night, and he felt himself strongly impelled to favor the type his wife wore.

"Yes," he said slowly, "Marcia is a beautiful girl and I am glad she has you for a friend. Her poor mother can do nothing for her."

"No, Cousin Mary seems somehow to have lost her hold on the world," she said. "Now you know, Dick, I can't understand that! It doesn't seem to me that anything, no matter what it might be, could fling me out of the race; or if I were flung out, I feel certain I should lose no time in getting back into it. I might not win, but then I should rather be the last under the line than not run at all."

"Oh, yes! that's you!" said her husband, smiling. "You are one of the never-say-die women. And it is the best one to be, little wife!" he added, with strange solemnity creeping into his heart. "This is an evenly balanced old world, we all find out sometime or other, and the bad things are not ever far behind the good. When the latter overtake one, it is such souls as yours that show what humanity can rise to."

There followed a strange moment of silence, and they seemed to shudder in it.

"I am waiting to hear the rest of your story," he then said, assuming his former light tones.

For a while she gossiped of the afternoon's pleasure, then asked suddenly:

"Where is Tony?"

"I do not know," he answered. "I have not seen the chap since I came in. I suppose he is taking advantage of the nurse's illness and his mother's absorption with society."

"No, indeed!" she chimed. "He wore his angelic behavior to-day. Did you not find the heat oppressive, Dick?" she inquired. "I wish you didn't have to work so hard. I felt quite selfish to-day, when I thought of you down in the hot city and us out here in this cool house enjoying ourselves."

"And do you know I thought as compassionately of you, having all that crowd on your hands," he rejoined, with a boyish laugh. "Isn't that the way with people, pouring out sympathy where it is not needed? Now each of us was well contented this afternoon, but the other thought differently. I assure you, Dora, I should rather be in worse quarters than my elegant office than in your place with all those ladies to manage."

"Of course you would!" she chimed. "I wish Tony would come in, so I could undress him before I go to my room. I wonder where he can be?"

"Probably he is down at the stable," said her husband. "You know his penchant for live stock."

"I hope not," she said hastily, "for he had on his new suit, and he never thinks of clothes when he gets interested in his amusements."

"What boy does?" asked Mr. Webster.

The mother went to the door and opening it called the child several times. When no answer came, she remarked:

"He is not within hearing distance, that is evident. It will be too bad if he has ruined his pretty suit the first time he wore it."

"Why on earth did you rig the boy out in a new suit on such a day?" he asked.

"Oh, he looks so cunning in it," she replied, the ripple of another laugh in her voice. "And he didn't mind it. He

felt quite a man, going down by himself and wearing his best clothes. I suppose I shall have to send Dina down to the stable for him, for if I must do nurse's work this evening I had better begin early."

As she spoke she left the library, while her husband picked up a new magazine and began leisurely to cut its pages. Presently she returned, and, answering his call to her to come and examine one of the illustrations, she went to his chair and leaned her jeweled hands on its back while she looked over his shoulder at the picture.

"It is an artistic conception of the subject," she was saying, when the door behind them opened, and the ebony face and be-calicoed form of Dina showed at the threshold.

"Why, Mis' Do'ah, Jeff sais de cairage ain't cum back yit," she announced.

"Not come back?" repeated Mrs. Webster, blankly. "Why where did it go?"

"I dunno, Mis' Do'ah, no moh'n what Jeff sade," she replied.

"Jeff must have been sleeping as usual," said Mrs. Webster. "Mr. Webster has been here for some time, and I am certain Ben did not make another trip. You had better go back and look for yourself."

Mr. Webster paid no attention to the colloquy between the mistress and the maid, so intent was his study of the exquisitely tinted picture; but Mrs. Webster did not resume her observation of it. As she waited for the return of the negress, she wondered if it could be possible that Ben, at Tony's request, could have taken the carriage out a second time.

"You must speak to Ben, Dick," she said, out of her thought. "He humors Tony too much. Some day something is going to happen to both of them, because of his yielding to the child's notions."

"What has he done now?" asked Mr. Webster, heedlessly.

"Dina says that Jeff told her the carriage has not come back. Of course it came back, for you are here. He was not awake or around at the time, and if, as he says, it is not there, he thinks Ben has not yet returned from the city."

"What on earth took Ben to the city?" asked Mr. Webster, turning a surprised face toward his wife.

"Why, what do you mean, Dick?" she exclaimed, now surprised in her turn.

"What I say, of course! What took Ben to the city?" he repeated.

"Why, to bring you home!" she cried.

He struggled to his feet, and she recoiled at the white that suddenly showed on his face.

"Why, Dora, the carriage was not sent for me," he said slowly. "I came home on the street-car."

"Dick!" she gasped, but the ashen lips could frame no other word.

Again the servant appeared at the doorway.

"He's done tole de truf, Mis' Do'ah," she began; "de cairage ain't dah—O good Lo'd! what ails yoh, honey?" for Mrs. Webster had sunk to the floor.

Mr. Webster ran to her and lifted her placing her in the easy chair, and as he and the negro woman chafed the cold hands, he cried:

"Why Dora! what is there to get frightened over! I just missed the carriage, that is all. When I came out and didn't see it, I naturally supposed that, in your excitement, you had forgotten to tell Ben to drive in, and I started immediately. Very likely Ben and Tony are waiting before the bank for me to appear, or they may be on their way home. Cheer up, girlie! Nothing has happened to them."

"Yes! yes!" she cried. "I know something terrible had befallen them! Ben was never late in his life. The

horses took fright, or they were run into by a street-car—"

"Now Dora, stop that!" said her husband authoritatively. "Do you imagine if any accident had befallen them we should not have heard of it before now?"

"But they may have gone in by the long way, and perhaps the horses ran off into that lane. There are no houses along it, no policemen, and there would be no one to inform us," she persisted.

"Ben knew he must never take the long road, and he would not disobey my orders," said Mr. Webster, quietly. "I will telephone down to the bank, and ask the janitor to send the carriage home."

He went out to the hall, his wife creeping after him. He took down the receiver with a steady hand, but when the answer came back that the carriage was not there, and had not been there since the closing of the bank, his limbs seemed to give way under him. Then he rang up the police station and asked if any carriage runaway or accident had been reported. When the reply came back there had not been, the receiver dropped from his suddenly paralyzed fingers.

### III

Mr. Webster's weakness, however, was only momentary, and as he regained mastery of himself, he brushed aside the fear that evil had come to Tony.

"There is nothing to be worried about, Dora," he said, turning to the half-frantic woman. "Very likely some slight accident happened, like the breaking of a trace, or a wheel, and when these were repaired, Ben knew it would be too late to meet me, and he is now on his way home. I am going out to find them. I know I shall not be gone very long, so cheer up, dear!"

He led her back to the library, and as she watched him making ready to leave her, she began to wring her hands piteously.

"I can't help it, Dick! I know something dreadful has happened to Tony. You will not bring him back to me. I know it! I know it."

"For God's sake, Dora, exercise a little common sense!" he cried. "Is it reasonable to think a carriage could be wrecked without some one seeing or hearing about it? If Ben and Tony had been killed by an accident, the police would have known of it; if they were only injured, they would have had some one notify us. Don't you see you are giving yourself needless suffering by permitting your imagination to picture the worst? It makes it hard for me to go to look for them when I must leave you in this condition," and he went to her and took her quivering little figure in his arms, while his heart grew hard toward Ben, whose failure to meet him had caused all this misery, which seemed the more intense because of the happiness upon which it had followed.

She sobbed against his breast for a moment, then lifted her tear-wet face and smiled up at him bravely.

"Yes, I am foolish," she said. "Now run along and bring the truants home!"

The sullen fear that her premonition of evil had quickened seemed to slink away, and he hurried from the house with hope beating high in his heart. He expected to see the carriage entering the gateway, then he thought the turn in the street would bring it to view; but as he walked quickly on, and still there was no sign of what he sought, anxiety grew apace. In the distance was a policeman, and Mr. Webster made haste to overtake him.

"Say, McCoy, did you see anything of my carriage this afternoon?" he asked, as, breathless, he came up to the man. "Mrs. Webster sent it down for me, but we missed connections somehow, and as it has not come home she is anxious, for Tony was in it."

"Yes, sir," rejoined the policeman, "I saw the carriage this afternoon on its

way to the city; but I haven't seen it coming back."

"It looked all right then?" inquired Mr. Webster.

"Fine as a fiddle, sir!" he answered. "The horses were going at an easy gait, and there was nothing wrong with the vehicle, as I could see. But I don't see what could be keeping it down there so long, unless the coachman is waiting for you."

"No, I telephoned to the bank and it wasn't there," he answered and again the white crept into his face. Were her premonitions right? Had something undreamed of befallen the boy? "I am going to take this car and look them up," he said to the policeman, his quiet tones not betraying the sickening fear he was feeling. "If in the meantime it should show up, will you telephone the news to Mrs. Webster? She is very much worried."

"Certainly, Mr. Webster, certainly!" cried the policeman, his heart full of sympathy for the mother. "I wish you luck, sir!" he cried, as Mr. Webster sprang aboard the car.

All the way down he strained his eyes for a glimpse of the big blacks, until he alighted from the car within half a square of the bank. Hurrying to it, he had a hasty interview with the janitor, who repeated the assertions he had made over the telephone.

"What could have happened to it?" he cried, more to himself than to the man.

"Maybe the coachman did not know which bank to come to," began the janitor, when Mr. Webster interrupted him, by saying:

"Why Ben has been coming to this bank for the last ten years! He knew well enough where to come, and he would have come and waited if something did not prevent him."

(To be continued.)





ANSWERING THE BELL

## Trappistine Nuns of St. Romuald

By WINIFRED M. REYNOLDS

**A**RMED with a guide-book and usually within hailing distance of an array of victorias and caleches, the visitor to Quebec feels himself an invincible sightseer. He has read, perhaps, Howells, Miller, or Sir William Kirby; he knows what he ought to see and he sees it conscientiously.

From the grand basilica to the humble little structure in the "Cove" known as the "Sailor's Church" he misses not a sacred edifice; from the mighty Citadel, with its ever-vigilant iron eyes, to the quiet chapel where repose the mortal remains of the noble Montcalm, he makes his quest for historic records; having exhausted the sights within the city limits he takes to the boats and plies up the turbulent St. Lawrence to look upon the "River of Death," as Bayard Taylor calls the grim Saguenay. He drops a line in the teeming trout lakes of the Laurentian Hills, and then returns down stream to the Sillery shore, which bristles with Huron and Iroquois traditions.

All this touring is made at the suggestion of the guide-book; but there is one point of interest on the lower shore

of the St. Lawrence that has thus far escaped even the omniscient Chambers; it is the little town of St. Romuald, to which, in November, 1902, there came a band of Trappistine nuns from Avignon in France. Here they made their home and here they have set for the Western world such an example of poverty and hard labor for Christ's sweet sake as can scarcely be imagined. Our visit to the Trappistine nuns of St. Romuald was one that left impressions never to be effaced.

To reach St. Romuald from Quebec one must take that most cosmopolitan of conveyances, the ferry-boat. Accordingly, we joined the never-ceasing procession of tourists and habitants, howling teamsters and wailing children approaching the ferry and were condescendingly admitted, one by one, through the turnstile, to the bark that was to bear us across the St. Lawrence to Levis.

The bright sun of a summer afternoon made the usually dark waters of the river almost transparent and gave an unwonted whiteness to the dusky sails of the skiffs pirouetting on the busy wavelets. Noisy tugs plied up and

down stream, puffing and blowing as if they had the whole burden of the commercial welfare of the St. Lawrence on their shoulders. At a little distance down stream was moored a gay brig glittering in white and gold from stern to stern, destined to bear away the Governor-General, who was that afternoon to leave the city. As the ferry-boat reached its dock the familiar sound of cabbies calling out their conveyances reached our ears, telling us that the Grand Trunk railway station, with all its traffic, was close at hand.

An electric car headed for St. Romuald came along in the leisurely fashion peculiar to all the conveyances of the North country, and we seated ourselves in it with backs to the steep, rocky cliff upon which Point Levis settlers found their homes, and with faces turned to a more agreeable perspective, the oppo-

Woods, with the Lieutenant-Governor's residence peeping from its depths; and away in the distance, spanning the stream at a dizzy height in mid air, we could see the redoubtable bridge which promises, when completed, to be an eighth wonder.

When the apathetic conductor of our car languidly dismissed us at the little station of St. Romuald, we looked about for something resembling a convent but saw nothing.

"You have a bit of a walk before you," said our pilot, starting briskly up the village street. With the wandering eye and uncertain step of the "stranger in a strange land" we struggled along after her, and soon found ourselves treading a sandy stretch of country road flanked on one side by broad green meadows and on the other by fields of waving oats.

"I thought you said it was near the



FIRST HOUSE OCCUPIED BY NUNS

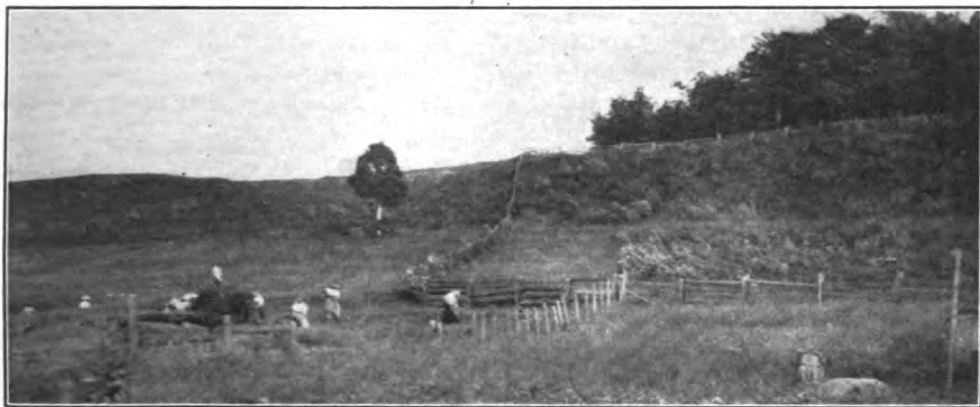
site shore of the broad St. Lawrence. Like a panorama there passed before us the lofty Citadel, Cape Diamond, the beautiful little village of Sillery, Spencer

station," ventured one of our party, looking hopelessly up the interminable road and then opening a protesting sunshade.

"You don't call this far—just up this little road?" returned the leader who, we learned later, was a confirmed though surreptitious visitor to the Trappestine nuns; no one knew why but the angel who records the charitable deeds of men.

worked in absolute silence, without raising their eyes.

We turned away as quickly as if we had intruded upon some sacred rite. One of our party sneaked off with her camera hidden guiltily behind her, for in



IN THE HAYFIELDS

After a few minutes we halted before a strange looking house, "about big enough for a chicken-coop," some one said. It was about eighty feet back from the road, a tiny plaster house with a door exactly in the middle, and on either side of this was a window completely screened by a trailing vine.

"That," said our guide, "was the first house occupied by the Trappestines when they came to this country. Ten of them lived there for a year."

"Ten of them!" we gasped,—*"they must have been of the Lilliputian order."*

"Look!" interrupted our guide, waving a long arm toward the fields beyond the house. We looked, and to our astonishment beheld about a dozen women in white habits nearly covered by great blue checked aprons, and wearing black veils surmounted by large straw hats. They were gathered about a half-filled haycart, tossing up the hay to a man who stood on top of the load. They

the enthusiasm of the moment, not knowing who the haymakers were, she had taken a snap-shot. Then we continued our walk up the sunburned road listening while our guide told of the wonderful life led by these nuns—how they observe perpetual silence, eat no meat, rise in the night to pray, and labor all day in the fields to procure a living which is so scanty that were it not for the assistance given them by charitable friends they would perish in the winter of cold and hunger.

"Have they no other means of sustenance but that afforded by their fields?" some one asked.

"They embroider," returned our guide—"oh, yes, and they make chocolates—the most delicious chocolates. They brought the secret of making them from their own country. By the way, that is chiefly what I brought you here for this afternoon, to buy all the chocolates they may have on hand."

"What a beautiful spirit of disinterestedness!" sighed one of the listeners.

Nevertheless, the magic word "chocolates" gave new life to our feminine hearts. We hastened joyously on and soon arrived within sight of the monastery.

It was a long, perfectly plain brick building surmounted at the end farthest from the road by a small bell-tower. Straight rows of windows looked from each story, all shaded by curtains of a vivid green. At the end nearest the road a short flight of wooden steps led

and peered through. Then she called our attention to something that resembled a revolving barrel just beside the grate. This was the "turn." It was open at one side and served for a tray, turning back and forth.

Next we were piloted to a door at the opposite side of the room and entered into a chapel. Poor little chapel! If "the Lord loves the lowly places" surely He is pleased to dwell here. Our first impulse was to fall on our knees and offer an act of thanks to the Most High for deigning to dwell in the midst of



CHAPLAIN'S HOUSE

to an unpretentious door, evidently the main entrance. We mounted and entered, "sans ceremonie," by pushing open the door, there being no bell nor even a door-handle. Not a sign or sound of human beings greeted our entrance. We found ourselves in a small square room, utterly destitute of furniture save for one wooden chair and a glass case containing objects of piety, apparently for sale.

Our guide approached a window in the wall that had a close wooden grating

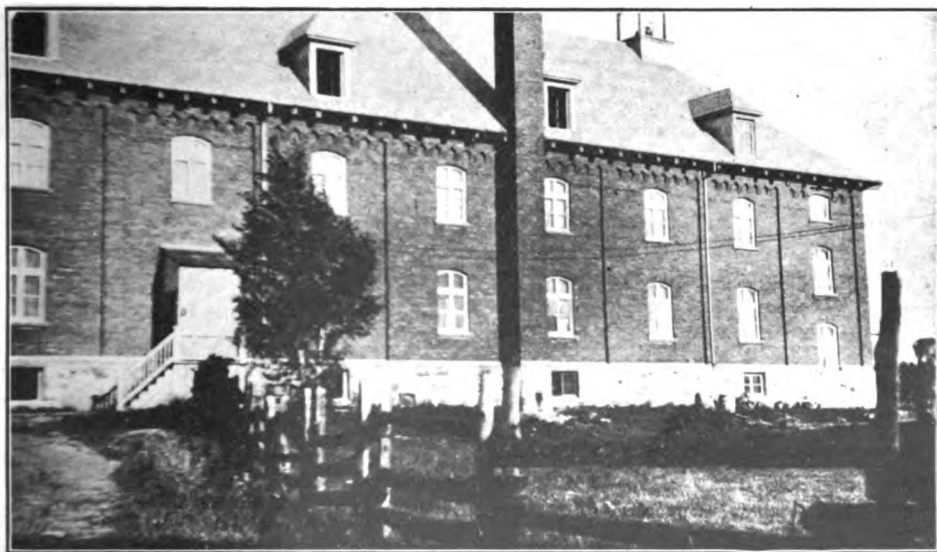
such poverty. Loving hands had done all they could to beautify the poor little room, and it was cleanliness itself. But oh, the pity of it!—bare rafters above, bare wooden walls, one poor rough pew for externs who might wish to assist at the Holy Sacrifice, and for an altar a framework affair draped with cheap lace and decorated with a few cheap candlesticks and some artificial flowers. At one side of the room was the grating beyond which the nuns assembled for spiritual exercises.

After our visit in this blessed spot we returned to the room we had entered first and our guide once more peered through the lattice. This time a far-away voice floated out to us—the Sister who tends the “turn” must speak, of course. After our errand was made known a few minutes elapsed, and then the mysterious “turn” began journeying slowly around. When the open side reached us we beheld a tempting array of boxes and packages which upon investigation were found to contain a most delicious collection of choice chocolate bonbons in fascinating shapes.

It was communicated to our friend in some mysterious fashion through the grating that the Sisters had met with a great misfortune recently in the destruction by lightning of their equipment for making the chocolate candy. They were anticipating no little trouble before the damage could be repaired. Having done our best to relieve them of the present supply, and after having laboriously

transmitted to the invisible a few messages in very questionable French (for the Sisters speak no English), we went forth once more into the warm sunshine. We took with us an awed impression of the holiness of those noble women who can willingly immure themselves in that gloomy abode to labor and pray for their soul's salvation, which others hope to obtain with so little effort. As we descended the flight of stairs we observed, just across the road, a tiny house which strongly resembled a woodshed, but which we were told was the residence of the chaplain. Surely these good Trappist monks and nuns will find “mansions not built with hands” in the heavenly country for which they are striving.

As we passed down the road the bell in the little tower was ringing a solemn peal to which some of the laborers in the fields were evidently responding. As they walked slowly home through the meadows, two by two, they were reciting the Rosary in profound recollection.



PRESENT MONASTERY

# The Master of St. Nathy's

V

## A "Character"

By P. J. COLEMAN

**L**IKE most Irish towns, Derreen had its full share of "characters." In general the saying "he's a character" indicated some eccentricity of genius, some peculiarity of conduct, some defect of brain, some aberration of nature, some marring of the Almighty's human masterpiece. Derreen had a nice, discriminating taste in "characters." As a rule the name was not wantonly given, though some were born "characters," some achieved "characters" and some had "characters" thrust upon them.

To the second class belonged the large number of village wags and wits, connoisseurs in stinging repartee, venders of vitriolic satire. Of these Luke Parsons, tailor, poetaster and public puncturer of inflated humbugs, was easily first. But of him more anon, for he deserves a niche all his own in the temple of local fame.

To the third class belonged Paddy Vasey, sportsman and convivialist, who was forever baiting the red-coats and breaking the dull monotony of peaceful village life. He was a public entertainer of vast originality and prodigality, "always in hot wather like a kishoge of new praties," as he himself was wont to explain. He, too, deserves a niche in the Derreen pantheon.

To the first class—most pitiable of all, the poor strays from God's plan divine, the pathetic travesties of His holy image of human clay—belonged those whom the Irish ever regard with reverence and awe, howsoever they may take amusement from their antic natures. To them was reserved that title so expressive of

meaning, so significant of Irish respect for God's unfortunate and afflicted ones—the Half-Natural. Half-Natural, pathetic word! A nature half-finished; a soul broken in the Almighty Potter's hands; a divine image left incomplete, marred by some flaw of marble, some stroke of malevolent fate, fallen imperfect from the great Sculptor's chisel!

Most conspicuous of these latter, ever provoking mirth by their fantasies but hedged around by pity; shielded from profanation, as statues in the sanctuary; sacrosanct in the deep religious reverence of the race, were Tom Swift and Mike Gariff.

Both were harmless souls; poor abstracted fellows, mumbling over and over from morning to night the vagaries and visions of their disordered minds—Mike always with a smile, as of a little child, pacing to and fro before his brother's shop in Main Street, muttering of strange things to frightened children or sympathetic adults; Tom ever mysteriously abstracted, his wild eyes fixed on vacancy, his fragmentary mind projected forward on some always elusive vision that led him through the town and in and out among men with rapid, eager, unwearying stride, his face always thrust forward in the avidity of his quest—a soul in torture, a Tantalus always in sight of the slaking water but never tasting its allaying sweetness, a spirit baffled by the vision ever within hand's reach, but ever illusory.

Those who know say that his was really a tragedy of love. Married in early manhood to the idol of his heart, life went pleasantly for him in the little

home he maintained in one of Derreen's back-ways. That home, the sanctuary of his affections, he still maintained in his lonely, stricken, desolate age. It had become to him a sacred place, hallowed by memories of the blooming young girl who left him a bereaved widower with an infant son after only a year of such happy, albeit humble, love, as transforms the meanest hovel into a place of delight, makes of earth a foretaste of Paradise. With his Mary went out the light of his life, and the fire of joy was quenched on his darkened hearth.

But there was the boy to live for, the boy with Mary's heavenly eyes and Mary's red-gold hair. While he remained, his dead love was never wholly absent from his little work-shop. Her holy body slept in Kilcoleman, but to the doting lover her spirit ever hovered over the cradle of her darling. Reverently he went in and out of his work-shop, feeling the presence of his love therein. It was to him a sanctuary, hallowed by an angel—the sacred, disembodied spirit of his Mary. And so, with noble purpose, he took up life anew, pouring out the fullness of affection, consecrating with tenderest love the boy in whom his darling yet lived and smiled.

And around the boy—the happy, innocent, cooing dovelet in his nest of a cradle—he wove splendid dreams. Away in the future he saw a vision that thrilled him with awe, and the boy was the centre of the vision—a priest with the chrism of Holy Orders ministering at God's altar.

A priest? And why not? To be sure he was but the son of a village carpenter. But was not Christ, too, the great High Priest, the son of a carpenter, that blessed Joseph, after whose life, and following whose holy avocation, the simple father was fain to mould his own? Yes, in God's good time and with God's blessing, his boy, his little Joseph, would be a priest.

So to this end he bent his every endeavor, laboring early and late to provide the means for this great end. Love lightens labor, and the gentle father sang at his bench with the larks of morning, sang at it still when the thrushes and blackbirds were fluting their evening love-songs in the elms of old Saint Nathy's.

A sister, one of those sweet, unselfish, sacrificing souls whom a cynical and brutal world would fain stigmatize with the title of old-maid,—a gentle, tender saint whose heart was a well-spring of perennial love—undertook the care of the child and in her ministering hands the father saw his boy grow in grace. He grew like the flowers of the field, tall as the young lilies, fair as the fragrant iris in the pools of Lough Gara. And Catherine's love was the nourishing dew that gave him strength and beauty and holiness.

So, in time, he went to school—a bright, winsome lad with the bluest of blue eyes and a halo of splendid curls, who from the first won the hearts of his teachers. With what delightful dreams the happy father saw him morning after morning take his little strap of books and trot down the Back Lane, Catherine's kiss fresh on his red lips, as dew on a rosebud. And when noon waned to afternoon and the gracious lad came laughing home, what marvellous tales he had of school and the scholars, of this lesson and that, of Miss Mary's goodness and Miss Ellen's kindness!

And then he would sit by his father's bench and fetch him hammer or chisel or plane, and his father would tell him all the sweet old tales of the Gael. All about the fairies who dwelt in the gorgeous palace at Lisheen. All about the Leprachaun, the little red man, who had treasures of gold in every field and fort and rath. All about the gentle saints who had lived about Derreen in the old days, of Patrick and Brigid and Columkille, and Saint Nathy, who was the first

bishop of the diocese, and his sister Atty, or Attracta, who left a holy well near Derreen where every August the country folk held a "patron." All about Niamh of the golden hair who took Oisín with her to the palace of delight in the Land of Youth, away out in the great ocean where the sun sinks to rest in crimson clouds. All about Thomaus Lawdher, the great prince of the Costellos, who night after night swam the waters of Lough Key to visit the grave of Una, his love, who had died of a broken heart because her father, the haughty Lord of Moylurg, would not permit her to wed her gallant young lover of the Costellos. And how, one night, the brave young prince was drowned in a storm and buried by Una's side in Trinity Island; and of the yew-trees that pious hands planted on either lover's grave and which grew with the years until in time their branches commingled in the air, like the union of happy hearts.

So sped the years, the boy's fancy being nourished on the tales of his land, his eager spirit expanding like the white roses that grew in beauty and filled with fragrance the Doctor's garden at the end of the Back Lane.

Then, one memorable day, the trembling father brought his boy before the Bishop and told him of his longing to see him a priest, if it was the will of God. And would his Lordship take him and give him a place in Saint Nathy's, with the Latin scholars? He was well able to pay for him. He had saved enough, thank God, to start him on his career, and while his health lasted the boy should not lack the pension necessary to carry him through.

The Bishop was touched by the good man's appeal and looked gravely and approvingly on the boy. He had heard good things of him from his teachers and from Father Conlon, superintendent of the National School. Yes, he would gladly give him a place in Saint Nathy's.

He should not be denied the opportunity to prove himself; but of course in one so young he could not guarantee his vocation. Youth never knows its own mind. Only time would decide this, for many are called, but few are chosen. But Joseph was worthy of a chance. He had all the qualities that make for a good priest. He had heard fine encomiums of the boy, and there was no doubt that he would make something of himself, if it were not God's will to call him to the altar. He had his Lordship's blessing for a prosperous future, and his Lordship would be proud to place him under Professor O'Keefe.

Who can follow an arrow in its flight? Who can track a song in its viewless passage from soul to soul? Who can measure the wavering of the will or the wandering of a human heart? Man is prone to evil from his birth, and the world, the flesh and the devil—environment, heredity and circumstances in sceptical euphemism—are always warring for man's destruction.

Joseph Swift took his place in Saint Nathy's, and from the first he built himself a place in the Master's heart.

"I'm proud of that boy of yours," he said one day to the delighted father. "He gives promise of fine scholarship."

"Will he go to the altar, do you think, Professor?" queried the trembling man.

"Ah! 'tis a high and holy vocation. We cannot force the will of God," said the Master.

"Does he show any signs of it, do ye think?"

"All boys want to be priests at one time or another," said the Master evasively. "'Tis the mark of their religion and of an ancestry of martyrs. But—

"'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long  
thoughts.'"

he added, wise in his experience of boyhood.



"He's not a bad boy?" faltered the discouraged father.

"Bad? Bless your heart, no! There's not a better boy in the school. But remember, Swift, many are called, but few are chosen."

"Thank you, Professor, for them words," sighed the father, resigned to the divine will. "He's in good hands, at any rate—no better hands in all Ireland. God bless you for your inthrest in him."

One day, however, Joseph Swift did not return home when the day's work was over. The father wondered what could have detained him. Had he been kept in after school by the Master as a punishment? If so, 'twas his first offence and a slight blemish in a hitherto flawless record. But when night fell and the young man was still missing, and when the Master informed the distracted father that he had not been at the seminary that day, the carpenter's cup began to fill. And when day was added to day, week to week and month to month, with no tidings of his son, the father tasted the bitterness of Gethsemane.

"If it be possible, let this chalice pass away!" he groaned nightly in the desolation of his little work-shop. "Yet, not my will, but Thine be done."

'It was a terrible blow and one to which resignation was hard! All his hopes shattered at a stroke! All his bright dreams vanished! The golden vision of his early widowerhood—the vision that had his anointed boy for centre—dissipated utterly!

So the dreary days went by, but the prematurely aged man lost his hold on life. He had the sympathy of the town, but what was that to him? The Master grieved with him, mingled his tears with his own; but the wound would not heal. Prayer did not comfort him. Affection—the wistful, watchful affection of Catherine—did not soothe him. He drooped, listless and indifferent. His hand lost its cunning and his trade fell away.

But one day hope and life revived for the glooming father. From far-a-vay London came a letter from Joseph, bidding his father be of good heart and not afraid for all was well with him in the great capital. In token whereof the young man enclosed two crisp five-pound Bank of England notes. It was the necessary talisman and, while he longed for the young man's presence, the father's health and cheerfulness returned. Once more he sang at his bench; once more he went about his business with elastic step and beaming eye, although his temples were white with premature age. When joy came in at the window, poverty went out at the door. The little home resumed its erstwhile comfortable air. Neat muslin curtains replaced the cobwebs in the window that looked on the yard, and the window-sill blossomed with scarlet geraniums in a neat green box. Catherine, too, blossomed in more than her wonted glory, for next week came a present of ten pounds for her, the long-forgotten, but ever patient aunt. And when scarcely a week went by without its remittance from London, the little home in the Back Lane became the envy of the town.

"That boy o' Swift's musht ha' found a fortune in London," was the general comment.

But how he came by the fortune was a mystery to the father, for in not a single letter did Joseph ever hint of the source of his good luck, nor mention employer or employment of any kind.

'Twas well that he did not, for it left the poor father in a heaven of blissful ignorance, which he would assuredly have forfeited had he known the truth. And the truth was bad, for Joseph Swift had turned highwayman and burglar. The angel had fallen from the empyrean, and when at length, in the retribution that follows crime as day follows night, the truth dawned on those interested, Professor O'Keefe wept in the secrecy of

his study and groaned aloud that now rivers might run backward, for the impossible had happened.

The fact is the young man's very amiability of nature was the cause of his downfall. Alike impressionable and impressing, he had gotten in at one of the Derreen fairs with a couple of clever pickpockets who plied their trade from town to town and from race-course to race-course. They were suave, affable, polished, urbane and apparently affluent. A chance acquaintance led to a closer and more confidential intimacy. They were men of the world, who, like Homer's hero, had seen the cities of men. In their Ulyssean tales poor simple Derreen shrank small to the poetic youth, and he was fascinated by the ampler, more ambrosial horizon that widened before his eyes in the promises of these two persuasive strangers. He did not join them without a struggle, but once he had taken the first fatal step there was no retreat for him, especially when the sacred thirst for gold—that "auri sacra fames" of his favorite poet—had taken hold of him. It was a perilous life, but peril had its fascination for the daring young man, and the life itself had its compensations. He moved easily from town to town, mingled freely with men, saw the world in its pleasantest aspect under the charm of gold always plentiful. Besides, he was able to show his affection for the father whom he yet loved devotedly—show it practically and substantially in a way that smoothes all asperities and makes the crooked path straight to the feet of stumbling poverty. Nay, it even provided him with the means of charity and of relieving want in its acute form; and many a starving widow, many an orphaned child, many a home of sickness and pain and sorrow had reason to bless the bounty of the smiling young Irishman. If he found any justification for the life at all it was in just this, that it invested him in a kind

of heavenly stewardship, in the exercise of which it was his divine prerogative to help banish sickness, alleviate sorrow, lighten poverty and transfer forcibly to the poor the bounty withheld from them by the rich. With such a spirit of chivalry he would have been, in the good old days, a Dick Turpin in England, a Redmond O'Hanlon in Ireland.

The inevitable climax came at last. A gentleman was found shot in his home in Surrey one morning—killed while apparently surprising and resisting burglars. The ransacked condition of the rooms, the rifled drawers, the dynamited safe, the silverware littered around the dining room, the rear window pried open, the tell-tale footsteps in the gravel of the driveway before the hall-door and then down the avenue—all pointed to this conclusion. The man, a London broker, had evidently come upon the burglars suddenly, having taken it into his head to run up from Bournemouth in the season to get a valuable document stowed away in the safe of his Surrey estate. This document, a will, was found in the dead broker's clutch by the plumbers who had come from London to do some repairs.

A man cannot follow a life of crime for any length of time without becoming known to the police. The trail of the Scotland Yard detectives led straight to Joseph Swift's door, at his lodging in Wardsworth. There the young man was found sleeping peacefully in bed, his accomplices having fled in the night. Burglars' tools aplenty and revolvers of every calibre were found secreted on the premises.

"Guilty, of course!" smiled Scotland Yard. "Guilty!" echoed a sensational press. "Guilty!" clamored a revengeful public and "Guilty!" found a jury of twelve stolid Britons.

"The sentence of this court," drawled black-capped Justice, "is that you be taken hence to Newgate prison in the city of London and there hanged by the

neck until you are dead, dead, dead. And may Christ have mercy on your soul!"

The news that was instantly flashed throughout the Kingdom could not be withheld from the Dublin papers, and in due time the Dublin papers reached Derreen, and by the caprice of fate a copy found its way into the carpenter's shop in Back Lane.

Having finished a frugal evening meal, Joseph's goldfinch whistling sweetly in his cage at the window, Thomas Swift wiped his glasses, set them on his nose, unfolded the paper and, in a kindly contemplative mood, began to scan the headlines, Catherine the while bustling about the kitchen, busied with her cups and saucers and dishes. She had just thrust a stalk of gold-flowered groundsel into the cage where Dick twittered his thanks in voluble silvery notes, when she heard a groan and a fall behind her.

Turning in dismay, her voice penetrated the Back Lane in piercing screams when she saw her brother prone on his face, the newspaper clutched in his hand, his white temples lying on the hearth close to the "greesoge." What had happened? Heart disease? Or maybe apoplexy? But the unconscious man did not speak.

"Oh, Tom agraw, Tom agraw, what ails you? What ails you, asthore?" she cried, kneeling beside him, his white face in her lap.

Then when he did not speak, when never a flutter of eyelid gave sign of life, her screams rang out again.

This time footsteps were heard in the Lane and in a moment the Master entered.

"God of heaven! What's the meaning of this at all?" he ejaculated. "What's happened, Catherine? Tell me. But no, the Doctor's needed here," he added, glancing hastily at the pale face.

In a few minutes the Doctor returned with him.

"He was jusht readin' the paper, afther atin' his supper, apparently as well as ever, when he dhropped," sobbed the frightened woman.

Others had come in now, kindly sympathetic women who aided the Doctor in his ministry of mercy. The Master had picked up the paper, when his eye fell abstractedly on the first heavy headlines:

"Sentenced to Death!—Joseph Swift, Notorious Irish Burglar, to be Executed at Newgate!—His Life Story!—All About His Brutal Crime!"

Then the Master groaned, dropped the paper, turned white, caught at his heart and reeled against the window. "Quousque; Domine, quousque?" he moaned.

When the carpenter came back to life, it was the husk, the shell of the man, that awoke. The divinity had fled from the temple. Reason had stepped from the throne of his soul. The vase had been shattered and only a hint remained of the fragrance it had held. Since then he had been a Half-Natural, with broken memories of his son, and, strangely enough, those memories clustering about some fancied fortune, said by the stricken man to have been left him by the boy, but withheld from him by designing men. And these men were Government officials, or men who had to do with the functions and administration of Government—judges of the courts, magistrates like Colonel Plunkett, even the petty local bailiffs and process-servers, for whom the demented father made life miserable.

From some dark doorway, from some gloomy lane, he would dart out suddenly, seize the reins of Plunkett's horse and hoarsely demand his money, whenever the magistrate rode into town. The petty functionaries of the law had invariably to make detours to avoid his insistent, often menacing, appeals. They

became skilled in reconnaissance and knew all the hitherto unknown lanes and backways of Derreen by heart. And the people humored him in his whims, listening indulgently to his tales of fanciful fortune, until, in an evil moment, some imp of mischief whispered the man that only by a scholarly petition written to the Lord Lieutenant could he recover his money.

So, armed with a roll of foolscap under his arm and a quill stuck in his ear, Swift haunted the houses of the literati. The Latin scholars of Saint Nathy's were, each in turn, buttonholed and

held by his glittering eye. McDonnell, the schoolmaster, was pestered to the point of insanity. Night and morning he would be waylaid by the insistent man and entreated to write the petition. Professor O'Keefe was dogged whenever he went abroad; the priests were haunted; the parson, good old Dr. Little, stalked like a deer, and even the dignified Bishop was besieged by the poor monomaniac. No one wished to have a hand in the pitiable deception. Yet all were loathe to disillusion him by the truth, and so one passed him evasively to another.

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## The First Mass

By William J. Fischer

Great friend of God! this morn, at your first Mass,—

The brightest jewel in a life's fair crown—

I knelt in peace, while pray'rs walked up and down  
My soul's white corridors; I heard them pass,

Rev'rent and slow. Out on the earth's green grass,

The sunbeam children stood; tanned shadows, brown,

E'en journeyed from the noisy, throbbing town

To see you pass from out the church. Alas!

The earth is full of men, and yet how few

The toilers in the sinful, reeking street!

This morn, I saw in your frail, trembling hands

The Spotless One; it seemed the shadows knew.

Men bowed their heads. I heard the winds repeat:

"Another priest at Life's wide threshold stands."

I saw your mother—poor old soul—prepare

For the Communion, on her bended knees;

Her mother-heart throbbing love-ecstasies,

Her rose-lips scenting rich perfume of pray'r.

The sunlight lay upon her silvered hair,

Like your own blessing, child. Her eyes were seas

Wherein hope-ships were sailing in a breeze

That seemed like God's breath, stealing everywhere.

Long, long she knelt at the bright altar's throne;

Her cherished beads hung loosely in her hand.

For years and years, she'd waited for this day—

God only knew the joy that was her own.

"O Lord! I'm satisfied," she begged. "Command

Thy angels my poor life to take away!"

# An Exquisite Poet

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

**W**E are in great danger of being unjust to Catholic France, and of forgetting, in a tissue of calumnies and misunderstandings, how much we owe her in every way. It is a pleasure, in view of this, to notice a revival of interest in the works of Montalembert, Chateaubriand and Eugenie de Guerin. And an interest in Eugenie is leading to a closer inquiry into the personality and literary qualities of her beloved brother, Maurice.

The literary qualities of Maurice de Guerin are inseparable from his personality. He always and utterly expressed himself. His name was unknown in French literature until a year after his death. He was presented to the public in an article written by the author of "La Petite Fadette" in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" of May, 1840. His great poem, "Le Centaure," soon made its own way; and, later, the critic Sainte-Beuve joined the three names, Montalembert, De Musset and De Guerin.

Maurice George de Guerin came of an ancient but reduced family in the south of France—a family that traced its descent from the Italian Guarini, through the Counts of Aubergne and Salisbury, to the Guerin who settled at Cayla, in Languedoc, where Maurice was born.

It is easy to understand why Eugenie—one of the most beautiful characters who have ever made the world better—loved him. To be her brother was enough. The ties of blood are stronger than hoops of steel in French families. We in America, who are unhappily individualists, can hardly understand the solidarity of family life in France, where the father and mother revere their father and mother as uncrowned monarchs. Maurice was unhappy in his

sensitiveness, and she loved him with all the force of a mother and all the strength of a woman who must love the weak, the melancholy, the helpless.

"My birth is honorable and that is all," he says in a letter; "for poverty and misfortune are hereditary in my family. I tell you this because it may have influenced my character. And why may not the sentiment of misfortune be communicated from father to son in the blood, as natural deformities are transmitted? My first years were extremely sad. At the age of six I lost my mother. Witnessing the sorrow of my father, and surrounded by scenes of mourning, I, perhaps, contracted a habit of melancholy. In the country my life was solitary. I never knew those plays or boisterous pleasures that fill the early years of children. I was the only child in the house."

He passed long hours under a beloved almond tree over the much-thumbed volumes of "Rollin's History." He watched the clouds and heard voices in the air, which he called "sounds of nature." At the age of seven his father sent him to the "little seminary" of Toulouse. It was the custom. Eugenie submitted to this, but her mother-love longed to keep him, for in her heart she knew that the little brother would have thriven better under her protecting wings. It was intended that he should become a priest. From the "little seminary" he went to the College Stanislas in Paris. He made great progress in his studies; but his vocation for the ecclesiastical state was uncertain. He hesitated. He returned to his family, and it is suspected that he fell in love with one of his sister's friends. Even this did not decide him. He took refuge at La Chesnaie

in order to find repose, forgetfulness and the strength to choose. On Christmas, 1832—he was then twenty-two—Maurice entered La Chesnaie. La Chesnaie was a kind of oasis in the middle of the Breton steppes, where De Lamennais lived with four or five young men who, secluded from the world, prayed, studied and thought. This was an epoch in the life of Maurice and in that of his master, De Lamennais.

The apostle whom the young men at La Chesnaie so loved and admired had just been forced to suspend the publication of his journal, "L'Avenir," and had apparently submitted to the decision of the Holy Father against his principles. He was meditating his terrible "Paroles d'un Croyant"—a book which was the defiance of a Titan, and which was to strip him of all the beliefs and practices of his former life, and leave him a disfoliated oak that might break but would never bend. Wrapt in his political and religious dreams, this satanically proud De Lamennais did not know that among his young disciples there was one into whose whole soul nature was pouring floods of freshness and beauty, which were exhaling and forming such exquisite pictures as the frost makes in winter. The journal of Maurice de Guérin is a book of poetry in the form of prose. His words sway and tremble with every turn of his thought. What he needed, we see, was a wise director; but De Lamennais was too much absorbed in his defiance to stop to analyze a soul. The journal is full of the loveliest "bits" of landscape painting, drawn with as true and delicate a feeling as one finds in Wordsworth. The invisible and the unseen in nature, like a network of thread-like roots supporting a bed of fern, are brought to us in his work. His landscapes do not smell of the paint. You cannot see the brush marks. And of what poets, with the exception of Keats, Burns and David Gray, can this be said? In Scott, the exigencies of his

rhyme seem often to change landscapes; in Tennyson's pictures one sees the art and the exact art, and admires it, but he does not feel it. De Guérin's are clear, wonderfully true, and apparently artless and unconscious as the song of the meadow-lark. It is true that De Guérin's descriptions are not shackled as those of other landscape poets are by rhyme, but they have a faint rhythm which is like the accompaniment of a delicate wind instrument. He chose his special form of expression and he deserves praise for having selected that best suited to his genius.

He longed passionately to express himself, and yet he believed, with Keats, that songs unsung were sweeter than those sung. In his soul was the torturing desire for the Infinite, and at this time of his life the only symbols of the Infinite were the things of nature. Like Thoreau, though a much finer temperament than Thoreau, he lived and had his being in the visible evidences of Life.

"Thou, Nature, art my Goddess," he wrote, quoting Edgar in "King Lear"—with a difference—at the head of one of his poems, expressing a truth which during his short life was his joy and his torment. He adored nature in all forms; he studied her with love and reverence, and yet he was continually bruising his heart against the bars that guard her mysteries. He was not content to describe and interpret the things that were vouchsafed to him; he longed to know all the secrets of creation; and when his poetic soul found a deep meaning, he quailed before the impossibility of finding worthy expression. This is the secret of that carelessness in his verses which some critics have deplored. It was the carelessness of despair. He was forced to speak of nature, but he could find no words, no form worthy of her: "Cherchez-vous les dieux, O Macaree, et d'ou sont issus les hommes, les animaux, et les principes du feu universel?" He says in "Le Centaure" "Les

dieux jaloux ont enfui quelque part les temoinages de la descendance des choses, mais au bord de quel ocean ont-ils roule la pierre qui les couvre, O Macaree?" "Seek, O Macarius, and find from whence have come men, animals and the essences of universal fire?" And "the gods—jealous!—have hidden the testimony of the birth and the growth of all things;—on the shore of which ocean have they rolled the rock that hides them, O Macarius?"

Questions like these haunted him morbidly. It was this excessive morbidness—almost a disease of introspection—that made him at times take the symbol for the reality, and again feel that nothing was real; but in the finality he, like Cardinal Newman, felt that this life was more unreal than the life of the soul. The spiritual life was Life. He was overwhelmed with a sense of his own impotence as a poet; not in comparison with other poets, but in comparison with that unseen world of which he dreamed, and which he longed with all his strength to interpret. "If I listened to my better judgment, I would never write another line. The more I advance, the more the phantom (the ideal) flies beyond my reach." It was this "divine despair" which, mixing with all his efforts, filled them with the sadness that broods over a desolate place at night. It is hard for one outside the charmed circle to estimate a poetic temperament, particularly a poetic temperament so intensely subjective as De Guérin's. At times a damp breeze would make him see all as through a glass darkly. At times he seemed almost to see God. He wavered between St. Teresa and her divine love and the allurements—sensual, hopeless, but never sensual—of the god Pan. Unhappily his training had not taught him to know that Pan, blessed by Christianity, could be free and vital and cheerful and gay. He was either ascetic or pagan.

He did not care for fame. The literary life and its rewards appeared to him inconsistent and even absurd. He did not write for the world. He believed that there was more strength and beauty in well-guarded thoughts than in the display of a whole heaven that might be in him.

"Le Centaure" was given to the world after his death. This poem is one of the most remarkable in literature. It is short; it is burdened with no superfluous words. It is sublime in conception and yet it is not Greek, for the shadow of the crucifixion is upon it—and it has an undertone of sorrow for some awful loss.

The last of the "Centaures," grown old, stands, desolate and melancholy, near his cave in the mountains. He looks with pity and contempt on a man who asks him questions of his life; for in his eyes a man is only a degraded Centaur. He tells the story of his youth, when the forces of a nature half-human, half-brute, filled him with mad, wild joy. He spurned the earth; and the winds parted before him as he dashed wildly through the world in those youthful days. You feel the wind; you see the Centaur in his freedom, and you sympathize with the boundless regret with which this last of the Centaurs looks upon the past when the world was new.

"Le Centaure" is a poem of only twelve pages; but the reader awakens from it as from a dream, and its impression is not easily shaken off. The gallery of the Louvre furnished its author with other antique subjects, among them a "Bacchante," prelude to a never-finished poem on Bacchus in India. De Guérin sang the mysteries of classical Greece with passion, and the "Bacchante," fragmentary as it is, is very valuable. He was fortunately careless about his form in poetry. Though he uses the Alexandrine verse it is not the form we generally find in French. His vehicle for expression was ready made for him; but he, fearing no judgment,

and doubting his own, followed his inspiration and made a form which, although Sainte-Beuve calls it "unfinished," seems to be the best he could have chosen. His verse never gallops. He had a horror of that, and he warned his sister, Eugenie, against it. "Thy verse sings too much," he wrote, "it does not talk enough." By talk he meant "chant;" his verse does not sing but it chants.

Maurice de Guérin lived in a reverie, or, rather, in constant conversation with his interior life. He was in this world but not of it. His world was that which the wise among the ancients knew—a world of silent sounds and unseen sights.

Leaving the half-monastic seclusion of La Chesnaie, where religion, as he saw it, seemed to possess something antagonistic to his full enjoyment of nature, where men were too political, too self-centred, not simple enough to see that Christ Himself loves the beauty He created, he went to Paris and there supported himself by giving lessons.

The turbulent life of Paris weakened, though it did not efface, his early religious impressions. While not less a poet, he became more of a man of the world. He soon learned to lay aside his timidity; and he who had feared to utter his thoughts became a brilliant talker in a society of brilliant talkers.

Paris oppressed him at first; but as he had learned to love Brittany after he

left his sunny South, he learned to love Paris, and his worship wavered between the god of cities and the god of deserts. He longed ardently for leisure and rest, and they came.

By his marriage with a lovely and wealthy Creole, Caroline de Gervain, he gained that leisure which he had so long desired; and rest came, too—the rest of death. In July, 1839, not a year after his marriage, consumption, which had been insidiously preying upon him, gave him its last stroke. He died at home, in the South, consoled by his wife and that rare, tender soul, his sister Eugenie.

Of his poems "*Le Centaure*" is the greatest; one written on the St. Teresa of Gerard, and one to his sister Eugenie rank after "*La Bacchante*." These are metrical. That he wrote little is explained by the fact that he died at the age of twenty-eight. Of the two, Eugenie was much the stronger nature and the more noble.

If he was like his favorite symbol, the white lilac, she was like the bough of a young cherry-tree, giving shade to the blossoms and fruit, each in its season. Her "*Journals*" have refreshment and consolation, while those of her brother are pathetic, delightful, and full of the aesthetic quality.

A pagan heart, a Christian soul had he.  
He followed Christ, yet for dead Pan he sighed,  
Till earth and heaven met within his breast.

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## Good Night

By Lillian Bennet Thompson

The western sky is all ablaze  
With gold and rose,  
While slowly in the twilight haze  
The flowers close.

Then darkness creeps across the skies;  
A star gleams bright.  
The dim world wrapped in slumber lies;  
Good night, good night.



# The River of Life

By GEORGINA PELL CURTIS

X

**M**ARY YOUNG'S intuitions had not misled her. The Father at the Mission, a friend of many years' standing, entirely disapproved of any haste in the proposed marriage of Honor and Frank Beard. Not only because so little was really known of the man, but because he was not a Catholic.

"Honor is so young," he said. "Wait a year—the time will pass quickly. You can meanwhile learn more about Mr. Beard and the Colony, and if he is willing I will talk to him."

A little more conversation of the same kind, and Adam was won over. They bade good-bye to the priest, and went on their way to the 110 Bar Ranch, where the absorbing work of inspecting and buying cattle kept them until nearly six o'clock.

The drive home was made as rapidly as possible. Shortly after leaving the ranch they struck the main road, which led to the little railroad station a few miles beyond the ranch. Presently there was the sound of the rapid trot of a horse's hoofs; and in another moment a light farm wagon drove by. In the momentary glimpse they had the farmer and his wife made out two figures; one, a woman, who was driving, sat well forward, and handled the horse in a masterly manner—the other, whose sex was undistinguishable, was well muffled up, as if against the early evening air.

"It is Bessie," said Mary Young. "Where can she be going at this hour?"

"I think she often drives around this way," answered Adam, "and she is perfectly safe—no one would harm her."

"No, poor soul!" said Mary, "but it is new for her to have company."

It was dark when Adam and Mary reached home; but far down the road they made out lights moving around near the house, and as they drew nearer, the sound of excited voices reached them. Long afterward Mary remembered the peaceful drive home, the feeling of content in her heart, and then the shock that followed when the Professor, pale and distraught, came to meet them with the news that Honor was missing, that in fact neither she nor Beard had been seen since early that morning.

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The Professor had watched Beard's retreating figure, then moved by feelings of delicacy that made him unwilling to be within ear-shot during the coming interview, he hastened back to the house, and following his natural impulse made straight for the kitchen, where the object of his search, rehabilitated in red wig, dark glasses and padded dress, was preparing the midday meal.

The Professor lost no time in letting the young girl know that he had heard all the conversation between her and Beard; and in expressing his admiration for her courage and truth.

"I am so glad you know," she said, simply. "It will make it easier to tell Mr. and Mrs. Young to-night, as I intended to do. There is no need now for concealment of any kind."

"Your whole course," said the Professor warmly, "has been heroic. It goes to prove what I have always thought, that the best converts are made of those who are faithful to their early belief as long as it is the only religion they know. Had you not so nobly put self aside and come here to do your duty, as you thought, you would not have been thrown in the way of seeing and knowing Catholic truth. It is a good world,

sometimes," said the Professor, "when we meet women like you."

The brown eyes that had discarded their glasses on finding the Professor knew all, looked up at him with an expression of unspeakable gratitude. More reserved than the warm-hearted Professor, Jane did not say what she thought, that the world and women would be better if there were more men like Michael Logy and fewer like Frank Beard.

The dinner hour came and went, bringing neither Honor nor Beard; but it was not until nearly seven o'clock that both the Professor and Jane began to feel seriously uneasy. What had happened? Surely Beard had not prevailed on Honor to fly with him. The Professor put aside the idea in scorn. He knew the girl's high character and deep religious sense. Jane knew it, too; but over and above that she was familiar with the violence Beard could display when thwarted. Too amiably lazy, as a rule, to exert himself to do or to meet anything unpleasant, he nevertheless had a latent, selfish obstinacy that, when aroused, could carry him beyond a well-balanced man's persistence. Seriously uneasy, the two at last agreed to institute a search. Aided by the farm hands, who had returned from the fields, they had been up and down between the house and the river, through the woods, and in the canyon, for nearly two hours when Adam and Mary arrived at nine o'clock. The intelligence that awaited them nearly overcame the farmer and his wife. Honor, the child of their adoption and love to have stood on the brink of such a yawning abyss! And where was she now? Not for a moment did they believe she had gone away with the false man they hoped never to see again.

All that night they searched, but there was no sign, no clue, and when morning broke the various members of the search party, tired and dishevelled, gathered in the farmhouse to have a hurried

breakfast while consulting as to what step to take next.

It was soon decided that Adam and the Professor should ride to the distant railroad station to make inquiries as to whether Beard had taken the train from there, that one of the Indian boys should be despatched to summon the Father from the Mission, and that Mary Young and Jane should remain at home, ready to render any assistance, if assistance was needed. So the little party dispersed, Mary and Jane watching the two men on horseback disappear at a gallop down the road.

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Left alone, the two women could talk only of that which was nearest to their hearts. Mary recounted for Jane the story of Honor's birth, of the inquiries they had made, as in duty bound, to try and find her relations, if she had any, of the futility of their search, and of how the girl had grown up as their child.

"As dear to us as if she had been our very own," Mary said passionately, "and to think we could not shield her from this!

"This Mormonism is a great moral leprosy," she went on, "a blot on our fair page of American history; and foreign, I think, to all American ideas and institutions."

"Yes," Jane had assented. She knew that now.

"Tell me more of Honor's mother," said the young girl. "Was there no clue at all—no papers—nothing she brought with her?"

"Only one thing," answered Mary. "Her clothes had no mark of any kind, but after she died we found around her neck a slender gold chain and a locket, and inside the locket was a small colored photograph, a man's head and face—wait and I will show it to you."

She disappeared from the room and came back in a moment; touching the spring of the locket, she held it out to her deeply interested companion.

A sound on the gravelled path outside made her hurry to the window, so that she missed the violent start of amazement, comprehension and horror that swept over Jane's face as she looked down at the face in the locket.

Habitual reserve and self-control stood her in good stead, so that she neither moved nor spoke. But thoughts whirled through her brain—a forgotten story—what was it? Ah, yes! She remembered now. Surely, surely! But could it be? She turned the locket over seeking for some initials or date, but there were none; she then returned to her study of the man's face as Mary came toward her again.

"It's a handsome face, isn't it?" she said. "But it is not like Honor. She looks just as her mother did, except that she is taller."

"It is a strikingly handsome face," answered Jane, "but I think the mouth is cruel. It doesn't look like a face to trust." She closed the locket as she spoke, and handed it back to Mary. "Let us go out," she said; "the air indoors stifles me to-day. Suppose we go once more to the river, and through the woods. Robert's Indian wife is here to-day and will stay in the kitchen."

Mary's heart, so full of anxiety, turned to the thought of any action as a relief.

"Yes, do let us go," she said. "Even though every foot of ground has been covered, we can look again. We might go to Bessie's cottage, down near the canyon. She is so fond of Honor; and perhaps she can help us search."

## XI

Had Honor then paid tribute to the Virgin river, or was her sacrifice to be another and voluntary one—a gift that would bring her nearer to her who is the great arch-type of immaculate womanhood—the stainless Virgin—whose unsullied purity her own reflected?

Both had claimed Honor—the heav-

enly Virgin by her prayers, and the river, whose cool waters had opened to receive and save her from destruction. At the point where she fell, the water was swift and deep. It took only a few seconds, therefore, for her to be borne down the river, the current fortunately keeping her near the shore, and to this she owed her life. She had sunk twice, had reappeared on the surface of the river, and was sinking for the third and last time, when there was a rush from the river's bank, and a strange, powerful figure shot into the water, and swimming out with expert strokes, seized the unconscious girl by the hair, and holding her head well out of the water with one hand, with the other propelled her way back to the shore, which was reached in a moment. Swiftly the tall woman carried the young girl up the bank and across a clearing in the canyon to a little cottage, hardly more than a shanty, that rested under the brow of a tall, overhanging cliff. Laying the unconscious girl down on the ground near the door of the cottage the woman disappeared inside, returning immediately with a pair of scissors with which she began to cut away the dress from around Honor's throat. This done, she set to work skillfully and quickly to restore her patient, using the method for resuscitating a drowned person. Her efforts were successful and in a few moments Honor's pulse became more regular, and she began to breathe freely. Presently there was a little sigh, but the blue eyes remained closed, and although animation was restored, consciousness, apparently, was not.

Satisfied with the result, so far, the woman stooped down, and again lifted Honor in her arms, bearing her into the cottage, where, in about five minutes, she had divested her of all her wet clothing, ending by putting her in bed between blankets. This done she lit the fire, changed her own wet garments, and put the kettle on to boil. From time to

time she glanced at the young girl, who lay motionless, almost deathlike, although her color had begun to return and she was breathing regularly.

The small cottage was apparently uninhabited save by the tall, gaunt, grey-haired woman who, standing over the stove, looked like some ancient sibyl. Set in a lonely spot, just where the canyon opened on the river, it was some distance from any other human habitation. The woman's gaze, at times vacant and almost wild, took on a world of passionate love and devotion when it rested on Honor. She crossed the narrow space between the stove and the bed where the young girl lay several times before the water she was heating finally boiled up, then, filling several large bottles that she brought in from an outer shed with the hot water, she proceeded to wrap them rapidly, one after the other, in strips of cloth, following this up by placing all the bottles around her patient, wherever she deemed necessary. Then she stood off—one finger on her lips, her restless eyes scanning the girl's face.

"Rest and quiet and heat," she said. "When she wakes up she will know where she is, and will trust Bessie, poor mad Bessie."

A look of cunning came over her face.

"Here is one," she said; "but there were two. The other—where is he? He is bad, that other. If he threw her in the river—well! They say mad Bessie has powerful arms."

She spread them out, described a circle over her head, then dropped them listlessly, and once more bent over the unconscious girl, listening to her breathing, a world of dog-like devotion in her eyes.

"Little white bird," she said, "something has happened. Something went wrong with you before you fell in the river. While you sleep I will go and look." She straightened up, and glancing around for a moment nodded her

head as if satisfied, then crossing the room passed out of the door, closing and locking it after her and dropping the key in her pocket. It was about one o'clock and the sun overhead was hot, but to this the woman seemed indifferent, as not even a sunbonnet covered her scanty grey hair, and her skin, tanned by sun and wind, showed constant exposure to the weather. She must have been over sixty, but her long, quick, striding step was full of vigor. There was strength, too, in the muscular arms, broad back and square shoulders. The high cheek bones, and reddish tint of the hair in the nape of the neck where it had not turned grey, showed the woman's Scotch origin.

She had been working for Mary Young when Honor was born, had married a few years later, and had partly lost her reason through the sudden death of her husband, who had been gored by an infuriated bull. Since that time she had lived alone in the little cottage that her husband had built.

Safe because of her affliction, and perhaps, too, because of her own well-known strength, from any bodily harm, her life—free and solitary—was passed in tilling the ground, taking care of her one horse and cow, and in tending her poultry. Always resolutely refusing to go and visit anywhere, she welcomed Honor, the one person she loved, with a passionate devotion, whenever the young girl came to see her.

During one of Honor's trips to the cottage Beard had accompanied her, an event that Bessie had received with so much disfavor that the young girl, who was deeply attached to the poor half-mad old woman, would not allow him to repeat the visit. Beard had therefore waited for her the next time at the dairy, partly amused, and perhaps, also, a little vexed, at the old woman's dislike to him.

There was not a sound as Bessie continued her rapid walk, save for the breaking of twigs and branches under-

foot, as she made her way through the tangled woods.

Some instinct seemed to guide her to the right spot, and it was only about half an hour after leaving her cottage that she suddenly emerged from behind a thick growth of shrubs and trees to see Beard on one knee, working with all his might to try and free his imprisoned foot from the trap. The old woman's step was light, and she was fully upon him before he saw and recognized her; then he gave an exclamation of relief.

"Look, Bessie," he said, coaxingly, "I am caught in this trap. Can't you let me out?"

She bent over, peering in his face.

"So it is you, Bluebeard," she said.

He saw her contempt, and knew by intuition that to appeal to her sympathies were in vain, so he wisely kept silence.

Getting down on her hands and knees the old woman examined the trap, then looked up in his face.

"So," she said, "the black bird was caught before the white bird flew away. Was it not so?"

"You talk in riddles, Bessie," he answered. "Let me out now, and I will give you anything you want."

An idea came to her poor obscured brain. Honor must be rid of him. It was not meet for black birds and white birds to mate. She laid her hand on the trap, whose mechanism she knew perfectly well, as she had set it herself—and pausing a moment looked at him again.

"Listen," she said. "Do you hear it in the wind?—the wind and the clouds are all saying it—they say 'Go!' If I undo the trap and let you out you must go far away, and never come back. Is it not so?"

This was just what he wanted and an idea flashed into his mind—the woman had a horse and wagon and perhaps, as she seemed so anxious to be rid of him, she would drive him to D— where he could take the evening train for the East.

That Honor's body was at the bottom of the river, he never for a moment doubted, and the horror he felt at her untoward fate had been succeeded by fears for his own safety. He felt sure that neither Adam Young nor the Professor would believe he was not directly responsible for her death. Let him, therefore, get away as soon as he could.

"Yes, Bessie," he said. "Let me out and I will go far away at once, and you must drive me over to D— where I can take the train."

Mad Bess was satisfied. Quickly and skilfully she unfastened the trap, and at last Beard was free. A little lame and sore, but otherwise unhurt. He thought rapidly for a moment. All his money was in his pocket, as he never left it in the house. For the rest, he would have to go as he was, and send for his few effects at some future time. There was no other course if he wanted to get away unseen.

"You must go home, Bessie," he said, "harness the horse and we will drive at once to D—. I will give you a ten-dollar gold piece, and I will promise never to come back."

The old woman's eyes shone. It was well. She would get the gold, to which she was not indifferent, and Honor, the one being she loved, would be free and happy, so sure was she that Beard would bring only darkness and misfortune to her darling.

She led the way, and the man came limping after. A few minutes' walk brought them to the clearing that surrounded Bessie's cottage. Bidding Beard sit down some distance from the house, and mindful of his request for some food, the old woman disappeared in the cottage, presently reappearing with bread and cheese. Then once more entering her house she shortly came out, closing and locking the door as before.

Little did Beard dream, as he sat under a tree eating his bread and cheese, of how near Honor was. It is certain he

would have refused to go without seeing her once more, no matter what Bessie might have said. In merciful ignorance, however, he climbed into the wagon half an hour later, well wrapped up in a blanket that the old woman had given him at his request. Their drive, unmarked by any incident, save for meeting Adam and Mary Young returning from the ranch, was made in about three hours' time. They reached the station at six o'clock, and three hours later Beard was on his train steaming Eastward. It was nearly nine o'clock the same night when Mad Bessie got back to her cottage.

## XII

When old Bessie came back to the cottage, after releasing Beard from the trap, it was then about half-past two, and she found Honor still apparently asleep. She was not skilled enough in illness to know that the girl was still unconscious from the shock. Lighting a lamp, she placed it on a table in the room, then went out and closed and locked the door, joining Beard, who was showing all the signs of impatience to be off. They had been gone about three hours when Honor came out of the stupor in which she had lain so long. Weak and giddy, and with aching head, for a moment she looked around in bewilderment.

Where was she? What had happened? Then she recognized the room, saw the lamp on the table, and receiving no answer to her feeble call, guessed the old woman had gone out, probably, she thought, to summon her father and mother.

As her brain grew clearer the aching pain at her heart increased. It takes such a little while sometimes to become familiar with sorrow, and to Honor it seemed as if she and grief had gone hand in hand now for nearly an eternity of time.

The clock on the shelf over the table ticked loudly—seven o'clock—and was it only at seven that morning that she had told him good-bye and gone down to the dairy so happy and light of heart?

And he? How he had deceived her—ending up by that mad pursuit of her in her agony that had nearly cost her her life! Had she not said she would love him and be true to him forever and ever? And was it all false? Was nothing true? But stay! She remembered now—there was something else—some other law, higher than earthly love, that she had told him must come first. Ah, yes! It was all coming back to her in a wave of remembrance—the love of God, the One, Eternal and Unchangeable, accompanied by obedience to His laws—this was what she had placed above her earthly love.

She was not utterly lost so long as the Sacred Heart was ever open to receive her—not wholly forsaken so long as she had the Blessed Mother to pray for her. In this thought the young girl's bruised and broken heart took comfort. During the long hours before old Bessie came back she lay like one in a dream—too weak to move; but confident that help would come, and that meanwhile she was safe. Snatches of prayer escaped from her lips—for herself, for her adopted father and mother—most of all for the man for whose repentance and conversion she would henceforth pray with her whole soul.

In the great crises of life there is nothing that will carry us safely toward sane and level ground again but a sublime faith; and so it was with Honor. The shock she had received had been sudden and overwhelming; but neither her will nor her reason had succumbed to it. A faith simple as well as true had made her course so clear, her submission so perfect, that she neither argued nor rebelled. God had permitted it; and "Fiat Jesus" must be her

cry. For some wise purpose this sorrow had become hers.

It was only when nine o'clock brought back Bessie that a physical reaction set in; and the young girl wept out part of her sorrow in the ear of the devoted and tender old woman who, more wise than many a saner head, let her weep, and then after she had soothed her to sleep, remained by her bed for the rest of the night, only leaving her in the morning to summon Adam and Mary Young.

Meeting Mary and Jane just as they were leaving the house, the mother was speedily with her adopted child, her anxiety and sorrow turned to joy and thankfulness that the girl was alive and safe.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was five years later. Again summer was making the mountains and canyons of Arizona beautiful, while the golden rays of the sun lit up the fair waters of the Virgin river until they shone like molten gold. The broad rolling pasture lands that bordered its banks were instinct with life one glorious September afternoon. Cattle grazed over the land, or stood knee deep in the cool river; a vast flock of sheep, tended by a barefooted Indian boy, was visible in the distance, while the busy work of the farm hands went on ceaselessly. The scene was full of beauty and harmony; but best of all was the view from the river of a long, low, comfortable house that stood high up on an eminence, where it commanded a broad sweep of river and country, backed by the distant mountains.

Presently a boat shot around a bend in the river, and the occupants, a man and a woman, turned to drink in the lovely scene. The man, who had been rowing, rested on his oars for a moment.

"There is Honor," he said, "on the porch, and little Adam is with her."

Up on the hill, the child, who had seen the boat, gave a delighted shout.

"Look, mamma," he said, "there is papa, and bringing grandma, too."

The lady raised her lovely face and happy eyes, and looked westward to where the two figures in the boat were almost lost to view in the golden flame of the sunset.

"We will go and meet them, Adam," she said, catching the boy up in her arms.

Lightly she stepped off the porch and commenced to descend the hill. The two in the boat saw her coming, and waved a greeting. Mary Young's eyes were full of an expression that spoke of joyous content.

"How well she looks, Michael," she said, "and how happy! How wonderfully in her case good came out of evil!"

The Professor's grey eyes behind their gold-rimmed spectacles shone with a tender, almost luminous light.

"My dear lady," he said, "perhaps now is as good a time as any to tell you the sequel of that story I wrote you when I met Beard and paid him the money for this land. You remember the interest Jane took in that locket and photograph that were all you had to show the past history of Honor's mother? Well, Jane came to me afterward with a story that astounded me. After I left Beard in Denver I went to Salt Lake City and spent a month making inquiries. I proved beyond a doubt that Jane was right in her surmise. She had seen a duplicate of that locket and picture, and recognized the latter as that of a prominent Mormon. One of his wives (to whom he only had been married a year), left him immediately on discovering the deception of which she had been the innocent victim. I proved beyond a doubt that that woman was Honor's mother. And, stranger still," added the Professor, "the man had another, and older wife, one to whom he had been married ten years, and they had one child, a son. That son, my dear lady, was Frank Beard, Honor's half-brother!"

# Blessed Henry Suso

## On the Love of God

### IV

By FATHER THUENTE, O. P.

**T**HE first and truest title of Blessed Henry Suso is "Servant of Eternal Wisdom." God is Eternal Wisdom. He is the object of the human heart and mind.

The etymology of the Latin word for wisdom "sapientia"—"sapere scientiam"—expresses well its meaning. To know God, and then taste, feel and enjoy His goodness according to the words of the Psalmist, "Taste and see for the Lord is sweet"—is wisdom.

Blessed Henry Suso was a great theologian. He studied and mastered the works of the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas of Aquin. Many there are who excel in the knowledge of these divine mysteries and thus rise among their fellow men, towering above them as the high mountain peak towers above the valley, but remain cold and barren, covered as it were with perpetual ice and snow: the warm rays of the sun that cause the valleys to bring forth flowers and fruit have no effect on these icy glaciers. But in Blessed Henry Suso the knowledge of God bore fruit. It penetrated and warmed his heart and filled it with love. God was known to him and His presence felt by him. In him knowledge became wisdom.

Being a Servant of Eternal Wisdom, the Love of God, his constant and ardent desire was to become its apostle, in order to teach the children of the world how much they were loved by God and to lift up their hearts to God and inflame them with the fire of divine love.

The prophets in the Old Testament preached, above all, the justice of God,

and enforced the keeping of the commandments through fear. But the great mystics, and among them, especially, Blessed Henry Suso, presented the love of God, and moved the hearts of sinners to serve Him with the joy and liberty of a child. "For the manifestations of God's love attract more strongly than the magnet attracts iron, and bind more firmly than a thousand bonds."

It is this important, immovable power of Eternal Love, the saint tells us, with Aristotle, the great philosopher, which moves every creature according to its nature and laws and draws them to itself. "God, the Universal King, moves all things by His strong, powerful love. He fills the heart with desire, and causes the lover to run. He is the immovable goal toward which all things tend, but all do not strive for the goal in the same manner. He causes the ant to creep, the agile deer to leap, and the wild falcon to fly. Their speed differs, yet they have but one end in view—the fulfillment of their desire, the consummation of that longing for eternal peace and rest which has been placed in them by God. All friends of God are filled with this desire, yet there is a difference in this sameness, for one runs with great severity, another hastens with chaste seclusion, another soars in lofty contemplation—each one according to the gift he has received from God."

This great truth, that God's love is the great magnetic power which moves all creation and consequently must be the first and ultimate motive to stir up the heart of man, draw it to its Creator and



keep it there forever, we find expressed, and perhaps more fully explained, in the beautiful letters of St. Catherine of Siena, that great mystic Dominican saint, who inflamed all Italy at the very time in which Henry Suso lived and worked in Germany.

She wrote to popes and cardinals, kings and queens, religious and laymen, correcting, admonishing, exhorting and consoling them, ever beginning and ending her letters with some allusion to the love of God. "The goodness of God," she wrote, "finds an attractive way (to win back sinners), the most gentle and loving possible to find. For it sees that the heart of man is in no wise drawn as by love, because he was made by love—both his soul and his body. For by love God created him in His image and likeness, and by love his father and mother gave him substance. It is of the nature of love to love when it feels itself loved, and to love all things loved of its beloved. So when the soul has by degrees known the love of its Creator toward it, it loves Him and, loving Him, loves all things whatsoever God loves."

Quite in harmony with her own theory and practice, therefore, she writes to Pope Gregory XI: "On with benignity, Father! For know that every rational creature is more easily conquered by love and benignity than by anything else."

To make every sinner see and feel this all-moving, winning, conquering love of God was the great task of the Servant of Eternal Wisdom, as it was of all other mystic writers. Praying in the name of all, he said: "Lord, let me reflect on that divine passage where Thou speakest of Thyself in the Book of Wisdom: 'Come over to Me all ye that desire Me and be filled with My fruits. I am the mother of fair love. My spirit is sweet above honey and the honeycomb. Wine and music rejoice the heart, but the love of wisdom is above them both.'"

Nature may be considered the first book which the saint opened to make us see the love of God. "God is love—and all His works whatsoever are love alone, for they are not wrought of anything save love."

Man, blinded by sin and self-love fails to see God in nature. He covets all, wishes to possess all, to enjoy it and to rule over it. Jesus Christ on many occasions, but especially in his Sermon on the Mount, points out the origin and meaning of creatures. "Behold the birds of the air, for they neither sow, nor do they reap, nor gather into barns; and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they labor not, neither do they spin. But I say to you, that not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed as one of these" (St. Matt. vii, 26, 28).

For the mystic saint, every ray of light and every little flower was as a voice preaching the love and goodness of God. Let us quote from the famous ode of St. Francis of Assisi:

"Praise be to Thee, my Lord; with all Thy creatures,  
Especially to my worshipful brother sun,  
The which lights up the day, and through  
him dost Thou brightness give;  
And beautiful is he and radiant with splendor  
great;  
Of Thee, most High, signification gives.

"Praised be my Lord for sister moon and for  
the stars,  
In heaven Thou hast formed them clear and  
precious and fair.

"Praised be my Lord for brother wind,  
And for the air and clouds and fair and every  
kind of weather,  
By the which Thou givest to Thy creatures  
nourishment.

"Praised be my Lord for sister water,  
The which is greatly helpful and humble and  
precious and pure.

"Praised be my Lord for brother fire,  
By the which Thou lightest up the dark,

And fair is he and gay and mighty and strong.

"Praised be my Lord for our sister, mother earth,

The which sustains and keeps us,

And brings forth diverse fruits, with grass and flowers bright."

Blessed Henry Suso understood and enjoyed nature. To him "All creatures cried aloud it is I (God)." "Lord," he exclaimed, "when I behold all living forms of beauty, all gentle creatures, they say to my heart: 'Behold His goodness from Whom we proceed, from Whom all that is beautiful has issued.' If I traverse heaven and earth, wood and grove, mountain and valley, lo! they one and all fill my heart with the rich canticle of Thy unfathomable praise."

The second book which Blessed Henry Suso opens to teach us the love of God is the human heart. In the work of creation, as described in Genesis, we find degrees of perfection. First, we behold the earth, void and empty, then the beautiful light on the following day, then green, growing herbs and fruit-bearing trees. Next, the living and moving creatures, the fishes in the water and the birds in the air. The more perfect the creature, the more clearly does it proclaim the love of the Creator that called it into existence. On the sixth day God made man to His own image and likeness, and man, being the living image of God, reflects the love of God even as "the mirror reflects the face of man and the sun its light upon the earth."

Jesus loved the innocent little children. He beheld in them something angelic, something of His heavenly Father. "See that you despise not one of these little ones," he warns, "for I say to you that their angels in heaven always see the face of My Father Who is in heaven." "Suffer the little children to come to Me," he admonishes, "and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

Add to this innocence of the children the charity of the holy women, the zeal

of the Apostles, and the fortitude of the martyrs, and the human soul becomes truly sublime. In its presence all gems and jewels, all that the world considers dear and precious becomes little and insignificant, even as the millions of artificial lights fade away in the presence of the rising sun. To such a soul we may rightly apply the words of Scripture: "She is more precious than all riches, and all things that are desired are not to be compared with her." Such an image of God, adorned with virtue, by its presence and personality touches and elevates the hearts of men.

It is for this reason that we find a St. Dominic, a St. Francis and a St. Ignatius surrounded and followed by so many saintly disciples.

By the charming religious disposition of his character Blessed Henry Suso made the love of God known, and virtue attractive to all who saw and heard him. Very marvelous is the chapter entitled: "How he turned some loving hearts from the love of creatures to the love of God." He explains his theory and practice by citing an example:

A beautiful young woman led a worldly life and associated with dangerous company. Her sister asked Blessed Henry to admonish and save her. When he tried to do so, he was only met with insults and rebukes. But he prayed and persevered. The words that finally caused her to repent are interesting, for though they seem so simple and human, yet they had the desired supernatural effect. "Verily, beautiful maiden, art thou chosen by God; therefore, why wilt thou still tarry and offer thy love to the evil one? Thou hast been formed so well by God that it is, indeed, an evil report which says that thou desirest to belong to any one save the Lord. Behold, God desires thee for His own. His love is eternal."

Such gentle, simple words touched her heart. She renounced her worldly companions and spent the remainder of

her life serving God devoutly in a cloister.

The love of God is reflected in innocent children and virtuous souls, but still better in our own hearts. "The Kingdom of God is within you." "The beauty of the queen's daughter is from within." "Know you not that you are the temple of the living God?" says Scripture.

Most of the children of the world are too busy and distracted to study themselves, therefore this wonderful book, filled with evident proofs of God's great undying love, remains sealed for them. Blessed Henry Suso loved solitude, kept silence, and guarded his eyes that he might hear the mysterious voice of God speaking to him of love and goodness.

St. Catherine of Siena repeats most frequently and recommends most highly this salutary advice: "Make two houses for thyself," she writes, "the actual home, and the spiritual home, the cell of true self-knowledge, where thou shalt find within thyself knowledge of the goodness of God. And from the knowledge of God which the soul finds in itself it wins all virtue. Thou knowest that every virtue received life from love, and love is gained in love—that is, by raising the eye of our mind to behold how much we are beloved of God. Seeing ourselves loved, we cannot do otherwise than love; loving Him, we shall embrace virtue through the force of love and shall hate vice and spurn it."

The third great book which teaches of the love of God is the sacred humanity of Jesus Christ. "For God so loved the world that He gave His Only-begotten Son." The whole life of Christ is a manifestation of divine love, but we behold it most clearly on the Holy Cross, "Greater love no man hath than that he lay down his life for his friend."

Blessed Henry Suso lays great stress upon this truth. "If thou art wistful to behold Me in My uncreated Divinity, thou must learn how to know and love

Me here in my suffering humanity. My unfathomable love shows itself in the great bitterness of My Passion, like the sun in its brightness, like the fair rose in its perfume, like the strong fire in its glowing heat."

By describing the bitter Passion of Christ, the saint tries to move the hearts of sinners. He has many beautiful chapters on this subject. We shall cite a few quotations: "Thou didst not only suffer death for me," says the Servant of Eternal Wisdom, "but Thou didst also seek to offer whatever is deepest in love. 'Behold!' Thou criest aloud, 'was there ever a heart so full of love as Mine? My heart has been pierced and slain and bruised, that naught in Me might remain unsacrificed, that ye might know My love!'"

Eternal Wisdom answers and says:

"As the parched mouth longs for the cooling draught, and the dying man for his youth, so have I longed to help all sinners and to give Myself to them. Therefore was I bruised, but each bruise was a sign of My love."

More vividly to picture the love of God, Blessed Henry asks us to meditate on the Blessed Mother at the foot of the Cross. "Pure Lady," he prays, "noble Queen of Heaven and Earth, touch my stony heart with one of thy scalding tears. Let me feel thy grief." "Know well," comes back the answer, "that the dearer, the sweeter, the more precious the beloved one is, the more unbearable is his loss in death. But who can be compared to my beloved one, Jesus Christ? I lived only in Him, and when He died, I, too, was slain."

The saint then introduces a touching dialogue between Jesus on the Cross and Mary under the Cross. Mary in her agony cries out: "Oh, who will permit me to die for Thee, to suffer this bitter death for Thee? Oh, greedy death! why sparest thou me? Take me with my poor Child!"

But Jesus consoles His Mother and says that man can be redeemed in no other way. "Woman, cease thy weeping; My fair Mother, I will never forsake thee."

"Unutterable misery!" cries out the Servant, "He is afflicted because His Mother sorrows, and the torture of His sorrowing Mother consists in the innocent death of her beloved Son. He beholds her and consoles her tenderly. She stretches out her hands to Him and would gladly die in His place. O ye pure hearts," he concludes, "let the pure blood which fell upon the Mother enter your hearts! Come and see, you who have sorrowed, if ever there were sorrow like unto this sorrow. Truly it is marvelous that our hearts are not moved to pity and compassion, for did not even nature suffer? The rocks were rent asunder, the earth trembled and the sun was darkened."

Aptly does St. Catherine speak of this "book of love." "God," she says, "seeing that man is so ready to love, throws the book of love straight at him, giving him the Word, His Only-begotten Son. For nails would not have held God-and-Man fast to the Cross had not love held Him there. So, then, with love has He drawn us, and has conquered our malice with His benignness, in so much that every heart should be drawn to Him."

The fourth book of love teaches us divine love in the Blessed Sacrament. This is the most wonderful of all. St. John, "the Disciple whom the Master loved," speaking of the Last Supper, pictures Christ's love by saying, "Jesus, having loved His own, loved them even unto the end." He meant to say that at the Last Supper, when Jesus instituted the Blessed Sacrament and gave His Flesh as meat and His Blood as drink, He went as far as infinite love could inspire Him to go. He gave us the masterpiece of divine love. To illustrate this thought briefly, we will quote

the beginning of the chapter entitled, "How we ought lovingly to receive God." It is a most charming dialogue between the Servant and Eternal Wisdom. The Servant says, "O Eternal Wisdom, could my soul but penetrate the heavenly shrine of Thy divine mysteries, I would question Thee further of love, and thus would I ask: 'Lord, Thou hast poured out so fully Thy divine love in Thy Passion, canst Thou show further signs of love?'" Eternal Wisdom answers: "Yea, even as the stars of heaven are countless, so are the tokens of My unfathomable love without number."

Again the Servant speaks: "O sweet Love, O tender Love, elect! How my soul languishes for Thy love. Turn Thy countenance towards me, outcast that I am. Behold, all vanishes and passes away in me, except the one treasure of Thy ardent love. Tell me more about this rich and hidden treasure. Lord, Thou knowest well that the lover yearns for the Beloved and even desires more love, however unworthy he may be, for such is the effect of the omnipotent power of love. O beautiful Wisdom, tell me the greatest mark of love that Thou in Thy human nature didst show forth, beyond Thy bitter death."

Eternal Wisdom speaks: "Tell me, which of all things is most pleasing to a loving heart?"

"Lord," answers the Servant, "nothing is so pleasing to a loving heart as the Beloved Himself and His sweet presence."

"Even so," comes back the reply, "and therefore that naught might be wanting to those who love Me, did My unfathomable love compel Me when leaving this world to go to My Father and give Myself and My loving presence at the table of the Last Supper to My disciples and in all future times to My elect. Well did I know the misery which many a

languishing heart would suffer for My sake."

"Dearest Lord," the Servant exclaims, "and art Thou really, Thy very Self, present there?"

"Thou hast Me in the Sacrament before thee and with thee as truly and really God and Man, according to soul and body, with flesh and blood, as truly as my pure Mother carried Me in her arms, and as truly as I am in heaven in My perfect glory," answers Eternal Wisdom.

Well does the Servant, listening to these words, so sweet and natural and yet so truly spiritual, exclaim: "Lord, what does this world contain which could rejoice my heart more greatly, or that it could desire more ardently, when Thou givest Thyself to me to enjoy Thee and love Thee. Truly, this is the Sacrament of Love."

Such a manifestation, or rather presence, of divine love, creates in the human heart love and an almost infinite desire to love. "Lord, if my heart had the love

of all hearts, my conscience the purity of all angels and my soul the beauty of all souls, so that by Thy grace I should be worthy of Thee, I would fain receive Thee to-day so affectionately, and bury Thee so deeply within my heart, that neither joy nor sorrow, life nor death, could ever separate Thee from me."

Thus by studying constantly the four books, nature, the human heart, the bitter Passion of Our Lord, and the Sacrament of Love, Blessed Henry Suso became the true Servant of Eternal Wisdom. He learned to know God, and the knowledge of God brought joy to his heart. Having thus found Eternal Wisdom, he desired in his ardent charity to teach us to find it also. Let us follow his advice and example and the truth of the words of Eternal Wisdom shall be made manifest to us. "I go forth to meet those who seek Me, and I joyfully receive them that desire My love. The sweetness of My love here on earth is but the foretaste of Love Eternal in Heaven."

## Come With Me

By ESTHER COTTRELL

### XIII

#### A REMEDY

**C**ORINNE came slowly up the path of the old Maddox home lugging a large leather suit case. Miss Milicent fluttered out to meet her.

"Why, my dear child! Come, drop that heavy valise immediately! Ephram will carry it to the house."

"I've run away, Cousin Milly," said Corinne, kissing the old lady's wrinkled cheek, "and when people run away, they always carry their own baggage. Papa

has left town and I've taken advantage of his absence. Will you take me in for a little while? I would like to stay a week or two if you and Cousin Letitia don't mind—"

"Mind! why, my dear child, we are delighted to have you."

Miss Letitia came forward as they reached the steps and kissed their guest warmly.

"Is anything wrong at home, Corinne?"

"No," was the doubtful answer.

"Of course," continued Miss Letitia grimly, "we know that there is always

something wrong. Your aunt is a feather-brain, and your father is an angel not to see her faults more—"

"Oh, don't talk to the child that way," interposed Miss Milicent, "she's dear Cousin Antoine's sister."

"My aunt is very kind to me," said Corinne, with an assumption of dignity that was childish in its obviousness of effort, "I am so tired, I want some rest. These first spring days are so warm that I thought I would like to come here, where everything is so big and cool and quiet. It is like being in the country, and I thought you would like to have me—"

"Indeed, we would! After a girl's first season she is always tired out. Come up to the big spare room. It is always ready and waiting. Supper is at six. John will be so glad to see you. Did you tell him that you were coming?"

"No, I have not seen him for a week, and I did not make up my mind to come until last night."

"I hope," said Miss Letitia, "that John will not fall in love with you while you are here. He is very fond of going to your house. Propinquity is responsible for half the unfortunate matches on earth."

Corinne laughed aloud. "Dear Cousin Letitia, then I'll take my bag and go home."

"Now, Letitia!" Miss Milicent, who had no sense of humor, was eloquent in her remonstrance, "to greet a guest, to welcome Cousin Antoine's child that way! John and Corinne are cousins—they will love each other devotedly and always, but marriage is altogether another matter."

"Cousin Caworth is most rudely indifferent," said Corinne, her eyes twinkling.

"Not rude, dear," corrected Miss Milicent, "I'm sure John is never rude."

"Occasionally I am," said Caworth, appearing unexpectedly at that moment;

"I'm always willing to admit my deficiencies. Of what else am I accused?"

"Cousin Letty fears my fascinations," said Corinne promptly.

"Dear me!" sighed Miss Letitia. "Girls were very different in my day. I believe I should have sunk through the floor rather than have acknowledged so much."

"Go upstairs," said Caworth gaily, "and hide your embarrassment. You're as pale as a sheet. I believe you are not well."

"Oh, yes," she said, with a smile that ended in a sigh, "I am always well."

And so began Corinne's visit to Georgetown. She had come seeking a quiet haven while she tried to reason out what were best for her to do—what was left in life for her. Before she had gone from Marian's home she had guessed Wade's secret. From the seed of a bare suspicion conviction sprung. She recalled many trifling occurrences that made the truth more apparent. Wade's conventional allusions to Marian took on new shades of meaning. Oh, it seemed cruel that he should have allowed her to remain so ignorant while she confessed her love, for now she could have no place in his life—in his heart—when it could be held rightfully by "the other woman." This much was plain—this much she would tell him. She dreaded an interview—and yet, if she refused to see him in her own home, she quailed at the thought of her aunt's questions, for Madame Condé in the privacy of her own family circle never cared to exercise the delicate tact with which she met strangers. She was curious, always blundering in her intercourse with her niece. She resented Corinne's beauty, Corinne's youth. It was the desire to escape from this inquisition of interrogatives that led Corinne to Miss Milly's door where she could decide in peaceful leisure what were best to be done.

She had almost determined to write to Wade, but it would take a week, at least, to compose a letter, for written words are so weak a substitute for speech, so shifting in their meaning, so soundless, so expressionless; she was afraid she might write too much or too little.

The next day Wade called. With a pitiful little tremor in her voice, Corinne told the maid to say that she was not at home. Miss Milicent remonstrated.

"That isn't very hospitable, dear. Is the gentleman objectionable in any way?"

"No," said Corinne, trying to steady the quaver in her voice, "he's one of father's best friends, but I'm tired, and I believe my head aches."

That evening she struggled with her letter. The next day Wade came again and he received the same message. The third morning he sent a big box of flowers with a card, on which he had written, "What is it, dear?" Corinne cried over the flowers and Miss Milicent, who was near-sighted, suggested that she was taking cold, came forward with a half a dozen never-failing remedies and insisted that she go to bed.

Corinne retired willingly. It would give color to her excuse when Wade called. The letter was nearing completion. It was twenty pages long and it was most unsatisfactory. She took it to bed with her and the more she read it the more critical she became of its contents. When the maid announced Mr. Wade, Miss Milicent arose from her low rocker by the window and said, with sweet decision:

"I shall go down and see him, dear. If he is a friend of Antoine's, we are treating him with scant courtesy."

Corinne started up from her pillows, "Oh, I wouldn't," she said, "I wouldn't." She dreaded Wade's frank explanations. He would announce their engagement openly. He must be told the truth at

once. She realized that further delay would bring mortification to both of them.

"Give me a pencil," she said, with a desperate attempt at calm, "I will send him a little note." She picked up the card that was lying on the counterpane and wrote: "Her husband is dead. I can never see you again;" and folding the bit of cardboard, she said, "Now, Cousin Milly, I shall be very grateful if you will give him this," and then, as Milicent left the room, she lay back among the pillows and tore up the pages of her letter, one by one.

Miss Milicent went pattering softly down the hallway and welcomed Wade with the warmth with which a past generation greeted all strangers within their gates.

"My little Cousin Corinne is not well to-day. I have persuaded her to go to bed—"

"Ill?" His great solicitude was apparent. Miss Milicent suddenly realized that she was partaking in a romance, and to be connected with one, even remotely, was a delight to her sentimental soul.

"No, not ill," she said comfortingly, "but I thought she was a bit run down, and I've been dosing her with some old-fashioned remedies that never fail me. I fear she has gone out too much this winter. This is her first season, and girls, in their enthusiasm, are apt to overtax their physical strength—"

"But Corinne seems so strong. I thought she had borne the balls and parties very well."

"She is looking a bit pale and thin," continued Miss Milicent, "so when I realized that she was threatened with a cold I took every precaution."

"Do you suppose she would have seen me to-day?" said Wade, who was growing boyish in his inability to comprehend Corinne's caprice.

"She sent you this," said Miss Milicent, handing him the card.

Wade nervously adjusted his eyeglasses and walked close to the curtained window. "This—this is most deplorable," he said, after glancing at the few written words, "I thought I was too fortunate!"

There was a silence. Wade bit his upper lip in perplexity. "I knew it was too much to expect—I knew I could not remain in such a rarefied atmosphere of happiness for any length of time, but I'm not going to rest until I try for it again. I've been a fool—a big fool—"

Miss Milicent did not shudder at this strong language. She even smiled an appreciation of his humility. "Corinne is such a dear child," she said, not knowing what else to say.

"Yes, she is only a child," he said, "and I can't make her see my view-point unless I can talk to her. I've written to her three times, but she does not answer my letters. Do you think you could help me in any way?"

Miss Milicent confessed to a feeling of enjoyment. It had been so long since she had had to face a sentimental situation. She began to study admiringly every strong point in Wade's homely face. "Oh, yes," she said impulsively.

"How?"

The question seemed unanswerable.

"I should have added, as far as I am able," said Miss Milicent, in an embarrassed tone.

"It's this way," continued Wade, with naive frankness. "I'm in love with Corinne with all my heart, and her father—I may say I have her father's full consent, but she fancies—she fancies that there is some one else—"

"Corinne jealous! She does not seem to possess a jealous temperament."

"Well, I wouldn't call it jealousy. She firmly believes that I care for some one else. If she will not see me, how can I convince her that I do not?"

"I think," said Miss Milicent, after a moment's reflection, "that if you would take a woman's point of view—"

"That's what I want," he interrupted her, "I'm up against a woman's point of view—"

"Then, go away." She was abashed at her own daring and a bright spot burned on either cheek as she made the suggestion. "Give her time to believe that you are seriously contemplating the other woman, then come back."

He listened respectfully. "I believe you are right," he said.

"I know I am."

"Is it one of those blessed, unfailing remedies?"

She smiled back at him. "I am very old," she said, "and life has taught me that the hardest thing in life for a man to comprehend is a woman—even an every-day sort of a woman."

## XIV

### A CLUE

In the days that followed Caworth was puzzled by many things. Corinne, who had always treated him with cousinly candor, seemed to have suddenly retreated behind an impregnable wall of reserve. She spent her mornings wandering aimlessly in the garden and her afternoons playing plaintive little airs on the cracked piano. Her varying moods were incomprehensible. Marian did not come near the house. Even a family of paupers who possessed a budding musical genius failed to bring her. She wrote a short note to Miss Milicent and enclosed a check to be dispensed liberally if the story of the genius could be verified. Caworth picked up this note after Miss Milicent had read it once aloud and read it again with renewed interest.

"What is the matter with Miss Penworth?" he asked, with studied indif-



ference. "Has she cut your acquaintance?"

Miss Milicent was darning Caworth's socks. She went on with her cross-stitching and said, calmly:

"The child has many social obligations. I'm sure she is far from being a snob."

Miss Letitia, who was apparently deep in a work of esoteric philosophy, looked up and said: "Really, Milicent, you talk in a strange way. I'm sure we have been sought after by snobs long before this. If John is so anxious to find out something about Miss Penworth, why doesn't he go and call on her? I'm sure a faint heart is never attractive to a woman. I believe the best of them have to be bullied into matrimony. I believe that obedience is a virtue that they all long to practice, but it takes a strong man to convince them of the fact."

Caworth leaned back in his chair and listened thoughtfully. "Your reflections, Aunt Letitia, are always valuable, but when a lady seems to purposely avoid asking a man to call what advice have you to offer?"

"But has she?" questioned the old ladies in chorus.

"She has."

"That is most inexplicable," said Miss Letitia, with a puzzled frown.

"I intend to give a party," said Miss Milicent, with delightful irrelevance, as she absent-mindedly rolled together two socks of different hue.

"A party? What for? To invite Miss Penworth?"

"Corinne needs cheering," Miss Milicent went on, "she is looking white and wan."

"What's the matter with her?" queried Caworth.

Miss Milicent turned her conscious eyes upon her stockings, while Miss Letitia said sternly:

"I suppose it's her aunt. Amitte is not agreeable in her home—she's such a

flirt—such a silly woman. Corinne has my sympathy. Antoine ought to marry the child off at once to some sensible man capable of taking care of her. Give your party, Milicent, and I'll invite all the eligible men I know."

"We'll have it in the garden," said Miss Milicent dreamily. "The nights are warm now and the May flowers are in bloom, and there will be a full moon next week—I've studied it out on the calendar. John can hang Japanese lanterns around the summer-house, and we'll make the old place look as it did when we were girls."

She had planned it all out in secret for Wade's coming. Somehow the big, strong, homely man appealed to her. Her attitude on this love affair was more sympathetic than motherly. She was reliving her own girlhood in arranging a stage setting such as she would have desired when her own heart fires burned high, when gentlemen courted with a grandiloquence that would seem humorously old-fashioned in these days of saner comradeship.

When Caworth told Corinne about the plan for the party, she looked up listlessly from her book and said:

"I wish Cousin Milly wouldn't."

"Why not?"

"I'm tired," she said, curling up in one corner of the long sofa and returning again to her book, "I'm tired of seeing people—I don't want a party—"

"What's the matter? Are you ill?"

"No."

"What's the matter? Have you and Miss Penworth quarrelled?"

"No."

"Then why don't you go to see her?"

"I was there less than two weeks ago."

"Then why doesn't Miss Penworth come to see you?"

"She's in great grief—she—but I promised I wouldn't tell."

"In great grief—what about?"

"I can't tell."

"What can she have to grieve about? She has everything on earth she wants."

"Maybe she hasn't. Men never know how women feel."

Caworth sat down on the sofa, and shutting Corinne's book with a bang, he took both her hands in his.

"Now, look me straight in the face, Corinne. Something has happened to both you and Marian. Can't you tell me? You once said that cousins didn't count. Perhaps I can help you—"

"No, you can't. No one can."

"Then things will never come right?"

"Never."

"Corinne, you're developing into a misanthrope. It usually only takes two years to see why things happen. Two years is the longest length of time—unless death intervenes."

"This is death," she said.

His mood grew serious at once. "Death to whom?"

"Not to us," she added, hastily.

"Then some one near to you is dead and I haven't heard?"

"Not to me."

"To Marian?"

"Yes."

"I thought she had no near relatives. Is it her aunt?"

"No."

"Can't you tell me?"

"I can't. I promised that I wouldn't."

She seemed so grieved at his persistence that he had not the heart to question her further. He went out into the garden to puzzle the problem out alone. That he should be barred out absolutely from something that touched so vitally the lives of these two girls hurt him, and he blamed himself for his inability to grasp the situation even remotely. After walking through the garden, bareheaded, for an hour, he put on his hat and went to call on Madame Condé.

She met him with a half-pouting smile that was counted one of her chief

charms, and she blamed him prettily for his absence from her tea-table the day before. Then she asked after Corinne.

"Corinne is looking a bit thin. I hope she isn't in love."

"Dear me!" said Madame, "I hope she isn't in love with you."

For one mad moment Caworth thought this might be the solution to Corinne's strange behavior, but he laughed and said: "Nobody ever falls in love with me."

"Well, I hope Corinne won't, for her father has set his heart on having Wade for a son-in-law. Ugh! I believe the man has the heart of a fish—I believe he hates me."

"On Wade?" Caworth was too surprised to contradict Madame's last statement, "and Corinne?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said, shrugging her shoulders, "Corinne does not make a confidante of me. She's so young and so unsophisticated that she will probably make a botch of her life—and speaking of botches, Caworth, look at this hat! That stupid milliner put these feathers on like a Comanche's. I had to take them off and pin them on to suit myself. The first wind that blows will carry them away. I'm going to enlist your services as feather-runner. I'm going to a tea. Won't you come with me and chase the feathers, if need be?"

Caworth accepted the invitation gratefully. He thought he began to understand Corinne's position. She was to be married to a man of her father's choosing. This much seemed plain to him, but how did this affect Marian? And who was dead? Madam would know. He would not question her directly, but the little lady was such an insatiable gossip that she would probably announce every bit of local news she knew. But he was disappointed. During the long afternoon she mentioned Marian's name only once.

"I don't know what Corinne sees in her friend Miss Penworth. She's so puritanically good she makes me feel that my conscience is in a weak, dying condition, and that I must sit up with it half the night. Does she make you feel that way?"

"I can't say that she does."

"Dear me," sighed Madame, "I wanted you to dislike her."

"Why?"

"Well, she's so different from me," she laughed musically.

He smiled tolerantly upon her. "The one does not imply the other. That's poor reasoning."

"Women don't reason, they feel." And there the conversation ended at the door of the tea-room. Madame always found so many acquaintances that she did not have any time to devote to Caworth. He followed her aimlessly about, vaguely hoping to find Marian among the groups of guests. But she was not there.

Going home that night he discovered a clue. It was only a mud-bespattered card lying in one of the flower beds, and he picked it up because he knew that Miss Milicent was particularly averse to papers in her garden. He stopped in the fading light and read, "What is it, dear?" and he smiled at the appropriateness of the question. Underneath was written: "Her husband is dead. I can never see you again." There was no signature, but as Caworth turned the card curiously, he saw that Hiram Wade's name was engraved on the other side. Then he realized that the last words were written in Corinne's handwriting, and the truth—the whole tragic truth—forced itself upon him.

Bewildered, he went to his room and, throwing himself in the big armchair by the window, he thought out the story. He felt half ashamed of himself for having made the discovery. For several

hours he remained motionless, piecing fragmentary and half-forgotten facts together, until even the minutest details were revealed to him, and then he went down-stairs to see Corinne.

He found her sitting in one corner of the white-railed piazza. Miss Milicent was by her side.

"Corinne," he said, and there was a new tenderness in his tone, "will you take a little walk with me? You haven't left the house all day."

Corinne got up indifferently and walked down the porch steps. She was restless. It was too early to go to bed.

Caworth was silent until they reached the middle of the garden path, then he handed Corinne Wade's card, and said:

"I found this in one of the flower beds. I didn't dream that I was doing a dishonorable thing when I read it, but now—now I don't suppose I had any right to look at it, for it tells me too much, Corinne." He felt the icy touch of her fingers as she snatched it from him.

"It cannot tell you everything," she pitifully said.

"It tells me that Marian Penworth was Jim Hollin's wife—it tells me that she has been working for years—years—for me, while I have been knocking around the world enjoying myself, while she saved and denied herself every pleasure—"

"Oh!" gasped Corinne, who had heard from Miss Letitia of Caworth's conscience fund, "oh, I see!"

"And it tells me," continued Caworth, turning in the box-bordered garden path to face her, "that you are very foolish, Corinne. If Wade loves you, you are very foolish to mistrust him, for he is not like many men."

"He loves Marian," she sobbed, "can you not see he loves Marian?"

"That was ended months ago," he said, decisively. "I watched it die."

# The Passing of the Troubadours

By P. G. SMYTH

**I**T was a rich and radiant land of song and chivalry, bathed in the violet light of romance. Stately chateaux raised their turrets over glossy woods and green lawns. White cities nestled by rushing rivers or on the shore where the zephyrs of health drifted in from the blue Mediterranean. Gay chivalry went side by side with merry industry. The rumbling wains, laden with oil and wine for the mart of Arles, or with other products of that fertile soil of wheat, almonds, melons, figs, citrons and mulberries, oft passed a knight musician in glittering mail, followed by his band of jongleurs making melody with voice, pipe and tabor; for the glamour of the Provencal summer was over the country and the gay and gallant troubadours were abroad on their rounds from castle to castle.

North of that glad kingdom of Southern France towered the range of mountains, chief of which is Mont Ventoux; east shone the snowy summits of the Alps; south lay the Mediterranean; west flowed the swift river Rhone.

Such, in the twelfth century, was beautiful, sensuous, languorous Provence, the congenial home of music and song, the cradle of the troubadours.

"Doctors of the Gay Science," they called each other in jest, and never before or since did the Gay Science, which was the study and composition of poetry and music, attract to itself such a numerous force of spirited patrician devotees. No ordinary minstrels were the troubadours. They were mostly proud gentlemen of blue blood and chivalric honors, with the gold spurs of knighthood shining at their heels. They num-

bered among them dukes and kings, and the tinkling of their guitars was heard in many a royal court. No fee rewarded them save the sunny smiles of fair ladies, and their habits were sometimes expensive enough to cause the ruin and loss of estates. But everywhere castle gates flew open hospitably at their approach, and the advent of a distinguished troubadour usually meant the opening of a prolonged festival of merrymaking.

Probably, preserved and nourished by the delicious climate, the love of music in Provence was originally a relic of the Saracen occupation. Five emirs in succession had led armies thither and impressed their tastes and manners on the country. Stimulus was given the Gay Science, when, in 1112, Raymond Berenger, Count of Barcelona, married the heiress of the King of Provence, occasioning lively commingling and interchange of the manners of French and Spanish chivalry.

It was in inspiring springtime, when nature's pulses thrilled with new life, and Provence burst into greenery, that the troubadour sallied forth from his castle and the piping of his attendant jongleurs mingled with the music of the song birds. As a matter of knightly obligation rather than of necessity or martial motive he wore his armor, and his long lance, with its gay, fluttering pennon, stood erect in the bucket at his thigh. His steed was also in covering of steel. Behind him traveled his party of jongleurs—later called jugglers—clad in gaudy doublets and hose, with peacock feathers nodding in their caps, a merry, amusing, dissolute crew of charlatans and montebanks, who acted as publishers for their master by singing the songs

he had written, who were experts at playing various queer musical instruments of the period and at juggling knives and balls and doing a variety of other things to amuse the people.

"Learn, my good jongleurs," was the injunction of the troubadour Girard Calanson to his troupe, "to act well, to speak well, and to extemporise rhymes well. Learn to invent clever and amusing games to please people. Learn to play on the tabor, the cymbals, and the bagpipe. Learn to throw and catch little apples on the point of knives. Learn to imitate the songs of birds with your voices, to pretend to make an attack on a castle as if you were besieging it, to jump through four hoops, to play on the citall and the mandore, to perform on the cloncorde and the guitar, for they are delightful to all. Learn how to string the viol with seventeen chords, to sound the bells, to play the harp, and to compose a jig that shall enliven the sound of the psaltery. A jongleur ought to prepare nine instruments of ten chords, and if he learns to play well on them, they will furnish him with ample melody."

Quite a host of accomplishments to exact from the alert, nimble, quick-witted gentlemen in the gay jackets of peach-color or grass-green, decorated with rosettes and streaming ribbons, with musical instruments hung on their backs and wallets wherein might repose anything from a pair of shoes and a flask of wine to a duck or chicken snatched up on the roadside when the owner was not looking.

Not entirely a time of roses and wine was it for the merry jongleur. If his master sent him with a eulogistic poem to some fair lady and the lady's husband intercepted the same and happened not to approve of it, it meant the whipping post for the poor emissary, with probably the loss of his ears. If he tired of his job and quitted his master it was to court outrage and injury from every mean and vicious person he met, the un-

attached wandering gleeman being looked upon as a vagrant and vagabond who had no rights under the law. He might be robbed, beaten, maltreated, and he had no redress, no more than a wild animal of the forest. He might even be murdered, and there was no law to punish his murderer.

So, onward by bosky woods and pleasant meadows fared the troubadour in his glittering panoply, accompanied by his motley retinue, who made wood and dale resound with lively music until appeared before them the tourelles of some seigneur's chateau. Soon was opened the castle gate, and there in a convenient apartment the attendants, assisted by the ladies and other members of the family, helped the distinguished visitor to divest himself of his gorgeous but cumbersome armor. Breastplate and helmet, greaves and surcoat were laid aside, and over the shoulders of the troubadour was thrown a costly mantle kept for this especial purpose, a garment trimmed with rare furs and edged with gold and daintily embroidered by the ladies of the castle. Then he was conducted to the "troubadour's chamber," where pages brought him water and towels for his toilet.

Then did fires glow and chimneys smoke, and rich and strong came the odor of cooking from the kitchen. At the banquet that ensued the jongleurs played in the minstrels' gallery at the end of the hall, and, by and by, after urgent polite persuasion, the troubadour took his guitar from the hands of an attendant and played and sang some of his own latest compositions—perhaps a sir-vente, which was a war-song or pasquinade, such as that of King Richard's friend, the warlike Bernard de Born:

"Well do I love the lusty spring,  
When leaves and flow'rets peep to light!  
I love to hear the song birds sing  
Among the leafage in delight  
Which forms their airy dwelling.  
And when on tented fields I spy

Tall tents and proud pavilions high,  
 My breast with joy is swelling;  
 Or when I see in legions lie  
 Squadrons of armored chivalry.

"What joy when scouts are skirmishing,  
 And scatter craven knaves in flight!  
 What joy to hear the fighters fling  
 High words and cries about the fight!  
 What bliss is in me welling,  
 When castle walls that flout the sky  
 Stagger to their foundations nigh!  
 What joys are me impelling,  
 When gallant troops a city try  
 With trenches fenced impregably!"

The troubadour muse also took the form of aubade and serenade, chanson, sonnet, sixtine (of six stanzas), discord, ballad, novel, romance, planh or dirge, tenson or dialogue, tournament (in which more than two parties converse) and pastorelle. Even more than arms and men they favored as their themes love and the beauty of women, the prevailing type of beauty to which they thrummed their guitars and poured their numbers being cheeks of vermilion hue, like the opening rosebud in spring, neck white as snow, and shimmering golden hair, usually adorned with flowers. Yellow-haired damosels formed the troubadour standard of ladye lovely; brunettes do not appear to have been popular.

In the daytime the jongleurs played on the castle ramparts while the company enjoyed themselves on the sward below. Perhaps a tournament was got up to give zest to the occasion, with heavy galloping of destriers, grand shock of meeting champions and splintering of headless lances on shield and breastplate. Then, outside the lists, the jongleurs played and yelled to encourage their master. A rough and dangerous game that of jousting, for all the starry eyes and encouraging smiles of the noble dames and maidens in the gallery. Sometimes the gallant troubadour's journey, "allar par le mon" (to go through the world) came thus to a sudden end, and his lamenting bereaved

jongleurs had to bear his dead body back to his castle.

The troubadours soon left their impress on society. The spectacle of gallant and courtly gentlemen vying with one another in the gentle art of poetry-weaving tended to the advance of culture and refinement. There did not, however, fail to crop up occasional extremes, extravagancies, grotesqueries, among the aristocratic sons of song. Despondent in love, Richard de Barbesieu, like Goldsmith's Edwin, went away and built himself a little hut in the depths of the forest, where he lived as a hermit until one hundred couples begged the Countess de Touai for his recall. Ten midnights in succession did William de la Tour bear the dead body of his layde-love forth from the tomb and address her as if she were alive, finally undertaking to recite the whole Psalter and five hundred Pater Nosters and Aves every day for a year for the repose of her soul. Pierre Vidal, grand Quixote of the order, dressed himself in a wolfskin and had himself chased by hounds on the mountains, with the result that he was worried nearly to death. Under Richard Coeur de Lion he embarked on the third Crusade. "My enemies tremble at my name," he declared. "The earth shakes under my steps. All that oppose me I bruise and cut to pieces." In Cypress he was made the victim of a pernicious joke by being induced to marry a young Greek girl, who they told him was niece to the Emperor of the East and heiress to untold wealth and who would in time bring him the crown. He therefore announced himself Emperor of Constantinople and the East and caused a throne to be carried before him. Yet, eccentric butt for jesters that he was, Vidal's poetry and music were divine and in his art he was a prince among troubadours.

Harmless aberrations those compared to the viciousness that darkened and distorted the mind of one who was un-

worthily dubbed "the first of the troubadours," namely William IX, Count of Poitou and Duke of Aquitaine, hater of the Church and of all things religious, promoter of social disorder and immorality. His verses were coarse and brutal insults to the virtue and honor of woman. To a regular troubadour, gentle and refined, he was as a buzzard to a nightingale. In open flout and defiance of the Church he married another man's wife, Malberge, who had been spouse of the Vicomte de Chatellerand. But stout of heart, spirited and devoted, was the Bishop of Poitiers, who waited upon the malignant old sinner in his castle, boldly denounced him for his crimes and proceeded to read the formula of excommunication. With a furious oath the tyrant laid his hand on his sword and vowed he would run his unwelcome visitor through on the spot unless he ceased his reading. The bishop, pretending alarm, asked for some moments for consideration, which being granted, he secretly finished the sentence.

"Now, Sir Count," he said, "I have done my duty to God, and I am ready. Strike!" and he offered his breast to the steel.

But William of Poitou clashed his sword back into its sheath, saying: "No; you have done your duty, and you are at your prayers. I do not love you well enough to send your soul to paradise; but I will send your body into exile." And he banished the courageous bishop from his dominions.

Grandchild of this impious William was the notorious and volatile Eleanor, queen of Louis VII of France, afterwards, divorced, queen of Henry II of England. A lover of sensation and display of every kind, she determined to accompany her first husband to the second Crusade. Arraying herself in martial panoply of helmet and breastplate, she gathered around her a troop of amazons in similar warlike equipment and set out, first sarcastically sending to

stay-at-home knights the discarded distaffs of the party, intimating that the recipients were no better than spinning housewives. Entrusted by her foolish husband with command of the van of the army, she led it whither her fancy dictated, as, swayed by picturesque features of the landscape, often placing her troops in grave peril from the enemy, and varying the martial exercises with love passages with Saracen emirs. After her divorce from Louis she was married at Bordeaux, chief court and residence of herself and her evil grandfather, on May 1st, 1152, to Henry II, then Duke of Normandy. For her the old profligate William abdicated his vast domains, making her heiress of Gascony, Guienne, Poitou, Saintonge and Toulouse, in the south of France and forming what were known as Provencal countries. The crest of William of Poitou was a leopard and his war-cry, "St. George for the puissant Duke," which war-cry passed across the Channel, the final part being changed to "merry England," while the leopard was afterwards increased to three, later transformed to lions, as now shown on red ground on the British standard.

At Bordeaux Queen Eleanor presided over her "Court of Love," when those piquant councils of aristocratic dames became the fashionable female fad. The most celebrated of these courts were those of Queen Eleanor, of Viscountess Ermengarde of Narbonne, of the Countess of Champagne, the Countess of Flanders and the ladies of Gascony. In Provence were the courts of Avignon, Signe, Pierrefeu, Romanin and other places. History has preserved the names of a large number of the ladies who acted as judges and juries in these courts. They were mainly married women and widows. Ten, twelve, forty, sometimes as many as seventy, sat around in their tall white head-dresses, gravely maintaining and discussing the unholy cant of free love, airing their

silly and destructive theories with perverted feminine ingenuity, amusing themselves to the top of their ridiculous bent, and trampling with silken slippers on the dignity and sacredness of the marriage relations.

Love in all its moods and tenses, "la grande passion" taken by instances and investigated, analyzed, approved and sealed—that was what absorbed the consideration of the baneful gossips of those medieval "hen clubs," and radical and startling were some of the judgments issued, especially from the court of Her Majesty Queen Eleanor.

And now into these pleasant Southern districts, where the select female society that should be the guardian of the hearth and home was playing wantonly with wildfire, there came boldly, as upon roads made straight and broad for them, the active disseminators of a strange, new, repulsive creed that interested and fascinated while it shocked.

The Albigenses were in the land.

Originally a small sect of enthusiasts that had caught up some bits of scraps of Oriental mysticism, their belief involved a duality of principles, of Eternal Good and Eternal Evil, and consequent relaxation or abandonment of moral restraint and adoption of general licentiousness, to the sacrifice of public and private decency. Christ was denied, and the Virgin Mary; baptism was derided, and transubstantiation, and the finger of contempt and ridicule was pointed at the clergy and the Church.

In the sensuous and sensual south of France, under existing conditions of high society, the introduction of such a creed was like putting a match to a powder magazine. It was broad enough to suit the broadest, outdoing even the Courts of Love. The Albigenses, so-called from their native Albigeois, made a lively and aggressive campaign. They distributed leaflets, written with the main tenets of their doctrine, on highway and byway. They went and

preached vehemently among the people. Their bishops and deacons, who claimed to be in direct communication with the Holy Ghost, blew seven times into the mouths of the believers, which was supposed to induce the presence of the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity. In the halls and boudoirs of noble ladies, where late was heard the tinkling of minstrels' guitars or the sound of silvery accents discussing the mysteries of love, was now heard the persuasive voice of the Albigensian preacher enunciating a doctrine seemingly well suited for lewd troubadours, dissolute jongleurs and wanton dames, and the spinning, white-capped auditors hearkened to him with particular attention.

Soon the new creed finds recruits among the troubadours—recruits who begin to express themselves with all the virulence of renegades. "God confound thee, Rome!" sings William de Figueira. "Thou draggest all who trust in thee into the bottomless pit. Thou forgivest sins for money, and takest the offences of others on thy shoulders, too much charged as they are with guilt already."

But other troubadours remain loyal and raise their voices for the ancient faith. "Thy laws, O Rome," sings one, "ought to be strictly adhered to forever. Well I trust thy power will triumph over all pride and over all heresy. Cursed be those heretics who dread no vice and believe no mystery! Viler than Saracens are they, the dearest of whose wishes is that the people of Avignon, instead of going to Paradise, should be doomed to the flames of hell."

And now, grown great in numbers and influence, the Albigenses became bold, fierce, intolerant. Where their doctrine was rejected they ravaged the country like bandits, creating ruin and desolation. They tortured priests and nuns, burned churches, trampled under foot the Holy Eucharist.

For aid to suppress those atrocities Count Raymond of Toulouse appealed



to the King of France: "Our churches are in ruins, penance is despised, the Holy See is held in abomination, all the sacraments are rejected—yet no one thinks of offering resistance to these wretches." The King would have sent the desired assistance, but Pope Alexander III interfered on the grounds of mercy, with a proposal to try the effects of an ecclesiastical mission to the afflicted districts before harsher measures were adopted.

Abbot Stephen of St. Genevieve, sent by the King to Toulouse, reported: "I have seen the dwellings of men changed into the dens of beasts."

With Christendom fallen upon evil days at home and abroad, a strong man was needed for Pope, and such there came to the tiara in 1198 in the person of Innocent III, aged thirty-seven, pious, talented, vigorous and of noble blood, descendant of the Counts of Segui. He at once laid an able hand on the helm of the barque of Peter.

What struck Pope Innocent was the prevailing apathy and indifference of the French prelates and clergy with regard to the progress and excesses of the Albigenses. Towards the curbing or suppression of the latter he appointed a fresh commission, appointing as his legates three Cistercian friars, namely the stern and severe Abbot Arnold of Citeaux, ascetic Peter de Castelnau, and Rudolph. To them he bitterly wrote: "The pastor has become a hireling; he no longer feeds the flock; wolves enter the fold and he is not there to oppose himself as a wall against the enemies of God's house."

Old Count Raymond of Toulouse had passed away, he who applied to the King for aid against the Albigenses, and the latter were now under the avowed protection of the late count's son and successor, also called Raymond, whose policy was one of coquetting with both parties.

Strong and stronger had grown the hosts of heresy, and blue and desperate was the outlook for the Catholics, when the legates, weary and baffled, one day held council in the neighborhood of Montpellier. Hearing that some Spanish ecclesiastics, a bishop and a young friar, had arrived in the vicinity, they sent inviting them to assist in their conference, and they responded. On their arrival the bishop looked around in surprise and disapproval on the retinue of the legates. He saw gaily caparisoned steeds, richly dressed servants, piles of costly and cumbersome baggage, an appearance of display and magnificence out of keeping with the effective preaching of the Gospel of Christ. The young friar, who, although barefooted and wearing the white habit and surplice of the Augustinian Canons, was a Castilian of patrician line, noted the same with similar emotions.

"My brothers, my brothers," said the prelate, shaking his head, "it is not thus you must act. Your adversaries seduce simple souls with the appearance of poverty and asceticism; by presenting to them a contrary spectacle you will scarcely edify them. You may destroy them, but you will never touch their hearts."

But none seemed willing to be first to adopt the bishop's ascetic ideas; the luxuries of life seemed especially valuable in the war-wasted province.

"Excellent Father, what would you have us do?"

"Do as I am about to do;" and, naming a small party of ecclesiastics to stay by him, the bishop directed all the rest of his attendants to return to Spain, with his carriages and baggage.

Following his example, the papal legates also sent away their followers and baggage, retaining only the books necessary for the recital of the Divine Office and the confutation of heretics. They all set out together towards Toulouse, stopping at different places to

preach to the people. Thierry and Baldwin, two of the leaders of the Albigenses, lived in Carmain, a town near Toulouse, but here the band of Catholic missionaries received a respectful reception and hearing from the people, who would have banished the Albigenses from among them but for the interference of the lord of the place. Beziers, Carcassonne and other towns were visited; Catholics were strengthened in the faith, repentant Albigenses received back into the Church.

At Fanjeaux a remarkable incident took place, which is recorded as a miracle by historians. Here the missionaries held a controversy with their opponents. Each side had set forth in writing the strongest defence of its cause. That on the Catholic side was prepared, by the young Spanish friar already mentioned. By the wonderful strength and eloquence of his preaching, Brother Dominic, as he was called, had demolished the arguments of error and won many souls back to the Church, and the Albigenses had already come to regard him as a most formidable enemy. They demanded an ordeal by fire. "Accordingly a great fire was lighted," says Blessed Jordan, "and the two volumes were cast therein; that of the heretics was immediately consumed to ashes; the other, which had been written by the blessed man of God, Dominic, not only remained unhurt, but was borne far away from the flames in the presence of the whole community. Again, a second and a third time, it was thrown into the fire, and each time the same result clearly manifested which was the true faith and the holiness of him who had written the book."

A word as to the eloquent friar in the white habit, whose book braved the flames. He was Dominic Guzman, born in his father's castle of Calahorra, in Old Castile, and he was now in his thirty-fifth year. Ten years previously he had taken the habit of the Canons Regular in the

church of Osna, of which his venerable companion, Don Diego de Avezedo, was bishop. Together the pair had been sent by the King of Castile to negotiate a marriage between his eldest son and a princess of Denmark, but the untimely death of the latter rendered their journey abortive. In Paris they visited Queen Blanche, to whom the bishop recommended the devotion of the Rosary—that, about 1205, being its first mention in history. To the Queen was afterwards born a child, who was the illustrious St. Louis. Accidentally, on their way back to their native land, Bishop Diego and Brother Dominic had fallen in with the despondent legates, whom they charitably undertook to assist in their hard and unpromising mission.

Great was the misery in that fertile and once happy and prosperous district, even among the noble families. So abjectly poor had some of the latter become that under stress they allowed their children to be educated by heretics in the teaching of the degraded new cult. To the rescue came energetic Brother Dominic. At Prouille, a small village near Montreal, at the foot of the purple Pyrenees, he founded a convent where poor girls could be educated and placed it in charge of some holy women gathered from the devastated district. The new sisterhood wore a white habit with a tawny mantle; the superior was a noble lady, Guillemette of Fanjeaux. Archbishop Fulk of Toulouse gave his warm sanction; Archbishop Berenger of Narbonne granted lands and revenues for the support of the establishment; all the Catholic nobles, with Count Simon de Montfort at their head, gave prompt and liberal aid towards that little nest of war-scared doves at the foot of the mountains. In time Prouille became a flourishing convent, mother of a dozen other houses, and reckoned among its prioresses several princesses of the House of Bourbon.

After two years' strenuous labor amid disorder and infidelity in France, the saintly Bishop Don Diego de Avezedo went back to his diocese. He promised to return but was prevented by the hand of death. His departure seemed to be the signal for a general break-up and abandonment of the Catholic mission; French Cistercians and Spanish ecclesiastics melted away to their respective homes and monasteries; heresy and immorality renewed their exulting reign. The papal legates remained; so did Brother Dominic. They found a kind friend in the energetic Fulk, Archbishop of Toulouse, who was in his youth a typical Provençal and troubadour of the troubadours, until a weariness of the world induced him to abandon the Gay Science, to shed his spangled garments for a monk's habit and exchange the guitar for the cross. However, but little could the prelate do to aid them.

Animated with the fire of his race and the loftiness of his purpose, Brother Dominic was fearless, devoted, indefatigable. He went where opposition and danger were greatest. In the crowded market-place, where the quaint beetling gables looked down and the fountains threw aloft their shimmering jets, his intrepid face and form were seen and his eloquent pleading voice heard amid the sea of hostile and derisive faces.

"Why do you not live in Toulouse, or the diocese?" he was asked, by one who marveled at his temerity.

"Because I know many people in Toulouse," he characteristically explained, "but at Carcassonne every one is against me."

Pity that the ugly cult should have made a hotbed of the town, for fair and romantic was Carcassonne, object of pride and yearning to many a heart:

"You see the city from the hill,  
It lies beyond the mountains blue.  
And yet, to reach it, one must still  
Five long and weary leagues pursue.

And to return, as many more!

Ah! had the vintage plenteous grown!  
The grape withheld its yellow store;  
I shall not look on Carcassonne,  
I shall not look on Carcassonne.

"They tell me every day is there  
Not more nor less than Sunday gay;  
In shining robes and garments fair  
The people walk upon their way;  
One gazes there on castle walls  
As grand as those of Babylon,  
A bishop and two generals!  
I do not know fair Carcassonne,  
I do not know fair Carcassonne!"

Through the streets the ribald mob followed and hooted the dauntless friar. They spat in his face, flung dirt on him, tied straws in derision to his hat and cloak, tried to intimidate him with blasphemous oaths and threats.

"I am not worthy of martyrdom," simply responded Brother Dominic, and he passed through the howling array with sublime unconcern, calmly pursuing the tenor of his chosen way. Warned of an ambush laid to murder him, he tranquilly passed by the place, singing a hymn of joy. The would-be assassins refrained from assaulting him; afterwards some of them asked him what he would have done had he fallen into their hands.

"I would have prayed you not to have taken my life at a single blow," he replied, "but little by little, cutting off each member of my body, one by one, and when you had done that you should have plucked out my eyes, and then left me, so as to prolong my torments and gain me a richer crown."

Evidently there was nothing to be gained for the cause of Eternal Good and Eternal Evil and the Laws of Nature by threatening or persecuting or even murdering a man like this; it would be only gratifying and consoling him; they left him in peace.

The spot chosen for the intended assassination, called in the dialect of the country "Al Sicari," is still pointed out

between Fanjeaux, where was Brother Dominic's favorite residence, and Prouille, where he built his convent and school.

Among the Albigenses the young friar made many converts; and his marvelous success was, without doubt, due to the miraculous power of the Rosary which he preached with all the eloquence and force of his ardent nature. Much easier was it to make converts than to get them to adopt the rigorous penance which the Church in those medieval days provided as a condition of taking them back. Brother Dominic had nothing to do with the making of these laws; he had but to administer them as he found them.

Tired of the duplicity of Count Raymond of Toulouse, who had again and again promised to suppress the disorders of the Albigenses and protect the lives and property of the Catholics, but every time failed to keep his word, the papal legate, Peter of Castelnau, at length excommunicated him. Raymond entreated him to meet him at Saint Gilles, so that by fresh submission he might have the ban removed. The legates went as desired, but on the count getting them in his power he upbraided and threatened them with imprisonment if the ban were not immediately and unconditionally removed, to which they answered with reproof and defiance. Next day—it was in February, 1208—as they stood on the bank of the Rhone, which they were preparing to cross, there came galloping in pursuit two armed men, members of the count's household. As they approached, the lance of one was lowered and leveled and plunged into the body of Peter of Castelnau, who sank to the ground, his life escaping through the gaping wound.

"May God pardon you; as for me, I forgive you," he said in his dying gasps to his slayer; to his companions: "Keep the faith and serve God without fear and without negligence."

The murder of the Pope's legate sent a thrill of indignation throughout Christendom. Innocent's patience was exhausted. In March he sent out letters to the nobles of France asking them to lay aside their quarrels and unite against the "rage of heresy." The stern Arnold of Citeaux preached a crusade, and soon glittering columns of men-at-arms, accompanied by a huge, nondescript rabble, led on by hopes of plunder more than by the good of religion, began to move like thunder-clouds on the south of France. In front of the main body was borne a huge crucifix, and there was an immense accompaniment of clergy. Count Simon de Montfort commanded. Slowly the huge host, charged with the lurid lightnings of wrath, rolled down towards the sunny South.

After nigh a century's oppressing, burning and looting with impunity, the Albigenses began to prepare for encounter with a really formidable foe. Their adherents and protectors among the nobility took the alarm. The dames of the Courts of Honor saw to the strengthening of their castles. The handsome, dashing, spirited chevaliers and troubadours of light hearts and easy morals donned their gleaming armor, not now for picturesque holiday display but for the grim business of active warfare. And the swarming forces of invasion swept down even to the Gulf of Lyons, burst into hapless Beziers, and gave the place to the flames. Next to Carcassonne, where the Vicomte de Beziers, who had not been present at the ruin of his city, held command, marched the hosts of the invaders. The streets resounded with merry song and music as the gay and reckless jongleurs sought to keep up the spirits of the besieged. On the walls fought the haughty seigneurs and chevaliers, with their archers and men-at-arms. But as well might they have tried to keep back from an unguarded strand the tide of the ocean. Forward to the walls lumbered and tot-

tered the huge siege machines, each surmounted by a cross. There was a falling of drawbridges, a bounding and pouring of mailed men on to the ramparts, which soon ran red with the blood of obstinate and mistaken valor.

In the church of St. Gilles the excommunicated Count Raymond submitted to penance, swearing on the Eucharist and the holy relics to drive away the heretics, repair the churches, replace the lawful bishops in their sees. In the following year, despite an entreating letter from Pope Innocent, he again ignored his sacred promise. Next year, 1211, at a conference at Montpellier, he seemed disposed to yield; but he suddenly left the city without explanation, and he was for a second time excommunicated. In his condition he depended upon his powerful brother-in-law, King Pedro of Aragon, for aid, protection, replacement in power.

Nor did he depend in vain. Having recently defeated the Moors in the battle of Navas de Tolosa, King Pedro, who was a troubadour himself, was now at liberty to assist his kinsmen and brethren. With a powerful army he entered France. He composed a sirvente or war-song and sent one of his jongleurs, gay with rosettes and streaming ribbons, to sing it as a challenge in the camp of the now uneasy and alarmed crusaders.

"For the love of my lady," went the romantic warning of the troubadour king, "I am coming to drive ye out, barbarians, from that beautiful land that ye have ravaged and destroyed."

To which one of the crusaders retorted in sturdy defiance: "So help me God! I do not fear a king who comes against God's cause for the sake of a wanton." At which the jongleur abruptly ended his chant and in chagrin departed.

The Spaniards advanced towards Moret. To Simon de Montfort, at Fanjeaux, came the news of the move-

ment, which took him by surprise, for King Pedro had been on recent friendly terms with him. Simon had with him only 800 horse and some men-at-arms, but in company with Archbishop Fulk, former troubadour, and brave as zealous, he set out for Moret. On the way he stopped at the Cistercian monastery of Bolbonne, laid his sword on the altar, as if consecrating it, and spent some time in prayer, then went on to Saverdun, where he and his men confessed, in preparation for the inevitable death which seemed to await, and in the morning all communicated and invoked Our Lady of Victories. They entered Moret on the side opposite to where King Pedro's vast army, conservatively estimated at 40,000 strong, stretched away to the westward in gleaming steel wave upon wave, with many an array of champing steeds and bristling grove of spears, over which flew the haughty banners of Aragon and Catalonia and the emblazoned pennons of many a proud grandee. A deputation of bishops was sent to treat with Pedro for terms of peace; they were received with scorn and sarcasm and sent back despondent. Dread and desperation reigned in beleaguered Moret.

The Bishop of Uzes said Mass. Before the altar Simon de Montfort and his chevaliers knelt in armor and prayed for a happy passage into eternity.

Said the commander: "I consecrate my blood and life for God and His faith." The cavaliers mounted, the west gate of Moret was thrown open, and that most forlorn of forlorn hopes rode forth into the jaws of death.

Then ensued one of the most remarkable charges known in history. Like a scythe through the grass De Montfort's squadron tore with leveled lances and active swords and maces through the brilliant hosts of Aragon, leaving the ground behind them glittering with the mailed bodies of dead and dying, and cleaving like a wedge towards and

through the Spanish center. When the crashing, clashing avalanche of steel had passed, there lay King Pedro dead and trampled in his silken surcoat and splendid armor, and his army, crushed and defeated by its own unwieldiness, was in wildest panic flight. The loss of the Spaniards was about 20,000 men, a great number of whom were crowded into and drowned in the Garonne.

Such was the marvelous battle of Moret, fought September 10, 1213. De Montfort, in tears, kissed the face of the slain King and ordered him honorable interment. His soldiers, each of whom wore the Rosary, returned in triumph to the city. Tradition says that, when they spurred forth on their desperate ride, Brother Dominic stood on the battlements holding forth a crucifix to encourage them, heedless of the arrows of the enemy that hissed around him.

Toulouse soon afterwards fell. The dread scourge of war descended in fair Provence. Headed by their commander Almeric and obstinate to infatuation in their championship of an unworthy cause, the troubadours fought heroically. But hopeless were the odds against them. At Lavaur eighty chevaliers, including many troubadours, convicted of complicity with the Albigenses, were gibbeted along the road. The battering-ram broke gaps to admit the besiegers and soon the fanatical and obstinate miscreants were brought to terms and a new and painful chapter in history was written.

So, to the sorrow of Christendom and all lovers of the fragrant, world-brightening flowers of music and song, passed away the old race of troubadours. Evil the day for them and for humanity that they abandoned or ignored the grand old principles of Christian chivalry—promotion of the nobility of man, reverence and defence of the honor and virtue of women—for the delusion of a transient fanatic creed of vice and grossness. In the bonds of silken dalliance, the thrall of luxury and excess, it was melancholy to see the gay and gallant sons of song outliving their usefulness, passing to decay and extinction. But so they passed.

To fortify grieved and shocked Europe against any other such cataclysm, Pope Innocent summoned a great council, which met November 11, 1215. Through the stately windows of the Lateran Basilica the sun's rays slanted in on a distinguished assembly of bishops, abbots, priors and other ecclesiastics from all parts of the Christian dominions. On the fringe of the gathering sat two men in religious garb, quietly conversing with each other, men whose names were destined to be written in light on the page of history—one as the great St. Francis of Assisi; founder of the Franciscans; the other—the courageous Castilian religious who had braved insult and contumely, danger and death, in the recent terrible times in the south of France—as the illustrious St. Dominic, founder of the Order that bears his name.

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## If

By Mary Allegra Gallagher

If I could hide my being,  
 'Twould be my heart's delight  
 To just become a candle—  
 I'd like to be that white,  
 And bright before the monstrance  
 I'd be a golden flame  
 Of love that would consume me—  
 All praise to Jesus' Name!

# Out of Far Lands

By MILTON E. SMITH

I

AMELIA AND TADD

**T**HE cottage was small, but with its old-fashioned porches and large brick chimney, to which the ivy had clung for half a century, it was picturesque. To Mrs. Wiley and her two children it was the dearest place on earth, for it was their home. When the day's work was finished the widow would sit on the front porch weaving lace of her own design, while Amelia and Tadd enjoyed their games beneath the oaks. These noble giants protected the house from storms and provided for the birds a place to build their nests, wherein to hatch sweet singers to join in the chorus of song heard all through the spring and summer.

Amelia was a remarkably pretty girl and had just entered her eighteenth year. She had not only been richly endowed by nature with outward beauty, but her mind had been well cultivated, and, above all, she was most lovable because she thought more of the happiness of others than of her own pleasure. With keen intuition she had long detected beneath the smile on her mother's cheek a shadow, the cause of which she knew nothing. She noticed that Mrs. Wiley seldom spoke of the past, and could rarely be persuaded to talk of her husband, and when induced to do so, changed the subject as quickly as possible.

Amelia thus knew but little of her father, who died, as she supposed, when she was in her second year, about the

time that Tadd was born. She had frequently asked her mother to tell her something of him, and to show her once more his photograph, which she had once seen by accident while assisting in packing the winter clothing into a large chest. Mrs. Wiley always gave some reason for not taking out the photograph; sometimes she said she did not care to risk having the chest opened for fear of moths, and at other times she was too busy; so that Amelia concluded there was some mysterious reason why her mother did not wish to show herself and Tadd the picture of their father, probably because she still grieved in secret on account of his death. Amelia had been told that her father was, at one time at least, a prosperous man and very popular on account of his genial manner and attainments. With this meagre information she was forced to be satisfied, for no one in the vicinity of their home had ever met him.

Mrs. Wiley owned the cottage and a small tract of land, but had depended on her own exertions for a livelihood until the children were old enough to assist her. Now, Tadd was employed in the village store and Amelia was the telegraph operator at the railroad station.

"I am growing tired of this monotonous work," said Tadd one evening as he was walking with his sister. "It is not my mission to draw molasses and measure calico for people who have no higher ambition than to earn just enough to keep them above ground that they may spend half of their lazy lives in the store talking about their

neighbors. I would prefer to go away and become one of the leaders of the business world if mother would give her consent. Here I will never amount to anything more than the rest of our neighbors, who do but little for themselves or for others. In the big cities there are so many opportunities to advance, and I am almost a man and so willing to work my way to the top. I am sure I could do well in Philadelphia, if I could only get a start there. Sister, you have so much influence with mother—won't you beg her to let me go there? Of course I should hate to leave you both, but I think within a few years I could earn enough to support you and mother as you should live, and then I would insist upon both of you coming to live with me."

"I am sure, brother," replied Amelia, "it is not kind in us to keep you here in this dull place when you should have a chance to advance yourself, but mother will never consent to leave Berkley. She loves it as she loves us, and I can't ask her to go away. So, if you leave us you must not expect that we will come to you, although, like you, I am tired of the country. I will speak to mother, however, and try to obtain her consent for you to try your luck in Philadelphia, but don't be discouraged should she refuse to let you go."

At that moment they started to cross the railroad track, not having heard the whistle of the fast express. Amelia had reached the opposite side, but Tadd, becoming confused at seeing the train so close, started to run, when his foot caught between the rails and he fell, the pilot of the locomotive striking him and throwing him at least twenty feet to the side of the road. Amelia fainted, and as the train was stopped the passengers rushed to pick her up. A young man carrying a small

satchel hurriedly made his way to the side of the poor girl and asked the passengers to stand back, as he was a physician. He opened his case without showing the least excitement and administered a restorative. In a few minutes Amelia recovered and at once asked:

"Where is my brother?"

The physician looked down the road and saw the train crew carrying what appeared to be a lifeless body towards the baggage car, and at once went to examine it. At his command the men placed Tadd on the ground and it was discovered that he was seriously but not fatally injured. By this time the loungers around the store arrived and held a consultation whether they should carry the lad to his mother's house or permit the train men to take him to the hospital. Amelia was too weak to be consulted, and the physician said:

"I am a surgeon attached to the hospital to which the road sends its wounded. I advise you to carry the youth to his mother's, and send at once for the family physician."

"Dr. Hadley," said one of the villagers, "the only doctor in this section, went to Philadelphia this morning and won't be home before to-morrow night."

"Too late," replied the physician; "then I must remain here until a later train."

The train that in a second had wrought so much injury passed on, and the unconscious Tadd was gently picked up and a procession formed to take him to his mother's. Two of the women of the neighborhood were trying to console Amelia, and insisted that she should permit them to escort her home, but she declined to go until she knew more definitely the condition of her brother's injuries. As soon as the crowd moved away, she approached the physician and said:



"I am told you are a surgeon. Won't you go to my mother's with my poor brother and do what you can for him?"

"I have already decided to do so," replied the physician, "and if on examination I find it necessary, I shall remain until Doctor Hadley returns. I made a superficial examination and think that his injuries are severe but not necessarily fatal. I shall accompany you home, for you need a little attention, and we can reach your house in advance of the young man. I must say you have shown great fortitude under the circumstances, and I trust you will continue to do so for the sake of your mother, who will be shocked when told of the accident. I requested the most sedate of the men to go in advance and prepare her for the sad tidings."

Noticing that the young lady made the sign of the cross, the surgeon said:

"I see that you, like myself, are a Catholic. Now your religion will serve you well and give you grace to bear resignedly the trial that has come upon you. It is sometimes difficult to understand why these afflictions are permitted until we appreciate what the Founder of our religion suffered for us. I will join you in praying that all may terminate for the best."

"You are indeed kind, doctor," replied Amelia; "I am praying for my mother, for I fear she will not be able to endure this great trial. But heaven has sent you to help us, and I am so thankful."

The prayers of the sorrowing Amelia were answered. Her mother, when informed of the accident, turned deadly pale, but in a moment said:

"The will of God be done." What an effort it was for her to make this act of resignation no one but herself knew. She calmly awaited the coming of the sad procession bearing the mangled form of her only son. She wished to go to meet it, but her friends persuaded her

to remain at home, that, as they said, she might be strong for the work of nursing the poor boy. When, after a painful suspense, she saw the apparently lifeless body of her son carried across the lawn, her strength gave way and she would have fallen but for the support of a neighbor. In a few minutes her weakness passed away and she threw her arms around Amelia, who said:

"Mother dear, this is a sad affliction, but it might have been so much worse. If we must give up dear Tadd, we know he was prepared, for he received Holy Communion this morning, it being the first Friday of the month."

"It is far better, my child," sobbed Mrs. Wiley, "that he should go before—" She did not finish the sentence, but remained silent as though in deep thought for a moment, and then added, "We will pray that the will of God may be done, for God only knows what is for the best. We must send at once for Father James. See if you can find some one who will go for him immediately."

Mrs. Wiley was so calm that Amelia was alarmed, fearful that when she fully realized the condition of Tadd she would become seriously ill. The distressed girl had but one hope, that the priest would arrive in time to console her mother, who evidently was suffering in silence.

While Tadd was being carried into the house Amelia went to the porch to send for Father James, who at that moment came up the walk. Taking the hand of the young girl, he said in a kind, fatherly voice:

"Courage, my child! Now is the time your faith must serve you. If I am not mistaken, you are too generous to envy Tadd the blessing God may send him. For it is indeed a blessing to be called away so early in life from temptation. At best life is very short, and it matters not when we go so we are pre-

pared. But show me the room where Tadd is, for in spite of the doctor I must see him at once. I have yet to hear of a sick person being made worse by a visit from a priest, and I shall anoint the poor boy before the doctor operates on him."

"I am sure you will have no trouble with the doctor for he is a practical Catholic," replied Amelia, as she led the way to the little room where Tadd had been left alone with the surgeon. As soon as Father James reached the door of the sick room, the doctor said:

"Come in at once, Father, for nothing gives me greater satisfaction in cases like this than the presence of the priest, who not only administers to the spiritual welfare of the patient but generally imparts consoling advice that frequently helps the doctor. I am glad to say that the young man has a good chance of recovery if he has skilful treatment and good nursing. I shall remain until the return of Dr. Hadley, to whom I shall turn over the case."

Within an hour Tadd became conscious and was anointed for death, as Father James would not take any risk of his dying suddenly, especially as he did not know that the strange doctor was one of the best surgeons of Philadelphia. When the lad grew a little stronger he was operated on very successfully and soon sank into a quiet slumber.

Dr. Hadley came home sooner than was expected, and when informed of the accident drove at once to Mrs. Wiley's house. He was delighted to find Tadd in charge of the celebrated Dr. Tyler, of the Memorial Hospital, Philadelphia, whom he knew very well. Dr. Tyler offered to turn the case over to the old doctor, but Dr. Hadley would not consent to such a mistake, as he called the proposition.

Dr. Tyler was a man of generous impulses so he readily consented to stay until the next day. He said he would

sleep on a cot in the little parlor, which adjoined the sick room. At the request of Amelia, and on the doctor's advice, Mrs. Wiley retired, with the understanding that she was to be called immediately should Tadd grow worse. It was arranged that Amelia, who had recovered from the shock, would sit by the sick bed until twelve o'clock, and that Dr. Tyler would take her place and watch the patient from that time until morning.

The doctor retired to the little room where he was to sleep until midnight. But sleep would not come to him, for his mind was busy considering many critical cases he had in charge, one of them being the poor boy in the adjoining room. He had endeavored to appear hopeful, that Mrs. Wiley and Amelia might have strength to nurse the patient, but he knew there was danger of Tadd dying at any moment from heart failure.

Although his mind was disturbed by thoughts of his patients, another one came to him unbidden that night. It was of Amelia, whose manner had made such a deep impression on him. In her he saw an embodiment of all the virtues and graces, truth, strength, gentleness and beauty. These he regarded as the real womanly qualities. He had met many as beautiful, but they seemed to be conscious of their beauty; others were as gentle, but they lacked the strength which had enabled her to show so much resignation under the most trying circumstances and for the sake of her mother to bear the sad affliction with calmness. He gave but little consideration to these thoughts, and that he might put them aside at once he went to Tadd's room and commanded Amelia to seek rest, saying he would watch by the lad's bed until morning. Amelia tried to protest, but her will was as nothing compared to that of the strong man. She retired to her room but could not sleep, and when the first stream of

light flashed across the eastern sky she came to Tadd's room, where she found the doctor bathing the face and hands of the boy to reduce the high fever.

Amelia had never had experience in the sick room, but she could not fail to appreciate the serious condition of her brother, and with aching heart she quietly watched the doctor as he performed the duties of the trained nurse.

Time passed with leaden wings, and it seemed to her that Tadd would never recover from the severe attack, but finally he sank into a quiet sleep. The doctor resumed his seat by the bed without addressing a word to the young girl. His silence was to her ominous, and it was some time before she had the courage to put the question she feared to have answered.

"Will he recover?" she asked anxiously.

"I hope so," was the laconic reply of the doctor, who never inspired false hopes. The tone in which he said this destroyed the hope of the poor girl, down whose cheeks ran hot tears. But she soon controlled her emotion and calmly watched the skilled doctor that she might relieve him later of his labor.

At eight o'clock the doctor said it was absolutely necessary for him to be in the city by ten, and that they would be compelled to send for Dr. Hadley. Amelia wished to ask for his bill, but there was something in his manner that would not let her do so, and she quickly said:

"Doctor, mother will communicate with you when she is stronger. Please leave your address."

"It will not be necessary, Miss Wiley," replied the doctor. "I will be here this evening, if it is possible, for I am deeply interested in this case. It has some unusual phases."

When he returned the same evening he saw at a glance that there was but little hope for the poor boy. He suggested that the priest he sent for, as he

was assured that the cottage would have a visit from the Angel of Death before another day had come and gone. Mrs. Wiley's strength gave way under the affliction and Amelia was left alone to bear the burden of looking after the necessary household duties and attending the sick room. Without a word of complaint she moved quietly about, trying to console her mother at one moment, and the next watching by the side of her brother's bed.

Towards morning the doctor spoke: "I can not," he said, "in justice to the living keep silent longer. In another hour our vigil will be over. Science has done its best, but the victory is not with us. You have been a living example of the beauty of our common faith. Need I ask you to seek consolation where your faith leads you, and from the One to Whom the Church points you in every line of her ritual? Tell your mother if she wishes to see her son again in this world now is the time."

Amelia uttered no word of complaint, nor did she shed a single tear as she silently rose to go for her mother, who came leaning heavily on the arm of her daughter to the bedside of her dying son. Father James, who was in the house, was summoned to the sick room and all united in saying the litany for a departing soul. When it was finished, Tadd showed a little temporary strength as the last spark of life sent up a faint ray. He said, while an almost imperceptible smile played around his mouth:

"Mother, sister, I must leave you. Don't grieve for we shall all meet again. Kiss me good-bye."

As Father James, in a voice full of sorrow, said: "Go forth, O Christian soul, from this world in the name of the Father Almighty, Who created thee," the spirit of the youth passed to a brighter world. When the mother and daughter had kissed again the brow cold in death they left the room. Dr. Tyler took entire charge of the arrangements

of the funeral and did not go to the city until they had all been made.

When the body had been laid in the grave and Mother Church had pronounced the last absolution, Mrs. Wiley sank to the ground and it was thought she was dying. Dr. Hadley administered to her and she was taken home, where for a long time she lay hovering between life and death. The old doctor was deeply troubled and feared she would die, as he had tried all his remedies in vain. He finally sent a telegram for Dr. Tyler, who came on the first train. He had been puzzling his brain to find an excuse to go again to Berkley, and while he was, of course, pained to hear of the widow's illness, he rejoiced to be able to aid Amelia's mother, who Dr. Hadley said was in grave danger.

He found Mrs. Wiley very ill, but quickly informed Amelia that she need not be alarmed for the attack would soon succumb to proper treatment and good nursing. He also informed the distressed young lady that he would come to see her mother every day until all danger had passed, which would probably be in a fortnight. When his patient had recovered, Dr. Tyler thought of finding some other excuse for a visit to Berkley. He was not in the habit of seeking excuses for his actions, but he was passing through a new experience and could find no precedent to guide him. Like many others in love, he seemed to think it necessary to disguise his feelings as long as possible. He soon concluded that Cupid is a little tyrant who destroys all known laws and insists that men shall do foolish things to please him.

In spite of his conclusions he frequently went to Berkley, and left for the city each time more interested in the staid little village. He often met Father James, and the good pastor, ever careful of his flock, noticing the doctor's fondness for Amelia's company, quietly

instituted inquiries in the city as to the doctor's moral worth. He was delighted to learn that he was one of the most respected surgeons of Philadelphia, a man of fortune and a practical Catholic. It was, therefore, with satisfaction that he watched the progress of the tender drama.

Amelia did not admit even to herself that she cared especially for the doctor, but she knew that she was happier when he came and regretted to see him go away. If she gave any thought to the matter, she concluded it was because he had been so kind to her mother and brother. Had she been told he loved her, she would have regarded it as a cruel jest.

In her gentle ignorance she had never thought of love, nor supposed that Cupid ever came to take possession of the heart unless invited to enter. She did not know that he delights in weaving around hearts a flowery chain that is very difficult to untwine.

## II

### A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT

Twelve months had passed. Dr. Tyler still found the air of Berkley delightful and that it was necessary for him to enjoy it if he wished to preserve his health. He did not know how he could perform his arduous duties were he not permitted to make those brief visits to the country. His bitter disappointment may be imagined when, upon requesting permission to address Amelia, he met with a decided refusal. Mrs. Wiley firmly but kindly said:

"Dr. Tyler, it gives me much pain to refuse you, but on no condition could I consent to your marriage with my daughter. I have no objection to you personally. You have been more than kind, and I shall ever feel most grateful to you for all you have done for us. As much as we appreciate your visits, I must ask you to discontinue them. I

will only add that I have the best reason for my decision, and that it is unchangeable. It is for your happiness as well as for that of my daughter."

To all the doctor's questions as to the cause of her refusal, Mrs. Wiley maintained a strict silence, positively refusing to add a word to what she had said. She closed the painful interview by again thanking the doctor and asked for his bill for professional services, saying she would settle it as soon as possible.

Dr. Tyler had spoken no word of love to Amelia, but when he went away with such a sad face that October evening so much earlier than usual and after a private conversation with her mother, she began to realize that he was very dear to her; and when her mother told her he would not come again, she was very unhappy, although she kept the secret locked within her breast so that even her mother did not suspect it. She had a double cause for her unhappiness. She was miserable because she loved a man she did not suppose would think of loving a poor country girl, and because she was no longer to enjoy the pleasant visits which brought the only ray of sunshine that entered into her home. From the doctor she had learned much, for he had often told her of the things he had seen in foreign lands and of the discoveries science was making in so many directions. He, unlike the other city folk who came to Berkley for the summer, cared nothing for what was known as the "smart set," but valued men and women for what they were worth. He was proud of his profession and used his skill to relieve suffering without thought of compensation. It was a common thing for him to go with Dr. Hadley to see the poor and to perform for them the most delicate operations when he knew he would not receive a penny for his services, while for the same services in the city he would have received hundreds of dol-

lars. Amelia, in her ignorance, imagined that her mother also would miss the doctor's visits; this thought added to her unhappiness, for she knew that Mrs. Wiley was very fond of him and loved to listen to his intelligent conversation.

Amelia had long been a pupil in the school of sorrow and she secretly felt that she had tasted all the bitter waters of life, little knowing how many dark pools of misery there are mercifully concealed from us, at least for a time. She had always kept her sorrows veiled from even her most intimate friends by a bright, smiling face. Now she had entered upon a new phase of life.

In this new life she realized that she must fight against the emotions of her own heart and put aside all thoughts of love for the one her good angel had sent to the little cottage at the time the clouds were hanging so heavily over it.

### III

#### THE EXPERIENCE OF A NIGHT

One dark night Dr. Hadley was visited by one of his poor patients, who said, as he entered the office:

"Doctor, I don't like to ask you to go where I was to-day, but I was thinking you might scold me did I let a poor fellow die alone like a dog without telling you. So I came straight to you to tell you about it, and then you can do as you please. I kinder think, Doctor, you do that all the time," the man added with a chuckle, "don't you?"

"Sometimes, when you are a little cantankerous," replied the doctor, smiling; "but, John, don't deal in mysteries here. Tell me where you have been and who is sick, if you expect me to help the poor fellow."

"It is a long trip and a tough road, but it is no tougher than the man."

"John, don't waste time talking about the road or the man," replied the doctor,

as he arose and put on his heavy coat and took up a medicine case from the table. "We will start now, and on the way you can tell your story."

"But, doctor, it is miles away—up in the mountains—where I found a wretch dying in a hut. The place is so hard to reach that no one ever goes there and but few of us boys at the mine know anything about it. To-day I was hunting, and sighted a deer which gave me a long chase. I was determined to bag my quarry, for Mike's old woman is sick, as you know, and wanted some venison, and I promised to take a day off and get it; for Mike has to work to make up for time he lost when he had the fever. So I stumbled on the queerest place you ever saw for a man's house. Following a long, winding path alongside bushes that no living thing could squeeze through, I stumbled upon a hut built of logs and stone. Inside I saw a man lying on a pile of bearskins, so sick he couldn't talk. I looked at him and put my hand on his head and said I was going for a doctor. The poor fellow shook his head and motioned for me to go away. If you will go, I'll drive your buggy as far as it will go, and then we must foot it over the stones and briars at least two miles to the top of the ridge. Now I've told you all, and you can do as you please. If you go, I'll go with you."

"Come, John, we have lost too much time already. The buggy is ready and you can drive, for I don't know the road," said the doctor, as he moved towards the door.

It was a long and weary journey from the place they left the buggy to the hut of the hermit. They had walked nearly two miles through the bushes when a brown bear, attracted by their lantern, followed them. Finally, a shot from a revolver convinced the beast that its company was not wanted and it took a different direction. The city-bred doctor after this showed signs of nervous-

ness, and was fearful of wild-cats and panthers. Nothing spectacular again stopped them, so that in due time, after much unusual exertion the lonely hut was reached.

They found the hermit living, but unconscious. The doctor forced a little medicine into his mouth and he was soon able to talk. As soon as he opened his eyes he asked:

"Have you come at last to take me to prison?"

"No, we have come to try to cure you," replied the doctor.

"Then the sooner you go away the better it will be, for I don't want to be cured. Who are you?"

"I am Dr. Hadley. Have you ever heard of me?"

"I have never heard of anybody here, and I want you to go away. Who brought you here to bother me when I have but a few minutes to live? You might let me die in peace. For ten years I have lived here and never had a visitor before and don't want one now."

"Unless you let me help you I will be the last visitor you will ever have. But tell me your name and why you came to such a place to live?" asked the doctor.

"That concerns no one but myself," replied the hermit sullenly. "If you really want to befriend me go for a priest, for I am dying. I want to see a priest and will tell him who I am and why I came here. Now go away and send me a priest; he can help me, but you can't, nor do I want to be helped back to life."

"My friend," said the doctor, sadly, "you will not live until morning and no priest can get here before it will be too late. I am an old doctor and you can tell me if you have anything to make known. I promise to keep your secret, if you have one and will confide in me, but you must not waste time talking to no purpose."

"Would you let a poor human being die like a dog?" cried the dying man,

while tears gathered in his eyes. "If you found your way here to help my body, a priest can come to cure my soul. Go for a priest before it is too late."

The doctor's companion had remained silent during this conversation, but he now approached the dying man and said:

"All right, my friend, I'll get you a priest if you will let the doctor keep you alive until he can get here."

"The doctor can do whatever he pleases, if you will hurry," replied the man, as a new light came into his eyes.

"Surely, John, you don't intend to ask Father James to come to such a place as this, do you?"

"I certainly do," replied John, "and he will forgive me for not doing some other things he wanted me to do. If any man can come here to see a dying man it is Father James, and he will be glad enough of the chance. Don't you think he is as good as you are, doctor? And you came up here without saying an ugly word when the briars stung and the bear came to keep us company, to do the best you could to save the poor fellow's life. He will come, in spite of the rocks, briars and bears, to save this man's soul."

When John had gone, the hermit, who took a drink of cordial the doctor gave him, said:

"Doctor, I will now make a statement that I might not be able to make when the priest comes. I want you to write it down, and when I am dead you can use it." He rested as though in deep thought for a moment, then continued: "I was at one time a practical Catholic, but it is the same old story—first bad companions, then strong drink, then the gaming table. What followed I am ashamed even on my deathbed to tell. My name is Thomas Hastings. I was once a clerk in a New York bank. Fifteen years ago I borrowed secretly from the bank ten thousand dollars. I in-

tended to return the money, for I was not then a thief. But before I could do so, I learned that the shortage had been discovered and detectives were on my track. One night I bribed the watchman to permit me to enter the bank, and I altered the books kept by another clerk and then informed the president that this clerk had taken the money.

"An hour later I realized what I had done, and I sent the clerk an anonymous letter by a boy telling him he would be arrested the next day. He was an honest man, and I believe he became temporarily insane and at once went away. I suppose he drowned himself, for I remained in the bank six years but never heard of him again. I knew his family. He had a splendid wife and two little children. I heard they came up here and I followed them. And I became an exile, for what purpose I know not. My conscience was constantly urging me to hunt them up and tell them the truth—that their father and husband was innocent—but I did not have the moral courage. I won't live to clear the man, or his name, of the blot I put on it, but I can give you the name of the man to whom I paid the ten thousand dollars. He never knew where I got it. He thought I had won it at a game of cards, for I frequently won or lost that much in a single night. After the bank robbery I grew nervous and won comparatively nothing. His name is Hastings, for he is my brother, Frank Hastings. The last time I heard from him he had quit his gay life and had gone to China, where he became a successful merchant and amassed a large fortune."

The hermit was now completely exhausted and Dr. Hadley feared he would not live until the priest came. After he had drunk a little more of the cordial, he grew stronger and begged piteously to have his life prolonged until he saw the priest. He said:

"Doctor, keep my soul in my body a little longer that I may make my con-

fession. I have not always been bad, and I want to make my peace with heaven before I go. Give me your book and I will write the name of the man I ruined. Look up his family and tell them all I have told you. I have prayed nightly that I might have the grace to make a confession before I died. I could have done so at any time, but I could not make restitution without going to prison, which I should have done, but I lacked the courage to suffer that way; but God knows that I have suffered in every other way."

Just as the sun rose above the hills, flooding the earth with rosy light, Father James arrived and heard the man's confession and prepared him for death. Then his soul passed away in that desolate place which had been his home because of a crime committed years ago and for which he had suffered the anguish of soul that made him an exile from the habitations of men.

Dr. Hadley had thought for a long time that Mrs. Wiley was suffering on account of a secret sorrow, but he was unable to offer consolation because he had no idea of its nature. Now that he knew the secret she had guarded so long he was determined to do everything in his power to help her. How to proceed he did not know, until Dr. Tyler came to Berkley to say good-bye before starting on a long voyage to the far East. Dr. Hadley had communicated with the officers of the bank from which the money had been taken and had learned that a portion, at least, of the story related on the mountain was true. But the man to whom the ten thousand dollars had been paid must be found before the good name of Mr. Wiley could be restored—providing that he was an honest man and would assist in undoing the great wrong by the means of which his brother had brought sorrow on an innocent man and his family.

## IV

## A MODEST REQUEST

As Dr. Tyler one evening entered Dr. Hadley's office, the latter seized him by the hand, saying:

"The very man I want to see. Do you know I have been puzzling my brain how to institute a search for a man to be found among the four hundred million heathens in China? I remember you told me you are going to China, so you will find my man, won't you?"

"Why, certainly," replied Dr. Tyler; "it will be mere pastime to pick out an individual among the hordes of yellow-faced Chinese. Just tell me his name and whether he wears a pigtail and I'll find him the day I arrive on the soil of the Flowery Kingdom. Have you any other similar commissions for me?"

"Just be quiet a moment and I'll show you the task is not Quixotic. I do not expect you to make a house-to-house search for this individual. Nor am I asking a favor for myself, but I want to interest you in an enterprise that, if successful, will remove a great burden from the shoulders of a noble woman, a widow who has suffered from a great wrong for years. It is for her and her daughter that I want you to do a little work while you are in China."

Dr. Hadley then related the story of the death of Hastings and his antemortem statement. Dr. Tyler listened with grave attention, which pleased the older doctor, for he saw in the young man's face evidence of his intention of undertaking the work.

When Dr. Hadley had related the story, he said:

"Now, my friend, you know what is to be done. Will you try to do it?"

"With all the energy I possess?" replied the other warmly? "I shall leave no stone unturned to find this man, for I will not deny that I am deeply interested in Mrs. Wiley and her daughter."



"Especially in the young lady," said Dr. Hadley, that he might hide his emotion in a little pleasantry; "you see," he added, "we country doctors know many things not printed in our textbooks. Seriously, let me congratulate you on the good taste you have displayed in coming here for a wife. You might search the world over and you would not find the superior of Miss Wiley."

## V

## A DIFFICULT TASK

The twelve months that passed since Dr. Tyler bade adieu to Amelia would have been the most dreary he had ever spent but for the want of time to think of anything but the work he had undertaken—to find Hastings. It is true, on ship-board he was very lonely and found it impossible to interest himself in the conversation of the passengers. He spent the nights on deck watching the stars, thinking how the same power that keeps them from rushing against one another holds man in its grasp and maps for him as clear a course as it does for them. Then he thought how much truer are the great worlds above us than are men, for they obey the laws of the One who called them into existence, while men are constantly violating the laws of their Creator by doing their own will. He thought of his sudden determination to visit the East when his interest apparently demanded his presence at home; and yet how necessary it was that he should go to China at this time to institute a long and careful search for the one who could lift the clouds from the life of the mother of the one he loved. He was forcibly reminded of the fact that sorrows and disappointments are frequently permitted for our good. Had Mrs. Wiley consented for him to try to win the love of Amelia he would not have thought of going to the Orient. Then there would have been no

chance of the name of his future bride being cleared of the disgrace her father's supposed embezzlement had brought to the wife and children, living so quietly in the mountains of Pennsylvania.

He did not tarry long in Europe, which had no attractions for him now, but went as speedily as possible to Hongkong, where he hoped to hear of Hastings. He fully appreciated the difficult task of finding in China a man whom he had never seen and of whom he had no description. No one among the many he met in the English portion of Hongkong had ever heard of Frank Hastings. At the American Consulate he was informed that a man by the name of Hastings had transacted business there some years previous, but nothing was known of his place of residence, and it was supposed he had retired from business and returned to the United States. The energetic doctor was discouraged, but he had no intention of giving up the search. He did not fail to improve the opportunity to study the diseases prevalent in the East. He visited many hospitals and discovered that in many places the death rate was high because the sick were not skilfully treated and were poorly nursed. He tried several experiments, with the permission of the attending physicians, on patients suffering from a fever common in the East. The majority of those he treated recovered, and feeling that a new field had been opened for him in which he could labor for the benefit of humanity, he at once decided to go to India. While traversing the country from Calcutta to Bombay he was deeply interested in his professional researches, but he did not forget to make inquiry at every stopping-place for Hastings, thinking it possible that the successful merchant had come to India in search of silks to send to Europe and America. Despite his most diligent questioning no one knew of the man whom he sought.

## VI

## A SURPRISING DISCOVERY

With a heavy heart Dr. Tyler left India and went back to China, where a new form of fever was carrying off hundreds daily in the province of Yunnan. After remaining a few days in Canton the doctor went up the Hong Chee river. He realized the danger of penetrating into the interior, but in the pursuit of knowledge he was fearless.

At several places he found temporary missions where improvised hospitals had been established by the Sisters from Hongkong. At one of the missions he discovered a large number of sick, and at the request of the Sister in charge decided to remain for a few days that he might attend the sufferers. In a few days he was about to go on his way up the river when a boat landed with a large number of natives suffering with the fever. Among them was a white man, too ill to tell his name. It required no persuasion to induce Dr. Tyler to supplement his noble work by remaining to treat these new arrivals, who in a short time were sufficiently improved to resume their journey. The evening before the white man intended to depart, he approached the doctor and said:

"I wish to pay my bill, doctor, and as I am a man of some means you are at liberty to add a little to the amount for your work among the poor coolies, for which they can not pay. To your skill I am indebted for my recovery, and I thank you very much for your attention, for it is something new in this heathen country where men are permitted to die like flies. I suppose they think there will always be enough left. But for the Sisters, all those you treated would have died on the river bank, for no one would have thought of caring for them."

The doctor smiled as he replied: "You have forgotten that I am in China and have no right to make a charge for

professional services. What I did was without the expectation of remuneration; and I must confess that the good Sisters deserve all the credit, for it was at their request that I remained here to look after the sick. And let me say that I have been more than repaid by the experience I have had with these cases."

"I am a rich man," interrupted the other, "and insist upon paying for your services. It makes no difference to me that we are in China. You have rendered me valuable service, and as an honest man I shall pay you. I can never forget what you have done for me, and when I get back to America I shall tell my friends, provided I find any living, what you risked to save the lives of the poor Chinese, and how, in doing your charitable work, you saved my life. I was trying to run away from the plague, and was on my way to Canton, to take a steamer for San Francisco, when it laid me low."

Dr. Tyler, anxious to cut short a conversation in which he took no interest or pleasure, handed the stranger his card, and casually inquired his name.

"I am sure you would never have known me had you met me at home, for I have changed in almost every way since I left America. My name is Hastings, Frank Hastings, formerly of New York, but for nearly fifteen years I have lived among the "pigtails," and while I have not acquired a taste for shark fins or bird-nest soup, I am in all other respects a veritable Chinese. Of course, I still hold on to my religious faith, although I have not of late practiced what it teaches. I try to excuse myself on the ground of no opportunity. But the fact is we need guidance and example, although we think our own conscience should be sufficient."

Dr. Tyler was so deeply surprised and delighted at the discovery that he was unable to speak for a moment; then he said, with much feeling:

"Found at last, thanks be to God! You are the man I have been looking for in China and India. Now you can do me a service of much greater value than the one I rendered you."

"There is nothing I would not do for the man who saved my life, but the matter must be of extreme importance if you think it of more consequence than my life, which you saved."

"Of course I did not refer to your life, but to the service I did in attending you."

"Before you tell me what it is, I promise to do it. If it is a loan you need, I will cheerfully advance you any sum you mention. I am grateful to you and would consider half my fortune at your disposal if necessary, for had you not treated me I would have now no use for gold. By the way, I wonder whether the noble Sisters will be offended when I offer to give them a little money. They evidently belong to another world or to a class of humans I have never met, although I call myself a Catholic. Will they, like yourself, decline a donation?"

"Try them and see."

"I shall do so at once, but shall not be surprised if they refuse, as you have, all compensation for their services."

"You may dismiss your fears, Mr. Hastings, for the good Sisters, while they ask nothing for themselves, will be glad to receive money that will enable them to help others. Give them as liberally as you can. As for myself, I am not in need of a loan, but I wish to have a long talk with you on a very delicate subject at the earliest possible moment, and I trust you will defer your departure for a day, and when you are stronger I will let you know why I was searching for you."

"My dear doctor, it will be as much of a treat to talk to an American as the theatre, for I have been talking the jargon of the heathens so long that I will appreciate a conversation in English."

"Mr. Hastings, my conversation may not be as pleasant as you imagine, so I will be very brief and begin by asking you a question. I am sure you are an honest man and I think will be pleased to help undo as far as possible a great wrong. That is, clear a name stained by the action of your brother Thomas."

At the reference to his brother, the face of the man grew a shade darker, but he remained silent, waiting for the doctor to ask the question to which he had referred.

The doctor reflected a moment and then continued: "Do you remember that your brother was a clerk in a New York bank about fifteen years ago and that there was a defalcation in the bank about that time?"

"You are certainly mistaken, Dr. Tyler," replied Hastings, with a show of feeling, "I know nothing about a defalcation at that or at any other time. Please explain your words."

"Keep cool, my friend," returned the doctor, quietly. "I do not doubt you in the least and I made a mistake in not commencing at the beginning of my story. I will ask you another question. Do you remember that your brother paid you ten thousand dollars about the time referred to?"

"I remember distinctly that he very frequently paid me sums of that amount, as I frequently paid him as much," replied Hastings.

"Probably this will refresh your memory," replied the doctor, handing Hastings a paper, which he quickly read.

"I beg pardon, Dr. Tyler. You should have shown me this at first. I see what a fool I have made of myself," he said, as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "Yes, doctor, I see it clearly now. But relieve my anxiety. Tell me, is my poor brother in prison, while I have more money than I can ever use?"

"No, your brother is dead, and you will be relieved to learn that he died a

good death and made all the restitution possible. At his dying request search was instituted for you, that you might remove the cloud from the family he accused of the defalcation."

"Thank God," interrupted Hastings reverently.

"For years Thomas lived the life of a hermit, seeing no one. He was truly sorry for his mistake, and suffered more than he would had he been incarcerated in a prison."

"Dr. Tyler, I will now make a confession, but let me assure you of the fact that I knew nothing about a defalcation. We were sporting men in New York. It was not uncommon for us to win or lose ten or twelve thousand dollars in a single night. We were pleased to be known as the 'Bold Players' of New York, and always paid our losses promptly. Since reading my poor brother's statement, I remember that about the time I left New York for the purpose of beginning a new life, I was for a time very unlucky at the gaming table and found myself in debt for the sum you name. I told my brother that he must pay me the sum he owed me or we would be published among the sporting men as unwilling to pay our debts of 'honor.' He did pay me a large sum and said he had won it at cards. Of course I had no reason to disbelieve him. I paid my debts and at once left the city and came here. I also remember that he grew very morose and restless, and that once or twice I asked him the cause. Let me say one word in his favor. He was a generous, honorable man until his nature was changed by the vice of gambling, and in his early life was a good Catholic, but he had bad companions—the greatest curse a young man can have. I must believe he took the money, as much as I dislike to think so; but I am certain he expected to return it. I have but one consolation. That is that he died a good death and

was sorry for his mistake. Fortunately, I am a rich man and can easily make good the defalcation and restore the good name of the man accused of the theft. That is most necessary. I shall hunt up the family of the poor fellow and do everything in my power to help them. I wish you were going back with me to help me find them."

"I shall certainly do so, for I know all about the family of poor Wiley, and, in fact, without their knowledge I came here to find you that the name of the husband and father might be cleared of the disgrace that renders them so unhappy."

## VII

### A FORTUNATE DELAY

The steamer stopped at Manila, thus delaying the two travellers who were so anxious to reach the United States. As it entered the dock it was seriously disabled by being run into by a tramp steamer, and they were informed that the necessary repairs would require at least a week. This time was spent by the doctor in investigating the diseases of the island of Luzon. He made many short excursions into the interior, generally accompanied by Hastings. On one of these trips they arrived at a village near Malayasan, where a dangerous fever was raging and the natives were dying by the score for the want of proper attention. Dr. Tyler at once recognized the disease as being the same he had treated in India and China, and he volunteered to take charge of the simple hospital until the steamer was ready to sail. Hastings insisted upon helping him to nurse the sick. The doctor readily accepted his offer, after warning him that in spite of the fact that he had suffered from the fever he might contract it the second time, and if he did death would surely result.

"Doctor," said Hastings, "I shall remain with you, for there is no more danger for me than there is for you, and no

one knows better than I do what those poor people are suffering."

"You forget, Mr. Hastings," replied the doctor, "that the physician is morally bound to attend the sick wherever he finds them, without any consideration for himself."

"I cannot accept your construction of the ethics of the medical code, doctor," rejoined Hastings warmly; "I hold that the physician is, of course, bound to attend the sick within the district in which he practices, but not outside of that district. I don't believe the ethics of your code require a doctor from the United States to risk his life to save people here. So I shall continue to regard you as an exception to the majority of men, inasmuch as you have shown so much charity to the sufferers on this side of the globe. But I shall try to imitate you in one way. That is, I shall try to nurse the sick as long as you remain in this place."

In the little hospital they found a man who was supposed to be dying. The doctor attended him and he soon recovered, the fever yielding to intelligent treatment. The second day, when the man was able to talk, he said feelingly:

"Your coming here, doctor, was providential, for I would have been under the ground before this but for you. But please tell me how you came to be here when every one else left as soon as the fever broke out, provided they could get away? I had intended to go to Manila myself but was taken sick the day I hoped to leave."

"Oh," replied the doctor, smiling, "your guardian angel sent Mr. Hastings and myself here to save you. He deserves as much credit for your recovery as I do."

The sick man raised his head from the pillow and asked:

"Who is Mr. Hastings? The name is familiar. I heard it years ago, and shall never forget it."

"The gentleman who is nursing you so faithfully is Mr. Hastings from China, but formerly from New York."

"Not Thomas Hastings, surely," cried the man with much emotion.

"No, Frank Hastings," interrupted the doctor, in a surprised tone. "But tell me what you know of Thomas Hastings?"

"Nothing," replied the man, sinking back on his pillow.

"Your question interests me, for I think you know more of Thomas Hastings than you admit," responded the doctor. "I will be frank with you and say I have a very important reason for seeking this information."

"Let the matter drop, doctor, for I am too thankful for my recovery to cherish unkind thoughts of any one, even for the one who ruined my life and sent me adrift in the world for more than fifteen years, away from my wife and children. They believe I am dead, and I am glad they do, that they may not be burdened with me as long as they must believe I am guilty of a crime I never committed. But I shall say no more. Now that the merciful God has been so kind to me, I must be charitable to others."

The doctor looked anxiously into the man's face, and then said:

"Thank God, I have found you at last, Mr. Wiley!"

The man wept piteously, as he said with difficulty:

"Yes, you have found me. But I am innocent. If it is your intention to take me back to the States to have me sent to prison, give me another name I beg of you, for the sake of my wife and children, for they have suffered enough—more than any tongue can tell. I wish you would let me die in peace, doctor, for I shall not take any more of your medicine. That will be punishment enough for a man who committed no crime, but could not prove his innocence."

Dr. Tyler was too deeply affected to reply for a few moments, and he wiped his eyes several times before he said:

"Frank Hastings knows you are innocent and is on his way to New York for the purpose of making good the defalcation of his brother, who, before his death, deeply repented and made a confession completely exonerating you. You will go with us and join your family, who live in Pennsylvania. The silvery lining has come at last to the cloud that has so long hung over your path."

"Doctor, your face is too honest to permit you to trifle with a poor wretched man. I cannot believe that you want me to go home with you to be tried, so I trust you implicitly."

The doctor sat by the bed and with some difficulty quieted the sick man, whose fever had been heightened by the conversation. Then he related the story of the death of Thomas Hastings and of the finding of his brother Frank, and closed by telling him that he would be strong enough to go back on the steamer with them. The sick man speedily recovered.

A month later Dr. Tyler entered the home of Mrs. Wiley at Berkley, while a stranger waited in the carriage near the house. The doctor was kindly received by the widow and her daughter, who had expected never to see him again. After the greeting the doctor said:

"I have seen you both bear a heavy burden like Christians and I now ask you to show as much fortitude when I tell you some good news. But you must first promise to remain calm and not get excited, which you know," he added with a smile, "is bad form. Do you both promise? Remember, this will not be ordinary good news, but the very best you ever heard. Now make the promise."

"Why, certainly we will," replied Amelia; "just tell us that our long-ex-

pected ship has been sighted coming this way and we will be quiet but thankful. But please don't keep us in suspense. Mother will make the promise of course. I won't swoon, because you say it is 'bad form,' and mother never discards good manners."

"As a physician, I admit that women have a right to pass into a state of unconsciousness whenever they please. But as a special favor I request you to waive this right on this occasion, for you will hear some excellent news that concerns us all, if you will make the required promise."

"Tell us at once, doctor, and we will be your everlasting friends," cried Amelia laughingly.

"Provided your mother will join in that promise, I will tell you," replied the doctor, meaningly.

"Of course she will," rejoined Amelia, with evident interest.

Mrs. Wiley remained silent and Amelia added, with a smile:

"'Silence,' says the poet, 'is expressive,' so she consents. Now please don't keep us in suspense any longer, doctor."

"I will accept your version of your mother's silence and ask you to be prepared to see the dead alive, for I have found the long-lost husband and father. Now don't swoon—remember, it is not fashionable!"

Going to the door, he called the stranger sitting in the carriage, who was nearer to the swooning point than either of the ladies. In another moment Mrs. Wiley fell into the arms of her husband. She soon recovered, and when she heard that her husband was innocent, her face lighted up with a smile of perfect happiness such as it had not worn for years. While all was sunshine in the little cottage, Dr. Tyler turned to Amelia and asked:

"Amelia, will you keep your promise and be my best friend through life?"

"Forever," replied the happy young lady, giving her hand to the doctor.

# Classic Mythology In Keats

By MARIE ALOYSIA DUNNE, PH. A.

"He dwelt with the bright gods of elder time,  
On earth and in their cloudy haunts above;  
He loved them, and in recompense, sublime,  
The gods, alas! gave him their fatal love."

**P**ERHAPS no other English poet ever lived so exclusively in "the cloudy haunts of the bright gods above" as did John Keats. From the time when he read Lempriere's Classical Dictionary with his heart afire for that wonderful world of old, with its fair gods and fairer goddesses, its dancing fauns and smiling nymphs, to the days when he sent out his last volume containing the all-perfect "Ode on a Grecian Urn" for the delectation of potent scribblers in quarterly reviews, he was true to Diana and Apollo, to Flora and the great god Pan. This son of a hostler, this surgeon's apprentice, was never quite at ease in our matter-of-fact modern world, where a tree is but a possible mast for a ship and not a sacred haunt for a dryad; where shells are shells and not the many colored horns of wreathed Tritons. How little his thoughts had to do with lancets and scalpels we may imagine from his reply to Cowden Clarke, who asked him about his studies at the hospital. "The other day," he wrote, "during the lectures there came a sunbeam into the room and with it a whole troop of creatures floating in the ray; and I was off with them to Oberon and fairy-land." What were the sapless generalizations of science to such a mind? what all the marshalled array of facts and proven theories? For him truth and beauty were identical. He drew no line between the world of the imagination and

that which seems real to the senses; but of both he demanded beauty, and that secured, he felt that truth could not be very far distant. In search of this ideal beauty he went by a sort of instinct to the classic world of Greece and Rome, to the wonderland where his own creed was implicitly believed, if not explicitly professed; where, if ever on the sad old earth, a synthesis was perfected in which truth and beauty had equal share, and there was a certain final identification of the two such as we always find in art that is truly great.

And in that ancient world he found many a wonder-tale, reveled in many a myth-marvel. But there was none that held for him so heavy a burden of mysterious delight as the story of Endymion, the beautiful shepherd boy whom Diana kissed as he lay asleep on Mount Latmos. This was his favorite myth and its elaboration into a poem of some length was one of his darling ambitions. In "I Stood Tiptoe Upon a Little Hill" in his first volume of verse he alludes to the love of Cynthia and Endymion and speculates as to the origin of the tale. He decides that the inventor must have been some poet and lover whose heart was so filled with pity for Cynthia's moonlit sheen, wasted all unloved, that he created Endymion to receive her soft caresses on Mount Latmos' dreamy crest.

"The poet wept at her so piteous fate,  
Wept that such beauty should be desolate.  
So in fine wrath some golden sounds he won  
And gave meek Cynthia her Endymion."

Keats rationalizes the myth to some extent, so that the moonlight symbolizes poetic inspiration which comes from above, and Endymion is the young

poet who sleeps and dreams dreams truer than all life's so-called realities. The fact that this story had taken an early hold on Keats' mind, that it had a certain fascination for him, makes it all the sadder that his second volume, the four books of "Endymion," should have failed to satisfy either himself or his reviewers. "It is just that this youngster should die away—a sad thought for me," he writes in the preface. The luxuriance of his gifted imagination had run riot in the peculiarly fertile soil of Greek legendary lore and had been all but stifled by the vitality of its own rich overgrowth. The myth had been elaborated, incident after incident had been invented, until the perfect simplicity of the original version, the very suggestiveness that had appealed to Keats' own fancy, was all but lost. And yet "Endymion" is worth keeping. It is an attempt to retranslate into full, rich life some of the joy and gladness of old Greece; to tell again some experiences that the human heart would not willingly forget. How much of promise there is in the treatment of the theme! What haunting beauty in many of the lines! If, as the first verse of "Endymion" assures us,

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever,"

then this English setting of an old Greek myth will never die.

Keats' dominant passion was for beauty as expressed in poetry. "Fine writing, next to fine doing, is the top thing in the world," he used to say. This explains his interest in Endymion and in all myths that center around poesy and music, for the two are closely allied. Apollo, the god of poetry and prophecy; Cynthia, his sister; Mercury, the inventor of the lyre; the story of Pan and Syrinx; of Orpheus; of Amphion and the wonders wrought by his music in the building of the Theban wall—all these he lingers over with a

special fondness. He has forty-seven distinct references to Apollo, the

"God of the golden bow,  
And of the golden lyre,  
And of the golden hair,  
And of the golden fire,  
Charioteer  
Of the patient year."

To Cynthia he has thirty-five allusions under three titles; Cynthia, Diana and Phoebe. It is Cynthia whom Endymion loves. His prayer to her in the temple is exceptionally beautiful:

"O Haunter chaste  
Of river sides, and woods, and heathy waste,  
Where with thy silver bow and arrows keen  
Art thou now forested? O woodland Queen,  
What smoothest air thy smoother forehead  
woos?"

Where dost thou listen to the wide halloos  
Of thy departed nymphs? Wheresoe'er  
it be,

'Tis in the breath of heaven; thou dost taste  
Freedom as none can taste it, nor dost waste  
Thy loveliness in dismal elements;  
But finding in our green earth sweet contents

There livest blissfully."

The Muses, daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne, who preside over song and prompt the memory, are named twenty-five times; the story of Pan and Syrinx is interwoven into several poems. The hymn to Pan in the first book of "Endymion" is one of the most perfect things Keats ever did. The chorus sings:

"Bethinking thee how melancholy loth  
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou now,  
By thy love's milky brow!  
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,  
Hear us, great Pan!"

There is a passage in an earlier work which tells

"How fair, trembling Syrinx fled  
Arcadian Pan, with such a fearful dread.  
Poor nymph,—poor Pan—how he did weep  
to find  
Nought but a lovely sighing of the wind  
Along the reedy stream; a half-heard strain  
Full of sweet desolation—balmy pain."



An exquisite couplet, which was excluded for some reason from the second book of "Endymion," compares the poet's voice to

"The low voice of Syrinx when she ran,  
Into the forests from Arcadian Pan."

But Pan is not only the inventor of the pandean pipes; he is also the ruler of flocks and shepherds. In Arcadia he wanders over mountains and valleys, amuses himself in the chase and joins in the frolics of the nymphs. Pan, in Greek, signifies all, and this deity has come to be considered as in some sense a symbol of the cosmos, a personification of nature, the very heart of the whole pagan system of hierarchical gods and goddesses. From this point of view, also, Keats is interested in Pan, and indeed in the whole cycle of myths which grew out of first attempts in the way of explaining natural phenomena. He refers to Pan as

"A symbol of immensity,  
A firmament reflected in a sea;  
An element filling the space between;  
An unknown."

He calls him "a forester divine," "a satyr-king," "winder of the horn," "breather round our farms," "the dread opener of the mysterious doors leading to universal knowledge." He laments that in this age,

"Under pleasant trees  
Pan is no longer sought."

Aeolus, ruler of the winds; Aurora and the pageant of the dawn-coming; Vesper, and the glories of the dying day; the nymphs and naiads, dryads and fauns who wander through leafy brakes and make the green woods ring with their merry laughter; Bacchus, with his crew and all the wild revelry of the vintage season; Apollo, as the sun-god; Diana, the moon; and Jove, the great All-father, the wielder of lightning-flashes and thunderbolts—these Keats weaves

into his song with genuinely classic simplicity of feeling. He has all the fresh wonder of the Greek mind and heart in the presence of natural beauty. "What is in thee, Moon," he asks, "that thou shouldst move my heart so potently?" The tinge of pantheism is strong, and yet there are times when his view of nature is plainly Christian; when he looks upon the visible vesture of things as a tangible expression of the Infinite, worthy of love and reverent admiration. He says in a letter to a friend: "In truth the great Elements we know of are no mean comforters: the open sky sits upon our senses like a sapphire crown; the air is our robe of state; the earth is our throne; and the sea a mighty minstrel playing before it, able like David's harp to make such a one as you forget almost the tempest-cares of life."

The mission of poetry, according to Keats, is the same as that of nature—to help men forget the tempest-cares of life. He tells us:

"They shall be counted poet-kings  
Who simply sing the most heart-easing  
things"

And so from his work he rigidly excludes what is merely ugly and heartbreaking in mythology and turns always to what is bright and beautiful. Myths connected with death and Hades are all but omitted. Pluto is mentioned five times, but in connection with Proserpine, who represents life and joy. Keats agrees with the Greeks in regarding any sort of life here on earth as more desirable than the shadowy, unreal existence of departed souls. He names only one of the Furies, those serpent-wreathed goddesses who punish criminals by their secret stings. In the second book of "Endymion" the young shepherd has

"Visions that might have dismayed Alecto's  
serpents."

The Fates are introduced six times, and usually as unkind or revengeful. And

yet they are not always irresistible; for in "Endymion" III we read:

"Aye, 'bove the withering of old-lipp'd Fate  
A thousand Powers keep religious state,  
In water, fiery realm and airy bourne."

The Gorgons, monstrous females with huge teeth like those of swine, brazen claws and snaky hair, are alluded to in one passage:

"Not far hence (sat) Atlas, and beside him  
prone  
Phorcus, the sire of gorgons."

The sad lots of Ixion and Iapetus are referred to in "Hyperion," but not dwelt on or developed to any extent. There is one allusion to the Cyclops and to the master of their cave, Polyphemus. The weirdness of the one round eye set in the middle of their foreheads; the story of their inhospitality to Ulysses when he visited their island; the way Polyphemus feasted on the Greeks after dashing out their brains—these surely are not "heart-easing things," and so Keats passes them by. He prefers the Hours and the Graces; Aeolus, Boreas and Zephyrus; Venus and Cupid; or even sadder characters like Daphne, Adonis, Echo, Hyacinthus and Narcissus, where a pleasant melancholy enfolds the whole and lends a strangely tender sort of beauty. The perpetuation of Beauty for its own sake; the annihilation of the ugly because of its opposition to Beauty—this was the finality of Keats' artistic creed.

Keats' manner of introducing myths and mythological allusions into his writings would make an interesting study. One of the most obvious ways is by the use of simile and metaphor.

"For as Apollo each eve doth devise  
A new appareling for western skies;  
So every eve, nay every spendthrift hour  
Shed balmy consciousness within that  
bower." "Endymion," III, 463.

"More subtle cadenced, more forest wild  
Than Dryope's lone lulling of her child;  
And nothing since has floated in the air  
So mournful strange."

"Endymion," I, 493.

Allusion and epithet is another method often employed:

"No leaf doth tremble, no ripple is there  
On the river—all's still and the night's sleepy  
eye

Closes up and forgets all its Lethean care."

Cimmerian, Circean, Hesperean and Orphean are used in this way many times. But Keats' favorite plan in dealing with a myth is to incorporate the whole story into a poem, as in "Endymion" or "Hyperion." Into both of these works numerous short stories are interwoven; for instance, in "Endymion" we find accounts of Glaucus and Scylla, of Pan and Syrinx. Keats delights in recasting these old tales, and when he does not find the classic version as interesting as he thinks it ought to be, he simply invents incidents and characters until he feels that the story is worth telling. For in the myth-world he is not a mere visitor, who looks and wonders but dares not touch. He feels at home, and with the assurance of a friend he transforms the old narratives, telling them anew in his own way. And his way never violates the spirit of the original version, for he had felt the living spell of Greece, he had caught something of the soul of old Attica.

"Whom the gods love die young"

we are told, and Keats was only twenty-six when he was laid away in the little Protestant cemetery at Rome. He was not a Christian believer, and his paganism could hardly be called a creed. His last words were: "I am dying—I shall die easy; don't be frightened—be firm and thank God it has come." Was the "thank God" conventional and would he just as soon have said "thank the gods?" He wrote his own epitaph: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." But posterity has added: He was the author of "Endymion" and of an "Ode on a Grecian Urn."

# Studies In Black and White

## Aunt Penny's Kin-Folk

By CHARLES HANFORD, JR.

**A**UNT PENNY was not white—oh, no! Aunt Penny never claimed to be white, and she never claimed that any of her relatives were white—oh, no!

You could not please Aunt Penny better than to tell her she was black—solid, fadeless black, with not a white speck anywhere except in her eyes, and the pearly gleaming of her splendid teeth.

No; I'll affirm that she was irredeemably black, and so would you if you had seen her.

Miss Lily Washington, her granddaughter, was quite as hopelessly black as the old woman, but she assumed numerous airs, as did Miss Daisy Washington, another progressive grandchild of the same sable complexion.

These "smart" young ladies did not visit the old woman because they cherished any particular love for her, but because their healthy appetites persisted in outgrowing the larder at home.

Aunt Penny and Uncle Nero were workers, they were, and there was always something good to eat in the house. The girls tried to repay the old folks by giving them lessons in etiquette from their own limited knowledge, but the old folks didn't want any pay.

"Oh, grandma, I'se quite shocked to see yo' go out in de street in such ragged habitation—quite shocked, indeed!" Miss Lily drawled.

"Oh, yes," supplemented Miss Daisy; "deed it is bad form, an' grandpa quite shocks my morsels, too!"

"Huh-huh! Seems laik yo' alls doan nebber git shocked when yo' comes hyear to eat chicken an' collards, an' sich. Dat ain't bad form—uh,uh! Ef yo'd scrub yo' alls house er little mo' an'

galvant de street er little less, yo'd hab er heap mo' brains dan yo's got—huh!" Aunt Penny delivered this speech with many vigorous nods.

"Oh, grandma, it ain't progressive to scrub an' wash! We b'longs to de Boston Literary Society, we does, an' we got to keep up in de latest style. Mr. Alonzo Brown say dat we is de most stylish young ladies in our set," replied Miss Lily.

"Huh, I bet dere ain't er morsel toh eat in yo' house right now! Yo' pa am de biggest sorter fool to 'low yo' to kerry on dat way, 'cause his health am mighty po'ly, an' he's likely toh drap off any time sudden—den wha' yo' gointer do, eh? Huh! Better larn toh wuck, gals!"

The Misses Washington departed wrathfully after listening to this offensive speech, and they declared they would never visit their grandparents again, but Aunt Penny was not troubled by this declaration, for she had heard it before. She was honest to herself, and that is the fundamental principle of all laws of honesty.

Uncle Nero was hoeing the potato patch and Aunt Penny went out to help him.

"T'ink we's gointer hab rain, ole 'oman—rain an' wind, 'cause de fish hawk fly high an' holler loud," he said, straightening his back for a few minutes.

"Uh, huh, dass wot I t'ink, too, 'cause yo' kin hear noises long ways off, an' dass er sho' sign," she replied. Then they both worked on in silence. Twilight was fast approaching, and the chickens were clustered together at the back door waiting for their supper. The cow, Star Face, was stretching her neck

over the bars, and every now and then she would softly call to her little spotted calf in the next yard. The calf would answer, and then Star Face would throw up her tail and dance around till she was tired. This was her first baby and she was quite foolish about it.

"Boss Linkom," the "four-eyed" yellow dog, came to the garden gate and tried to claw it open, but finding it held fast by the hoop over the top, he tried to dig under.

"Uh, huh! Wha' dis hyear? Sump'n sho' gointer die when de dawg dig holes in de ground—Lawd sabe us!" cried Aunt Penny, as she left off hoeing to attend to cow and chickens. "Quit dat, Boss Linkom—quit dat, does yo' hyear! Time 'nuff toh dig de grabe when de people done dead. G'way suh!"

Nearly a week had passed by this time since the Misses Washington had called upon their grandmother, and that length of time was about the limit.

Aunt Penny and Uncle Nero had completed their work for the day and were sitting on the front "stoop" smoking their pipes in blissful rest and silence. It was one of those strangely still evenings, when even the lightest sound travels far and has many echoes. There was no moon in the purple-like vault above, but twinkling stars were winking and blinking everywhere. The pleasant anthem of the wind in the pine tops passed on and on in its soft monotone of o-o-o-o, and a sleepless old rooster raised his voice in a late but loud crowing.

"Uh, huh! Change of wedder, or hasty news when de rooster crow arter da'k," soliloquised Uncle Nero.

Aunt Penny smoked on in silence; she was thinking deeply—thinking of her son and granddaughters in the city, but nothing very definite was evolved from her thoughts. You know that we do sometimes think very intently, and yet when we suddenly bring ourselves to account, we find it difficult to gather one

definite thought from the multitude which dwelt within us.

Boss Linkom was asleep by the front steps, his forelegs stretched out and his head resting upon them; every now and then he would utter a soft growl in his sleep—I haven't a single doubt against the supposition that he was dreaming of some fat and saucy coons and 'possums, or having a hard combat with larger game.

Some one came to the front gate and called out: "Mind de dawg," and Uncle Nero replied, "De dawg won't bite."

Boss Linkom was all ears at once; he was ready to defend that home with anything except his life, which essential article he generally carried under the cabin at the first sign of danger.

The man came in and profuse greetings were exchanged; then he told the old couple that he was sent with the information that their son, Jake Washington, was dying at his home in the city.

"Do, Bressed Lawd!" Aunt Penny piously ejaculated, and then she and Uncle Nero prepared to start for the city at once. They did not own a horse, and the plow-ox was too slow, so they set out to walk the three miles as fast as they could.

Jake was dead when they arrived. The Misses Washington and a few of their "society friends" were standing around in a helpless manner. There was but little food and no money in the house, and Aunt Penny found enough to do in putting things to rights, while Uncle Nero went out the next morning and made arrangements for the funeral.

It took nearly every cent the old folks had been so jealously holding back for "de rainy day," but they did their duty without murmuring.

When the funeral was over, Aunt Penny took the Misses Washington aside and revealed to them her plans for their near future.

"Now, if yo' gals wanter come an' lib at mah house yo' kin come an' welcome,

but yo' sho' gotter wuck jess laik we does; an' yo' gotter stay home an' ten' toh yo' own b'isness—sho! Yo' kin bofe he'p in de gyarden, an' ten' toh de cow an' de chickens, an' when wash day come 'long yo' kin bofe fedder in an' he'p wash. Dere ain't much toh do, but dat little is sho' gotter be done!"

The Misses Washington did not much relish the proposition, nor the language in which it was clothed, but circumstances bade them accept in silence. It proved to be their salvation, and to-day they are proud to say that the hopelessly black and illiterate Aunt Penny was the best friend they ever had.

## All In a Garden Fair

By IDA MATSON

"Plants in a garden see best the sun's glory,  
They miss the green sward in a conservatory."

**A**SCHOLAR, a cardinal, a saintly man expresses a fact by these words of a couplet and through its metaphors suggests to the mind mystical truths about a royal Gardener.

The most beautiful creation of plant life, the rose, is, in many ways, emblematic of the highest in human life, the soul. Then by substitution one has:

"Roses in the garden see best the sun's glory,  
They miss the green sward in a conservatory."

But who has time for roses in this work-a-day world—either hardy annuals or rare exotics? "Six dozen finest hybrids—four yards of best ribbon—Miss Starr—Auditorium—to-night—enclose card, C. A. Blank, with regrets"—came in gasps from a voice from afar into the ear of the florist. He obeyed perfectly. The sender of roses went on his way, glad of the inventions of man.

Roses fresh from the sward in the hand of an artist, in contemplation! What does he contemplate, a quick sale of "roses by the yard," a mention in fashionable art notes, or—? Perhaps, yet more, for the man is capable of more.

He has chosen garden roses to express the subject of his picture—a trinity of virtues, humility, simplicity and purity. Form, color, proportion—some petals a trifle tip-tilted, perhaps, just to be picturesque—all are in beautiful harmony. There is unity in the variety of their parts, from their hearts of unhoneved pollen to the tips of their curving calyxes—just as the good Gardener intended. Here is beauty that appeals to the soul of this true artist as an expression of the All-beautiful. The canvas, finished, is named "Christmas Roses"—white roses in a silver vase. On the impulse of an after-thought, the artist—does he recall the pretty tale of the angel's moss rose, or would he protect this child of his heart?—veils their snowy petals with shadows of mossy green.

A profusion of roses before a scientist, from which he must select a specimen—a perfect rose. It should have healthy chlorophyll in its veins, nothing in the least anemic. His specimen must not be crazed by cultivation—no metamorphosed petals from reluctantly yielding stamens, deprived of stamina and stretched supinely on long, languorous-looking stems. The botanist holds in his hand a garden-rose, hardy and perfect in all its parts—just as the Giver of

good gifts intended—from which he will demonstrate a scientific principle.

Roses on an altar. Saints at their prie-dieus! Like a hound of heaven Assisi's saint tracks the Beloved of his soul through a maze of petals. Magdelene de Pazzi finds in the odor of the roses' sweet perfume an intention from all eternity for the delight of sinners. "Beautiful as thou art, thou art not my God!" exclaimed, not more than a hundred years ago, a vine-dresser's daughter of Joigny.

Such is the character of the rose to which art, science, and religion give testimony.

"Roses in the garden see best the sun's glory."

For its application in a metaphorical sense one steps aside from the broad highways into the byways of life, and finds himself in a beautiful garden, terrace above terrace. In this rich heritage of the Christian, regenerated, and fortified against a triple alliance, he may weed out, if he will, rank growths that are blights to the beauty of a rose. Truly the Church is a garden, terrace above terrace, in which the soul may become more beautiful than the rose of Damascus, more hardy than the live-forever of the wild-wood.

When a holy contemplative, the great Carmelite mystic, saw the highest place in heaven occupied by a certain Order of the Church, her testimony gave to spiritual life a wonderful impetus toward things of the heights. But sanctity, the powerful lens through which St. Teresa saw the things she knew through faith, is an acquirement. "Heaven is not reached by a single bound." The Scala Santa has many steps.

In her dogmatic utterances the Church gives the highest place on earth to religious Orders purely contemplative. To this the intellect readily submits, and dogma becomes an intellectual thesis—mind can be engaged in nothing

higher than the constant consideration of its God. So the contemplative, the cliff-dweller of the garden, climbs into his terrace and draws his ladder up.

Lady Fullerton, in her preface to the life of a woman declared Venerable, writes: "Sanctity is attainable and should be aimed at, not by a few only, but by all baptized Christians"—roses in the one holy garden. Sanctity, that supernatural perfection, that acquirement through education, that requirement to meet the purpose, the why of life, from its alpha to its omega, is transmitted from teacher to pupil.

It would be a vacation trip, a holy excursion worth while, to trace in human activities the working out of God's will, and from historical facts depict the broad outlines between error and truth. Or as Bossuet, the Eagle of Meaux, has written, "Unveil the workings of Providence in the government of mankind."

From the time that greatest personage of history first sat on the Throne of the Fisherman, holding in his hand the bond of unity, till the time when all Europe sat at his feet, his eager pupil, the Sovereign Pontiff, has been the acknowledged head of that great teaching body, the Church. Through the venerable Benedictines, the great conservators of Art, and the eloquent Dominicans, whose sermons have warned the unwary and given light to the unenlightened, and whose religious paintings have been the catechism of the ignorant, religious education was spread throughout Europe. The holy Carmelites and Franciscans, the learned Augustinians, the various Congregations and affiliated Societies lent their aid to the arduous task.

But the time came when Art rose up against its teacher; when philosophy became a euphemism for false teaching. Intellect, through pride, rebelled against the dogmatic teaching of the "Pillar and Ground of Truth," but against which the "gates of hell" did not prevail. Christian education, that training which

leads toward Heaven, was about to receive a strong impetus.

The last decade of the fifteenth century is memorable for two important events, the discovery of the New World and the birth of a great man. A man, it has been said, who reasoned like a philosopher, felt like a saint and held his own like a man. A man who, from Pampeluna's heights through Manresa's depths, worked not only an heroic sanctity for himself, but formed "minute men" for the Church and an educational system for man.

If, as it has been said, the philosophy of society is in the nature of man, then must education be along the lines which strengthen and bring into action the powers that constitute a human being. Cloisters, cathedral-schools and universities all had done their share in the educational world before the appearance of those renowned colleges which have done their work so silently that only the Day of Judgment will make known its extent.

When through persecution the current of their good works was broken, its force escaped here and there in levin-flashes. One phase of its light was an establishment of Orders of women for the Christian education of youth. Another was sodalities and congregations through which homes become chapels by the wayside, and the apostolate, men and women of good thoughts and kind deeds.

From the time a handful of women of holy desire, through divine direction, occupied a modest house in the Rue de Touraine to the time of their residence in the fashionable Hotel Biron there was always the one admonition for their pupils: Be spotless. They were taught, not what sin is, but the awful malice of sin. This counsel was given as much to the young brides of the Faubourg St. Germaine as to the nuns who were sent to the New World to help, with other Or-

ders, in the grand work of Christian education—an education in which college, academy and parochial school form a holy, intellectual triune for the good of youth. For boys and girls who are to become, in time, not only the "backbone" of their own country, but citizens of the world—men who will be Nestors of the nation and women who will be the Queen Esthers of its society.

"God is in the sky,  
All's right with the world."

Little Pippa, spotless rose of the sunny South, those are beautiful words the poet has put into your mouth. But who trained your mind to those holy thoughts that fathered your beautiful words? And how do you keep God in the sky? This your bright brothers, the bevy of boys and myriad of maidens across the water, can answer as well as you.

After the sublimity of the priesthood and religious life, comes the beauty of the apostolate—men and women trained in childhood to know, to love and to serve God; and through their membership with sodalities and congregations form a holy phalanx which becomes a bulwark of the Church, the school and the home.

These apostles, wherever found, are the red, red roses of the garden, in vases of gold—

"Break the vase,  
Shatter't if you will,  
The scent of the rose  
Will cling round it still."

There is that hardness, that beauty in their lives acquired in early training which a world of temptation cannot destroy. Such an apostolate is not dumb, is not driven; it is heroic.

Education, to whom does it belong? He who runs may read:

"Roses in the garden see best the sun's  
glory,  
They miss the green sward in a conserva-  
tory."

# Mary Tudor

By JANE MARTYN

II

**W**E now find the Princess Mary of England arrived at early girlhood and already the dark cloud of sorrow cast its gloom upon her young life. Cannot the reader imagine her bitter grief and feel sympathy for the trials of her young, haughty and sensitive heart? She idolized her parents; there was no brother nor sister to share with them her love—she was their only one, and her whole soul had from infancy gone out in love to father and mother. In them she had beheld forms and characters perfect in her fond estimation. Henry, splendid, chivalrous, beautiful, and, better still, the most pious and learned prince in Christendom. Katherine, lovely, saintly and cultivated; both loving her with fond affection. Mary longed for the time when she might be permitted to share their society, but for years “a shadow no bigger than a man’s hand” had been growing larger and darker, and now her heart ached with

“A gathering, certain sense of being on earth,  
Still worse than orphaned.”

When Queen Katherine was driven from Windsor by the mandate of the King, who found it necessary to proclaim his clandestine marriage with the Lady Anna Boleyn, Mary’s anguish brought on a serious illness from the effects of which she never entirely recovered. The faultless perfection of her mother’s character was the one consolation in her bitter shame and sorrow—but her soul turned with horror from the gay bridegroom of Anna Boleyn. How

dared he call her Queen—call her wife, —while that sainted mother lived?—she who was true queen, born in the purple—who had been true wife for eighteen years! Once only since the Norman Conquest did a King of England stoop from his high estate to wed a simple gentlewoman—and the Lady Elizabeth Grey was a very different character from this woman, who was a scandal to many at the court, the mark for gossip which had even reached the ear of the child Princess. Upon her mother’s face she must never look again, and all the love and honor which was used to be shared by both parents now centred in that one idolized being whose presence, whose embrace, she wildly longed for. What was all this princely pomp which surrounded her when unshared by her royal mother! She felt that it in some sort wronged the banished Queen. Lady Salisbury, who had known many griefs, strove to comfort her; but Mary’s only consolation was derived from her mother’s letters, which breathed charity and resignation in every line; letters in which she exhorted her daughter, “Agree to God’s pleasure with a cheerful heart; take heed of His commandments and approach His sacraments; obey the King, your father, in all things save only what would offend God, and lose your soul; and in whatsoever company you shall find yourself, speak few words and meddle nothing.” She prays the Countess of Salisbury to “have a good heart, for we never come to the kingdom of heaven but by troubles.”

The birth of Elizabeth, September 1533, brought new sorrow and humiliation upon the Princess Mary. She was directed to call the new-born babe



Princess, a title which she herself was no longer to assume, as she was disinherited. How the hot blood of Tudor and Aragon rebelled against the injustice, and how the heart of the Catholic Princess revolted against a mandate which contradicted the decree of the Holy Father, which had just then arrived to salute the guilty parents of Elizabeth with the decision of the Universal Church that their "marriage was null and void," their children illegitimate, and that they beware and take heed of this under pain of excommunication! So that Elizabeth was met at her entrance into the world by the awful anathema of the Church.

Mary Tudor firmly and very decidedly announced that she would call the babe sister, and nothing more. Even her father's ferocious threats had no effect; she never could be induced to alter this determination. It was not formed upon mere personal grounds; but while Katherine of Aragon lived, Mary of England would suffer martyrdom rather than make a concession against the interests and dignity of that adored mother.

Mary was at this time resident at Beaulieu, with a princely household consisting of a hundred and sixty persons who had formed her establishment from childhood. Here, in the society of her dear friend and governess, Margaret of Salisbury, she was endeavoring to regain her peace of mind when an order of Privy Council reached her commanding her officially to lay aside the style and title of Princess of Wales and to forbid her servants and attendants to name her as such; and that as soon as maybe she withdraw to Hatfield, where the nursery of the Princess Elizabeth was about to be established. Mary replied thus:

"My Lords:—As touching my removal to Hatfield, I will obey His Grace as my duty is, or to any other place His Grace may appoint me, but I protest before you and all others present, that my

conscience will in no wise permit me to take any other than myself for Princess, or for the King's daughter, born in lawful matrimony, and that I will never wittingly or willingly say or do aught whereby any person might take occasion to think that I agree to the contrary. Nor say I this out of any ambition or proud mind, as God is my Judge. If I should do otherwise, I should slander the deed of our mother, the Holy Church, and the Pope, who is the judge in this matter and none other; and should also dishonor the King, my father, the Queen, my mother, and falsely confess myself illegitimate, which God defend I should do, since the Pope hath not so declared by his sentence definitive, to which final judgment I submit myself."

The Queen was also inexorable on this point and retained her title even when threatened that her perseverance would incense the King, and that her contumacy would be visited upon "her honorable and dearest daughter," who for once they styled "the Lady Princess Mary." Katherine declared that for her daughter, God would have care of her, and for her own part, neither for daughter nor servants, nor possessions, nor any worldly adversity, nor for the King's displeasure, would she yield in this cause to put her soul in danger; and that they should not be feared that have power to kill the body, but He only that hath power to kill the soul. Nor for any vain glory did she desire the name of Queen, but only for the discharge of her conscience, to declare herself "the King's true wife for the last twenty-four years."

Katherine resided at this period at Bugdon, the palace of the Bishop of Lincoln, in Huntingdonshire, and Henry's agents, Mountjoy and others, having summoned the attendants to make oath that they would in future serve her only as Princess of Wales, she forbade them to take the oath, if they wished to

be retained in her service. She bore her heavy trials with the most saintly resignation, prayed incessantly, and never uttered a word of resentment against the King or Anna Boleyn. One of her ladies-in-waiting having once uttered a malediction against the latter, the Queen implored of her to hold her peace: "Curse her not, but rather pray for her; for the time is even now coming when you shall have reason to pity and lament her case."

She was cheerful and resigned, and when not occupied in prayer employed herself in exquisite embroidery of vestments, etc., for the use of the altar. In one of the chambers she occupied at Bugden there was a window looking into the church, and many a solitary hour did the poor Queen spend there seeking comfort before the holy tabernacle, and from the Divine Presence there she derived her spirit of charity and forgiveness. A contemporary writer tells us that "in this chamber she sequestered herself from all other company for many hours of night and day, and upon her knees used to pray at the same window, leaning upon the stones of the same. There were some of her gentlewomen who curiously marked all her doings and reported that oftentimes they found the said stones, where her head had reclined, wet, as though a shower had rained upon them. It was credibly thought that in the time of her prayer she removed the cushions that ordinarily lay in the window, and that the said stones were imbrued with the tears of her devout eyes when she prayed for strength to subdue the agonies of wronged affection." Here the sorrowful Queen wept for her child, whom she was nevermore to behold; for the ruin of her husband's soul; for the unhappy girl who was the cause of so much misery; for England, which was under the scourge of affliction, for a reign of terror had commenced, inaugurated by the imprisonment of Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher for the

crime of refusing to take the oath of spiritual supremacy, or the oath of succession, which implied the invalidity of the King's first marriage, the Papal dispensation notwithstanding.

Dismal tales reached her of religious persecutions and political trials. The sequestration of the monasteries and religious houses began at this time, and "who can call to mind without grief and indignation"—we quote Southey, who was no friend to the Catholic faith—"how many magnificent edifices were overthrown in this undistinguishing havoc! Malmsbury, Battle Abbey, Waltham, Malvern, Tintern, Newark Fountain, Whalley, Kirkstall and so many others; the noblest works of architecture, and the most venerable monuments of antiquity, each the blessing of the surrounding country, and collectively the glory of the land." And all this Church property, sacrilegiously appropriated, was squandered shamelessly by the King. One nobleman, we learn, was allotted thirty monasteries for his share; and old Tuller, who wrote the "Church History of Britain," records the fact that "a gentlewoman was granted a religious house because she presented the King with a dish of pudding which happened to please his palate."

A bull of excommunication was now published against Henry, and, infuriated against the banished Queen, to whose influence he attributed the interdict, he ordered that both mother and daughter be driven from their homes. Accordingly, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the only two nobles of that rank then existing in England, were sent, the one to Beaulieu and the other to Bugden, to break up those two establishments. Mary was taken to the palace of Hunsden, where a magnificent household surrounded the infant Elizabeth, and where it was the pleasure of her step-dame, Anna Boleyn, to have the fallen Princess a witness of the regal

pomp which surrounded the new heiress to the throne; and to make the change more hard to bear, the greater number of Mary's former attendants were now appointed to wait upon her sister. The biographer of the Queens of England tells us that, "the insults heaped by Anna Boleyn, at this crisis, on the unfortunate Mary weighed heavily on her conscience when she was making up her accounts for eternity." Through all this gratuitous injury, this daily and hourly torture of the warm, young, passionate heart, Mary never felt nor exhibited one trace of ill feeling to the little, helpless baby sister who was the unconscious cause of her humiliation. She loved the little Elizabeth and amused and caressed her, often holding her to her heart to still its aching sense of loneliness.

Queen Katherine was sent to Kimborton, a situation not at all suited for one so delicate, and the King, with a savage cruelty that seems almost incredible, made her few remaining days miserable by the tortures he caused to be inflicted upon the venerable Father John Forrest, her confessor, from whom this new, self-constituted "Head of the Church" endeavored to extract the secrets of the confessional. Father Abell, another of the Queen's chaplains, was also imprisoned and put to a horrible death; further, Miss Strickland tells us that "Father Forrest was burned to death, in a manner too terrible for description, two years after the death of the Queen."

This was now very near at hand, and feeling this world passing away, Katherine longed to once more behold her child and once more to speak a word of kindness to the King. Both requests having been refused, she besought those around her, "in words of saintly meekness," to obtain that her child be allowed even to breathe the same air, promising solemnly not to attempt to see or speak with her if she be permitted to come into her neighborhood, to

be somewhere near her before she breathes her last. The poet tells us that

"Death quite unfellows us,  
And sets dreadful odds betwixt the living  
and the dead."

But the dying mother and the loving child were made to feel that "earth separates as well as heaven," and their cruel task-master, undeserving the name of father, refused to allow Mary one last look into the fading eyes of her adored mother.

Her tears and prayers were all in vain. Katherine died, and even her last request as to her final resting-place was contemptuously neglected. She was buried in the Cathedral of Peterborough, and the old sexton, Scarlett, who laid her in her "narrow house" lived to perform the same office for the still more illustrious and unfortunate Princess Mary Stuart, whose remains were afterwards removed to Westminster Abbey by her son James I. All writers concur in describing Anna Boleyn's manner on this occasion as unpardonably vindictive and cruel. The King, who had actually wept over Queen Katherine's simple letter of farewell and forgiveness, written to him on her death-bed, kept the day of her burial as one of mourning, the whole court being ordered to appear in black. But Anna was not in a mood for robes of "deuil;" she dressed herself and her ladies in festive robes, and declared that she grieved not that Katherine was dead, but the vaunting of the good end she made. "Now," she cried, "I am indeed a Queen."

The Emperor Charles V and other foreign powers now expressed sternly their reprobation of the cruel treatment used towards the Princess Mary of England, and "the whole ingenuity of the Privy Council," we are told, "was exerted to hammer out a justification of the ugly case." The English ambassador resident at Venice told of "the lam-

entations with which the news of her mother's death had been received; for that she was incredibly dear to all men for her good fame; great obloquy has her death occasioned, and all dread lest the royal girl should follow her mother. I assure you, men talk tragically of these matters, which are not to be touched in letters." Can we not imagine how the aching heart of the orphan girl was broken with grief? And in her grief where she should have expected sympathy she met coldness—the callous, cruel woman who had taken her sainted mother's place as wife and Queen exulted, even in Mary's presence, at Katherine's death, her gay deportment disgusting all beholders; even the King felt that her conduct was both indelicate and unwomanly. And just as all Europe was in expectation of some tragic end for the Princess Mary, the poisoned arrows of misfortune glanced aside and struck her step-dame, the haughty Boleyn, whose dreams of regal pomp and earthly happiness were soon extinguished in her own blood.

After Queen Katherine's interment it was suggested to Henry that he should erect a stately monument to her memory. He answered that he "would have to her memory one of the goodliest monuments in Christendom." This was the beautiful Abbey church of Peterborough, which was spared in the general destruction of the monasteries because it was her last resting-place. Her Protestant biographer pays a tribute to the memory of this Queen which will bear repetition here: "The grand abilities of Katherine of Aragon, her unstained integrity of word and action, united with intrepid firmness, commanded even from her enemies that deep respect which her sweetness, benevolence, and other saintly virtues would not have obtained, unsupported by her own innate grandeur of soul, her piety, and lofty rectitude. She passed through all her bitter trials without calumny suc-

ceeding in fixing a spot upon her name. Among many eulogists, one mighty genius, who was nearly her contemporary, has done her noblest justice. In fact, Shakespeare alone has properly appreciated and vividly portrayed the great talents, as well as the moral worth, of the right royal Katherine of Aragon."

Mary, now orphaned, indeed, spent two sad years at Hunsden, where we are told "the poor Princess had no comfort save her books." She was virtually a prisoner; she was not even permitted to receive visits or to write to her friends. But in her low estate she had the sympathy of her country. She was adored by the people, who declared that "the King might marry whom he would, but that they would never recognize any successor to the throne but the husband of the Princess Mary."

At the death of Anna Boleyn Mary found a kinder step-dame in Jane Seymour, who endeavored to bring about a reconciliation between the father and daughter. Henry insisted on one condition—that before the Princess was received by him she should utterly renounce her place in the succession to the throne. This she would not consent to do. She had written repeatedly to her father, who vouchsafed not the slightest notice of her pleading letters. She then appealed to Thomas Cromwell, her father's secretary, and his evil genius. Cromwell's reply to her last letter was couched in the most insolent terms, ending thus: "Wherefore, Madam, to be plain with you, as God is my witness, I think you the most obstinate and obdurate woman, all things considered, that ever was, and one that is so persevering deserveth the extremity of mischief." Mary could not easily be persuaded to put her signature to articles setting forth that her mother's marriage was immoral and illegal; that her own birth was illegitimate and that the King's supremacy over the Church was absolute. Henry was furious at her contumacy; refused

to see her, and at length the painful struggle ended in her submission. Had her mother lived her resolution would never have wavered, but now she had only herself to consider, and in her loneliness she longed to be restored to her father's love. He had loved his wife and his little daughter until the sorceress, Anna Boleyn, wrought mischief in the home. Now Anna was gone to her ac-

had the love and sympathy of the whole people of England. "Poets offered her their homage and celebrated the beauties of her person when no possible benefit could accrue to any one by flattering her." John Heywood wrote verses in her praise; Lord Morley, a literary man, dedicated to her his translation from Erasmus, and calls her "the second Mary in the world for virtue, grace and



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count, and her child, the little Elizabeth, was also degraded from her rank and declared illegitimate.

Her submission was accepted and she was left in peace at Hunsden, where she kept a joint household with her baby sister. In this time of humiliation Mary

goodness"—he beseeches her to help him to correct his work where he has by any means erred in the translation. The Princess spoke Latin, French and Spanish; she read the orators and poets of Greece in their original; studied astronomy, natural philosophy and mathematics.

ics, and, as became a daughter of King Henry, she excelled in music.

Notwithstanding her obedience to his wishes a year elapsed before Mary was permitted to meet her father. What passed at their meeting has not been recorded, but it would appear that "his affection did once more manifest itself, to her great contentment." His biographers give amusing details of the royal widower's efforts to obtain a fourth wife, but as he was known to have already disposed of three by poison, the axe, and neglect in extremity respectively, he found himself "rather at a discount" among the princesses of Europe. He nevertheless married three others, Anne of Cleves, who was divorced, Katherine Howard, who was beheaded, and Katherine Parr, who was fortunate enough to survive him. A charge of heresy was being prepared against her which would have brought her head also to the block but that the wretched old King died, torn with remorse for his crimes; the wail of his departing spirit as he was about to stand before the judgment seat of God, was couched in the despairing words, "All is lost."

During the whole reign of Edward VI the Princess Mary suffered a constant persecution on account of her religion. Hayward tells of all the trouble caused by "the Lady Mary's Mass." "This lady was so resolute in her adherence to the Mass that she had like to have embroiled the kingdom in a war with the Emperor (Charles V), who insisted, by his ambassador, that she must be exempt from the statute and have free exercise of Mass." Mary declared in a letter to the King—the young "Head of the Church" was but fifteen years old—that, "rather than use any other service, she would lay her head upon the block. That when the King was come to an age when he might be able to judge these matters himself, His Majesty should find her ready to obey his order in religion; but in these years of his, though good,

sweet King, he hath more knowledge than any other of his years, yet that it was not possible he could judge of them. None of the new service should be used in her house; and that if it were she would not tarry in it."

In 1553, the King's health began to decline and the question of the succession occupied the deliberations of the Council of State. The greatest homage was paid at this period to the Princess Mary as his probable successor, but all men knew that if she came to the throne the ancient religion would be restored. It is amusing to read in Hayward's "Life of Edward VI" that "It is very like that some of these (the Privy Council) were guided with respect of their particular interest, for that they were possessed of diverse lands which once pertained to monasteries, chantries, and other religious houses not long before dissolved. Of these they hold themselves in some danger of loss, in case religion should change to the ancient form, which by the succession of Queen Mary they did evidently foresee. These reasons did more easily sink into the King's judgment, partly by means of the great affection which he bore to the religion that he had established; and partly by reason of the entire love he bore to his cousin, the Lady Jane Grey, a woman of most rare and incomparable perfections; for, besides her excellent beauty, adorned with all variety of virtues, as a clear sky with stars, as a princely diadem with jewels, she was most dear to the King in regard both of her religion and of her education in the liberal sciences, and skill in languages; for in theology, in philosophy, in all liberal arts, in the Latin and Greek tongues, and in the vulgar languages of divers near nations, she far exceeded all of her sex, and any of her years, unless haply the King himself." So letters patent were drawn up and signed by Edward, when he was in great debility of body, whereby the Lady Jane Grey

was declared heir to the crown of England, Ireland and France, thus disinheriting not only the Catholic Princess but Elizabeth, who professed the religion by law established.

The King died on the sixth of July, 1553, in the seventeenth year of his age and the seventh of his reign. His death was concealed for two days to allow time for the conspirators to get the Princess Mary into their safe keeping before Queen Jane should be proclaimed. A deceitful letter was agreed upon and written, saying that "her brother was dying and prayed for the comfort of her presence." Mary, who had been as a mother to him in his infancy, was deeply grieved and touched. She sent a loving message expressing her pleasure "that he should have thought that she could be of any comfort to him."

Quite unconscious of the secret plotting of the Duke of Northumberland and his confederates, Mary set out on the seventh of July to visit her dying brother. She looked very anxious and rode rapidly. As the cavalcade drew near Hoddesden, they were met by a horseman, who dismounted, and with head uncovered stood respectfully, as one who craved a word with the Princess. Mary drew rein and motioned him to approach. The man declared himself a messenger from the Earl of Arundel charged to warn the Lady Mary not to enter London, for that her brother was dead; that there was a plot against her; that her cousin, Lady Jane Grey, was to be proclaimed Queen; that the Council had met after the King's death and dispatched letters to her and to Lady Elizabeth, with the intent of getting both into their custody; that one who was her Grace's friend had overheard a conference between the Duke of Northumberland and Sir John Gates, who was heard to exclaim, "What! sir, will you let the Lady Mary escape, and not secure her person?"—that already Lord

Clinton, the Lord Admiral, had taken possession of the Tower, with all the royal treasures and munitions of war, and very probably there the Lady Mary would be lodged on her arrival in London. Mary's cheek paled and flushed alternately as she listened to this strange intelligence. Her brother dead—his death concealed from her by her own nobles—her cousin, so recently her guest at Hunsden, usurping the crown—her liberty, perhaps her life, in danger! What dreadful tidings, and so strangely imparted! Was it wise to give entire credence to what she had heard? This might be some plan devised by the numerous enemies of her religion—and she could count many even the Council—to entrap her into some overt act of treason, such as proclaiming herself Queen while her brother still lived. "How know you for a certainty that the King, my brother, is dead?"

"Sir Nicholas Throckmorton knew it verily, your Grace," replied the messenger, "he having been present thereat." Sir Nicholas Throckmorton! A man who was, or at least affected to be, a violent Calvinist, and assuredly no friend to a Catholic claimant for the Crown! The very name suggested a doubt of the whole incident. Her brother was certainly living; and scarce knowing how to decide, Mary at length yielded to the entreaties of her attendants, who, anxious and excited at the danger which threatened their mistress, implored her not to proceed to London, to turn aside to Kenninghall, and there await further advice. The Princess rode in silence, her mind painfully agitated with doubts and fears. Could it be true that her brother was dead? Or was he even now, perhaps, craving her presence? Could she believe Jane Grey so false as to enter into a conspiracy to usurp the crown in opposition to the claims of her two cousins—for in this Elizabeth was as much injured as she was. It was unlike her,

but she was a bigot in the new religion, and, besides, had wedded into an aspiring family who would make this bride of sixteen the tool of their ambitious projects.

Well-nigh exhausted with fatigue, the Princess and her train were beginning to long for repose, when Huddleston, one of the household, rode up and informed her that they had now arrived in the neighborhood of Sawstonhall, the house of his kinsman and namesake, where they could rest in safety for the night. The wearied ladies welcomed the arrangement with pleasure, and presently turned their horses' heads towards a beautiful valley, shaded by noble trees, and bathed in the rosy light of the setting sun, and in a short time found themselves beneath the hospitable roof which, history tells us, "was never more to shelter a human being." Their host was a Catholic, and very well knew that for Mary his house was a dangerous resting-place. Having heard from his cousin the rumors of the death of the King, he kept strict watch, for his neighbors of Cambridge were zealous Protestants and might prove dangerous enemies if they discovered that the Popish Princess was in their midst; she who would, likely, be soon ruler of the realm and restorer of the old religion.

In the morning Mary was up and equipped before all her followers, who assembled for Mass before they took their leave; and as they gained the height of a neighboring hill, the Princess, turning to take a look at the romantic valley, was shocked to behold the house she had left but a short hour before in flames. Huddleston explained that his kinsman had anticipated this from some fanatics who resided in Cambridge, and who probably had heard of her presence at the Hall, and of the celebration of the, to them, hated Mass. The Princess felt grieved and indignant as she gazed upon the burning pile, but exclaiming, "Let it blaze; he shall have

a better house," she hastened on her journey.

From Kenninghall she addressed to the Council a letter of remonstrance, upbraiding them in the tone of a sovereign for their neglect in not at once informing her of her brother's death, to which she alluded with deep feeling. She did not affect ignorance of their disloyal intentions towards her, but promised an amnesty and restoration to her favor if they would immediately proclaim her accession in the metropolis and, as soon as might be, in every other part of the kingdom.

This missive was very coolly received by the nobles, who felt quite secure of the success of their plans, having taken the precaution of summoning the officers of the household, the guards, the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and a number of the principal citizens, all of whom were required to take the oath of allegiance to the Lady Jane, their new Queen. They had no fear of one whom they believed defenceless, but they had yet to learn of the heroic courage of Mary Tudor, who acted at this critical juncture with so much promptitude and ability, that, without either money or soldiers, or even advisers, she contrived to extricate herself from a network of difficulties and to destroy the matured plans of her enemies. Some of the Norfolk gentry mustered their tenantry to her aid, and in a council—which could not, indeed, boast of veterans experienced in war, or statesmen skilled in diplomacy, but where all were faithful to her cause—it was decided that the Princess should fix her headquarters at some place better suited for defence, and nearer the coast, where she could receive aid and protection from her powerful kinsman, Charles V.

Framlingham Castle was the place finally selected, and Mary once more set out, attended by her faithful ladies and escorted by Sir Thomas Wharton, steward of her household, Sir



Henry Jerningham, Sir Henry Bedinfield and their men—"a little cavalry force, destined to form the nucleus of a mighty army." By torchlight, on the night of the eleventh of July, the cavalcade wound its way up the wooded height which is crowned by the fortress, with its triple moat and circling towers. As Mary stood upon the causeway which led within the gate-tower and beheld the strength of the great walls, enclosing more than an acre, the embattled towers frowning defiance from their moated eminence, she felt that this had been well chosen; here she was safe, here she was Queen, and the next morning's dawn saw floating from the highest turret of Framlingham Castle the standard of Mary, Queen of England.

Here we will leave her for a time, while we follow the fortunes of Lady Jane Grey. This young girl had been (by the common consent of historians) endowed with a larger share of beauty, learning and cultivation than usually falls to the lot of mortals. She is said to have had "every talent, without the least weakness of her sex." An old writer tells us that "she had the innocence of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of middle, the gravity of old age, and all at sixteen: the birth of a princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, and the death of a malefactor, for her parents' offence." Lady Jane was so learned, that Roger Ascham says, "Not many women, and but few men have attained thereto." She spoke French and Italian as fluently and eloquently as she did her mother tongue, wrote and spoke Latin and Greek, and was "well-versed in Hebrew, Arabic and Chaldee."

Happy in the studies which she loved, and in the affection of her husband, Lord Guilford Dudley, son of the Duke of Northumberland, to whom she had been so recently wedded, Lady Jane was kept in complete ignorance of the plans of her ambitious father-in-law

until she was saluted as Queen. We have seen how carefully he had made his arrangements, and now, on the fourth day after the King's death, he judged it necessary to make it publicly known. A letter of council was sent to Lady Jane requesting her to repair to Sion House and there await the commands of the King. She was visited on the same day by the Duke of Northumberland, the Marquis of Northampton, the Earls of Arundel, Huntingdon and Pembroke, and received them with her usual gentle, gracious welcome; but was much struck with the deferential manner they all assumed when addressing her. Jane was anxious to know the purport of the message from the King, but for some time indifferent subjects continued to be discussed, and repressing the vague uneasiness she was conscious of, she determined to wait.

However, on the arrival of her mother, the Duchess of Suffolk, accompanied by the Duchess of Northumberland and some other ladies, she was informed of the death of her cousin, King Edward, and of his dying prayer that England might be defended from the infection of Papistry; of his wish that his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, being both illegitimate, should be declared incapable of reigning; and lastly of his command that the Lady Jane, his lawful heir, should be declared Queen of England. Before the new and most unwilling Queen could collect her ideas, or decide how to act, all present, noble lords and gentlewomen, had bent the knee before her as sovereign, swearing fealty—the lords declaring with solemn oaths that they were ready to shed their life's blood in the defence of her right.

The exciting scene was too much for the timid girl; mingled feelings of grief at the death of her cousin, so suddenly revealed to her, and terror at her own exaltation to a position which she knew belonged of right to Mary Tudor, who was regarded by the

people of England as their lawful ruler, overcame her, and she fainted. When restored to consciousness, she exclaimed that she was a very unfit person to reign as queen, but if the right were hers she trusted God would give her strength to wield the sceptre to His honor and the benefit of the nation. The arguments of her parents, of whom she stood in extreme awe, and the solicitude of her husband, doubtless, overcame her objections, and with gloomy forebodings of the future she consented to assume regal state. At three o'clock on that day she was conducted by water to the Tower, the usual place of residence of the English Kings, preparatory to their coronation. Queen Jane entered the royal fortress in state, her train borne by her mother, her relatives saluting her on bended knee as their sovereign.

The proclamation of Queen Jane was received in profound silence, and with a feeling of incredulity by the people of England, who could not be convinced that any other save their beloved Princess Mary could lawfully assume the title of Queen. The great mass of the people were true to the ancient faith and had looked forward with patient longing to her accession, and now though his Grace the Bishop of London, and many other Protestant magnates throughout England, addressed their congregations upon the subject it was of no avail. Earnest Catholics, who heard the furious ranting of Ridley and the others against the "idolatrous Lady Mary, who would destroy and put out in the realm the glorious light of the Reformation," were the more confirmed in their loyalty to her cause, which was also the cause of their long-persecuted faith, while among the Protestants, the greater number were quite indifferent to either form of worship, and to all Lady Jane Grey was very little known.

Nothing could be imagined more painful than the position of the new sovereign—a Queen without subjects or a

realm. She had no ambitious longings after regal state or power. She had seen too visibly the dissatisfaction of the people—in that immense concourse through which she had passed to the Tower not one voice had been raised to greet her. None approached her but the members of her own and her husband's family, and some officers of the Council. On the day of her arrival in the Tower, the crown had been brought by the Lord Treasurer to have it fitted to her head. Jane turned with aversion from the regal diadem, and seemed to see something joyless and repellent in the cold glitter of the encircling gems. She thought of the many it had crowned, and the few—the very few—to whom it had brought other than lifelong misery or a violent death. She turned to her imperious mother, but no pleading could move that proud heart; she, as well as the rest, would thrust this hated dignity upon her. "Good, my Lord, I cannot put it on," she exclaimed, bursting into tears. "I possess no title to it; were the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth not in existence, yet it would not be mine. There are others who have a prior claim—even my own mother's right comes before mine. Take it hence, in pity—I cannot—dare not put it on." The arguments used as to her perfect right, the will of the late King and so on, were of no avail. She firmly declined.

Not many days elapsed before news of the successful appeal of the Princess Mary, for whom all England was arming, reached the inmates of the Tower; and with grave faces and clouded brows the Council came to the conclusion that Northumberland must take the field. But how could he leave London at this critical moment? How could he hint to the Privy Council his doubts of their fidelity and his fears of disaffection amongst the people, when he should be no longer near to overawe both the one and the other? Suffolk must take the

command. But here he was met by an unexpected obstacle—Queen Jane for the first and last time exercised her royal authority by peremptorily forbidding her father to head the forces of Northumberland.

The Council reminded Northumberland in the most plausible and flattering tone, how fortune, fickle to the ventures of other men, had ever been favorable to him. They spoke slightly of Suffolk—reminding him of the utter ruin a defeat would bring at such a moment and, on the other hand, that a successful encounter with the troops of Lady Mary would have a wondrous effect. Northumberland yielded, and as he rode through at the head of his troops, a prophetic foreboding of the result took possession of him as he perceived how coldly the citizens looked on as the levies passed. Addressing Lord Grey, who rode beside him, he exclaimed, "The people press to look upon us, but not one cries, 'God speed ye.'"

We must now return to Framlingham, where events had taken such a favorable aspect that Mary Tudor felt that she was not alone Queen by right of succession, but by the love and favor of her people. Immediately upon her arrival at Framlingham she had formed a Privy Council, and with their aid opened an active correspondence with the local authorities of all the neighboring counties. Every hour saw new arrivals, until the number of her adherents swelled to thousands, all volunteers, serving without pay and camping around the walls of the headquarters of their liege sovereign. The Earl of Essex, Lord Thomas Howard, with their followers and the kinsmen of her best friends, the Jerninghams, Bedingfelds, Pastons, Sullyards, and most of the gentry of the eastern counties crowded in. News reached Mary that Sir Edward Hastings had mustered four thousand men for the Lady Jane; but having written him from Kenninghall, the Queen could not

doubt her own kinsman—Hastings being grandson of her murdered cousin, Henry Pole, and grandnephew of the Cardinal—and she felt pleased to have trusted him, when, with Sir Edmund Peckham and Sir Robert Drury, at the head of 10,000 of the militia of Oxford Berk and Middlesex, he proclaimed her Queen and stationed his levies in the neighborhood of London to await her commands.

From one of the watch-towers of Framlingham, which gave a glimpse of the German ocean, there was seen, a few days after her arrival, a fleet of six ships of war sailing along the coast toward Yarmouth, and for the moment, fear took possession of the high-hearted Princess, for there was no ammunition, no artillery to defend her position. Her valiant cavaliers possessed only the small arms they bore at belt or saddle-bows, and their levies could only display their valor where there was "push of pike and blow of axe and brown-hill." But one brave-hearted man rescued his Queen from this danger. Sir Henry Jerningham, an undaunted soldier and staunch friend of the royal lady, having manned a boat, sailed out to challenge the fleet. It was a daring act! As his single boat cleft the waves, he stood erect in the prow

"All stern and undismayed;  
A thousand armed foes before  
And none behind to aid!"

As he reached the foremost ship, he shouted to the commanders "to surrender to him as vile rebels and traitors to their lawful Queen, Mary of England." A wild cheer rung out as the men vociferated, "Long live Queen Mary! We will fling our captain overboard if need be, rather than draw a dirk against her; we are her true subjects." This surrender was followed by that of all the boats connected with the merchant service and customs; and stores of ammunition were at once transferred from the fleet to

Framlingham, besides three pieces of ordnance and quantities of church plate and money. Presents of all descriptions that could prove useful to the Queen or her garrison came pouring in. A royal guard of five hundred gentlemen was appointed to protect the sovereign, and no one was permitted to approach her without an order of her Council. A proclamation was issued offering £1,000 reward for the apprehension of Northumberland, "a traitor in arms against his sovereign." And all the prisoners confined in the goals of Suffolk were set free, Mary having ascertained that the greater number were guiltless of all crime save fidelity to her.

By this time all England had declared for Queen Mary, except London, where the Council still held together in a sort of unwilling and undecided companionship of treason. However, a message from Northumberland decided their future course. Disheartened from the very outset by the undisguised enthusiasm of the people in Mary's favor, the very existence of "Queen Jane" being completely forgotten, or rather, never recognized, he heard of the large army that had raised the standard of the Queen, of the price set upon his own head, and hope died within him as he perceived his ranks thinning hourly. Ordering a retreat to Cambridge he determined to make one last effort, and writing to the Privy Council he requested "a large and immediate reinforcement." The lords of Council met, and after some time spent in discussion separated, each declaring his intention of mustering his friends and adherents, and marching to the aid of the Duke. But once beyond the walls of the grim Tower where they had been little else than prisoners under the surveillance of Suffolk, they repaired to Baynard's Castle, when they were met by the Lord Mayor and some of the principal citizens of London. The Earl of Arundel addressed them in forcible language of

the right of succession which belonged to the daughter of King Henry VIII and the intolerable arrogance and overweening ambition of Northumberland, which had prompted him to set up the Lady Jane, his daughter-in-law, as Queen of that realm; and as his closing words were heard, the Earl of Pembroke, flashing his drawn sword before them, cried, "If the arguments of my Lord of Arundel do not persuade you, this sword," and he kissed the jewelled hilt, "shall make Mary Queen of England, or I will die in her quarrel." Shouts of approbation and loyalty to their liege lady resounded through the hall. And, on the following morning, what was the transport of the people to behold the Lord Treasurer, the Lord Privy Seal, the Earls of Arundel, Shrewsbury, and Pembroke, and all the noble members of Council, ride in procession through the city to St. Paul's, where they proclaimed Mary Tudor Queen of England, Ireland and their dependencies. Such was the enthusiasm that the voice of the herald was drowned in the clamorous joy of the multitude. Crowds flocked to the cathedral to join in the "Te Deum;" wine and beer were freely distributed to the people, "largesse" of money flung among the surging masses, and as night fell over the city, bonfires blazed, the houses were illuminated and the air vibrated with the merry peal of joy-bells.

The joyous sounds reached Lady Jane in her lonely state-chamber. It needed not the entrance of her father with despair in his eyes to tell her that she was no longer Queen. She tried to reassure him. "And, father," she said, "this relinquishment of the cares of royalty is the first voluntary act I have performed since I was proclaimed Queen. Grieve not, I beseech you, to see your child return—oh! how willingly—to the condition for which God created her. The crown is of right my cousin's. Let her wear it, who is so much more worthy than I am."

Next day the Earl of Pembroke, with a company of guards, took possession of the Tower in the name of the Queen. Lady Jane's nine-days' reign was over, and an order signed by the lords reached her father-in-law, commanding him to disband his troops and submit to the Queen; but ere the messenger arrived he had made a hopeless attempt to seem loyal by throwing up his cap in the market-place of Cambridge, and shouting "God save Queen Mary." A few hours later he was captured and with twenty-seven others, partners of his treason, was lodged in the Tower to await the pleasure of his sovereign.

The rebellion being now quelled, happily without the shedding of one drop of blood, there was nothing to prevent the Queen's return to her capital. So, on the last day of July, 1553, the camp at Framlingham was broken up, and the royal progress to London commenced. She was met on her route by Lord Robert Dudley then, or very soon afterwards, married to the fair Amy Robsart, the Earl of Northampton and Ridley, Bishop of London, who must have been endowed with some amount of moral courage to have ventured into her presence—having but a few days before preached against her as a "Popish and idolatrous princess." They came to excuse the part they had taken in the late rebellion; their plea being that they had done so in obedience to the orders of the Privy Council. These men would have been in the Tower awaiting their doom for high treason but for the clemency of the Queen, who had struck off their names, with those of fourteen others, from the list of State prisoners, reducing their number from twenty-seven to eleven.

They met with so gracious a reception, and were dismissed with so much kindness, that Cecil, the Secretary of State in the late reign, who had ever been her own and her mother's enemy, took heart of grace and presented himself on the same errand. To this cele-

brated statesman the Protestant Church is indebted for the changes of doctrine effected in the reign of Edward VI and for the thirty-nine articles which used to be the note and sign of the Church of England; but the late reports of the Protestant synods have given the world so much information with regard to the "broad views" and "liberal opinions" now in vogue, that it is supposed that after a little time Protestants will be in a position to dispense with, not alone the sacraments and the thirty-nine articles, but with the troublesome ten commandments.

Mistress Bacon (wife of Sir Nicholas, and mother of Francis, afterwards Lord Bacon) who was Cecil's sister-in-law, and one of Mary's favorite attendants, had interested herself for him with the Queen, doing him so much good service that she was prepared to give him a kind reception. Fluent in excuses and an adept in dissimulation, he actually talked the Queen into believing him "a very honest man;" but feeling that she could not altogether approve of his facile windings and turnings in religion, as well as in politics, she hinted that a somewhat clearer explanation would be required; and it was significant that one who was considered so able in Council received no appointment during Mary Tudor's reign.

As the Queen approached London she was joined by the Princess Elizabeth, who had carefully held aloof while affairs were undecided between Lady Jane Grey and her sister, affecting a severe attack of illness, as was her wont in any difficulty where it would be necessary to gain time or to await results.

Having now heard that Lady Jane Grey was a prisoner in the Tower, and Queen Mary approaching London in triumphal state, Elizabeth became convalescent, and rode out with an escort of a hundred and fifty horse to meet her sister, who had ever been to her a true and loyal friend, even at a time when it had

been dangerous to plead for the child of Anne Boleyn. Mary welcomed her with warm affection, and placed her on her right hand on the occasion of her public entry into London, which took place on the third of August.

Arrived at the ancient city portal of Aldgate, Mary dismissed her noble guard of three thousand horsemen, and entered the capital attended by the civic body and a brilliant assemblage of nobles and high-born dames. As they rode down Leadenhall and the Minories to the Tower, the royal sisters attracted all eyes. The Queen was about thirty-six years of age, and rather below the middle height, but exquisitely formed. Her life of painful trial and delicate health had left its impress upon her countenance, to which an expression of thoughtful sadness had become habitual. Her eyes were dark and penetrating and her complexion generally pale; though on this occasion she has been described as "fresh colored" in her robes of violet velvet. The excitement, no doubt, had brought a warmer tinge into her fair cheek. Elizabeth was tall and well formed, and though having little pretension to absolute beauty, was yet very fair and very young. Having always an eye to effect, she took care on this important occasion to display her beautifully-shaped hands and large blue eyes to the best advantage.

London looked its gayest in holiday apparel for this great event. The quaint old houses, in which, according to the prevailing style of architecture, every story was made to project beyond the one beneath it, were almost hidden under rich hangings of silk and cloth of gold; gaily colored banners and streaming pennons floated overhead; the joyous acclamations of the people mingled with the triumphal swell of music, the sumptuous attire and glittering jewels of the courtly train of ladies; the waving plumes and prancing steeds of the nobles—all conspired to render the scene

a gorgeous one. What a contrast those royal equestrian progresses of the sixteenth century form to the complete absence of state affected by the rulers of the present day, when kings and queens look mere ordinary mortals. How Londoners would have stared to behold the late Queen Victoria figuring in such a procession, which in these days of utilitarian simplicity would be regarded as little better than the circus exhibitions which occasionally pace our thoroughfares. However, we must not forget that in the ancient pageants all really was gold that glittered; and that each richly-robed dame and prancing cavalier bore a name which still lives, in good or evil repute, in the pages of history.

As the splendid cavalcade halted on the Tower green a touching scene presented itself. Kneeling before the Church of St. Peter ad Vincula, on the spot where so many martyrs had shed their blood for the true faith, was a group of State prisoners, amongst whom the Queen recognized the Bishops of Durham and Winchester, the aged Duke of Norfolk, and her own early friend and companion, the Duchess of Somerset. Bursting into tears Mary stretched out her arms to them, exclaiming: "Ye are now my prisoners," and with gentle words of sympathy she raised them one by one, and told them they were free. Standing near the Duke of Norfolk, was one whose appearance was unknown to all—a young man of noble and dignified presence, whose features of exquisite beauty possessed that crowning charm, the stamp of intellectual cultivation. On inquiry he proved to be Edward Courtney, son of the unfortunate Earl of Exeter (heir to the earldom of Devonshire), who in the reign of King Henry VIII had been executed for the crime of corresponding with Cardinal Pole. The honors and estates of his family had been forfeited, and this, his only son, had passed his youth from the age of twelve to twenty-five in cap-

tivity. Courtney had devoted himself to study, and now from his lone prison cell came forth "a comely and accomplished gentleman, deeply versed in the literature of the age, skilled in music and in painting, which had formed the chief solace of his long confinement, and graced with that polished elegance of manner, the result, in most who possess it, of early intercourse with the world, and an assiduous imitation of the best examples, but to him the free gift of nature herself." His romantic story at once exalted him into the hero of the day with the fair ladies of the court, while the Queen and Elizabeth vied with each other in attentions to their young kinsman of the house of York. Courtney must have been in danger of having his brain turned by the sudden transition from a quiet life of study within the grim walls of the Tower prison to the brilliant society of the court, where he immediately took his place as Duke of Devonshire—a title long hereditary in his family, and which Mary restored, together with the whole of the patrimonial estates which had been forfeited to the crown. His mother, Gertrude Countess of Exeter, and the Duchess of Somerset were received into the Queen's household, the three daughters of the latter being appointed maids of honor. These girls were considered the most learned and accomplished ladies in Europe, with the exception of the Queen herself and Lady Jane Grey. It was a happy day for many in England, and the poor were not forgotten by the kind-hearted Queen, who ordered that a large dole should be given to every householder in the city.

Mary's great difficulty on her accession was the formation of her Council; for among the leading nobility, now so enthusiastic in their protestations of loyalty, there was scarcely one who had not professed himself her enemy and the enemy of the Catholic religion in the preceding reign. She knew not whom

to trust, yet skilfully contrived to satisfy all parties. One of her first proclamations commanded her subjects, both Catholic and Protestant, "to live in Christian charity with each other; to refrain from using such names as 'Papist' and 'heretic' or the like. She could not," she said, "conceal her own religion, for God and the world knew she had professed it from infancy, but she had no intention to compel any one to embrace it; she desired to have the matter settled by common consent."

The people, who had never really embraced in their hearts the cold doctrines of Protestantism, saw with unmixed delight the grand old churches once more filled with Catholic worshippers; for though the laws actually in existence forbade the exercise of the old religion, yet, knowing the sentiments of the Queen, they no longer feared to assist at Mass, and to approach the sacraments publicly. And hearts which had never wavered, but had prayed and wept that they might see Catholicity restored, now throbbed with grateful emotion, as they knelt before the Sacred Presence in the tabernacle and beheld the lights and the priestly vestments, and the soft clouds of incense floating above the altar, dimming the bright pageant of the storied window. And once more beneath cathedral domes and under the roofs of little country churches, the solemn rites of Catholic worship brought holy peace into the hearts alike of the lowly and the high-born. But there were men in England—a multitude of men—whose crimes against the Church made their return to the ancient faith seem almost an impossibility, weighed down as they were with blackest guilt—sacrilege, robbery, denial of doctrines in which they inwardly believed for gain, men who were under the ban of excommunication, who cared not for any form of religion, who would, in obedience to the sovereign, have been content to embrace Judaism or Mahomedanism. The de-

moralization of the English after having cast off the restraints of Catholicity is described by Dr. Burnet in his "History of the Reformation." "The flagitious and impious lives of many," he says, "gave great occasion to our adversaries to say they were in the right to assert justification by faith without works, since they were, as to every good, reprobate. Their gross and insatiable scramble after the goods and wealth which had been dedicated with good design, though to superstitious uses, without applying part of it to the promoting of the Gospel, the instruction of youth, and relieving of the poor, made all men conclude that it was for robbery, not for reformation, that their zeal made them so active. They ran away from confession, penance, fasting and prayer, only that they might be under no restraint, but free to indulge themselves in a licentious and dissolute life. And so was let in an inundation of vice and wickedness upon the nation." Fearful sacrileges, too awful to be recorded here, had been committed against the Blessed Eucharist, and these crimes also must be atoned for.

The Supreme Pontiff, Julius III, who had mourned over the state of ecclesiastical affairs in England, now rejoiced at the accession to the throne of a fervent Catholic Princess, and selecting Cardinal Pole for the office of Legate to the Queen, the Emperor and the King of France, he conferred upon him full power to restore the Catholic religion in England "for the service of the Almighty, the welfare of his country, his own satisfaction and that of the Sacred College and the whole Court of Rome."

This was the object nearest to Mary Tudor's heart; and the high office and glorious mission exactly suited her kinsman, an English prince and an anointed priest. But before Reginald Pole could set foot upon English soil, the bill of attainder against him must be reversed, and this, with several other important matters, was put at once into the process of arrangement. The Cardinal Legate was detained for months in Austria; part of his mission being to reconcile matters between the King of France and the Emperor of Germany.

**NOTE**—The foregoing is the second installment of this paper, the first appearing in May issue.

## The Woof of Life

By P. J. Coleman

This is the woof of life—

Wedding and birth and death,  
Infinite agony, labor and strife,  
Drawing of dolorous breath.

Fate at the loom doth sit,

Weaving the web of years;

To and fro the shuttle doth flit,

And the woof is sprinkled with tears.

Nimble her fingers weave,

And the pattern grows and grows—

A moment to smile and a moment to grieve,

In a warp of joys and woes.

Purple of passion and pain,

Sorrow and sin's dark hue,

With a golden gleam in the tangled skein

Where the thread of hope shines through.

Ever of love the loss,

Anguish for those who love;

But peace at the end, and the crown for the cross,

And God in His heaven above.



# THE GARDEN BENCH

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**I**T has always seemed to me that if I were a teacher, especially a teacher of girls, the virtue upon which I should lay great stress in my instruction would be reticence—a virtue in which so many you meet in the course of a day's journey are sadly deficient, and without which the character, otherwise lovely, shows a woeful flaw. The reticent woman never knows that sad cry of yours, my sister, "If only I had not spoken about it!" nor does she find the making good of a blunder or mistake so painful if none but her own soul has been taken into her confidence. So much for an introduction, now for the story!

They were a newly married couple—and they were young. This young man loved the girl, and she thought she loved him—and they married when they should have been enjoying the sweet, brief days of youth. In novels we always find the author paints the parents who object to the early nuptials of their child in colors calculated to make the reader thoroughly dislike that father or that mother; but if ever I write a novel in which this opposition plays a part, I shall show such a guardian the most amiable of characters, as well as the wisest; and I shall make the rebellious child live to admit it.

Before the honeymoon was over this couple I have in mind realized their hideous mistake. The wife knew she did not love her husband, and, as she made no effort to conceal the fact, he soon realized it, too. Had she been an older woman, admitting that an older woman would have made this mistake, she would have been able, having learned by the experience of life, to readjust conditions more easily than this raw little creature could ever hope to do, and if the future were not to be a poem, at least it would not be a tragedy.

There was one thing, however, this young wife might have done had she been early trained to observe the virtue of reticence—kept the world on the outside of her shattered home. Instead, she flung open the door, and acquaintance and stranger, friend, relation, near and far, knew that Edna was finding life with Edward a hell on earth. Did she meet some one on the street-car—the conversation would veer to the one subject uppermost in her mind, and which, of course, afforded a choice bit of gossip for the neighbors, and all sitting within ear-shot would learn that the pretty and stylishly gowned girl was married, and that her husband was a brute—for brute, naturally any one would call a man who caused that charming and altogether lovable creature a moment's pain.

I am willing to concede Edward was far from being up to the average. His mother failed sadly in her work of moulding a man. All the ugly tendencies of his nature had been permitted to form, and when life and strength were theirs, before he had gotten himself in hand and learned to curb all his disagreeable traits of character, he had plunged into a condition that only served to increase their growth and power. It is doubtful if the love he seemed to have for her, and which made him **such** a tragic figure in the **minds** of that portion of the novel-reading girlhood of the neighborhood not arranged on her side—it is doubtful, if this feeling were the love he at first entertained for her, and not instead a phase of his undisciplined nature. His jealousy was not the outgrowth of the selfishness of love, but the utter meanness and littleness of his character. His desire to maintain the home had no other source than its obstinacy.

And yet, though he were all this, he was not quite as black as she painted

him; and he might not have been as bad as he was had she only kept the curtain of silence drawn upon their difficulty; but it would take a nobler nature than Edward's to meet the averted faces of the women he knew and the pitying ones of his men acquaintances, and forgive the dishonorable cause of such conditions.

The end came at length, and Edna packed her trunks and returned to her parents, and instead of their sending her back to her husband by the next train, they took her in, and possibly helped widen the breach between the two by their advocacy of her side. The separation, of course, was on every one's lips, and if all Edna had told the different members of the community were written down it would fill many pages. Naturally, Edward's parents and relations and friends had their say, and to the calm looker-on it appeared as if the rupture were beyond healing. No woman, those of us who kept our minds unbiased agreed, could come back to a life such as hers had been.

But it happened that Edna lived in an old-fashioned State which has not yet learned to make excuses for marital infelicity. They condone, readily enough, the faults, yea, the sins of a woman; they will fight to the death in her defense, and kill as they would a mad dog her defamer; but in return for this, they expect her to stand at her husband's side until death do them part. They realize that mistakes are sometimes made in the choice of life-partners, but they think the blood of her unconquered sires should show itself, and that she should fight her silent battle as bravely and steadfastly as they fought theirs from the beginning of the commonwealth, and far beyond it. They ask this much of their daughters, and cannot reconcile themselves to a refusal.

Hence, on returning to her old home, Edna found her position altered. They did not shun her, nor deliberately wound

her, being too kind-hearted for that, but she was no longer the girl she had been, but a woman who had left her husband. They could not prevent this fact from standing forth prominently in their thoughts, and Edna was susceptible to the changed atmosphere. Perhaps there was somewhere in the community another such woman who had deserted her post of duty, and Edna knew how she had always been regarded. Now, perceiving there was to be no difference made because it was Edna—oh, sorrowful lesson that youth must always learn!—she beheld the choice that lay before her—either return to the waiting Edward, with all his faults, or drift into this position of the woman she had pitied in other days. Her decision was not long in coming and it sent her back to her husband.

She did not wish to come, and probably knew her fierce rebellion against the established order, which, for its own preservation, ruthlessly refuses to consider the individual, but come she did, and took up her married life where a few weeks before she had turned from it, as she had repeatedly asserted, forever. It was hard enough to have to yield to that iron-clad public opinion and return to the home where she was unhappy, to the man she probably hated; but she had made it infinitely harder by her lack of reticence. "And you did come back, after all!" She read that comment on the face of every one she met who knew of the circumstance, as, doubtless, she often heard it from the lips of her unkind husband.

Always, as I think of this story, I recall another married couple, of the same neighborhood, but now old enough to be the parents of this foolish pair. If you knew them well enough or were sensitive to atmospheric conditions, you would realize that there was something out of harmony, for in spite of every precaution we may take we tell the truth of ourselves, though we speak never a

word. What transpires in the closet of our minds is proclaimed from the housetops of our lives, and the one who thinks he can deceive his fellows only deceives himself. But though you felt there was a missing cog somewhere in the wheel of happiness, this reticent woman and honorable minded man never, even to their dearest friends, pointed it out. What arrangement they made in order that they might continue to be gentleman and gentlewoman in bonds that tend to degradation when mutual love is not, preserve their home, maintain the respect of the marriage-upholding community in which they lived, as well as obey the law concerning marriage promulgated by Christ, was known only to themselves; but we who beheld its working realized it must be the best solvent there is for the situation of the mistakenly married.

But whatever it was, whether it would prove effective in all cases or not, one thing is absolutely certain—the foundation upon which it rested was reticence—the proud refusal of both to take any other into the secret of their mistake, or the possession of that precious wisdom which always declares in favor of silence.

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The Burden Bearer came into the garden the other day, took her place on the old bench, and rested her head against the rough bark of the tree.

"The Golden Glow!" she said faintly, looking to where the stately blossoms lifted their banners of gold. "That means September, and September means the departure of summer."

"That is the message they bring," I answered, thinking of the days when the down beyond was starred with the dandelions.

"And we lost it!" cried the Burden Bearer. "Lost the summer—for what?"

Then a faded leaf drifted sadly down and lay on the green aftermath at our feet. Words and leaf were like a knell,

and in that moment philosophy had nothing to offer.

"We lost the summer!" finally repeated the Burden Bearer.

"Not quite lost," I ventured, "when we bore our burdens."

"Were we put here for nothing else?" she questioned. "Is the summer intended to be nothing more than a succession of fair days?"

"You seem to have known better, why did you lose it?" I asked.

"I thought I couldn't let the burden drop for even one day," she sighed. "And then I had hope. Hope is a good companion when you find yourself confronting despair, but hope sometimes seems a worse enemy than despair."

"You run counter there to the universal opinion regarding this faithful friend of man," I observed.

"If it hadn't been for Hope, I might not be sitting here bemoaning my loss," she rejoined. "On a day when June was in her prime, I wanted to drop the burden and live. Duty rose up and sternly forbade the entertainment of such a thought. And so I yielded to the command of Duty, as thousands before me have done, as thousands after me will do."

"Duty forbade your laying your burden aside, she did not object to your taking it with you," I suggested.

"And it was there Hope deceived me," said the Burden Bearer. "When I would have thought of that, Hope said, 'Some day!' Some day I should be free from the burden, and then I should live my own life. True, said the foolish adviser, it would not be June time, but would not release prove more acceptable in mid-summer, what she had to offer more desirable since nearer the moment of perfection? Would it not be better to carry with me then the knowledge of having parted forever with this disagreeable duty, than snatch my June day, with her dogging my footsteps? And so I turned me from the

June day. When mid-summer came, still were my shoulders bent beneath the burden. Now it is September, the summer is gone, and still I am bearing the burden. And what have I gained for the things I have lost?"

"Isn't the knowledge that you weren't a quitter, something?" I asked.

"The fear that I may have acted the part of a fool quite overbalances that knowledge, or belief, you should say," she rejoined, with deep melancholy. "Do you think we were meant to be hewers of wood to the end? Do you not rather think that in the beginning the burden is laid on us much as in a novitiate the candidates for the higher life are called upon to perform the most disagreeable tasks? It is only a test of the flexibility of their spirit. When they have stood it, they are called to other and better things. And so it might have been on that June day I had ended my period of probation, and had I responded to the voice calling me to life, I should have found my burden slipping from me."

"But September still remains," I said, knowing I had nothing else to say, in the face of such a relentless truth.

"Did you ever see a man, after long years of imprisonment, given his liberty and turned forth into the world of free men? I did once, and I saw him weeping for his cell and suit of ignominy. If this burden were to be lifted from my shoulders, could I stand up straight as those shoulders that never knew such a weight, or having known it, earlier cast it off? What have the September days to offer me, who has missed the joy of the June time? You should see me weeping for my burden, as the ex-convict wept for his cell."

And then came the memory of an old poem:

First I gave my springtime up—  
Daffodil and buttercup,  
With the early fragrance clinging  
To their petals—all the singing

That could come from trees new budded,  
And from meadows sunshine-flooded.

Then I gave my summer over—  
Crimson rose and purple clover,  
Snowy daisies golden centered,  
Lilies that the wild bees entered,  
Humming drowsy tunes, till they  
Wooded the sweetness all away.

Autumn, too, I yielded up—  
Every red-bronze acorn cup,  
Every pointed sumach cluster,  
Every leaf of fevered lustre,  
All the tender, softened haze  
That could mark my autumn days.

What is left for me to yield?  
Snow is hiding bush and field,  
All the birds have southward flown;  
In the northland I alone  
Stand, with empty arms, bereft,  
Having only winter left.

Leaving the Burden Bearer to her own views, let us ask ourselves if we have not often acted as foolishly as she claimed to have done? Is our duty, whatever form it may wear, such a severe task-master in itself, or do we not make it such? Duty says you should do such a thing, but does Duty say you must also expend all yourself upon the doing of it? Duty says you must run the typewriter, ply the needle, or make shoes so many hours in the day for your own support and the assistance of your family, but does Duty command us to bring the worries of the world home with us, or use the evening hours for monetary gain for ourselves, or for the enjoyment or comfort of others? Often it is not duty that is disagreeable, but our conception of duty, or rather our misconception of ourselves. We are not and were never intended to be slaves. We owe much to society, some more to our own immediate portion of it, and a great deal to ourselves. We may owe it to our family to hew wood, who, unencumbered, might be carvers of pictures. Let us hew our wood by all means during the allotted time, hew it well, and carefully and bravely: but when that allotted time is past, let us then turn to our carving.

# CURRENT COMMENT

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## The New South

The Catholic Standard and Times

One of the best "signs of the times" in this country is the forward step taken in the cause of temperance by several of the Southern States. It is indeed a surprising change. Regions which had become proverbial for incessant and unalterable devotion to the "corn" have suddenly eschewed the tippie. Colonels are now habitually sober where hitherto they had been habitually inspired to moods that made them subjects of Homeric study. Kentucky, North Carolina, Indiana, Georgia and even Texas—Texas, the untamable—have been tamed to the docile point by the power that holds the water-compelling wand of Moses. The sober thought of the South is coming to the relief of the South at a moment when the general situation was perplexing and gloomy. It is beginning to be realized that the problem as between whites and blacks is one of moral guidance, not racial tradition. If the blacks are to be elevated morally, the whites must lead the way by example as well as, or more than, precept. The sober race will be the dominant race, in the best sense, when it has shown the race that aspires to an equality in civic things that to achieve true equality it must be able to point to a moral equality.

Recent clashes between semi-intoxicated blacks and whites have forced on the alarmed observers the conviction that were it not for the maddening effects of poisonous liquor these lamentable encounters could not have taken place. The Southern ladies who recently denounced saloon-keepers as con-

tributory parties to the innumerable assaults on white women by their practice of exhibiting pictures of the nude about their barrooms put their fingers on the second plague spot. It is not difficult, under ordinary conditions, to inflame the savage strain in the half-civilized victims of the white man's bungling policy; when the vitriolic rum gets into his veins he is uncontrollable in his animal nature. There needs to be a general awakening to the duty of the white man, especially in the South. It is gratifying indeed to find the necessity at last recognized.

## Why Not Jail Them?

New York Freeman's Journal

The Standard Oil people have fallen on evil days. Their chief security consisted in being allowed to carry on their gigantic extortions without having public attention directed to them. The fine imposed by Judge Landis makes this impossible, as the attention of the whole country has been riveted upon the most gigantic of trusts by the judicial decision which declares that for years it has been openly defying the anti-rebating law and thereby ruthlessly crushing out all competition, which meant the piling up of millions in the shape of illegal profits. Long immunity had rendered the greatest of trusts utterly indifferent to the restraint imposed by law. The ordinary individual might be fined and imprisoned for disobeying acts of Congress or of State legislatures or the ordinances of municipalities, but the Standard Oil went on in its law-breaking course convinced that the old English axiom, "the King can do no wrong," was equally applicable to it.

It had good reasons for so thinking. Until the advent of the Roosevelt Ad-

ministration no earnest attempt was made to curb Rockefeller and company in their lawless career. The Cleveland Administration actually did nothing in the way of restraining the rapacity of the Standard Oil. Mr. Olney, who believes "race patriotism" imposes upon this country the duty of going to England's assistance if she ever finds herself in serious difficulties, was Attorney-General in President Cleveland's cabinet before he became Secretary of State. Many earnest protests were forwarded to him asking him to enforce the Sherman Anti-Trust law. But it was all in vain. Attorney-General Olney lifted not a finger to enforce the law. President McKinley was every bit as inactive as President Cleveland so far as doing anything to have the law respected by the Standard Oil and the other trusts. It was not a matter for surprise that finally Rockefeller and company reached the conclusion that they safely could snap their fingers at any Act of Congress.

At first they did not believe that President Roosevelt was really in earnest when he set about the work of calling them to account for their open and insolent defiance of law. They argued that it could not be possible that the present Administration would do what the Cleveland and the McKinley Administrations neglected to do. They, therefore, were not at all alarmed when the Department of Justice set about the work of procuring the necessary data to secure conviction. They smiled contemptuously and kept on violating the law, convinced that they would never suffer any legal penalties for so doing.

When Judge Landis imposed a fine of more than \$29,000,000 it was like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. The Standard Oil magnates were astounded as well as furious. They were indignant that they, like ordinary mortals, should

be punished for placing themselves above the law. Rockefeller, acting as their mouthpiece, grimly remarked that Judge Landis would be a long time dead before the fine would be paid. In this statement we find embodied the conviction of the head of the Standard Oil that he and his fellows are not amenable to the law. There is no question that the reputed richest man in the world is something of a monomaniac on the subject of the power of money. He believes it to be omnipotent, and therefore, is disposed to regard with indifference any act of legislation or any court decision that stands in the way of his pet methods of fleecing the public. Nothing short of his being compelled to serve a term in prison for his persistent violation of the law will bring home to him a realization of the fact that the will of the people as embodied in the law is more powerful than the millions of dollars he possesses and controls.

It may yet come to that. The sight of Rockefeller and other trust magnates behind prison bars would be an object lesson which would not be lost on the multi-millionaires who hitherto have treated with contemptuous indifference all efforts to make them law abiding. A Washington dispatch states that Attorney-General Bonaparte is a firm believer in this method of enforcing respect for acts of Congress. It is stated that on several occasions he publicly announced his belief that the most efficacious way to stop rebating is to put some "big men" in jail. Up to the present this method of bringing home to multi-millionaire law-breakers a sense of personal responsibility has not been tried. Is it not about time that the jailing process be applied to a class of law-breakers who by their contemptuous disregard of legal enactments are doing more to spread anarchistic views than professed anarchists could do?

### Wise Women of the Frozen North

Catholic Union and Times

We boast much about our advancement in the social, civil and intellectual order, but Finland can give America a few points—small as is the one and large the other. Finland, to most of us, lay frozen somewhere in the direction of the north pole, with all her energies ice-bound. Cook or Baedeker told us of her, as if she were a curio; the map in our schools had her just to fill out correctly the surface of the known world, and this is all we knew or saw of Finland. Finland, however, forces herself upon the attention of the world and in a very unique manner. She gives a mighty lesson on the power of right wielded by women. The gentle sex, not satisfied with the apathy of man, resolved to take his place in the legislature of the nation and so we have nineteen ladies elected to the Finnish Diet. These ladies, judged from their own pronouncements, are not accidents, but do their own thinking, irrespective of precedents, and have the courage of their convictions, regardless of untoward comment or carping criticism; and let us say, "en passant," these are characteristics that have written and made history. They have already crystallized their influence in the passage of some bills which will revolutionize masculine rule. Two of the principal ones hold for free education for all and forbid under severe penalties the manufacture and importation of liquor into the country for use as a beverage.

These are mighty strides towards a new greatness of the Finnish nation. One measure uplifts man, the other keeps him on his feet so that the uplifting will show. Bravo for these wise women!

If to-day we were asked in the words of Holy Writ, to "show a valiant woman whose worth is from afar even to the remotest coasts," we would point to the

Northland. Ignorance and drunkenness have damned more countries than Finland, and education and temperance have ever exalted and refined. In the olden time Greece illustrates the worth of ideas and Sparta the force of moderate living. In medieval times Ireland was well named the land of "scholars and saints," for the monastery, commanding every mountain slope, schooled Europe, and to-day her Home Rule party is a whirlwind in the ranks of the enemy because its members have for the shibboleth "Ireland sober is Ireland free." America, big generous America, is truly great because of her efforts, with all their faults, along educational lines. No man can be truly great unless he keeps his head and cherishes his mind, preserving the one from intoxication that would undo its reason, and illumining the other with the lights of learning. So also a nation—a multitude of men—will be like its men, and will be great or small, just as they are good and great or vicious and degraded.

Nor do we think that these Finnish women, or any women, are outside their sphere when they becomingly hold for that which is such a concern to the home of which they are by right queen—education that will lead to high and holy purposes, in what ought to be the temple of innocence, the home of her children, and temperance that will be the mainstay of that peace which should make it the very vestibule of heaven.

Mrs. Maria Raunio exultantly cries: "We shall be the first nation freed from the great crime of drunkenness!" and we wish her the realization of her good and grand ambition. Miss Minnie Kanneruo rightly and tersely declares that "free education from kindergarten to college will abolish the crime of social caste;" and it is true, for education honeycombs the mind with ideas, and all ideas are essentially aristocratical, lifting up the lowly to the high place and qualifying genius to be the Caesar of all time.

## WITH THE EDITOR

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September, the first month of the autumn season, is honored by the feast of the Nativity of our Blessed Lady, which occurs on the eighth. On this day we hail the glorious Dawn that ushers in the Sun of Justice, the Light of the Gentiles, we rejoice with the Blessed Ann and Joachim in the birth of their Immaculate child of their old age, who was found worthy to be the mother of the world's Redeemer. It is the birthday of our Queen and Mother—and Mary's holy birth is second in importance only to that of her Divine Son. He became incarnate through love of us—the "Word was made flesh" that heaven's gates, so long closed to erring humanity, might swing open and welcome within their sacred portals the poor, banished children of Eve who had waited in hope and patience through the long night of centuries for the coming of the Promised One, the Saviour of the world. Most precious and acceptable of all gifts that we can tender to Heaven's Queen and ours on her natal day is the offering of our hearts' best love and a sincere desire and earnest resolution to conform them to the Heart of her Son that was pierced for us on Calvary.

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It is gratifying to note the prominence given by the Catholic press to the proceedings of the National Catholic Total Abstinence Convention recently held in Cleveland. But it is matter of keen regret to the real friends of the temperance cause that certain Catholic papers see fit to sell advertising space to the manufacturers and purveyors of intoxicating beverages—and this even in papers that devote large news and editorial space to

temperance interests. Such policy is not merely inconsistent; it indicates either insincerity on the part of the papers' management or cupidity—or both. Other Catholic papers there are that utter never a word against the liquor traffic but apparently do all in their power to promote it, notwithstanding their knowledge of the fact that intemperance offers the greatest obstacle to the progress of the Church in America to-day. Such publications, fortunately, are few; but they do incalculable injury not only to the cause of temperance but to Catholicity. Many non-Catholics—and a few Catholics—are led by them into believing that the Church favors the liquor traffic and saloons and inferentially their abuses.

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The new Syllabus has, naturally, elicited much and varied comment from the non-Catholic press. Some journalists see in this formal condemnation of errors, old and new, as exploited by modern writers, an evidence of the "narrowness" of the Church; and others recognize in it a distinct gain for conservatism and truth and religion. But the most remarkable utterance on the subject that has come to our notice is that of the New York Sun, a journal usually sane and unprejudiced: "In the face of this list of sixty-five opinions reprov'd and proscribed by the head of the Church, a Catholic scientist will hereafter be a contradiction in terms."

The London Tablet, indicating the value of the Syllabus to all denominations of Christians, well says:

"The attacks upon the Sacred Scriptures and traditional beliefs that have



made possible so extraordinary a form of 'Christianity' as the 'New Theology,' have so undermined orthodox Protestantism that it can be said to-day that the Catholic Church—strange irony of history!—is practically alone either in the wish or with the power to uphold the authority of Holy Writ and the truth of revelation. The Decree condemns what the Church has always condemned, and enforces what she, as the Interpreter of Scripture and the Guardian of Revelation, has ever taught and will ever teach her children.

"The Decree comes appositely, in time to warn those who have set sail without the compass or rudder of the Barque of Peter, that the Scylla of scepticism on the one hand, and the Charybdis of vain opinion on the other, threaten those who presume to attempt a voyage on the boundless sea of human speculation with regard to things divine, with such poor aids as science and history and self-confidence can give. It comes in time to warn those to whom 'Modernism' is yet little more than a name—an attractive name, it is true—that certain of its tendencies are as dangerous as some of its already enunciated conclusions are false."

There is hardly any need of comment on the latest development in the question of the Philippines. The government has prohibited the display in public or in private of any flags or emblems bearing the insignia of the notorious Katipunan Society. A worthy Protestant minister of Manila comments on the society as being inimical to all law and order. In the December, 1898, *ROSARY* there was a complete description of the vicious society, and a review of this article will refresh many minds as to the aims and methods of this body. The Katipunan was the great enemy of the friars, and

the fomentor of all uprisings. Were the friars unworthy, they would not have been the objects of the fierce hatred of this degenerate assemblage. This partial vindication of the long-suffering religious, though it comes a little late, will give satisfaction to all lovers of truth.

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It is distinctly refreshing and encouraging to find the strong arm of the law descending heavily upon the heads of millionaire culprits. Their vigorous prosecution, conviction and incarceration would effect wonders in the interest of social and industrial order.

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Our readers will be glad to find in this issue the opening chapters of a new serial story by that genial and popular and talented literary light of the Sunny South, Miss Anna C. Minogue. Miss Minogue is hard at work upon still another story of absorbing interest which will appear in *THE ROSARY* in the early part of the coming year.

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The frontispiece of this number deserves more than a passing glance from the serious reader. The value of the original painting as a work of art may be questioned, but its historic value is indeed rare and great. The subject of the painting is really the birth of Catholicism in the vast Ohio region. Along with the eternal interest that belongs to all that pertains to the true religion there are in this page of history many details of real dramatic charm. No prophet of Israel, bearing glad tidings of true peace, ever found a more responsive audience than did the pioneer missionary of the Middle West. The little body of German Catholics, driven by the struggle for bread, into an unsettled and unexplored country, were left as orphans, separated from the Master they loved more than they could

say. Who, then, could pen their transports of joy, when they learned that the weary stranger to whom they had given lodging for the night was a priest. There was no miracle in the story of the saints that seemed greater than this. The Lord appearing in the guise of a beggar to test man's charity, could not have caused more awed surprise, or more rapturous exultation of soul. And the pure offering of that first Mass,

laid by the angels on heaven's high altar, in sight of the assembled hosts of the blessed, must surely have provoked rich favors for the humble worshippers on earth. Somerset, where this happy event occurred, is a quaint and quiet little town in central Ohio. Though it has not the commercial prowess of many later settlements, more than all these it is rich in the priceless heritage of the true faith.

### BOOKS

#### THE RHYMED LIFE OF ST. PATRICK.

By Katherine Tynan, with pictures by L. D. Symington and a Foreword by Lieut. General Sir William Butler, G. C. B. Burns & Oates; Benziger Bros., American Agents. Brochure, quarto. pp. 32. 40 cents net.

This is a unique life of the great Saint Patrick done in rhyme very cleverly by Katharine Tynan. The illustrations are wood engravings preserving the characteristics of the Middle Ages, as do the verses. The brochure is printed on heavy laid paper in type so great and clear that the perusal of it will certainly not prove a menace to the reader's eyesight. The publication is altogether distinctive and worthy and should meet with a cordial welcome from all Catholic readers.

**HOME FOR GOOD.** By Mother Mary Loyola. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, 5 Barclay Street, New York. 12mo. pp. 336. Net \$1.25.

Mother Loyola herself explains the service of her book when she says: "My book has been written for girls in the hope of being of some service to them at the critical time of leaving school, when they have to learn to use aright the greater or less amount of leisure, freedom, pleasure and responsibility that will fall to their lot; to understand the necessity of not drifting into selfish,

pleasure-loving ways; of having some serious occupation and of making their home happy."

The book is divided into twenty-nine chapters of practical instructions for young ladies, particularly for those who have just finished their schooling and have returned "home for good." The fact that each chapter is full of sensible and practical advice need not be emphasized for those who are familiar with Mother Loyola's other books and who know that she has years and years of experience as an educator at her back and that she has devoted a lifetime to the study of girl nature. No wonder the book is so precious and so inerrantly to the point. It should find a place in every Catholic home, and be enshrined there as a monitor of wisdom, insight and discretion.

**REX MEUS.** By the author of "My Queen and My Mother." Benziger Bros. 12mo. pp. 183. \$1.25.

As the objects of this little work, which was originally intended for very limited circulation in the religious Order to which the writer belongs, may not be easily apparent at first sight, it has been deemed wise to briefly summarize them as follows:

I. To help young people unfamiliar with the Old Testament by putting into their hands some chapters which can be

pondered over by them without danger of their being disturbed or perplexed by matters which it is not necessary, nor even, perhaps, desirable, for them to be occupied with.

II. By drawing out here and there, thoughts from these chapters, to let them see how much that is helpful can be extracted from the words of Holy Writ by those who will take a little time to think and ponder over them.

III. To put before them one of the most beautiful characters God ever made, that of the man after His own Heart, by the holy king and prophet David, in hopes that by gazing at it, and comparing it point by point with Our Lord's, they may be brought to understand better Him and His Sacred Heart, and grasp the truth of what is said in the Book of Wisdom, that by the beauty of the creature the Creator of them may be seen so as to be known thereby (Wisd. xiii), and indeed this, though mentioned last, is the main object of the book, and the meaning of the title, for the study of the prophet-king's character only makes us realize how his noble qualities, his courage, generosity, meekness, etc., pale into insignificance when considered side by side with the life of Him who is not only our King but our God, our God and our all, whom each of us can truly speak of as "*Rex meus, et Deus meus*" (Ps. lxxxiii, 2.)

#### PATRON SAINTS FOR CATHOLIC YOUTH.

Vol. III. By Mary E. Mannix.  
Benziger Bros. 12mo. pp. 200. 60 cents net.

This, the third volume of this series, shares with its two predecessors all the excellencies of a precious book. It tells briefly, but entertainingly and touchingly, the wonderful lives of St. Francis Xavier, St. Patrick, St. Louis, St. Charles, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Margaret of Hungary and St. Clare—eight stars of the first magnitude in the

firmament of sanctity. What glorious models are here proposed to our Catholic youth! We commend this volume to all Catholic parents and urge them to interest their children in its perusal, and we will safely venture the prediction that the good accruing therefrom will be everlasting and measureless.

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THE TUSCAN PENITENT—The Life and Legend of St. Margaret of Cortona. By Father Cuthbert, of the Order of St. Francis, Capuchin. Burns & Oates; Benziger Bros., American Agents. 8vo. pp. 291. \$1.35 net.

The life of St. Margaret, like the life of St. Mary Magdalen, is an encouraging one to sin-ridden humanity, for it shows so strikingly the all-transforming power of grace. By grace was St. Margaret of Cortona raised up from the deepest depths of moral obliquity to the shining heights of sanctity. The story of her life is therefore encouraging to souls which are almost disheartened by the seemingly hopeless struggle against the world, the flesh and the devil. We heartily commend this volume to our readers.

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ST. JOHN BAPTIST DE ROSSI. Benziger Bros., American Agents for Burns & Oates. 8vo. pp. 202. Net \$1.00.

This excellent translation was made by Lady Herbert from the Italian. It is a new edition with a fine introduction on ecclesiastical training and the sacerdotal life by Cardinal Vaughan, from which the following quotation is made:

"Now we possess what we have hitherto been without; we have a sainted secular priest, who was neither a bishop, nor the founder of a congregation nor a member of a religious Order, nor even a foreign missionary. He was a simple priest, engaged in the humblest office of the sacred ministry, devoted to the poor—to the most neglected among the poor and to the greatest sinners. His

days were employed in prayer, in preaching, in visiting the sick, in teaching the ignorant and in the confessional. Here in the confessional were achieved his greatest triumphs. He was no fashionable director, run after by rich ladies; no marvellous preacher, drawing after him the polished and the educated by the fame of his learning and eloquence. He was just such a priest as hundreds of secular priests are called to be in this country. If you want to read of the sensational, of the extraordinary, if you want to see a meteor passing through the sky, if it is admiration alone that is to be excited, you must not turn to the life of St. John Baptist De Rossi. But if you want a perfect model for a secular priest, working in any of our large towns or among our rural populations—you have him here in St. John Baptist. His life was passed among the poor in town and country, and this in the midst of our modern civilization, for he died less than a hundred and twenty years ago."

**FREQUENT AND DAILY COMMUNION**  
**ACCORDING TO THE RECENT DE-**  
**CREES OF THE HOLY SEE.** By the  
 Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist.  
 32mo. pp. 171. 50 cents net.

In this little volume by the noted Passionist, Father Devine, the recent decree on daily and frequent communion is fully explained and its several clauses are treated under distinct headings; afterwards a short explanation is given of the decree by which daily communicants may gain all indulgences without being obliged to confess weekly. In order that the faithful may be influenced and persuaded to cooperate with the efforts of our Holy Father in promoting this devout practice of frequent and daily communion, no stronger or more efficacious motives or reasons can be imagined than the fruits and effects of a worthy communion upon our souls and

bodies, and therefore two chapters are devoted to their explanation.

We have, therefore, in this small book the order observed which may commend itself to the theologian as well as to the ordinary devout Christian; firstly, the will and desire of Christ in regard to Holy Communion as our daily bread; secondly, the will and desire of the Church as manifest in her latest decrees; and thirdly, the great benefits which we ourselves derive from the worthy reception of this great sacrament.

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**THE GREAT FUNDAMENTAL TRUTHS OF**  
**RELIGION.** By the Rev. R. C. Bod-  
 kin, C. M. Benziger Bros. 12mo.  
 pp. 336. Net \$1.00.

This book contains a simple and popular course of higher religious instruction suited for the more advanced classes in schools and colleges and for the educated laity generally. It is thoughtful and philosophical and deals with the initial problems of sacred science only. It is intended to form a handbook for advanced classes in higher schools and for this purpose it is admirably adapted. The exposition is clear and concise, the reasoning well ordered and cogent. We would bespeak for Father Bodkin's work the favor of principals and directors of our schools and colleges.

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**THE CHURCH AND KINDNESS TO ANI-**  
**MALS.** Benziger Bros., American  
 Agents for Burns & Oates. 12mo.  
 pp. 192. \$1.00 net.

In this volume the mind of the Church is shown regarding animals, and this is done by illustrating the spirit of the saints in their relation with the lower creatures of God. It is a noteworthy collection, full of anecdotes which have a fragrance of simple charity. It will leave no uncertain conviction in the mind of the reader as to the Church's attitude in regard to the lower animals.

## CONFRATERNITY OF THE ROSARY

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**E**NTHUSIASM is a factor that causes members of an organization to labor zealously for the best interests of their society. As an exemplification of this we need but turn our attention to the fraternal organizations and witness the marvellous growth that has resulted from the zeal of members. Their enthusiasm pitched to a high degree, they make every endeavor to swell their ranks, each one doing all in his power to bring in new members, all feeling that every addition to their ranks means a personal benefit, a strengthening of the power of their organization. That there is a great tendency among Americans to join secret, social, and fraternal societies cannot be doubted. There is not a town or hamlet throughout the length and breadth of the country that does not count one or more councils or chapters of the better known and more prominent societies. Members labor enthusiastically to make known the advantages of their societies until they grow sometimes to extraordinary proportions. We should like to see members of the Rosary Confraternity imitate this spirit of enthusiasm which produces such fruit in secular organizations.

If members of secret societies are ever on the lookout for recruits and leave no stone unturned to increase their numerical strength, with how much more energy ought Rosarians to labor to promote the interests of the great Rosary Confraternity?

Here is a society that makes but little demand on the time of its members, asks of them no dues, no assessments. The obligation is simply the recitation of the Rosary three times a week. And to what end? That the Mother of God may be honored; that events of her life and that of her Divine Son may be impressed more

deeply on the hearts He died to win. The Confraternity of the Rosary would have its members help the sick and needy, bury the dead, and care for the widow and orphan through the highest and noblest of all motives, the pure love of Jesus Christ.

And if we are faithful to our duty as Rosarians, if we are regular in reciting the Rosary, reviewing over and over again the scenes in the life of the gentle Christ and His Mother, helped by God's grace we must put into practice the purest kind of fraternity. Like our Divine Master we shall feed the hungry, clothe the naked, instruct the ignorant and compassionate the sinner. Noble, indeed, is the end for which the Confraternity of the Rosary was instituted and scarcely less praiseworthy are the deeds that must be performed as natural results of being a faithful Rosarian.

And yet, believing as we do in the excellence of our society, the good it produces, and the hopes of eternal reward that membership in it holds out to us, how many of us have ever tried to bring in a new member? The Mother of God, she who is so powerful before the throne of God as our advocate, smiles down sweetly on all Rosarians, but certainly more tenderly will she love those who go about with zeal and enthusiasm in an endeavor to swell the ranks of a society so dear to her heart.

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Is not sin a most shocking evil, since the Heavenly Father chastises so pitilessly His only Son, Who has made Himself responsible for its atonement? Yes. It is the supreme evil; it is an evil that stands alone in its deformity; to speak truly, there is no real evil but sin.

The infirmities and deficiencies of nature insult none of the divine perfections; this insults them all. It insults

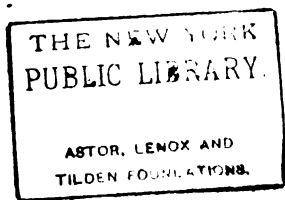
the majesty which it contemns, the goodness which it abuses, the wisdom whose designs it opposes, the omnipotence whose yoke it would throw off, the justice which it sets at naught. If it were in the power of sin God would cease to be, for, as far as it can, it destroys Him. It substitutes in place of the supreme good an inferior good, towards which it directs all the aspirations of the human soul; it strives to make the infirm reason and dependent will of the creature prevail against the infinite wisdom and sovereign power of the Creator. Unable to pull down the great God from His throne, it imposes upon Him the terrible necessity of opening for its punishment the eternal abyss, in which He, so good, so sweet, so clement, will be constrained to chastise it without pity and without respite forever.

Sin, the enemy of God, is no less the enemy of man. It debases his reason; it forms perverse habits which enchain his liberty; it dries up the sources of the divine life which was added to his nature to raise it to the summit of its eternal destiny; it nullifies the merits of the past; it withers the good works of the present; it cheats its miserable dupe, to whom it promises happiness in exchange for his rebellion; in a word, it drags us down from the sublime condition in which, without vanity, we might call ourselves divine beings, to the condition of the brutes whose gross nature we consent to share. Hence the Psalmist has truly said: "Man, when he was in honor, did not understand; he is compared to senseless beasts, and is become like to them" (xlviii.) Nay, more, the beast, by its instinct, acts the part which it can and ought to act; but this cannot be said of the sinner.

Sin being so great an evil, how comes it that such a vast multitude become guilty of it with so much facility and bear its yoke so lightly? The causes are ignorance, forgetfulness, blindness. But is the Christian, enveloped in so much

light, often recalled to his duty, even at the moment in which he examines his conscience to confess his faults before God, indifferent, cold, or insensible? Why do I doubt the sincerity of his contrition? A servile fear, a shame entirely human, a paltry uneasiness, a movement of the will merely of routine—behold what I see in many a soul instead of earnest regret, generous indignation against sin, loving protestations to be true henceforth to God, and strong resolutions by which hatred of sin is best known.

Christian soul, go to Gethsemani, and, throwing yourself at the feet of your agonizing Saviour, learn to hate sin as it deserves. Forget, if you can, the pain it has brought on you, the shame it has caused. Think only of the inestimable benefits of which it has deprived you: think of the grace and gifts of the Holy Ghost, the peace of heart, the consolations of Heaven, the fruit of your good works, the supernatural resources of the soul, the rightful claim to an eternal inheritance, the spiritual adoption by which you have become in Jesus Christ a true child of God; think of the blessed charity which enables you to say to God: My friend! my Father! Nay, more, forget your own misfortunes in order to see only the infinite goodness of an offended God. He is the essential good, worthy of all love; you have abused His gifts; you have turned your back upon Him to run after lying goods. O miserable soul! speak to Him with a contrite and humble heart. O Father, so good, so amiable, so worthy of my love, it is I, and not Thy dear Son, that offended; it is I that ought to die of grief. Soften my hard heart; lacerate it with bitter regret; crush it with the weight of Thy anger; fill it with horror of all that in which it has offended Thee, and make it more an enemy of sin than sin has been its enemy.—Monsabre, in "Fruits of the Rosary."





THE CATHEDRAL OF CHARTRES



# THE ROSARY MAGAZINE

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## The Cathedral of Chartres

By MISTAH

**W**ITH Notre Dame de Chartres, we reach the high-light of a beautiful picture—Catholic architecture—and while the vandal hands that broke the crucifixes in the public squares, and tore them down from hospital walls and halls of justice on a recent Good Friday, are making ready to desecrate the old cathedrals of fair France, let us cast one last and loving look at this, the most beautiful of them all.

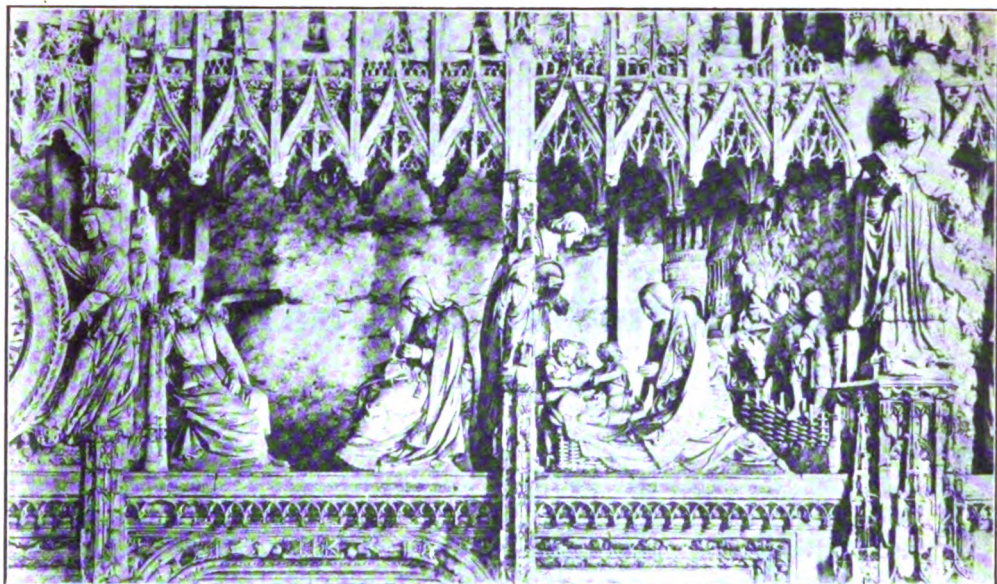
For whether we consider the shrine from the historic, the architectural, the devotional point of view, it still remains the marvel. Our Blessed Lady touches the Infinite. She is, as it were, its human expression, as in another way is this her fittest shrine. Like a queen, conscious of beauty unapproached, the cathedral rises in sublime proportions, proudly disdainful of ornament. It is aquiline. It soars. It is never done with soaring as you gaze. The old tower, which is the most perfect expression of the beautiful in simple architectural lines, runs straight up to heaven like a thought, like a prayer, and, looking down upon the city it has made, sings: "I am all of Heaven! God's alone!"

The Cathedral of Chartres is a poem. It is the spirit of the great crusades pet-

rified and undying. For it was erected by the confraternity of the "Lageurs du Bon Dieu"—translate this simple sweetness who can—penitents who would not join the crusaders, but who, instead, went about fasting and singing canticles in honor of Our Lady, and lending their skilful hands to the labor whenever a church was to be erected and the Blessed Sacrament to be housed. Men, young and old, women and children, carried mortar, harnessed themselves by thousands to carts and silently and with the ineffable hope of their hearts built these marvels which our age cannot reproduce.

Victor Hugo voices the thought with a touch of exquisite melancholy: "This has banished all that!" says his alchemist, looking from a book in his hands to the towers of the beloved Notre Dame of Paris.

For these grand cathedrals were the books of the olden time, and this one of Chartres is a veritable religious cyclopaedia, hundreds of its unnumbered statues being perfect both as to art and to theological and Biblical interpretation. Listening to the suggestions of learned divines, these toilers with the chisel wrote in stone before printing was invented or the generality could read, and it would seem that the restless hun-



DETAIL OF CHOIR WALL

ger and hurry bequeathed us by the inventors of the press have swept away forever this race of patient, because eternal, builders that toiled from generation to generation, 'neath the eye of God alone, with that angelic purity of intention and lofty enthusiasm of love that spent itself on the highest summits, content that God should see, as of old, "that it was good," certain that the son would take up the trowel or the chisel laid down by the father in the supreme agony of the last hour.

Miracles countless and stupendous rewarded the builders and benefactors. The sick awaited their passage on the roadside, and were healed by her whom, from the beginning, they called, "Notre Dame aux Miracles."

Who will say that legions of unseen angels did not assist and direct these wonder-workers? The touch of angels' wings, the might of holy lives, the smile of chaste eyes, the intensity of strong and penitent hearts, centuries of prayer and benediction lie upon every stone of Chartres' beautiful cathedral!

Situated on a hill on the left bank of the Eure, Chartres, the ancient "Autricum" the center of Druidism, stoutly resisted the conquering hosts of Julius Caesar. Saints Altin and Eodald, sent by SS. Savinien and Potentien, disciples of St. Peter, brought it the faith, and St. Aventin was the first of its long line of saintly and distinguished bishops. It suffered much during the Merovingian sway, and was attacked in 911 by Rolla the Norman, who, afterwards converted, received holy baptism in this city of Mary.

Chartres often changed hands until the year 1346, when it was finally settled upon the French crown.

In 1360 Edward III, advancing with hostile intent, was disarmed by a miraculous shower of stones, and, coming a conqueror, he entered a pilgrim and signed, in honor of his Liege Lady, the Queen of heaven and of earth, the treaty of Bretigny.

Condé, besieging the fortified city during the fierce religious wars, swore that his horse should feed upon Our

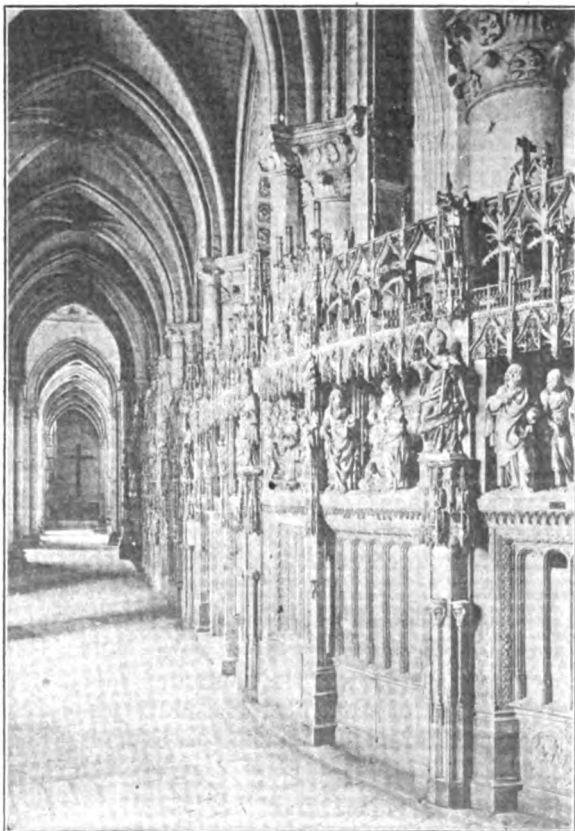
Lady's altar, but just as his troops had made a breach in the walls confusion was spread upon his counsels, and he suddenly withdrew, while the jubilant population set about marking the spot where now rises the memorial shrine of "Notre Dame de la Brèche."

Henry IV, by assuming the royal diadem in the cathedral, put an end to the disastrous religious wars, and Louis XIV gave the city to his brother, the Duke of Orleans, whose eldest son ever since has borne the official title of "Duke of Chartres."

The history of the city and its cathedral thus merges into that of France, to whom it furnishes several well-known names. We might mention St. Fulbert, the builder of the cathedral; St. Yoes, **its canonist**, the patron of lawyers; St. John of Salisbury, secretary of St. Thomas of Canterbury; the illustrious orator and cardinal, Mgr. Pie, Archbishop of Poitiers; Pierre Nicole of Port Royal fame and Chauveau-Lagarde, the defender of three beautiful and unfortunate women: Charlotte Corday, Marie Antoinette and Madame Elizabeth.

But its cathedral is Chartres' greatest glory. There is an old saying that the towers of Chartres, added to the nave of Amiens, the choir of Beauvais, the portal of Rheims, and the belfry of Strasburg, would, united, make the most beautiful cathedral in the world, but we prefer the statement of Visconti, of the Vatican, who says: "If other cathedrals boast more perfection in some detail, none is equal to Chartres, taken as a whole." High it rises above the antique city, its grand act of faith epitome and teacher of religion.

The origin of the cathedral is most interesting; it runs back into almost prehistoric stillness. Loretto, La Garde, Fourviere honored Mary during and soon after her blessed life, but the lily of Chartres strikes its roots way back into the darkness of paganism. We read that the hope of a Redeemer to come was cherished by all people from the beginning. Nor were the Jews alone to believe that a virgin should bear Him. The Erythrean sybil re-echoes the prophecy of Isaiah, and sings: "Rejoice, O young and beautiful virgin. Break forth in accents of joy! The Creator of the universe shall live in thee and thou shalt possess eternal light. He is the sun that is to burst forth from the chaste heart of a virgin."



REAR WALL OF THE CHOIR

Virgil tells Pallion in his eclogue that a maid is to bring back the happy reign of Saturn. Egypt seems to bear the traces of the passage of the Hebrews in its story of the virgin Isis, mother of Bacchus, and in the virgin mother of all the gods she paints upon her zodiac, whilst Greece and Rome run back to Mars and the warlike and chaste Minerva and Ilia.

Buddha, too, springs spontaneously from the side of a virgin, as also do the gods of China, Thibet and Mexico. Indeed, it was on the misty hill "Tepe Jacac," where later smiled Our Lady of Guadalupe, that the Indians did homage to the maiden mother of all the gods, and as far back as Cambyes we find the Persians announcing that a very bright star would appear in the heavens on the night that God would be born of a virgin.

We are not, therefore, altogether unprepared to find the Druids of Gaul trailing from the far East the prophecies of Balaam and Isaiah, and whilst Elias and his disciples honored the Virgin Mother to come on the slopes of Eastern Carmel, building in their Western forest, on the very spot where now signals heavenward in delicate foliage of stone Mary's most beautiful cathedral, an altar to the "Virgini pariturae." Here in a cave, which is now the crypt of "Notre Dame de Sous-Terre," they bent the knee to a statue they had carved out of the wood of a pear-tree to represent a child with eyes wide open, looking far into the future, and the virgin mother whose eyes remained closed because she was merely human.

Ah, wonderful piety and sagacity of the old oak-worshippers! Caesar tells us that Chartres was the appointed spot for the annual Druidical assembly, and an old tradition goes further to explain that Priseus, pagan King of Chartres, consecrated his people and his realm to the virgin who, in time, should bring forth the "Desired of the kingdom."

We seem to stand trembling on the outskirts of history, looking for the first flashes of the dawn of our hope; our devotion to Our Blessed Lady, at the moment when the dark night of paganism is going to break before the rising sun of Christianity. The tradition is well authenticated. We find it recorded in the missals of the diocese, and the chain of evidence runs on unbroken to our own day, when two hundred lamps burn incessantly before "Notre Dame de Sous-Terre," the Queen of the now Christian crypt.

The old Druidical statue was burned by the vandalism of the French Revolution, but an exact fac-simile has taken its place and it is unusually placid and beautiful. Here Notre Dame de Sous-Terre listens night and day to our feverish, fretful appeals in all the quiet might of maternal love. Ah, whoever, tell me, invoked her in vain? And may not the Druids have derived something of the peace and loftiness of their worship from this noble thought and cult of her?

We read in an old history of Chartres that SS. Savinien and Potentien, passing through and seeing the inscription, "Virgini pariturae," on the old statue, preached to the Druids the Virgin Mother of God whom they honored without knowing her, as St. Paul did the "Unknown God" before the Areopagus. When St. Savinien left the city, he was pursued by the emissaries of the Emperor Aurelian, who put to death not only himself but also his first converts, among whom was Modesta, daughter of the Roman governor. Quirinus threw these holy bodies into a well of the crypt known to-day as the "Puit des Saints Forts."

When Christianity emerged from the catacombs, a holy hermit, Emau, built himself a cell above the spot, and was the first of Chartres' long, unbroken line of pilgrims.

Clovis and Charlemagne came, and Charles the Bold in the ninth century,

with a long silken veil worn by Our Blessed Lady in Nazareth, an heirloom of this daughter of the kings of Juda which had long been treasured by the emperors of the Orient.

But the wee churches erected by the successors of St. Emau soon ceased to be worthy of the site of countless miracles and heavenly favors. In 1020, the last having been destroyed by lightning, St. Fulbert, Bishop of Chartres, resolved to restore it in a way worthy of his heavenly Mother and Queen. He raised his voice for help, and help came to him from all sides.

Among his benefactors we find recorded the names of Richard, Duke of Normandy, William, Duke of Poitou and Aquitaine, and Canute, King of England and of Denmark. So active was the holy bishop that, before he died, he had completed the subterranean crypt or church to enclose the famous shrine and the "Puits des Saints Forts."

St. Yoes, one of his successors, continued the building and placed in the towers bells given by Matilda, wife of the Conqueror. Then it was that Norman masons and sculptors came in crowds to consecrate their trowels and chisels to Mary and to fulfil the vow they had made to labor for her honor alone. They admitted no one into their holy fraternity that had not received the sacraments and become reconciled with his enemies. Humbly, silently, they toiled; sometimes far into the night 'neath the eye of him they had elected their superior. There is no haste to be done with the work, no thought of human applause; no sound of human word breaks in upon the stillness, unless it be the voice of a newcomer confessing his sins. Is not the history of this building as wonderful as itself?

And now the countless rooks, that alone to-day see the details of this high-swung beauty, seem like the souls of the old toilers fluttering about the silent saints, and reading in the delicate, hid-

den tracteries of stone the sweet, mute lyrics of their own interior lives. Ah, how well, how beautifully, how wisely is that done which is done for God alone!

The cathedral is of stone, hard as iron, quarried from Bercheres-l'-Eveque, a neighboring town. The foundations seem the work of giants, the superstructure, the delicate poise of angel hands. It is the world's typical cathedral, the model of all subsequently built in Central Europe.

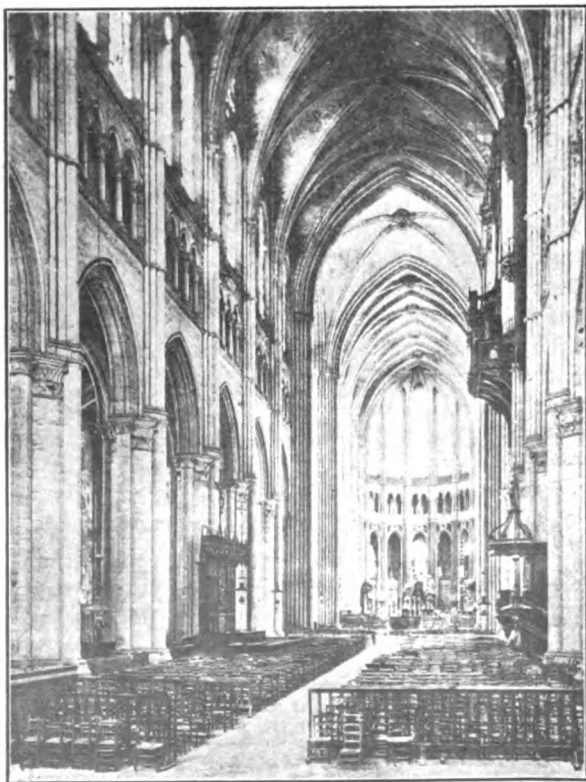
In form it is a perfect Latin cross, with circular apse facing that point in the East where the sun rises on the feast of St. John the Baptist, the second patron of the cathedral. As it now stands, it was consecrated in 1260, and the huge blocks with which it was erected scarcely bear the traces of the six centuries and more. Its total area is eighteen thousand square feet, its capacity eighteen thousand.

The frontispiece consists of the main or royal portal, and the two famous towers "*quales decet esse sororum*," one, the older, graver, beautiful in grand chaste outline of feature; the other, younger, all rich in ornament, courting admiration by its flutter of leaf and lace. The harmony and contrast of this classic beauty is unequalled the world over, unless the solitary watch-tower, looking down upon the Rhine from the famous Strasburg Cathedral, be brought into comparison.

The older tower is firmly seated upon a solid square base, but suddenly it shoots up into the air, disdainful of ornament, until it reaches a height of three hundred and twenty feet, with such rapidity and airy grace that the eye cannot tell just where solidity gives way to lightness. Though the masses prefer its more highly adorned sister, and wonder why this one is left so incomplete, still it is the darling of the well-trained artist eye because of the sublime simplicity and accuracy of its proportions. It bears the figure of an angel, a vertical

meridian, and quaint illustrations of the proverbs "Ne sus Minervam" and "Asinus ad lyram" in the figures of a spinning sow and a donkey striking the lyre. This tower is crowned with the moon as weather-vane, in allusion to the chaste queen of the night, the footstool of the beautiful Queen of heaven.

Its sister, the new tower, reaches a height of three hundred and fifty feet, and bears beautiful ornaments and statues of St. John the Baptist and the eleven Apostles, each carrying the insignia of his martyrdom; the town-clock is here, and the sun is the weather-vane, in allusion to Mary clothed in the sun. The uncultured traveller and the unpracticed eye wonder and regret that the older tower was not made to resemble this beauty. The main portal of the cathedral looks toward the west.



VIEW OF INTERIOR

Broad stone steps lead up to it. The life of Our Lord and His Apostles, 'mid legions of saints and angels, bursts upon us in the silent majesty of stone. It is the preface of the stupendous work, an epitome of the Christian teaching to be unfolded by the whole life of Christ—preparing us for our endless triumph with Him in heaven.

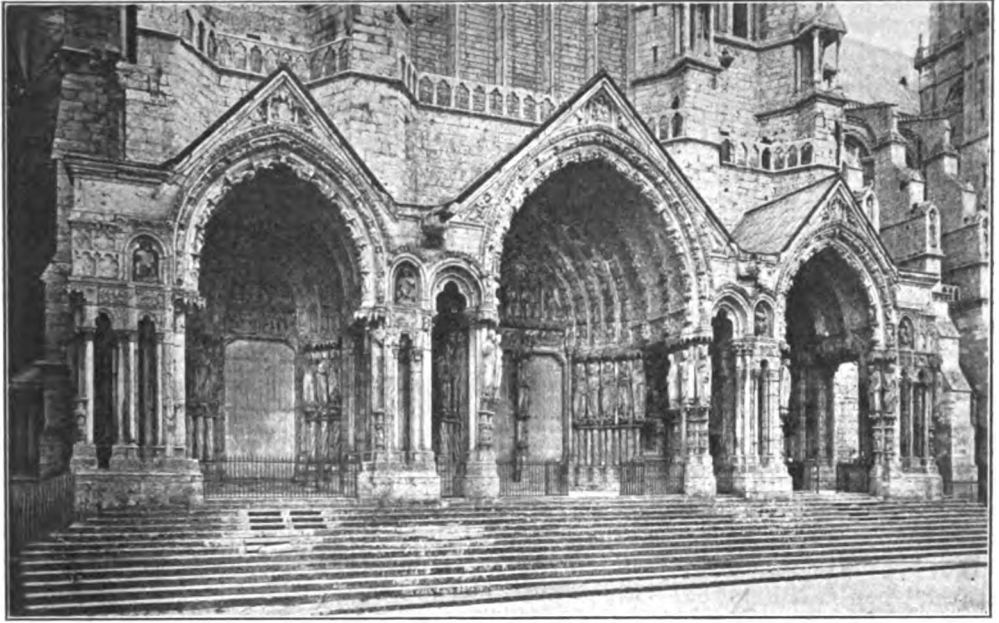
The portal looking north was built by St. Louis to commemorate the life of the Blessed Virgin. It is the richest of the three in detail, the most original in design and execution. It numbers about seven hundred statues—many having been destroyed or mutilated during the Revolution.

Dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, it shows in stone twenty-six of her ancestors according to the flesh—the kings of Juda; twenty-six of her ancestors according to the spirit—the prophets and saints who foretold and foreshadowed her coming, her numberless prerogatives and virtues, her life, her death. The Old and the New Testaments are here unrolled before us, the figure and the realization being placed on opposite sides of this great door. The southern portal is called "The Portal of the Last Judgment," and represents with great perfection of detail this favorite subject of the Middle Ages.

It speaks in seven hundred and eighty-three mutely eloquent figures. Christ occupies the center and is surrounded by the Apostles, the martyrs, the confessors, the choirs of angels, the four-and-twenty ancients and the virtues symbolically represented. Many have surnamed this portal the "Triumph of Christian Sculpture."

Shall we enter, now together, friend, this great Gothic temple? No mortal remains, however





THE MAIN PORTAL

venerable or revered, are suffered to lie in its holy soil, and, like the Church of St. Ursula at Cologne, it is conspicuous for the absence of tombs.

Our thoughts expand in the vast dimensions; they are chastened and lifted up by the grace of these mighty master-lines, softened by the suggestiveness, the mysterious light from the stained-glass windows. Involuntarily we exclaim with the great Napoleon: "An infidel would be ill at ease here!" The pavement is worn by the footprints of noted pilgrims. Came: Popes Pascal II, Innocent II, Alexander III; all the kings of France from Clovis to Louis XVI and the great Napoleon; St. Louis, a barefooted pilgrim, Louis XI, an anxious statesman easing his troubled conscience by royal munificence; Bayard the Brave and Du Guesclin, in the days of France's glory and her heroism; the great dukes of Burgundy; Isabella of Hainault, Mary and Louisa of Savoy; Anne of Austria, begging for the son who became Louis XIV; Madame de

Sevigne and many other noted children of the soil.

Came Rollo of Normandy, Henry I, Henry III of England, Edward III, with the Black Prince, and Ferdinand III of Castile. The old walls re-echoed the fiery eloquence of the Cistercian Bernard as he drove France, Germany—Europe—to the second crusade; they reverberated the responsive cry of those splendid soldiers who proclaimed the humble saint their generalissimo. Here prayed St. Francis de Sales, St. Vincent de Paul, Eudes, Olier, and many others whose feast we keep November I, for it would be easier to count the stones of the vast edifice than to number the fervent prayers breathed within its precincts.

The painted glass windows are the most beautiful in the world. One hundred and twenty-five in number, they bear three thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine distinct figures, and, dating from the thirteenth century, are perfect in every detail.

An uncertain light greets the pilgrim on the threshold of this great temple, like the first trembling steps of faith, but gradually this gives way, and as he draws near the choir, he is immersed in a burst of light and color from the sanctuary like a vision of heaven.

The cloister, or screen, here is justly famous and has handed down to the veneration of posterity the name of the artist, Jehan de la Beauce. This masterpiece of medieval art begins with the vision of Sts. Anne and Joachim, an angel announcing the birth of the child, and continues, in forty scenes, the life of Our Blessed Lady, till it brings us to her coronation in heaven.

The choir this beautiful screen encloses is very vast, and yet it was not too large for those ages of faith and of prayer when two hundred, both priests and people, met daily for the recitation of the canonical hours.

Eleven chapels grace the cathedral, the most famous containing the celebrated Black Virgin of the Pillar, crowned by Pius IX in 1855, which miraculously escaped the fury of the great Revolution, and whose praises are written on the very pillar, worn away as it is by the kisses of the grateful pilgrims. In the sacristy are many precious relics and treasures, the most famous being the "camisia" or "tunica" of the Blessed Virgin. Given to Charlemagne by the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus and the Empress Irene, it was placed by him in his oratory of Aix-la-Chapelle. In 876 Charles the Bold brought it as a gift to the great Cathedral of Chartres, and Bishop Gautelmus used it as a standard in the battle in which the fierce Rollo was defeated, who after his conversion boasted he "had been defeated by it alone."

"Non me Franco fugat nec me Burgundio caedet."

The Latin word "camisia" or "tunica," meaning a garment in general, was, however, literally translated by the

faithful, who set about making the common representations so well known to the tourist to Chartres. The relic is, however, in reality a veil woven in silk, three by two metres, and is enclosed in a very rich reliquary. Bathelmy, the antiquarian, being consulted, without previous explanation as to the nature of the texture, replied that it was a veil such as the women of the Orient wore some two thousand years ago.

But the crypt, the dear old crypt, more than all the rest attracts our loving hearts, for it is the very root and reason of all the splendors above. Here the Druids prayed way back in the night of pagan darkness, and here Notre Dame de Sous-Terre dispenses to us, as she did to them, the largesses of her right royal maternity.

Here may still be seen a Roman wall of the fourth century, the well into which the bodies of the first martyrs were thrown, and the oldest, most deeply revered of Mary's shrines. And though we see before us only the fac-simile of the pre-historic statue, still she whom it represents is the same and the spot is the selfsame, "all sanctified by time and prayer and hope and prophecy." How much it is beloved let the two hundred votive lamps, the unnumbered "ex-votos," the uninterrupted chant and prayers, the many Masses, tell.

Among the richer gifts, may be seen a necklace of beads and girdle of porcupine sent in 1678 and 1700 by the Huron and Abnaki Indians, who had been brought to the faith by the Jesuits, the children of Mary's city and shrine.

In dedicating the thirteen chapels, this subterranean cathedral seems to have condensed within its venerable precincts the history of Our Lord and of the Church of France. First, there is the old Druid shrine to the "Virgini pariturae," and, all about, altars to the saints who grouped in life about her and Our Lord: St. Joseph, St. Anne, St. M. Magdalen, St. Veronica, St. John



the Baptist. Next, the abridgment of the history of the Church of France in her great bishops: St. Nicholas, their patron; St. Clement, spiritual father of St. Denys of Paris; St. Savinien, who brought the faith to Chartres; St. Lubin, its most popular bishop; St. Fulbert, the builder of the present cathedral; St. Yoes, one of his successors, the great canonist surnamed: "the Terror and Delight of Kings," and St. Martin, who made so many converts in the vicinity. There is a fascination about the old spot; the mind and heart keep reverting to it, as though the graces so lavishly bestowed, the hearts so generously relieved within the sacred precincts in the long, long past, beckoned and caressingly compelled the soul to remain. But, obliged at length to leave, the traveller looks back lovingly upon the dreamy, splendid structure, its unnumbered statues, its airy grace and adamantine solidity, its soaring pinnacles, its sailing rooks cawing the mysterious language of the past.

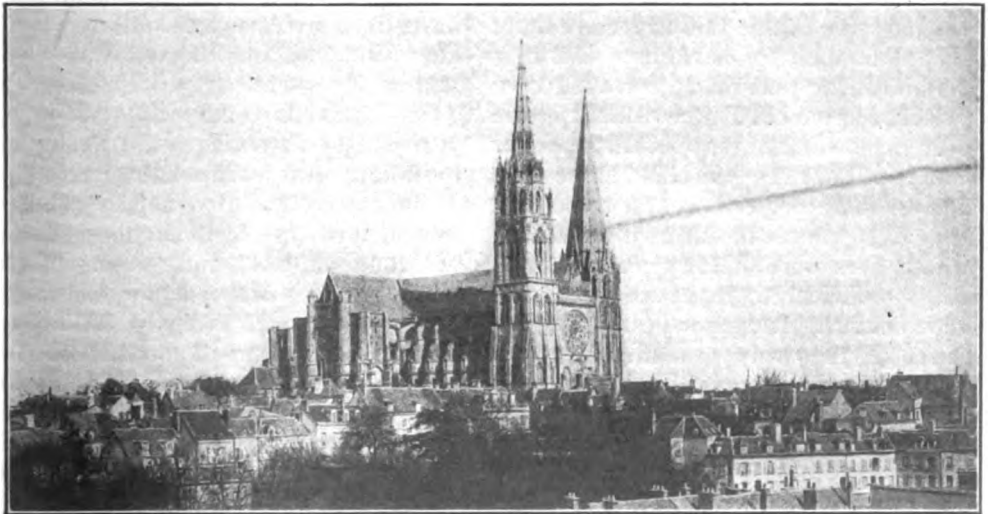
Thou art a page in the history of humanity, O beautiful Cathedral of Chartres, from the creation of the world to its final judgment, black with time,

aglow with the light of the loving eyes that have rested upon thee, vocal with dear, dead memories! Venerable pile! Mary's first and oldest sanctuary, the Benedicite of Christian temples where all the works of the Lord praise the Lord, the angels and the virtues, the sun and moon, the spirits of heat and cold, of summer and winter, of glow and of gloom, all living creatures, priests and people, Ananias, Azarias and Misael praise the Lord.

From the hand of Solomon to the hand of Nebuchadnezzar, four hundred years; from the hand of Esdras to the hand of Titus, not six hundred years, and twice the grand old temple was swept off the face of the earth, to rise thereon no more.

But this great Gothic shrine has stood unmolested and perfect as it stands to-day since Bishop Pierre de Munci sang the solemn rite of dedication more than six centuries ago.

Ah, ever may it sanctify the winds of earth, this sweet, harmonious hymn to our dear and beautiful Mary, for surely if we forget to praise her these stones will rebuke us. "*Quia si hi tacuerint, lapides clamabunt.*"



THE CHURCH AND THE TOWN

# An American Apostle

By J. V. SHERIDAN

**A**LMOST akin to feeling shame for one's parents, is the way of not a few Christians with regard to the saints. To print anything bearing on their lives is like a last resort, the straw at which the drowning hack clutches. There is, it would seem, only this much of common ground, that the notice of a saint takes up space. Reading such a treatise, one suspects a design there to better his life, and the thought makes him wary. Were it not for evil and the doers thereof, in very truth, the makers of books and builders of journals would be in sore straits. Misdeeds are always made interesting, and malefactors positively captivating. The view naturally taken is that a holy life is rather irksome, and that a holy person is a man of straw. The principle behind this is sound, but its application is awry. Courage is admirable, but it is the villain who is craven, and the saint who is brave.

Then there is another baffling problem about the saints. They all can help us, and none can be said to receive more than a fit meed of devotion. But it is certainly true that many, for no known reason, receive not a tithe of what is due even the lowliest of those in whose honor churches may be raised. There are, among these neglected ones, some who have lived almost in our own times, and whose lives were literally crowded with deeds sufficient to make an irreligious man famous. It cannot be that the instinct of the truly sanctified heart is astray. Rather it must be that there is something human that changes or diverts the current of popular devotions. Theologically, it is difficult to see how one saint more than another can find lost articles, or how one form of devotion to Our Blessed Lord more than

another will pledge us our eternal salvation. However, there is no jealousy among the saints; and the unknown St. Modestus is as happy as the favorite St. Anthony—perhaps more so.

In the calendar for October there is a name that brings these two reflections very forcibly to mind. St. Louis Bertrand was a man of action of the kind that most provokes our admiration, a man filled with courage and strength; and yet his life is unknown. Though a Spaniard, he is in a way an American saint, for he lived for years on our continent. As a saint he makes in effect little appeal to the faithful, for outside the Office of the Church, and his own Order, there is no special devotion paid him. There is nothing forbidding or cold in the austerity of his piety. Everything he did tends to charm one with the religious life. As for his public life, there are many thrilling novels that would pale beside it. The special point that deserves our study in the case of St. Louis is that he is one of the few saints that have lived in America, and that he is, after God and the Blessed Virgin, the patron of a great part of our continent.

St. Louis Bertrand was born in the year 1525. Valencia, in old Spain, was his home. It is a remarkable town, even in Spain, the land of romance. The citizen of this town feels not the handicap of commonplace surroundings. Its whole aspect is Moorish, and one feels it is a geographical anomaly. With the blue Mediterranean all about it, it seems for all the world as though it had merely floated in from some far-off Oriental land and were left stranded and alone, far from all the companions of its youth.

Our saint's father was married twice. On the death of his first wife, to whom he was deeply attached, he sought to

retire to the solitude of the cloister. Choosing the almost sepulchral retreat of the Carthusians, he became a novice in the monastery of Portobello. But one night in a dream, St. Bruno, founder of the Order, and St. Vincent Ferrer, appeared to him, and told him God's will was that he again return to the world. It was after this epoch that his son Louis was born. Quite like any other child's were the early years of the saint, save that he cried very often, a presage, the quaint old biographers write, of the man's sorrow for the sins of mankind. At the dawn of manhood God called Louis to the religious life. At the age of eighteen he received the habit of the Order of St. Dominic, and three years later at the very early age of twenty-one he was ordained a priest. Later on he was made novice-master. To all appearances his life was destined to be a quiet and uneventful career of meditation and prayer. At heart, however, Louis was not at rest. He was not sure that he was doing God's will. He longed for a life of more hardship and toil.

Spain was at this time in its prime. The fierce and many-centuried conflict with the Moors had ended in the triumph of the Cross and the land was at last free from strife. The warriors of a lifetime, however, could not settle down to the arts of peace. The discovery of America, offering such a vast scope for military prowess, was very opportune, and saved Europe from no one knows what complications. The great throngs of idle knights flocked to the New World, where glory and wealth sufficient for all awaited them. And certainly the courage of these soldiers was indomitable. Distance, climate, overwhelming odds were all against them, yet in less than half a century they had overrun and conquered a country many times the size of ours. With the men of war went the men of peace. No exploring party ever

set out without a priest. The motive of the presence of God's minister is often misunderstood. It was not greed, nor was it the importunity of the soldiers that made the priests enter on such arduous work. The fierce, unscrupulous adventurers looked on the priests, usually, as enemies. It was only the Emperor's strict orders that made it possible for an ecclesiastic to be with the soldiers. They were there to convert the natives, and to protect them as best they could.

The Order of St. Louis' choice was the most distinguished in this apostolic work. In every land sons of St. Dominic entered with the first venturesome explorers. In all Central America, in the West Indies, in Venezuela, in Colombia, in Peru, in Brazil, in Chili, everywhere where the Europeans first entered one finds names among the Dominicans that are as worthy of perpetual memory as the names of Cortez or Pizarro. It is a glorious page of history, that of the early Dominicans in Spanish-America, and some future Parkman will become famous in editing it. Many were martyred, many succumbed to sickness and fatigue and were buried in the wilderness. Many, wasted with fever, their strength exhausted, old before their time, returned to Spain, to the convents of their early days. Acquaintance with these veterans of Christ's legion had long turned Louis' thoughts to a missionary life, and for years he had prayed that obedience would send him across the sea. His wish was at last realized, and in 1562 he was ordered to the kingdom of New Granada.

As the Spaniards conquered region after region of South America, they called them after provinces in the mother country. There was a New Castile, a New Toledo, a New Andalusia, and others with like names. New Granada was what is now approximately the United States of Co-

lombia. The history of the conquest of New Granada is strikingly similar in very many ways to the better-known histories of the conquest of Peru and Mexico. In the first great expedition of Ximenes de Quesada, the chaplain was a Dominican, Dominic de las Casas, a first cousin of the great Bartholomew de las Casas. The cruelties wreaked on the natives were even greater than those in Peru. The native ruler of Peru was put to death without pain, but Quesada first tortured his wretched prey. It was again the lust for gold that made demons of these Christians. The Dominican protested, and sought by every means in his power to bring the invaders to a sense of right, but all to no avail. His only reward, like his brethren in other lands, was to earn the undying hatred of the soldiers, and of their allies, the official historians.

In 1529 there were already twenty Dominicans in Colombia. The horrors of the reign of the soulless Christians became intolerable, and in 1541 a delegation of monks, all Dominicans, from Colombia, Peru and Mexico set out for Spain to inform the Emperor of the sins committed in his name. Charles the Fifth was really astounded, and hearkening to the petitioners drew up a code of thirty-nine laws in favor of the Indians. This action of the monks was so noble that even the most bigoted historians praise it. They do not even impugn the motives of these sons of St. Dominic. It is hard for them to be forced to praise an Inquisitor, but in their view these were humane by exception. Unfortunate men, wilfully blind, these historians cannot see that this noble band was not exceptional. Theirs was but the spirit of their founder, living in his followers, a spirit open and free, that is just to all because it seeks always the warm and living truth.

The party of missionaries that set out with St. Louis numbered thirty. They

sailed from San Lucar on the Bay of Cadiz and had an uneventful voyage across the ocean. Up to that time it was the shortest ever made. What was a short trip in one of the tiny barks of those days would be looked on now as an ocean residence. From port to port took two and three months' travelling.

On arriving in the mission field, the recruits were at once given assignments. The savages here were of very low development. The baser passions had run riot among them for generations, with the result that they were all what we would style degenerates. They were cannibals. Their religion was diabolical, and its practices vicious in the extreme. Such were the souls that St. Louis was to labor for and to save. The apparent hopelessness of the task would have appalled an army. St. Louis was single-handed. It was a real trial for him to be alone, far away from any brother priest, he who was so careful about confession, whose soul so thirsted for the saving showers of the Precious Blood. In treating with the savages, not knowing their language, the services of an interpreter were necessary. This left much to be desired, and made the work of conversion very difficult. The saint's assistant was particularly poor, and gave him practically no help whatsoever. So, like his brother monk and fellow townsman, St. Vincent Ferrer, emulous of the favors shown the Apostles, St. Louis prayed God that the gift of tongues be given him. Heaven acceded, and during all his stay among the Indians, he needed only the Spanish language. And the simple Indians wondered much that a stranger just come to them could speak so perfectly their strange dialects.

His success was miraculous. In this respect there has never been such a manifestation of God's power in America. He converted and firmly established in the faith over a hundred thousand natives. Apart from his labors, to live in

the climates where he preached was penance enough. The lowlands of Colombia are in the heart of the tropics. Beneath the fair palms that grace every vista lurk insects and reptiles of every kind. Malarial fever is in the air, for the copious rains and deadly sun nurture it well. Before the days of roads or towns, the missionary's life there from a human point of view was surely as dreary and miserable as life well could be. But even with this the religious love of mortification found ways of adding to the hardships. St. Louis literally sought and welcomed the attacking swarms of flies and mosquitoes. He went barefoot through the jungles and swamps. He denied himself food, and went without sleep. No contemplative ever surpassed him in rigid penance, and no shepherd of souls ever gave more time to his work.

The details of his labors are not as abundant as one would like. We have barely more than a brief record of the different places he evangelized. His very first work was to him a bright augury of God's pleasure with his sacrifice. In Tubara, where he was sent on his arrival, he baptized an infant, who died immediately after. To the fine soul of the man of God it was a blessing of Providence that his first convert became his advocate in heaven.

To keep the new converts from lapsing again into idolatry, or at least into some of its forms, was a difficult task. As with the prophets of the Old Testament, there was one continued struggle to keep the children of the faith from the high-places dedicated to sinful gods. The struggle in Colombia was a rude one, as the simple people were awed by the diabolical arts practised by the pagan priests. There was only one sure means to avert the danger, and this was to destroy all the symbols of the cult. On one occasion he took away by stealth and buried certain bones that

were objects of adoration, thereby stirring up the bitterest anger of the pagans. The Christians were too earnest and strong to permit any open revenge, so the wrathful devotees gave the saint poison in his food. It made him sick unto death. He himself thought he was to die, and amid all his agony grieved that he was dying without the Sacraments. For five days he was in the throes of a terrible fever that caused him awful suffering. At the end of that period the crisis passed and he grew well, though the effects of the ordeal never left him.

The idolatry of these poor, neglected savages was not a thing of convention. It was a real creed that had a firm and deep hold on them. This was brought home to the saint in a cruel way. In one mission he had taught a little boy how to serve Mass. He felt very fondly towards his little brown friend, and named him Luisillo (little Louis). Returning one day from a brief visit to some distant tribes, he was horrified to learn that his altar-boy was dead—killed by his own father as a sacrifice to a fiendish god. The boy's parents, in the absence of the saint, had returned to their abandoned superstition, and seeking to propitiate the insulted god, had offered in expiation their dearest possession. St. Louis knew that his namesake was in heaven, but, yielding to the human sympathy that is not unbecoming even the highest sanctity, like Our Lord on hearing of Lazarus' death, wept bitterly over his loss. He did not sorrow because of Luisillo's death, for the lot of the tiny singer in the martyrs' heavenly choir was precious beyond compare; but absence, the cross of friendship, will wound the heart though the reason be at peace.

At the time of St. Louis, the missions were highly prosperous. This, let it be remembered, was back in the sixteenth century, before any permanent settlements were even thought of in the

United States. All the vast coast of South America was occupied and almost all the towns of to-day had been founded. Religion was flourishing. Great and really glorious bands of monks labored everywhere. Provinces of the various Orders were canonically established in all the different countries. In Colombia there were considerably over one hundred Dominicans alone, with convents in all the Spanish settlements, with one hundred and seventy chapels, missions and schools among the Indians. It was a remarkable age.

One priest and fellow laborer of St. Louis in those days is very worthy of notice. He was called Brother Denis of the Cross. Born in China, he had accompanied and labored with St. Francis Xavier and for years was his confessor. When the Apostle of the Indies died, his companion passed to Spain, whence he came to the kingdom of New Granada. Here he died at the age of over a hundred years, assisted in his last moments by St. Francis Xavier himself.

St. Louis Bertrand labored six years in Colombia, and then returned to Spain. At first sight this seems almost like desertion. Why, when he saw what work was to be done among the Indians, did he return to Spain? In view of his penances, his holiness, it could not have been love of ease, or fear of death that caused him to return. The explanation is deeply interesting. It does not detract from St. Louis, and it covers with glory that noblest and staunchest of all the heroes that America has seen, Bartholomew de las Casas. Las Casas was, in his love for justice, a brother of Jesus. Washington, Lincoln, Bolivar and all the heroes of this hemisphere pale before this wonder of Christianity. Never did a hopeless cause have such an advocate, never did the true Americans have such a friend. It is sometimes thought that the Dominicans, who proved such devoted friends of the Indians in Mexico, Peru, and in every

other land, were inspired by Las Casas. On the contrary, it was the struggle of the Dominicans in San Domingo, St. Dominic's own isle, that awakened Las Casas to a sense of his duty, and it was the illustrious corps of great Dominicans in Spain fighting his battles at court that perhaps saved him from punishment.

Las Casas, with the cold logic of the truly just, claimed that the only plea that justified the Spanish invasion of America was to preach the Gospel, and that all the gains of the Spaniards were unlawful and constituted robbery. He wrote books, solemn impeachments of the good name of his own race, recounting the awful wrongs committed by the Spaniards. But his cause was a forlorn one. The whole world accepted the conditions as unchangeable, and even the hierarchy had to accept as good the title of the Spaniards. It grieved Las Casas, though, to see a man of the highest sanctity tolerating the Spaniards who were wronging the natives. He wrote him, therefore, a strong and pleading letter in defense of the inviolable rights of the Indians. St. Louis received the letter, and having read it, felt guilty. He had no personal guilt, but the hopelessness of the situation discouraged him. The whole world, good and bad, concurred in the falseness. No one could improve conditions and yet they were unjust. The worry over this was what prepared St. Louis for the change in his life.

St. Louis' Province in Spain had never willingly permitted his departure. All the time they had been importuning the Master General to recall him. In very truth, said they, there was as much need of his saintly zeal in Spain as among distant savages, and so at last the head of the Order sent a command to Brother Louis to return.

The message came in a very strange manner. He was making his way to Bogota, away in the interior, to work among the savages there. Even to-day

from Carthagená on the sea to the mountain capital is a week's trip. The journey was a hard one. Once the canoe upset, and though all were saved the heroic travellers lost their goods. Where the river Nare meets the Magdalena, the party halted for repose. While here another canoe from the north came up with them, and to the surprise of all it was found to be the bark of a messenger with a letter to St. Louis, ordering him back to Spain. The saint could but return. Changing canoes, he turned down stream, and bade good-bye to the surroundings amid which he had won so many unfading laurels.

His life in Spain need not detain us here. He continued most of the time as novice-master. Preachers and mission-

aries are necessary, and, directly, do more good, but the task of those who form them is oftentimes harder. St. Louis was a type of a true novice-master, a parent. He was of a mild and gentle disposition, yet in his rulings he was strict and severe. But above all he had the quality needed in every one set up over others, that his life was the book from which others could learn best how to live.

St. Louis Bertrand died on October 9, 1581. He is the peer of all the apostles who have labored in America. That he remain comparatively unknown matters little. His work was of God, and the result of his labors will go on in the descendants of his converts for all time.

## A Mother's Farewell

By JOSEPH TERENCE JUDGE

Adapted from the French of Pierre l'Ermite

**A**LARGE evening party is being given at the Chateau. The windows are all ablaze. Inside, nearly all the guests are assembled and at seven dinner is announced.

The dining-room is brilliantly illuminated. The table is long and sumptuously laid. On the snow-white cloth glitter decanters, tumblers, wine and liqueur glasses of finest crystal. Here and there, in the centre of the table, flowers are tastefully arranged in silver stands, filling the room with their delightful odor. From the middle of the ceiling directly over the table is suspended a glass chandelier, the vari-colored electric lamps of which, throwing a brilliant light on the table and guests, exhibit

everything to the best advantage; the jewels and diamonds of the ladies; their elegant robes; the beautiful chased epergnes and the costly plate, which has accumulated in the course of several generations.

Through the partly-open windows a view of the park with its shimmering lake is obtainable and the cool evening air is heavily laden with the sweet breath of late blooming flowers. Smart waiters show the guests their respective places and all take their seats.

Madame de Valere presides and close to her are her two charming daughters, Angele and Madeline. The Prefect is placed beside Miss Angele and the hostess requests Monsieur le Depute to sit beside herself, explaining, "We can then talk over the evils of the present government, that is, of course, if you

have no objection to speak on such a subject."

"On the contrary, madame, it will give me great pleasure."

After a few trivial remarks on various topics of the hour, they joined in the general conversation, which had turned upon dangerous exploits and adventures. The Prefect spoke of a very narrow escape he once had had in the hunting-field. He described it vividly and in detail, so vividly, in fact, that Miss Angele shuddered and exclaimed, when he had finished:

"Oh! how horrible! I really believe you must be possessed of as many lives as a cat, monsieur."

"As you say, Miss Angela, that was a very remarkable escape," remarked the deputy; "and it reminds me of another. When I was shooting big game in Africa, I had an escape which I regard as being miraculous. I was on an elephant going through the jungle when a tiger suddenly sprang upon the animal and almost succeeded in climbing into the howdah. I cannot exactly explain it, but I suppose my gun must have gone off by accident, the bullet entering the tiger's head and killing it instantly. Probably my finger tightened on the trigger owing to the shock."

Just at this juncture a waiter stepped behind madam and whispered to her that a telegram had come for Monsieur le Depute.

"Then give it to him," she replied.

"With your kind permission, madame?" said the deputy when the "petit bleu" was handed to him.

"Certainly, monsieur."

No sooner had he torn it open and glanced at it than his face became ghastly white. "My mother," he murmured, "has become worse."

Words of consolation were whispered from all sides. He arose immediately and prepared to leave. The hostess accompanied her guest to the door, and shaking hands with him, bade him to be

of good cheer, adding that she hoped it might not be so serious as he feared.

\* \* \* \* \*

The clock has just struck three. The room is very dark. The lamp is shaded. On the bed lies an old woman in terrible agony. A young man in evening dress has just entered the room and approached the bed; on his face is depicted great sorrow. The woman speaks.

"Do not tell me it is nothing, my child, and that it will soon pass away. I am dying, I know very well. I only ask for one thing—send for a priest and quickly—quickly, you understand. It is not quite in harmony with your ideas, but—"

"Mother," he interrupts, "I would consider myself as the most miserable among wretches, the most ungrateful of sons, were I to refuse you such a request. Not only shall you have a priest, but I myself will go for him. Which of them do you prefer?"

"For the past six months, thanks to those infernal plotters, there has been but one in this neighborhood, the Cure of Remille, a very good and pious young man, who will come immediately you tell him what you want. Be off at once, and go quickly. I feel that I am sinking fast. I hope you will be in time. God spare me till you return."

\* \* \* \* \*

The deputy went straight to the stable, harnessed the pony to the phaeton and in a few minutes was on the road driving furiously towards Remille.

It was only a league and a half to the priest's house and that is nothing for a pony. This one, however, had been out on a long journey during the day, consequently it was now rather tired and made but sorry progress. The driver applied his whip, an instrument to which he but rarely had recourse, gently at first, be it said, and then more vigorously and more cruelly.

The cocks were beginning to crow



when the pony's hoofs rattled over the stony street of Remille. The presbytery was to the left of the church, a little way up the street. Of course in his mad race he went to the right-hand side of the church and hunted about for the house for a little time.

At last he reached the presbytery door. The pony was white with foam. The words uttered by his mother, "I hope you will be in time," were ringing in his ears.

Where was the bell? In the darkness he could not distinguish anything. If he only had some matches with him! But of course he had none. He was dreadfully impatient, for he was afraid of being late, so he knocked desperately with the carved ivory handle of his whip and waited.

\* \* \* \* \*

The front of the presbytery was dark and still as the tomb; no footstep, no grinding of a key in the lock, not even the faintest noise did he hear in answer to his knocking. No light was visible in any of the windows. No sound broke the calm stillness of the country, where, in the darkness, the trees resembled huge phantoms gazing mockingly at him.

Still he waited, but no response! Then he became mad with rage. "Oh! these priests," he exclaimed, "they are lazy dogs; they will not be disturbed at night. All the people in the parish might be dying and it would not prevent them sleeping. But I will waken you," he shouted, "and you shall come with me even if I have to drag you." He broke his whip with the banging, for which he hurled an extra few epithets at priests in general and in particular at the one he was now seeking. The whip was broken, but then he had the key of the trap. He took it out to use it on the door and just then discovered the bell. A strong, impatient pull and a loud ringing echoed through the house, setting dogs in the neighborhood barking

furiously. A window was thrown open behind him on the other side of the road and a head thrust out.

"What in heaven's name are you making such a noise about?"

"The priest lives here does he not?" said the knocker, turning round.

"Yes, that is his house."

"Then, why does he not answer?" shouted the deputy, in a voice that was trembling with rage.

"But how can he answer when he is not there? He is at the caserne doing his twenty-eight days' military service."\* And the speaker being already very impatient and much annoyed, for it was the third time that week he had been disturbed in like manner, withdrew his head and shut the window with a bang.

"Doing his twenty-eight days in the caserne," murmured the deputy, stupefied, "yes, doing his twenty-eight days!"

When he reached home alone, his mother was just bidding adieu to this world, fully conscious to the end. Hearing the door open and her son's step coming up the stairs, she raised herself slightly on the pillow.

"The priest is coming?" she asked in a tone of inexpressible agony.

"No, dearest mother, he is not there."

"He is not at home; then where is he?"

The unfortunate man turned away without replying. How could he tell her where the priest was? Had not he himself voted for this very law? Was he not in a measure responsible for the priest's absence? And how many had died, as his mother would die, without this last consolation—and he to blame for it?

He turned partly round again, and as he did so, a look of terrible

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\* N. B.—Priests and students who have already served the regular period of military service are afterwards called upon to do an extra twenty-eight days and two periods of fourteen days. An interval elapses, of course, between each of these extra services.

hatred passed over the features of his mother.

"Oh, you miserable scoundrel!" she hissed through her teeth in a voice that seemed to issue from the tomb.

He threw himself towards her imploringly. A look of unspeakable sorrow

and pity passed over her worn face; she closed her eyes for some moments in silent prayer, and through her tears of deepest repentance murmured a few brief words of love and forgiveness to her heartless and recreant son—and she was dead.

## **O Sweetest Prince of Charity** ♡ By Edith R. Wilson

The dearest spot on earth to me  
Is where my Saviour dwells,  
Where bright the blood-red altar lamp  
His gracious Presence tells;—  
But yet a dearer resting-place  
He seeks within my breast;  
The sanctuary of the heart  
Our Jesus loves the best.  
Then, Lord, my heart in pity see  
And make it less unworthy Thee;  
My sinful heart, in pity see,  
O sweetest Prince of Charity.

The dearest hour on earth to me  
Is spent at Jesus' feet,  
When softly rings the Sanctus bell  
To tell His advent sweet:  
And yet a dearer hour, I pray,  
His grace may win for me,  
When, through the gleam of angel wings,  
His glorious Face I see;  
Then, Lord, my soul in pity save,  
And bear it safe across the grave;  
And let Thy Blood-drops plead for me,  
O sweetest Prince of Charity.

The dearest Voice on earth to me  
Is one that whispers low,  
"My child, I died upon the Cross,  
Because I loved thee so."  
Yet nearer, dearer, clearer still,  
With every lapsing year,  
The music of that Voice, I pray,  
May steal upon my ear:  
Then, Lord, my heart in pity take  
To rest in Thine, before it break,  
My weary heart in pity see,  
O sweetest Prince of Charity.

The fairest Face on earth to me  
Is one by sorrow worn,  
The eyes are veiled by blinding tears,  
The brows are pierced by thorn;  
Yet earth hath nothing half so sweet  
As here to share His pain:—  
Ineffable that joy of joys,  
With Him on high to reign!  
Then bend, dear Face, bend close to mine.  
That, gazing, it may grow like Thine.  
O grace of grace, to grow like Thee.  
Thou sweetest Prince of Charity!

# Mary Tudor

By JANE MARTYN

## III

**M**EANTIME the Duke of Northumberland and his associates in the late rebellion were tried before their peers on the charge of high treason. He, the Earl of Warwick, the Marquis of Northampton, Sir Andrew Dudley and Sir Thomas Palmer, were selected for immediate trial, but no persuasion could induce the Queen to include Lady Jane Grey in the list. It was represented to Mary that she could never expect to reign in peace while her cousin lived. It was beyond doubt that she had usurped the crown, and assumed the style and title of queen, and State policy, and even the laws of the realm, required that she should pay the forfeit of her temerity. At any moment she might be again made the excuse for civil war, and in England, owing to the many contests for the crown, it had become a maxim of State policy never to pardon a pretender to the throne. But no consideration, personal or otherwise, could move the Queen who has been stigmatized by prejudiced historians by the epithet "cruel." She declared that nothing would induce her to put her unfortunate cousin to death—she even undertook her defence, protesting "she believed she had not been an accomplice of Northumberland, but merely an unresisting instrument in his hands. As for the danger existing from her pretensions, it was but imaginary, and every requisite precaution should be taken before she was set at liberty."

Mary rewarded her personal friends who had been faithful to her in adversity by giving them posts in her household,

and the attention of the whole court was now centred in the approaching coronation, which took place with great pomp and splendor on October 1, 1553. Three days before, the Queen removed from St. James to Whitehall, thence to the Tower by water, a grand procession of barges gorgeously decorated, trumpets sounding, and music filling the air. Then followed a procession through the city, a pageant which, as Miss Strickland remarks, has been commuted for a royal dinner at Greenwich. The ceremony was performed by Gardiner, Archbishop of Winchester—Cranmer being in prison—and it has been noted that "the times have ever been most disastrous for England when any convulsion of Church or State has prevented an Archbishop of Canterbury from officiating at a coronation."

On the fifth of the same month Mary opened her first parliament. In this all the laws and orders against religion made by the late Kings Henry VIII and Edward VI were repealed, and two very heavy property taxes were remitted which had been levied in the last parliament of Edward VI to pay the debts of the crown. The Queen acknowledged herself answerable for these debts and promised to use the utmost economy to pay them off from her own resources. She had no private purse of her own at her accession, and as she had restored the estates of several of the great nobility (it is supposed to the amount of £60,000 a year), and as she had resolved not to touch any part of the Church lands still retained by the crown, it must be conceded even by the most prejudiced mind that Mary inherited none of the

grasping avarice that stains her father's memory.

"The crown is too much impoverished to admit of it," remonstrated her ministers. "I would rather lose ten crowns," replied the high-minded queen, "than place my soul in peril."

New laws regarding life and property were enacted which made it impossible for a human being to be sacrificed for the crime of "taking a hawk's egg," as in Henry VIII's reign, whose cruelties suggest rather those of the pagan emperors than the laws of a "most Christian king." A statistical writer of those days computes that more than seventy-two thousand persons were executed on the gibbet in his reign, his iron sway having crushed not alone the ancient nobility and the clergy, but the poor, who by the destruction of the monasteries were reduced to destitution and what the law termed "vagabondage." The legitimacy of the Queen was established beyond dispute, and in the discussion of this, in parliament, Elizabeth's name and that of her mother were carefully avoided—"a forbearance," writes Miss Strickland, "deserving commendation when it is remembered that personal insult, as well as political injury, had been inflicted on Mary by Anna Boleyn. Such conduct, in a person less systematically calumniated than Queen Mary, would have been attributed by history to good motives, especially as she had just allowed Elizabeth, at the recent coronation, the place and honors of the second person in the realm."

In the second year of Mary's reign England became disturbed at the project of her marriage with Philip of Spain. The alliance was most unpopular, Protestants and Catholics alike opposing it as a measure which would place a foreign and despotic prince on the English throne, that would make the realm a

mere province of Spain. The English people of those days could not imagine a married woman, even though a queen, otherwise than subject to her husband. A petition from parliament was presented by the Speaker requesting her Majesty not to marry a stranger or a foreigner. Mary, indignant at a message which wore the appearance of dictation, summoned the lower House; the address was read by the Speaker and when, as was the usual custom, the Chancellor was about to answer in her name, Mary herself replied. "That for their expressions of loyalty she sincerely thanked them, but inasmuch as they pretended to limit her in the choice of a husband, she thanked them not. The marriages of her predecessors had been always free, nor would she surrender a privilege which they had enjoyed."

The Protestants were in a panic. The Duke of Suffolk suddenly appeared in Leicester and proclaimed hapless Lady Jane Grey Queen. A rumor was spread abroad that the Spaniards were coming "to conquer the realm." Kent rose, under the leadership of Sir Thomas Wyatt, whom Green, the historian, calls "the bravest and most accomplished Englishman of his day." The ships in the Thames were seized by the insurgents, the trainbands of London shouted "A Wyatt, a Wyatt! We are all Englishmen!" But Mary's queenly courage rose to the occasion. She ordered her ministers to provide means of defence, she herself undertaking to appeal to the loyalty of the Londoners. The Lord Mayor called a meeting of the citizens and Mary, with the sceptre in her hand, and accompanied by her ladies and the officers of State, rode to the Guildhall, where she admonished her people to pluck up their hearts. "Like true men stand by your lawful sovereign against these rebels and traitors, and fear them

not, for I do not, I assure you." She protested on the word of a queen that, if the marriage would endanger either her loving subjects or the royal estate of the English realm, she would never consent to it, nor marry while she lived. The hall rang with acclamations and cries of "God save Queen Mary and the Prince of Spain." More than twenty thousand men enrolled their names for the protection of the city, and when Wyatt appeared on the Southwark bank, he found the bridge secured against him.

The storm of civil war, averted from the city, was soon raging in the vicinity of Mary's own residence. At two in the morning the Palace of Whitehall was alarmed by news that Wyatt had crossed the Thames and would be at the fields that are now Hyde Park Corner in two hours. In that night of terror all lost their presence of mind but the Queen. "It was more than a marvel to behold her invincible heart, and constancy. The fiercest attack was made at the rear of Westminster Palace, which is very near Whitehall, by the gallery of the Holbein gateway. The principal defence on that side was the ancient castellated portal called "the Gate-house." As the battle raged Mary watched the changing fortunes of the day from the Gate-house tower. Fugitives from Ludgate, and other quarters where the insurgents were gaining ground, would rush into the palace, crying: "All is lost; away! away! a barge!" but their warnings were unheeded; and even when Courtney, in the presence of Mary, exclaimed distractedly that "all was indeed lost; her battle was broke; all must surrender to Wyatt"—the Queen replied with a glance of supreme disdain: "Such may be the fond opinion, my lord, of those who go not near enough to see the truth of the trial. Where is my Lord of Pembroke?" Hearing that he was

engaged in the skirmish without, she cried: "Now all who dare not fight fall to prayer; and I warrant we shall hear better news anon. God will not desert me, in Whom my chief trust is;" and passing out into the courtyard, she stood in the midst of her noble guard of gentlemen-at-arms, dangerously near the enemy, declaring she "would abide the issue of her rightful quarrel, or die with the brave men fighting by her side." This supreme moment decided the fortune of the day. Animated by the presence of their courageous sovereign, the nobles and battle-axe men fought desperately; and in a short time the rebels were driven back completely routed and dispirited. The day was won; and so entirely did Wyatt lose heart, that he suffered himself to be captured by an unarmed knight, Sir Maurice Berkley, who lodged him in the Tower. The rest of the rioters were soon put down, and the nobles and gentry crowded to the palace to offer their congratulations to the Queen.

A report immediately spread through London that Wyatt had made a full confession, disclosing the names of all concerned in the plot for the dethronement of the Queen, among whom were the Princess Elizabeth and Courtney, Earl of Devonshire, one of the officers of the household of the former being arrested as an adherent of Wyatt.

This accusation against her sister caused a bitter pang to the heart of Queen Mary, who grieved as more and more certain information reached her of the complicity of the Princess. Elizabeth's vehement denial has a false ring in it, particularly when she protests, in words little suited to a fair lady's tongue: "As for that traitor Wyatt, he might, peradventure, write me a letter; but, on my faith, I never received any from him. And as for the copy of my letter to the

French King, I pray God confound me eternally if I ever sent him word, message, token, or letter by any means."

There cannot be the shadow of a doubt but that Elizabeth had knowledge of the conspiracy, and that she was in constant communication with Wyatt and De Noailles, the French ambassador. When the revolt had first broken out, Mary had written an anxious, loving letter to her sister, desiring her "to repair to London, where alone she could be safe in these troublous times;" and assuredly the first impulse of a young, inexperienced girl would be to fly in alarm from the armed mobs that roved marauding through the country. But, herself a party to the insurrection, the Princess was again seized with illness, and arrangements were being made to remove her, when sufficiently recovered, not to London and the care of the Queen, but to Donnington Castle, in Berkshire, where "a day's march, across an open country alone separated her from the headquarters of the Kentish rebels."

One of the intercepted letters shown to the Queen was from Wyatt, advising Elizabeth's removal to Donnington. Queen Mary, greatly distressed, now insisted, as she had a perfect right to do, on Elizabeth's return to London; and having requested of each of her nobles separately to take charge of the Princess in his own house, and all having declined, she was committed to the Tower, three weeks after the capture of Sir Thomas Wyatt and his companions.

The day after the defeat of the rebels, Mary rode through the city to Temple-bar. Everywhere shocking evidences of the late struggle presented themselves. Her nobles, pointing to the ground saturated with the blood of her subjects, exhorted her to put an end to such civil warfare in future. These scenes, they warned her, would be of frequent occurrence while she suffered a competitor

for the throne to exist. For the peace of the realm, for the welfare of her people, she must put an end to the possibility of such unnatural strife. The laws of the realm had condemned those who were guilty in the former rebellion, and how soon her clemency had been abused!

Their counsels prevailed, though Mary's heart would have spared the conspirators had it been possible; and on the red field, reeking with English blood, she reluctantly signed the warrant for the execution of Lady Jane Grey and of her husband, Lord Guilford Dudley. Mary Tudor cannot with justice be accused of cruelty in this. Lady Jane's execution was absolutely forced upon her by the mad projects of the Duke of Suffolk and the exhortations of her council; and they who insist that the unhappy Lady Jane suffered for her religion because of the prejudice of "bloody Mary" are either profoundly ignorant of the facts of history, or declare what they know to be false for the purpose of blackening the character of a Catholic queen. But for the repeated treasons of her father, Lady Jane, who was "more sinned against than sinning," would not have been executed. She herself acquiesced in the justice of her sentence. She suffered on the same day as her husband, he being beheaded on Tower Hill in presence of an immense multitude; but Lady Jane was spared the ignominy of a public execution.

No sovereign could be expected to overlook a second attempt at usurpation; and Mary proved that no feeling of vindictive revenge existed by her humane treatment of the lesser conspirators. We read that "several executions followed—sixty in all," but it were well to explain that fifty of those were deserters who were tried by court-martial and hanged. The Queen pardoned five hundred who had been condemned;

and when the sheriff of Kent sent her word that some of those men were again sent in for trial, Mary promptly interfered, saying: "I have pardoned them once and they shall not be further vexed."

Most of those imprisoned in the Tower obtained their freedom on a mere expression of regret for having taken part against the Queen, but the Duke of Suffolk and Sir Thomas Wyatt met the doom of traitors taken in arms against their lawful sovereign; and here we beg of those who accuse Mary of unnecessary severity to glance over the annals of Elizabeth's reign, where a rebellion of a much less formidable aspect was punished by the sacrifice of hundreds of victims, and to consult the State records of later times, after the troubles of 1715 and 1745, and they must admit that the clemency of this Queen stands unrivalled in history.

Mary's forbearance with Elizabeth revealed a most gentle and forgiving disposition, and none can doubt what the result would have been had their positions been reversed. One of Wyatt's letters informed the Princess of his victorious entry into London. The dispatches of the French ambassador disclosed the whole plan of the conspiracy in her favor, and the Duke of Suffolk had confessed that the plan was the dethronement of the Queen, who, according to the evidence of William Thomas (one of those executed), was to be immediately put to death. Notwithstanding all this evidence of guilt in an ungrateful sister and subject, Mary, after detaining Elizabeth for three months in the Tower, caused her to be removed to Woodstock, where, after a period of surveillance, she again resumed her place at court as the second lady in the realm, the heiress to the throne.

The arrangements for the royal marriage, which had been postponed in consequence of the disturbed state of the

kingdom, were now resumed. Lamoral, Count Egmont, King Philip's general of horse, a distinguished soldier, was sent to England to ratify the treaty. He landed in Kent, attended by a number of Flemish nobles and a splendid body of retainers, and a rumor spread that the Prince of Spain had arrived. The mistake was, however, soon rectified, and the Count was escorted to Westminster by Lord William Howard and several nobles of the highest rank. The Flemish lords were entertained at the expense of the city. The Bishop of Winchester invited them to a sumptuous banquet, and next day they were conducted to Hampton Court, where, the old chronicler, Strype, tells us, "they had great cheer and hunted the deer, and were so greedy for their destruction that they gave them no fair play for their lives, but killed tag and rag with hands and swords."

The ratification of the treaty of marriage was conducted with great solemnity in the presence of the Council of State. Mary accepted the ring of betrothal, and kneeling, called God to witness that in contracting this marriage she had not been influenced by any worldly motive, but by the desire of securing the welfare and tranquility of the kingdom. To her kingdom her faith had been first plighted, and she hoped that heaven would give her strength to maintain inviolable the oath she had taken at her coronation.

On the 20th of July Philip arrived at Southampton, escorted by the combined fleets of England, the Netherlands and Spain, amounting to one hundred and sixty sail. On landing he was immediately presented with the Order of the Garter, which was buckled below his knee by the Earl of Arundel. The Queen was at Windsor when the tidings reached her. She set out next day with her bridal retinue for Winchester, where she had resolved her nuptials should be

celebrated, not by Archbishop Cranmer, but by her prime-minister, Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.

The 25th of July, being the festival of St. James, the patron saint of Spain, had been appointed for the royal nuptials. Everything was conducted on a magnificent scale. Gardiner was assisted by Bonner, Bishop of London, and the bishops of Durham, Chichester, Lincoln and Ely, with their croziers borne before them. The Queen was attired in a robe richly brocaded on a gold ground, with a long train bordered with pearls and diamonds of great size. Philip was attended to the altar by sixty Spanish grandees and cavaliers, among whom were Alva, Medina, Egmont and Pescara. He was dressed in a robe of rich brocade bordered with jewels. He wore a collar of beaten gold full of inestimable diamonds, at which hung the jewel of the Golden Fleece; at his knee was the Garter, studded with beautiful colored gems. Needless to describe the bridal banquet—the Latin orations and panegyric recited by the Winchester boys, the King's speeches, the stately dances and all the concomitants of a great royal festival in those days of splendor in dress and equipage.

But the sight which, more than all these pageants, gave joy to the hearts of the Londoners, was an immense quantity of bullion which Philip caused to be paraded through the city on its way to the Tower, where it was deposited in the royal treasury. The quantity was said to be so great that it was sufficient to fill ninety-seven chests, each chest being a yard and a quarter long; this filled twenty carts, and the second supply filled two wagons which were so heavily laden as to require to be drawn by nearly a hundred horses. The good people, who had looked on the coming of the Spaniards as that of a swarm of locusts which was to consume their substance, were greatly pleased to see their exhausted coffers so well replenished

from the American mines. (Prescott's "Philip II.")

The pencil of Titian has preserved the likeness of Philip II. He was fair, with blue eyes, and most attractive in appearance, the only defect in his countenance being the thick Austrian lips. His figure was slight and graceful and his manner most fascinating, though marked by the gravity which is characteristic of the Spaniard. In the society of ladies he lost much of his habitual reserve. His dignified courtesy, and skill in horsemanship, as well as his youth and beauty, pleased the English. His dress was always rich and elegant, but without affectation of ornament. On his landing in England we are told that Philip's dress, as usual, was of plain black velvet, with a berret cap ornamented, after the fashion of the time, with gold chains. A contemporary, in a private letter written soon after his arrival, describes Philip as "so well proportioned that Nature cannot work a more perfect pattern," and concludes with a comment on his "pregnant wit and most gentle nature."

Giovanni Micheli, the Venetian ambassador, describes him as remarkable for his piety. He was as punctual in his attendance at Mass and his observance of all the forms of devotion as any monk. And in this there was no hypocrisy. Philip's great aim through life was to uphold the supremacy of the Church. "Peace and public order," he writes on one occasion, "are to be maintained in my dominions only by maintaining the authority of the Holy See." His biographer, Prescott, says that "in this he was perfectly sincere, and probably the actual state of England at the time may have operated as an inducement to contract marriage with Mary Tudor."

Micheli descants upon "the Queen's piety and her patience under affliction as greatly to be admired, sustained as she was by a lively faith and conscious



innocence." He compares her to a light which the fierce winds have no power to extinguish, but which still shines on with increasing lustre. "Her spirit was lofty and magnanimous, never discomposed by danger, showing in all things a blood truly royal."

One can imagine what perfect sympathy must have existed between husband and wife in this matter which was nearest to the Queen's heart—that of reconciling England to the Holy See. "Better not reign at all than reign over heretics," Philip often remarked. But what triumph more glorious than that of converting these heretics, and bringing them back into the bosom of the Church! Measures were taken to prepare the minds of the people for an honorable reception of the papal legate, Cardinal Pole, who, as Mary hoped, would come armed with full authority to receive the submission of the whole realm to the Holy See. Philip employed his personal influence with the great nobles, and it was said enforced it occasionally by liberal drafts on those Peruvian ingots which he had sent to the Tower. He gave yearly pensions to the amount of fifty or sixty thousand crowns to sundry of the Queen's ministers on the general plea of recompensing their loyalty to their royal mistress.

The "conversions" of the English had been of such frequent occurrence in past reigns that one is prepared to hear that they were once again ready to recant, especially as there was a hope that the nobles would be permitted to retain possession of the lands acquired in the sacrilegious scramble for the rich abbeys and monasteries confiscated by Henry VIII. The Venetian ambassador then at the court of London passes the following caustic criticism on the accommodating consciences of the English: "The example and authority of the sovereign are everything with the people of this country in matters of faith. As he believes, they believe. Judaism or Ma-

hometanism—it is all one to them. They conform themselves easily to his will, at least so far as outward show is concerned, and most easily of all when it concurs with their own pleasure or profit."

Queen Mary's third parliament was made remarkable by the introduction of two bills of great importance. One was for the reversal of the attainder against Cardinal Pole, who, in the reign of Henry VIII, was declared an enemy to the State. The second was to obtain the reconciliation to the Church of the realm of England. The first was run through with great speed and with much honor to Cardinal Pole. The bill was brought before the House on the 19th of November. It was read twice in the same day, read a third time and passed on the following day. The King and Queen came to the Parliament House to give it the royal assent.

Early in November Cardinal Pole arrived. He came up the Thames in a magnificent barge with a large silver cross, the emblem of his legatine authority, displayed at the prow. On landing he was received by the King and Queen and the whole court with a reverential deference which augured well for the success of his mission. Mary greeted her princely cousin with the words: "The day I ascended the throne I did not feel such joy." Her joy was not by any means shared by her Majesty's council, though every member was a professing Catholic. Before the arrival of the papal legate there had been a debate in the Queen's presence as to "whether it would not be expedient to restore the Church lands to their original purposes." The Earl of Bedford, unrestrained by the presence of the Queen, and knowing that his interests were greatly concerned, fell into a violent rage, and tearing his rosary beads from his girdle dashed them into the fire, swearing that he valued his sweet Abbey of Woburn more than any

fatherly counsel that could come from Rome.

Other members, when the Queen had left the House, struck their hands upon their swords, protesting with oaths that "they would never part with the abbey-lands while they could wield a weapon." Fortunately for the success of reconciliation, the Pope had authorized Cardinal Pole to give to the present possessors all the property which had been torn from the Church in the reigns of Henry VIII and Edward VI.

The Queen was too ill to go to Westminster on the day appointed for the great recantation. She accordingly summoned her lieges to meet in the great presence chamber at Whitehall. A petition was there presented in the name of both Houses to the King and Queen, stating that they looked back with sorrow and regret on the departure of the realm from the communion of the Apostolic See and begging to be reunited to the Universal, Catholic, Apostolic Church.

The Lord Chancellor, Gardiner, opened the business of the day in these quaint words: "My lords of the upper House, and my maisters of the nether House, here present, the right reverend father in God, my Lord Cardinal Pole, legate 'a latere,' is come from the Apostolic See of Rome as ambassador to the King and Queen's Majesties, upon one of the mightiest causes that ever happened in this realm. Which ambassade (their Majesties' pleasure is) to be signified by his own mouth, you giving attentive and inclinable ear to his Grace, who is now ready to declare the same."

Cardinal Pole spoke at some length in eloquent and persuasive language, making his acknowledgments to their Majesties, to the lords and commons by whose favor the sentence of banishment and proscription against him had been repealed so that he was restored to the rights and privileges of his native country.

He "thanked God Who had put it in his power to make the best return which in duty and gratitude he could make for so great an obligation. Since by the late schism they had become exiles from the unity of the Church and the kingdom of heaven, he would, by the authority vested in him by Christ's Vicar, bring them back to the fold and so restore them to their heavenly inheritance. Therefore he exhorted them ingenuously to acknowledge and detest the errors of the late times, and with sincere alacrity of mind to accept and retain the benefit which God, by His Vicar's legate, offered to them. For, since he was come with the keys to open to them the Church gates, nothing now remained, than just as they had opened a way for his return to England on this mission by abrogating the laws which made him an exile, so they should now abrogate all those laws, too, which being lately made against the Apostolic See, had wholly separated them from the body of the Church."

Then, all the estates kneeling, the Cardinal legate pronounced the solemn words of absolution—he absolved all those present and the whole nation from heresy, and restored them to the communion of Holy Church in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. "Amen" resounded from every part of the hall, and rising from their knees, all present followed the King and Queen into the chapel, where the "Te Deum" was chanted in thanksgiving for the event. Thus England, purified from her heresy, was once more restored to the Roman Catholic Church, and the whole system of religious polity which had prevailed for many centuries before the reign of Henry VIII was re-established in the realm. The parliamentary journals give the date, November 27, 1554.

(To be concluded.)

# The Story of Anthony

By ANNA C. MINOGUE

## III

**M**R. WEBSTER rushed from the building and on his way out encountered another policeman. To him he put the question he had put to the one on the hill.

"Why, yes, Mr. Webster," he answered, "I am pretty certain I saw your carriage standing here this afternoon."

"About what time?" cried Mr. Webster, relieved by the intelligence.

"Why, the usual time, sir," he replied.

"That couldn't be!" he cried, "for it was not here when I came out of the bank. There was no carriage here. I remember that distinctly. It could not have been my carriage."

"Aren't your horses black and a perfect match?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Webster, "they are."

"So were these," said the policeman. "I'll tell you why I took such notice of this carriage. As I was passing I saw a child, a boy I suppose, although he had long black curls hanging around his face, kneeling on the seat looking out of the window. I had noticed that the negro coachman was dozing in his place, and I thought, seeing the child, what might happen if the horses were to take fright. That made me look closely at the horses. I stood for a minute at least, and I can tell you everything about the right-hand one anyhow. He has a narrow fringe of white above the hoofs, his tail is very pointed and comes to within a foot of the ground, about the middle part of the mane there is a strand of hair shorter than the rest—"

"That was my horse!" cried Mr. Webster. "Tony started to cut his mane one day, thinking possibly it made the brute

as uncomfortable as his curls made him. Ben arrived in time to save—the horses couldn't have taken fright and run off?"

"They didn't look like that kind of horses to me, sir," said the policeman. "If they had, I don't see how I could have helped hearing of it, for you know they couldn't have avoided running into street-cars if they had gone south; if they had gone the other way, I should have heard of them, for when I got back they were gone."

"That must have been before closing hours!" exclaimed Mr. Webster.

"Yes, it was," he answered.

"There is some mystery here, officer!" cried Mr. Webster, in alarm. "Ben had his orders to wait here for me, and he is absolutely faithful."

"Perhaps, sir, the little boy grew tired and asked him to drive around the city, and your man, supposing he had time, did so and thus missed you," said the policeman.

Like the echo of a dream came his wife's words to him, complaining of Ben's tendency to humor Tony, and he perceived the possibility of the man's suggestion; although he told himself it was unlike Ben to run the risk of missing his master, and incurring his displeasure in consequence, simply to gratify the whim of a child. Still it was a straw in his sea of uncertainty, and he grasped it.

"It may be as you say," he rejoined. "I will telephone home and ask if they are back."

"Oh, is it you, Dick? Have you found him?" came back the anguished voice of his wife, before he could put to her his own question.

"Not yet, dear!" he answered reassuringly, while his heart went down like

lead. "But I have found that the carriage was at the bank. The policeman saw it. We think Tony got tired waiting for me and teased Ben to take him for a drive, and that's how we missed each other. I expect they are on their way home now! Don't worry! We'll round the rascals up before long."

"Now, what next?" said Mr. Webster to the officer, turning his set, white face from the telephone.

"I'll call up the headquarters and in a little while every man on duty will be looking for your carriage on his beat."

While the officer was communicating with the head of the department, Mr. Webster was joined by Mr. Miller, to whom he communicated his trouble. The latter gentleman took his former own optimistic view of the disappearance, making Mr. Webster keenly realize how heartless his own words must have sounded to the ears of the anguished mother. He did not attempt to argue his friend out of his belief, and waited with anxiety the fulfillment of the hope held out to him by the policeman. As the leaden-footed minutes crept by, Dick Webster knew that he had grown old during their passage. He knew that time, though it carried him to the farthest limit allowed to man, could never efface from his soul the memory of this hour of doubt; and he learned in it that the worst knowledge is preferable to this crushing uncertainty.

Then the word came to the policeman that a carriage answering his description was standing in front of the Strand Hotel, and toward that place, hot-footed, started Webster and his friend. As they came in sight of the familiar figure of Ben and the now restive horses, the father cried aloud:

"Thank God!"

"I told you," said Mr. Miller, easily, "that there was no cause for worry. The black rascal's been drinking and thinks he is in front of the bank. You cannot trust servants now-a-days, Dick, not

even the best of them. Now, I always thought that man of yours a treasure, and see what he has done to-day."

"I cannot understand it, Hugh!" said Mr. Webster, as they hurried to the place where the carriage stood. Coming to it, Mr. Webster said, in his low, authoritative voice:

"What does this mean, Ben?"

The negro blinked his eyes, surprised into dumbness by the appearance of his master from that direction, and hurt by the repressed anger of his face.

"Why don't you answer me?" demanded Mr. Webster. "What do you mean by coming here instead of waiting for me at the bank?"

"Why, Marse Dick! Yoh odahed me to drive yoh hyah yoh own se'f!" cried the man.

"I ordered you!" exclaimed Mr. Webster. "Why, I haven't seen you to-day! You've been drinking!"

"I ain't no such thing!" cried the negro. "I ain't be'n off'n dis seat dis evenin'. Yoh tole me to drive yoh hyah frum de bank an' I did, sah!"

"You—" began Mr. Webster, in loud, angry tones, when Mr. Miller laid his hand on his arm, and said:

"Don't make a scene, Dick! There's a crowd gathering. There is evidently a mistake somewhere and the best place to get an explanation is at home. You have found the carriage, and that is enough. Be thankful it is no more than a few hours' anxiety."

"You are about right, Miller!" said Dick, his good temper returning. He had his hand on the carriage door, when suddenly he remembered his wife.

"I must telephone to Dora," he said. "She must be nearly frantic by this time."

"Go on, Dick. I'll attend to that for you," said Mr. Miller. "Please drive, and may all your troubles end as easily!"

"Good-bye!" said Dick, and then a cry that smote the heart of his friend

and caused the passers to turn their heads broke from his lips as, opening the door, he beheld the empty carriage.

"Ben, where's Tony?" he shrieked.

"I ain't seen him sence he went into de hotel wif yoh, Marse Dick," said the coachman, his eyes beginning to bulge with alarm.

For a moment it seemed that the crazed man would leap upon the speaker; then the knowledge that the negro was speaking truthful words came to him with blinding force, and all his passion withered before it.

"Will you please keep an eye on these horses?" he said to one of the porters, watching the scene with curious eyes. "Come with us, Ben!" he added to the negro, whose heart was quaking.

The three entered the hotel, and going to a secluded spot, Mr. Webster said:

"Ben, I did not get in the carriage this afternoon and tell you to drive here. Who did?"

"Foh God, I doan know, if it warn't yoh, Marse Dick!" cried Ben, the tears rolling down his cheeks. "I was down to de bank a leetle eahlier dan usual, foh I knowd Tony likes to go fas' an', as I was sottin' dah in de sun, de fus' thing I knowd de cairage do' was shet wif a bang, and yoh hollered up to me to drive to de Strand Hotel. I sta'ted and got hyah in a leetle while. When I stopped, yoh, or whoevah was 'tendin' he was yoh, got out. I looked ovah my shouldah, an' seed him gwian up de hotel steps, holdin' Tony by de han'."

"And didn't you see then it was not Mr. Webster?" cried Miller, in amazement.

"But I tell yoh he was jus' like him, an' I nevah spichioned he wahn't. He wah as tall as him, an' wah close like him, an' had black hair like—my God! now I recerlect! De othah man had on a white hat!"

"Dick, old man!" said Miller, and his voice went low as a woman's, and he laid

a firm hand on the shoulder of his friend, "Tony's been kidnapped!"

"I know it!" said Mr. Webster, and his voice was as lifeless as his face. "And—I'm thinking of—his mother—waiting for him!"

"And we must find him—for his mother!" said Mr. Miller. "Brace up! He cannot be far out of our reach. Ben, you may go back to your horses. Wait for us and say nothing to any one."

With the anguish that memory ever carried of that hour for his after years, like a star in a clouded night shone the friendship of Hugh Miller. The strong hand on his shoulder steadied him, the low voice in his ears brought him strength; and in another moment he had his feelings well in hand and was able to listen to the hastily formed plan made by Hugh.

"We will inquire of the clerk, then of the railway officials before informing the police," said Hugh, and together they went to the clerk's office.

"A very dark man, wasn't he, wearing a panama hat?" said the clerk, when asked if a gentleman with a little boy had been seen in the office that afternoon. "Yes, he came in between three and four o'clock. He is in room forty-four. His name? I'll tell you in a minute," and he bent over the book. "J. D. Marston."

"Is the gentleman in his room?" inquired Hugh Miller.

"I'll find out, sir," said the obliging clerk, as he rang the telephone. Several times he repeated the operation, then Hugh said:

"We have reason to think that the person who signed himself 'J. D. Marston' did not intend to occupy the room when he engaged it," and he briefly related the story of the disappearance of his friend's son.

"That is too horrible!" exclaimed the clerk. "Let us go up to room forty-four and investigate."

When they reached the room, they found it locked from the inside. In answer to the repeated knocks, they presently heard a sleepy voice asking what was wanted.

"Is this Mr. Marston?" inquired the clerk.

"It is," came the gruff response. "What do you want?"

"There are two gentlemen out here who wish to see you," he said.

"Well, I don't want to see them!" came the retort. "I am a stranger here and I don't want to be bothered by strangers."

"These gentlemen insist that they must see you, Mr. Marston," said the clerk firmly. "So I must ask you to open the door."

"And I tell you I will not!" replied the voice. "I've paid for this room and it's mine, and I will not open it to any one."

"Then I shall open it!" said the clerk.

"I'd like to see you try it!" came the response, followed by a laugh.

The clerk looked helplessly from Miller to Dick.

"There is a mistake here," said Hugh.

"May it not be part of the plot?" asked Dick. "The man may have an accomplice."

Hugh shook his head doubtfully, but said to the man behind the door:

"Mr. Marston, the gentlemen who wish to see you are in great trouble. The son of one of them has been kidnapped. The man who was seen coming into the hotel with him was given room forty-four, and registered under the name of 'J. D. Marston.' You understand now why we insist that you shall open the door."

Before the words were all spoken, the door was flung back and they saw a middle-aged man, with grizzly beard and iron-gray hair standing before them, in shirt-sleeves and stocking-feet.

"I am J. D. Marston, and this is room forty-four, gentlemen," he said,

very quietly. "I live in Northmiddletown, where I run a grocery store. I came here this morning to buy some goods. I missed my train home, and as there was nothing for me to do but stop all night, I came here and engaged a room. I did not kidnap any man's son. I have six of my own and it is all I can do to keep them, besides stealing another man's."

"Did you come in between four and five o'clock?" asked the clerk, upon whom a light began to break.

"I did," said the countryman.

"I was not in the office at that time," he said, to the two men beside him.

"It may help you some in your difficulty," began the stranger, for his eyes had been fixed on the ashen face of Mr. Webster and his sympathy was stirred, "if I tell you that, although there was no name on the register, the clerk could not find the key for this room. He sent up to see if it had been left in the door. The boy found it on the inside. Somebody had been in the room and recently, for there was the queerest smell in it."

"What did it smell like?" asked Hugh.

"God knows, not giving you a short answer, sir, for I don't," he replied. "You're the father, aren't you?" he asked, his voice softening, as stepping forward he laid his hand on Dick's shoulder.

"Yes," said Dick, wearily.

"I'm sorry for you, sir!" said the older man. "But I cannot help you any. I've told you all I know. Here's my card. You can telegraph out home and make inquiries about me, or you can call up Maybery and Ronan's, where I buy my goods. They know all about me."

"It is not necessary," said Dick. "I am sorry we had to disturb you, Mr. Marston."

The Strand Hotel occupied a block, and at its rear was the station from which hundreds of trains daily departed. Its rear entrance made it possible for one to leave without being seen by those

who had observed one's coming. They knew the kidnapper had made use of this means of egress. The porter, when questioned, could not recall seeing the persons described, and they crossed the street to put their inquiries to the railway force. The ticket-agent said it was impossible for him to say whether he had sold a ticket to the man they were seeking, as he seldom observed the people who filed before his window; but he thought the gate-keepers might be able to give them some information. These men, on being appealed to, said they had not seen any tall man, with black hair and wearing a panama hat, with a little boy with long black curls, pass through the gates that afternoon. They thought if the man had made his escape from this station they must have seen him and that a pair answering that description would certainly have been observed by them sufficiently well to make them remember them. It was a part of their duty, they said, to keep a sharp watch on the people. The one who came nearest to answering their description was a man wearing an old linen luster ulster and a badly battered straw hat, who was accompanied by a little girl with short hair. The man had shown a ticket for a country town, about sixty miles from the city, and he was evidently a farmer. They expressed the conviction that a kidnapper would scarcely have taken so public an avenue for escape. They thought it was more probable that he had availed himself of the electric cars to get out of the city, if he really wanted to keep the child. It was more likely, it seemed to them, that the kidnapper was only holding the boy for hostage.

Much more they said, all of which fell meaningless on the ears of Mr. Webster, who was conscious of only the terrible fact that Tony was gone. What did it matter if the child were in the city or a thousand miles from it? Was not their loss the same? Was not his condition

the same? With the thought of Tony's suffering, Mr. Webster felt his knees bending under him, and he would have fallen had he not flung out his hand and grasped his friend's arm.

"Come, Hugh," he said, weakly, "these men cannot help us."

"No, unfortunately," rejoined Hugh. "But our questions may after a while serve to recall something which may serve as a clue. I do not place any confidence in their view of the kidnapper's escape," he said, as they turned from the gate-keepers. "It is my solemn conviction that the man passed right under their eyes, but so disguised they could not recall him from our description."

By this time the news of the loss of the child had been circulated among the people in the hotel corridors, and as the two men returned, several pressed forward eagerly asking if anything had been heard of the boy.

"Nothing! Nothing at all!" said Hugh, briefly, forcing a way for himself and the silent father to the door, where the carriage stood. He helped his friend inside, and, as he entered, ordered Ben to drive to the City Hall. A long consultation with the Chief of Police and his head officers followed, and then the intricate and far-reaching machinery of the police force was set in operation. Descriptions of the child and his kidnapper were telegraphed to every town of importance to be reached that night by any train that had left the city since the disappearance of Tony; and similar descriptions were sent to the cities.

"He has a start of a few hours on us," said the Chief, "but it will be hard for him to escape us."

With that grain of comfort, Mr. Webster went home to break the crushing news to his wife.

#### IV

"Why, Hugh, what is the matter?" cried Mrs. Miller, as a few hours later her husband entered her room with pale, sad face.

"Something bad enough, Kitty!" he answered, leaning against the door-sill for support. "Tony Webster has been kidnapped."

"What!" cried Mrs. Miller, springing to her feet and clasping her trembling hands across her breast. "It can't be! It can't be!" she moaned, as he repeated his statement, and then she sank back into her chair and began to sob out her sorrow for her friend's loss.

"Yes, honey, it is too true," replied her husband. "You had better get on your things, for Dora must be needing you."

Without another word, Mrs. Miller rose quietly and passed into the adjoining room. In a little while she emerged, and saying, "I am ready, Hugh," turned with him down the broad stairs.

At its foot stood their son, who was a little younger than Tony. At sight of him a little cry escaped Mrs. Miller, and as she clasped him to her heart her tears started anew. The child, unaccustomed to such emotion from his happy-hearted mother, drew from her in alarm and appeared himself on the point of joining in her sorrow, when Hugh said, rather sternly for him:

"Go upstairs to nurse, John, and be a good boy until we come home."

"O Hugh!" cried his wife through her tears, "suppose it had been John!"

"But it wasn't," he returned, "and what's the use of giving ourselves additional misery by such thoughts? I think it's bad enough as it is."

Mrs. Miller had never seen her gay, careless husband so thoroughly thrown out of his habit of life, and the change deepened her own depression. Had there been a ray of hope to illumine the situation, she felt he would have found it. He regarded Tony as irrevocably lost, and her soul seemed to swoon within her at the knowledge. Never it seemed did the cars move so slowly as that night, never did the short distance

between her house and Dora's seem so long. But when they came in sight of it, standing dark and silent among the trees, and she recalled its festive appearance of the afternoon, she trembled under her remembrance, and as she entered the hall and seemed again to hear Dora's happy laugh of farewell to her, she fled from it as a thing of evil.

"Where is Dora?" she asked in a choked voice as, opening the library door, she found herself confronted by the haggard face of Mr. Webster.

"In her room," he answered, huskily. "She said she wanted to be—alone."

His voice stumbled over the word. Their loss grew appalling when he found she needed to be alone, away from him, to meet it. It was the first time in their married life she had done this, and, as nothing else could have done, it made him realize the awful depth of their calamity. When he saw Mrs. Miller moving toward the door he looked after her with restless eyes. Ought he let her go? The mission was well-meant and Dora might say something that would hurt the sensitive heart of her friend. He felt relieved when Hugh said, hesitatingly:

"Perhaps you had better wait a little while, Kit? You heard what Dick said—she wants to be alone?"

"Oh! you don't understand! You never could understand!" she cried, looking at them with eyes overbrimming with compassion, before she hastened from the room and up the wide stairs to where her friend lay, fighting it out with sorrow.

"I suppose—it is true—what she says," said Dick, slowly. "I suppose we do not, never can, understand them. Sit down, Hugh! It's good of you to come! I don't want to be alone, like Dora. It seems at times as if the thought of what has happened will drive me mad."

He dropped back wearily into his chair. Hugh drew one up to his side.



"When I left you," began Mr. Webster, "I drove over to our physician's. I felt certain he would be needed when Dora learned my news, and I brought him home with me. He said he would wait in the carriage, because if Dora were to see him coming in with me it might cause her unnecessary alarm. She met me in the hall. She was very quiet, and except for her terribly white face there was no sign of what she was enduring. 'You found the carriage?' she said. 'Yes,' I replied. 'And Tony wasn't in it?' she asked. 'No,' I said. 'He has been kidnapped,' she then said. I could not answer her. You know the condition I was in. I took her in my arms, expecting she would faint, or drop dead from the shock. She didn't shed a tear nor even moan; but kept saying over and over, 'I knew something had happened to him! I knew something had happened to him!' Those words will ring in my ears until I die, Hugh!"

He lifted his hand and brushed back the hair from his forehead, and the eyes looking on him saw that he was smitten by the loss of his child.

"It's bad, Dick," he said, knowing the time had come for him to prove his friendship. "But it is not as bad as death. We know the boy is alive, and that is a comfort in itself. We further know that he was taken for one of two reasons: To extort a large sum of money from you for his ransom, or to fill a vacant place in some rich man's home. In either case, the life of the child is a thing of chief importance, and we may be absolutely certain he is well cared for. To the knowledge that he is living is added the knowledge that he will be treated well. So you perceive your loss narrows down to grief for the separation, anxiety for his return, suspense of waiting and the knowledge that he is mourning for you. These are all hard things to bear, I admit; but it is not as if the grave had closed on him, or

as if you had an enemy who had taken this means of revenge. You have hope and the knowledge of your son's well-being, and that is much. Now we will find Tony. It may take days, weeks, months, but we will find him."

"I am afraid, Hugh, I haven't your hope," said Mr. Webster, mournfully. "There have been children who disappeared and were never found."

"Disappeared—yes! But Tony did not disappear," asserted Hugh. "He was seen by several to walk off with a stranger, whose description we have, some of whose subsequent actions we know of. If he were kidnapped for a reward, the money you have offered for his return will soon bring you an answer. But I cannot believe that such was the purpose of the man in taking the child. I believe the man took him to keep him as his own. You have often twitted me, Dick, on my belief in intuitive perception, but I tell you, in such a solemn and sacred thing as the loss of this boy of yours, whom I love next to my own, I am being entirely guided by the promptings of this inward sense. Mind, I am not going in any way to interfere with your work of recovery, but I want to work with you; at the same time, I am going to work along a line of my own. I am going to engage a detective, the best I can find, and keep him on the track of Tony while the money I have laid aside for the purpose lasts. And I believe he will find your boy."

Mr. Webster reached out a hand. As it clasped Hugh's, he said:

"If this day has brought me breaking grief, it has brought the consoling knowledge that Dora and I have two friends who are all the name implies."

"Three, Cousin Dick! Please believe three such friends!" cried a sweet, clear voice, and turning hastily the two men saw a beautiful girl standing in the room.

"Yes, Marcia, three friends," said Dick, rising and going to her.

A long cloak enveloped her slim, straight figure and its hood hid but did not entirely conceal the soft black hair that framed a face of beauty as rare as it was marvelous. Hugh knew this must be the young relative of the Websters of whom his wife had spoken so enthusiastically. He dimly recollected that her mother had made what her relatives considered an unfortunate marriage with some foreigner whom she had met while traveling with a maiden aunt who had reared her, and whose indignation, because of the marriage, prompted her to leave her money to charity. It was hinted that the marriage had proved unhappy, and, with her little daughter, the wife had returned to the city of her birth, where her relatives lived. Although they were wealthy and could provide for her, she refused their offered aid, and with the small income derived from property that had been her mother's, and which had been saved from the ruin that had involved her father's estate, she managed to live and educate her child. When, however, Marcia reached womanhood she would not permit her pride to stand between the girl and her future and gladly accepted the kindnesses they were only too willing to shower upon the beautiful girl. Of all these relatives the dearest to both mother and daughter were Dick Webster and his gentle wife; and to them she had hastened on learning of their sorrow.

"Mother seems to be crushed by the grief that has come to you, Cousin Dick," she said, slipping her tiny hand out of the cloak to him. "She sent me to you and Cousin Dora to say this for her. I need not say that I am sorry, too," and the tears gathered and blinded the beautiful eyes.

"No, Marcia, it is not necessary," he said, holding her little hand and gazing affectionately on her face, for somehow the message from his cousin, who had suffered—how much, even he, her con-

fidant from childhood, but faintly knew—this message from the woman who had met misfortune and endured it, seemed straightway to comfort and strengthen him. "You will find Dora in her room with Mrs. Miller," he added. "Let me introduce Mr. Miller? My Cousin Marcia, Hugh."

Marcia acknowledged the introduction, and after a few words to Mr. Miller left the library. Her light steps soon brought her to the door where the two women sat. She hesitated a moment at the threshold, for Mrs. Miller had always appeared so full of gayety, bordering sometimes on mockery, that she shrank from coming now into her presence. But as she waited, she pressed something she held under her cloak closer to her breast; she then knocked on the door. It was opened by Mrs. Miller, and in the swift glimpse Marcia caught of the dainty face, pale with grief and filled with sympathy, she knew her estimate of Mrs. Miller had been a surface one.

"It's your little Marcia, Dora!" cried Mrs. Miller, tears rushing to her eyes.

At the announcement Mrs. Webster rose and silently opened her arms to the girl, who ran to her, with a sudden passion of tears.

"There! there, Marcia! You mustn't cry like that!" said Mrs. Webster, smoothing the raven hair, from which the hood had fallen back, while her own tears ran like rain over her cheeks.

"No, I mustn't!" exclaimed Marcia, instantly withdrawing herself from the embracing arms. "Mother told me to be quiet, not to add to your sorrow by expression of my own—but—I couldn't help it, when I saw you," she finished, looking from her cousin to the weeping Mrs. Miller.

"No, darling, you couldn't," said Mrs. Miller, who showed the sweet human side of her character by bewailing the sorrow that had broken upon the happy home.

"But it isn't as if he were dead," said Marcia, lifting a hopeful face.

"Marcia, we would better look upon the face of a dead child than be parted from him like this," said Mrs. Miller, solemnly, and something far down in her budding woman-soul told her the words were true.

"When they are dead," went on Mrs. Miller, "we know their little bodies are safe from injury and suffering, their little souls safe from all sin for evermore; but when they are snatched away from us like this—ah! this seems more than we can bear. Is it not so, Dora?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Webster, folding her empty arms across her breast.

"But he will be found!" cried Marcia, her face aglow.

"We hope he will—otherwise—"

"I should die," finished Mrs. Webster.

"When we heard it—some one telephoned the news to mother,—I felt instantly he would be found; and the first thing I did was to run up to my room and throw myself before my statue of St. Anthony and beg him to take pity on us and help us to find Tony—our little Anthony. I never prayed harder for anything in all my life—except one," and then she paused, while the blood crept into her face.

"Was that other request granted?" asked Mrs. Miller, anxiously.

"Not yet," said Marcia, bravely, and it seemed to her something of hope died on the faces before her. "It will be in time. I know it. And I know that if we pray fervently for Tony he will be found. When we prayed to St. Anthony to find trifling things, have we not found them? Do you think this faithful saint of God can help us to find a ring or a pocket-book, but is unable to find a child?"

Her beautiful eyes were flashing, and Mrs. Miller hastened to say:

"Oh, no, Marcia! we never think of that! But—"

"But finding a ring or a pocket-book is something that might happen; but finding a child would be something extraordinary!" said Marcia. "When the good saint was living, and the mother laid the dead child at his feet, he did not run away, but, exercising the supernatural power bestowed on him by God, he brought it to life again. Can we think, dear Mrs. Miller, that his enjoyment of eternal joys has made him less tender-hearted, that the songs of the heavenly choirs deafen his ears against the cries of the sorrow-laden mothers of earth? I never can believe that of that sweet Italian saint, whom I learned to love so when we lived in his own—I cannot believe he will not hear us," she continued hastily, the crimson mounting into her cheeks. "And I want you to believe with me, Mrs. Miller, and you, Cousin Dora, for see," and she threw back her cloak, "I have brought my own St. Anthony to you."

A beautiful statue of St. Anthony lay in the hollow of her arm, while her hand clasped the tiny lamp which was wont to burn at his feet.

"I have brought it to you, Cousin Dora," she cried, "the beloved statue my father bought for me when we were in Padua!"

Mrs. Webster rose, and going swiftly to the girl took her in her arms, as she whispered:

"I know now how you love me, Marcia!"

A sob gathered in Marcia's throat, but she refused to give it utterance and repeated, in her firm young voice:

"I know St. Anthony will help us to find Tony, if you will only believe!" and her piteous glances ran from her cousin to Mrs. Miller.

"Marcia, we may not have your beautiful faith—God does not give that to

all, remember!—but we do promise you our poor weak faith, trusting God will make good all we lack," cried Mrs. Miller, in anguished tones.

"The light that never was on land or sea" broke over Marcia's face. It was Mrs. Miller's confidence she had wanted. Given that, she felt her cousin's would follow.

"Now I am glad!" she cried. "All my sorrow has departed. God sent us this sorrow to try our faith. In His own good time it will be withdrawn from us, through the intercession of the blessed one of Padua."

She went to the little table, on which stood a tall vase filled with roses. This she removed, and then placing on the stand her treasured statue of St. Anthony, she lighted the tiny lamp and set it once more at his feet. Of one accord the three women fell on their knees and bowed their heads in silent prayer.

In the library the two men had been sitting, engaged in deep conversation. Hugh's steady belief in the ultimate recovery of Tony had at length pierced the despondency of Mr. Webster, and he was able to discuss the means for the accomplishment of this with something of the old enthusiasm he brought to

other matters of life. He began to look at his loss with his friend's eyes, and when this feeling of hope was strong in his breast he thought of Dora.

"Let us go up to them and tell them of our plans and our hopes," he said to Hugh. "Deep as may be their womanly sympathy and understanding, it is our determined line of action that will give them hope and lift their sorrow."

Mrs. Miller had neglected to close the door, and reaching the upper hall, the two men stopped short at the sight of the three kneeling women, over whose bowed heads shone the rose-colored light, while the benign face of the saint seemed bent to their prayers. Without a word they went down the stairs and, still in silence, took their former places near the library table. Then Hugh spoke:

"They suffer more than we do, for they feel more keenly, but," and his voice seemed to drag, "we suffer longest."

"Yes," said Mr. Webster, "for they know how to catch hold of the skirts of God. And we never seem able quite to reach them, and when we do, the over-string lessens our grasp."

(To be continued.)

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## "In Spirit and In Truth"

By E. Boyle O'Reilly

The word of prayer, the bended knee,  
These are not praise enough for Thee,  
Nor heaven-soaring temple high,  
Nor pealing hymns that pierce the sky;  
But from a holy inner life,  
Silent and far from self and strife—

If Thou wilt hear with godly ruth—  
Our prayer must spring;  
The word must ring  
In Spirit and in Truth.

Thy temple is not made with hands;  
Nor human vows, nor cloistered bands  
Avail, unless the truth be there;  
For Thou art spirit clear as air,  
Within the breast canst read each thought,  
The outward word will serve as naught  
Till, smitten by Thy potent rod,  
We worship from our secret heart,  
We kneel to Thee in truth, apart,  
In truth, for Truth is God.

# In Shakespeare's Day

## A Stroll Through the London of Queen Elizabeth

By P. G. SMYTH

**W**E feel a bounding sense of elation, a grand thrill of expectancy, combined, however, with an uneasy feeling of doubt and apprehension. Over those peaked roofs hangs like a golden mist the glamour of classicism. Before us, on the banks of the broad Thames, rise the walls, temples and towers of old London, the world-famed city of Bacon, Spenser and Shakespeare, of Raleigh and Essex, Burleigh and Nottingham, of Falstaff, Nym and Bardolph, Topcliffe and his priest-hunters, of rapier, ruff and farthingale, of the rack, gibbet and block.

For we are in the year of grace 1597, the thirty-ninth of the reign of Elizabeth, Queen of England, and the sixty-fourth of her age.

Be cautious where you step, for the surface of the street is broken and uneven. The paving of London was begun but recently, holes and puddles abound, and now and then comes an unsavory whiff from open sewer or reeking kitchen midden. The houses are generally of wood, in many cases covered over with thick clay to keep out the wind. The upper stories project, beetling over the street, and the fronts are quaintly criss-crossed with beams. Almost along the entire front of the well-lighted upper chamber, on the second floor, run windows of numerous small panes, bull's-eye or diamond shaped. The gables of the houses are mostly towards the street; seen in long perspective they make a quaintly picturesque vista, aslant which the sunbeams fall on the moving throng, picking out here and

there an atom of color or brightness, the sheen of a yellow or crimson doublet, the foam of a plume, the glint of a halbert or breastplate.

There is a commingling of many sounds, a competition of cries, among which are most distinguishable the monotonous, persistent solicitations of the prentices in front of the shop doors, crying their masters' wares:

"What'll you buy, buy, buy?"

The uproar sounds like bedlam broken loose, but we soon get used to it. On we go past the cavernous looking shops of mercers, haberdashers, drapers, fishmongers, vintners, clothworkers and others of the famous guilds, with the seductive shouts of the prentices continually in our ears and occasionally perhaps an impressive hand laid on our arms by one of the alert and lively boys in round caps, woolen hose and short jerkins. These work hard and strenuously in the interests of their masters, and they have need to. It is not pleasant to be indentured to a cockney merchant or tradesman if the latter should happen to be choleric or tyrannical; he has the power of scourging his prentice naked, half starving him on bread and water, and even tying him up and splitting his tongue.

Step aside; here come, swaggering and hectoring, arm in arm, two noble lords, whose liveried and armed lackeys make way for them by rudely shoving and punching the common people out of their path: for by the nobility, as by the great authors of the age, the majority of the population is looked upon with

contempt as the unmitigated mob, the groundlings, the "profanum vulgus," "a rascal scum of poor rats." The two gay noblemen are probably coming from a school of fence, where, in preparation for some pending affair of honor—such as that with which Essex and Mountjoy have set the city talking—they have spent the morning practising the stoccado and punto, the reverse, distance and montant.

Women and damsels with kerchiefs on their heads pass along, and others of fashionable tendency, with wimples and linen headdresses—"the ship-tire, tire-valiant or tire of Venetian admittance." Every man, gentle or simple, soldier or civilian, carries a weapon of some kind, a sword at his side, a dagger in his belt, or, if a mounted traveler, a brace of dags or large pistols at his saddle bow. The motley groups include disbanded or maimed soldiers from Ireland and the Netherlands—the latter Her Majesty's favorite seminary of war—swashbucklers or rowdies, cut-purses, minus their ears, all manner of dangerous adventurers and vagrants. There are jolly mariners, too, fellows with bronzed and scarred faces, who in the southern seas saw many a deed of blood and rapine perpetrated under the bucaneeering motto: "To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield." But for these there is at present a period of inaction and poverty. There is no stir in naval circles. Sir Walter Raleigh and the veteran lord admiral, Howard, Earl of Nottingham, are dawdling at court. Frobisher, Drake and Hawkins have passed away at intervals of a year. The last-named admiral, who, defeated by the Spaniards, died last year in the West Indies, aged seventy-four, was father of the English slave trade; Queen Elizabeth, while honoring him with knighthood for his services, threatened him with the vengeance of heaven for his traffic in human flesh, but eventually agreed to ac-

cept half the profits. Last year, on the return of a successful plundering expedition from Cadiz, she quarreled with the commanders over the distribution of the spoil, and her cupidity even made her have the pockets of the private soldiers and sailors searched ere they quitted the ships, so that the value of whatever loot they had got might be deducted from their pay. Hence there are many penniless and thirsty tars hanging disconsolately around the lodging-houses and ale-houses of the Strand and Wapping, and the galleons and carracks of King Philip's people sail unmolested on the Spanish Main.

Yonder is an ale-house, one of the famous Shakespearean ale-houses. You know it by its bright red casements, through whose diamond panes peer forth perchance the hawk eyes of Nym and the ruddy proboscis of Bardolph. The beverages sold here are not of the best, and mine host has the trick, common to his class, of putting soap in the bottom of his tankards to make his beer foam, and putting lime in his wine to make it sparkle. At one of the tables sit some costermongers playing their favorite card game of "tray trap" or "mum-chance." At another some broken warriors are trying to cheat each other with gourd and fullam—slang for false dice. At another sits a young man of twenty-three, enthusiastically dilating on a stage play he has completed. It is called "Every Man in His Humor," and he expects it will be a prodigious success when it is staged. The young man is Jonson, "rare Ben Jonson," by turns bricklayer, soldier, Cambridge student, actor and playwright. He is now under a cloud, for some time ago he killed a brother actor in a duel, for which he has had a narrow escape from the gibbet. Nevertheless he is sharing a pottle, or four pints, of burnt sack with some boon companions among whom is the poet Michael Drayton, Ben's senior in years, author of "The Shepherd's Garland," etc.

Perilous as comfortable are these resorts—when deadly weapons lie ready to the hands of angered men, the scenes of many a brawl and homicide. It was in one of them that the actor and dramatist, Christopher Marlowe, talented and licentious, met his sad doom four years ago (June 1, 1593), being stabbed down by a brutal serving man in a loathsome quarrel.

There is general gambling, dicing, drinking. Men have begun to take pleasure in the use of the pungent weed that was introduced from Virginia by Raleigh about a score years ago in company with what is destined to become a menace and affliction to Ireland—the unreliable potato. Flashy and expensive apparel is affected, which costs all the more in that the materials and articles still come largely from abroad, from France, Flanders and Italy, being obtained for money or in exchange for the raw commodities of the country. As the scandalized Bishop Pilkington protests: "Yea, a ruffian will have more in his ruff and hose than he should spend in a year, he which ought to go in a russet coat spends as much in apparel for him and his wife as his father would have kept a good house with."

Down the street come marching men in white uniforms, armed some with halberds, some with arquebusses. They are some of the city's noted White Coats, or train bands, at drill and exercise. To them succeeds a hooting, scrambling rabble, in the midst of which some buff-coated officers of the law drag along a disheveled, screaming female. There are yells of derision and amusement.

"To the trebucket with the scold!"

The woman is tied in a chair fastened on the end of a beam which, on a pivot, swings out over a pond. This is a common scold, and this is the trebucket. A push on one end of the plank sends the unfortunate culprit sailing out over the water, when, with a great splash, ac-

companied by a yell from the gloating mob, she is plunged into the pond. She is brought up all dripping, but on regaining her breath she bursts forth anew in shrill curses, threats and oburgations. Again and again she is plunged in, until at length, limp and exhausted, she gasps for mercy. Then they loose her and let her walk home in her wet clothes. It was not an edifying spectacle, but what is called the majesty of the law has been vindicated and the "hoi polloi" has had its enjoyment.

It is a bad place to contract any ailment in, this quaint old London. The prevailing remedy for ills of the flesh is to bleed, bleed, bleed. It is the halcyon era of those most pernicious of quacks, the Sangrados. The barber-surgeons, who form a charter company of their own, do the bleeding. Over their doors projects a pole striped red and white, with a shining brass basin hung on the end, which sign says, "Come in and be bled or shaved," for the red is emblematic of blood and the white of lather. Best pass Sangrado by, and we may be able to find some simple remedy in this neighboring low-browed shop, kept belike by just such an apothecary as received Romeo's dread application, and perhaps similarly furnished. Yes, there are bundles of dried herbs hanging from the dingy ceiling, also, as the keen-eyed poet described them,

"a tortoise hung,

An alligator stuff'd, and other skins  
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves  
A beggarly account of empty boxes,  
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty  
seeds,  
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of  
roses."

But the remedies he has for sale? Horrors! The "materia medica" includes powdered human skull and human fat, tonics of earthworms and snails, frog-spawn water and swallows'

nests—straw, sticks—and other things too nauseating to mention. Let us eschew medicine for the time being, quit the horrible place, and get out again into the sunshine.

Hark, the merry music of fife and drum, rhythmic beat of many feet, and lo, the waving of the flag of St. George, white, with a broad red cross. Steel-clad cavalry with bristling lances, musketeers and pikemen in shining morions and corselets are starting on the long road for Holyhead, bound for the Irish war. In front, in his plumed helmet and resplendent armor, rides Thomas Lord Borough, the newly appointed lord deputy or governor of Ireland, or of such scarce parts of it as will submit to his government. He and his men go as food for the terrible Irish maelstrom, that keeps on devouring thousands of English lives, and English money to the extent of \$2,000,000 a year (which might be estimated at \$25,000,000 of twentieth-century money). He goes to replace the helpless Sir William Russell and to take the command of the army from the veteran Sir John Norris, the hero of the Netherlands, who is dying of chagrin and heartbreak as the result of his experiences in Ireland. Another baffled English general, arriving from that graveyard of military reputations, has been flung for his failure into prison in London, namely, Sir Richard Bingham, whose merciless hand is stained with the blood of hundreds of Irish women and children.

So rides on brave Lord de Burgh, bowing right and left in courteous acknowledgment of the popular cheers and good wishes for his success against the strong Red Hand of O'Neill—"the great rebel Tyrone," as they call him. Little thinks he that in the course of a few months, wounded to death before the fatal fort of Blackwater, he shall yield up his life while being borne in a litter through the Irish bogs and woods.

Here is a man who takes a sad and sore interest in this same Irish war, wondering if it will ever be concluded so as to enable him to retake possession of the castle and estate of Kilcolman, in Munster, which he got as his portion of the spoil at the greedy seizure and distribution of the broad estates of the unfortunate Earl of Desmond. This strange "exile of Erin" is Edmund Spenser of London, the gentle author of "The Faerie Queene," and, like Raleigh, eulogizer and flatterer of the vain old sovereign in the way she so dearly loves. Seventeen years ago (1580) Spenser was sent to Ireland as secretary to the ruthless and faithless lord deputy Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton, who, after receiving their surrender and their arms, massacred in cold blood six hundred Spaniards and Italians, together with their women and children, on which occasion Raleigh took active part in the inhuman butchery. Spenser was introduced by Raleigh to Queen Elizabeth. To her he dedicated his "Faerie Queene," likened her to a crown of lilies, intimated that she was semi-divine, also that—in reference to her uncouth rhymes—she was peerless in the art of making poetry, and otherwise bombarded the painted and conceited old crone with malodorous bouquets of rankest flattery:

"But vaine it is to thinke, by paragone

Of earthly things, to judge of things  
divine:

Her power, her mercy, her wisdom, none  
Can deeme, but who the Godhead can  
define.

Why then do I, base shepheard, bold and  
blind,

Presume the things so sacred to prophane?  
More fit it is t'adore, with humble mind,

The image of the heavens in shade humane."

In return for this extraordinary adulation, approaching blasphemy, Elizabeth ordered the poet a pension of £50 a year: but he found it hard or impossible



to get the money from close-fisted old Lord Burleigh, the Lord Treasurer, who looks with contempt on poets and has no taste or appreciation for poetry.

By a fresh blazing out of the Irish fire of revolt in Munster Spenser has been driven from his "grant." He has an idea that the Irish insurgents may and shall be starved into subjugation, as he saw done before, by seizing their cattle and destroying their crops, and that thus he will get back what he considers his own. But his hopes are woefully misplaced; never more will he see Kilcolman or the Glen of Aherlow, and a couple of years hence, abandoned by the old harridan he has so servilely lauded and all his other court friends, save Essex, he will die in a London tavern "for lack of bread."

Spenser has a friend in his company, one to whom he has become strangely attached, for though good Master Stubbs has also written about Queen Elizabeth it was in a very different strain. Master Stubbs, Edmund Spenser's companion, wears the sombre garments of the Puritans. His right hand is missing. All London knows the story of the maiming. Years ago, when "good Queen Bess" was forty-six, she seriously contemplated marriage with the Duke of Anjou, brother of the King of France. At once a flame of popular resentment was fanned up, not because the suitor was credited with a croaking voice, a pockmarked face and a bulbous nose, but because he was a Catholic and the son of Catherine de Medici. Master Stubbs, who was of Lincoln's Inn and previously of Benet College, Cambridge, where he had got the friendship of Spenser, came out with a printed protest against the proposed marriage, entitled, "The Discovery of a Gaping Gulf wherein England is like to be swallowed by another French marriage, if the Lord forbid not the banns by letting her see the sin and punishment thereof." Among the objections he raised was that

childbirth at Elizabeth's age would endanger her life. The enraged Queen caused his arrest and all the copies of his book that could be got to be seized and burnt. He was brought to trial, condemned, and in the presence of a large multitude his hand was stricken off, he facing the barbarous ordeal with manly fortitude.

And so Messrs. Spenser and Stubbs go their way, along their thorny byroad of history.

The old man who shambles past in odd-looking trailing garments is the celebrated Dr. John Dee, who with his colleague, Edward Kelly, has mystified and duped half of Europe with exploitation of the occult arts, claims of being able to find hidden treasure and to draw the veil of the future. The Queen has visited the suave empiric at his house in Mortlake and taken from him lessons in astronomy—or astrology. Last year she even appointed him warden of Manchester College. But the people hate him as a magician and fear he will work harm of some kind, just as some alarmist Protestant divines, such as Bishop Jewell of Salisbury, profess to shudder lest some malcontent "Papists" may practice the black art, even to the bewitching of Her Majesty herself.

Says agitated Bishop Jewell, addressing his sovereign: "Witches and sorcerers within these last few years are marvelously increased within your grace's realm. These eyes **have seen** most evident and manifest works of their wickedness. Your grace's subjects pine away even unto death; their color fadeth, their flesh rotteth, their speech is benumbed, their senses are bereft. Wherefore your poor subjects' most humble petition to your highness is that the laws touching such malefactors may be put in due execution, for the shoal of them is great, their doing horrible, their malice intolerable, their examples most miserable. And I pray God they never practise further than upon the subject."

That concluding dark hint ought to have been enough to stir up Elizabeth to a fresh persecution of the Catholics, involving a keen investigation of their alleged powers of magic and hocus pocus. Poor "Papists"! It is only four years since a law was passed banishing from the country all who did not attend services in the Protestant church. Burleigh's host of ubiquitous spies are dogging the heels of every Catholic of importance and trying to decoy him into some compromising expression, and the arch-persecutor and torturer Topcliffe is making domiciliary visits night and day in effort to find some concealed priest whose incriminating presence might bring the family that harbored him to the scaffold.

Lo, Father Thames, with a multitude of craft, rowed by jolly watermen, moving hither and thither over his broad bosom! The river is the great thoroughfare of London. On its banks stand the favorite Tudor palaces of old Westminster, Richmond and Greenwich, from one to another of which the court is conveyed in stately barges. Between the Strand and the river stand many palaces of the nobility, who vie with one another in the gorgeous carvings and decorations of their water vehicles and in the picturesque liveries of their rowers. Here also float the barges of the various trade corporations, richly designed and gilded, "decked and trimmed with targets and banners of their mysteries," to lend eclat to many an aquatic carnival and procession.

The queer structure, a street of houses of various kinds and classes, thrown higgledy-piggledy across the stream, is old London Bridge. Elevated on pikes over the entrance see a ghastly row of human heads, those of alleged traitors, of Catholic priests and laymen done to death for their faith, martyred victims of Burleigh, Walsingham and Topcliffe. There also, impaled for special security

within an iron cage, is the venerable head of the aged Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Desmond, who was goaded into revolt, in order that he might forfeit his vast estates, and murdered in the County Kerry fourteen years ago for a reward of English gold. The earl's slayer, one Daniel O'Kelly, a soldier in the pay of England, after having enjoyed his blood money pension for a time, has been hanged at Tyburn for highway robbery.

A barge laden with the scarlet and black uniforms and glittering halberds of the yeomen of the guard shoots by towards Traitors' Gate, bearing a new victim for the Tower, mayhap for the block.

Which reminds us to look in at a court matinee at Whitehall, so often the vestibule to the Tower.

There is the usual waiting crowd of courtiers, ladies in ruffs and farthingales, with skirts distended in semicircular shape with wire, gallants in velvet or satin doublets and trunks—the latter preposterously padded out around the loins with bran—high ruffs, pointed beards, long hose and rosetted shoes. There is the usual gathering of factions and rival plotters—old Lord Treasurer Burleigh and his deformed avaricious son and "chip of the old block," Robert Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury; the portly Lord Admiral Howard, Earl of Nottingham; young Essex, the Queen's spoiled and ambitious favorite; young Blount, Lord Mountjoy, who also stands high in favor; Sir Walter Raleigh, captain of the guard, sleek and voracious as a python and never shy of asking; Sir Francis Knolles, intolerant in religious matters, who employed Patch, formerly jester to Cardinal Wolsey, to break down the crucifix which Elizabeth, through some lingering shred of affection for the ancient faith, long kept in her private chapel, because he considered it a "scandal to all good Protestants;" the venerable poet and peer, Lord Buckhurst (Thomas Sackville), who thirty-six years ago (1561)

caused to be played at Whitehall before Elizabeth and her court the tragedy of "Ferrex and Porrux," otherwise called "Gorboduc," joint production of himself and Thomas Norton—the first piece composed in England on the ancient classic model, with a regular division into five acts, closed by lyric choruses. Buckhurst, humane and generous, was a friend of the gentle young poet-priest, Father Robert Southwell, of the Society of Jesus, whom ruthless bigotry sent two years ago (February 22, 1595) to the scaffold and his head to London Bridge. And there are other well-known court characters lounging and conversing as they await the advent of their august mistress, while around the walls and down the passages glow the red-coats and gleam the weapons of the yeomen of the guard.

Here is the centre of social culture and refinement and the vortex of jealousy, plotting and hatred, where bitter rivalry exists and insincere flattery holds sway in the struggle for royal favor and bounty. It is a school of slander and deceit, where only the aptest pupils may hope to win. As a doggerel of the day says:

"Cog, lie, flatter and face  
Four ways in Court to win you grace;  
If you be thrall to none of these,  
Away, good Piers! Home, John Cheese!"

Elizabeth is parsimonious. Her bed-chamber women eke out a living by selling pardons, the Lord Keeper having made over to them that dubious source of income. Among those who act as outside brokers is Francis Bacon, Queen's Counsel Learned; Lady Edmondes thinks he ought to have offered her more than £100 for a certain pardon she has obtained for one of his clients. The old daughter of Harry VIII has a furious temper and a swift and bony fist. Sometimes her maids of honor suffer severely. She pinches the Countess of Huntingdon all black and blue, as the

lady complains, probably unavailingly, to her husband. Sometimes the erring fair ones richly deserve what they get, as when she drives two of them, Bridges and Russell, forth from the court with curses and blows, they having been implicated, with two others, in an intrigue with her young favorite, Essex, which makes their offence much the greater. She sends orphan Bessie Throgmorton and the libertine Raleigh to the Tower, there to stay even long after the minister unites them. Matrimony she holds in scorn and disdain, considering it as something like disloyalty to herself for any of her favorites to take a wife. Great therefore was her umbrage to hear that her favorite Essex had privately married a young woman, the widow of Sir Henry Sidney, although she refrained from putting him in jail, as she did his predecessor, the infamous Leicester, for a similar offence against her majesty.

Gallants and dames are uneasy this morning, for the Queen is in most wrathful humor, as is being demonstrated by a stormy scene in an ante-room. John Hayward, a young Doctor of Civil Law and a pleader in the Ecclesiastical Courts, has written a history of the reign of Henry IV and dedicated it with certain expressions to Essex, who, as a descendant of John of Gaunt, claims to be a member of the royal family, implying very high expectations on his part. This is most exasperating to Queen Bess. She has the hapless writer haled before her from the cell where he was placed to languish. In sudden tigerish fury she has hurled him to the floor and "sprung" upon his stomach with the full weight of her body, fiercely trampling and kicking his enfeebled frame into unconsciousness. Then she orders his limp form to be dragged away and flung back into the dungeon, threatening to have him put to the torture. In that dungeon he will stay until the death of this old fury.

No wonder there is trepidation among the brilliantly garbed crowd in velvet, silk and satin, gold lace and tinsel, as the silver trumpet sounds and her bell-cose highness sails into the presence chamber.

She is magnificently attired in velvet and cloth of gold, with many gleaming ropes of pearls and a plentitude of stiff, flaring ruffs about her neck and shoulders. She bears her sixty-four years fairly well; her carriage is still stately, and high heels add to her stature. Her glance is keen and calculating, and wherever it turns people fall immediately on their knees in homage. But her nose, high and aggressive, is pinched with age and ill temper, and her high and bony forehead, though powdered smooth, looks like that of a skeleton. Her teeth are black. At her signal all rise, but none may address her without kneeling, none but old Lord Burleigh, long her shrewd, faithful, devoted minister, now on his last legs.

"It is not for your weak legs, my lord, but for your good head," she explains, in privileging him to sit in audience.

Model of a successful courtier, so far as riches and favor go, is this aged William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, whose cunning yellow fingers have pulled the wires that brought advancement to some, ruin to others, and sent many a noble and innocent head to the scaffold. Born of an obscure family, he deserted the Catholic Church and sought under Henry VIII the reward of apostasy. He afterwards obtained the good graces of the Protector Somerset, in the reign of Edward VI. When Somerset was deposed and imprisoned it was Cecil drew the articles of impeachment against his former benefactor. Then came the reign of Mary, and wily Cecil, fawning on the new ruler, was seen piously attending Catholic sermons and services on the high-ways and in the churches, a rosary rattling in his hand as he cried: "You who have followed me in my error, follow me

in my repentance." And he imposed so upon Mary that he received not only a general pardon for his former lapse from the faith but was sent as one of a deputation to conduct Cardinal Pole, the papal legate, to England. Under Elizabeth he reverted to Protestantism, obtained high office, and made a specialty of persecuting the Catholics, forming for that purpose a small army of the vilest spies and informers, against whose charges and perjuries nobody was safe. He forced the Protestant Bishop Parker to disguise himself as a Catholic priest, go into a cell, and endeavor to extract from a prisoner under the pretended seal of confession that which he had failed to yield up under cruel torture. Ten years ago he induced Elizabeth to sacrifice the unhappy Queen of Scots, when London blazed with bonfires and the scum yelled applause for the great crime. Together with being high handler of the State's money bags, Lord Burleigh is also head of the infamous Court of Wards, whose object is the control of Irish estates, the kidnapping of children of Irish chieftains and the rearing of them on the plan of janissaries, hostile to their creed and country, in the interests of England and of the Protestant Church. He is now in his seventy-seventh year, owns much wealth, makes much more by the sale of bishoprics and benefices, and it is of him and of his royal mistress, "the Ape," that Edmund Spenser, disappointed and impoverished, has ventured to write:

"He chaffred Chayres in which Churchmen  
were set,  
And breach of lawes to privie ferme did let:  
No statute so established might bee,  
Nor ordinaunce so needful, but that hee  
Would violate, though not with violence,  
Yet under cover of the confidence  
The which the Ape repos'd in him alone,  
And reckned him the kingdomes corner-  
stone."

Such is "the greatest statesman of his time"—hypocritical, crafty, cruel, mer-

cenary. But Elizabeth, although last year she called him a "froward old fool," trusts and cherishes him in return for his servility and care of her interests, and indulges his avarice by letting him steal all he wants to; and she also gives fat jobs to his sly, deformed son Robert, now, since Walsingham's death, secretary of state.

To other sycophants she is not so complaisant. "When, Sir Walter, will you cease to be a beggar?" is her rebuff to Raleigh.

"When your gracious majesty ceases to be a benefactor," is the neat reply, and the indefatigable courtier still retains Her Majesty's favor.

Cynthia, Gloriana, Belpheobe, Britomart, Mercilla, Astraea—these are the pretty and poetic names, expressive of charming youth and beauty, that the sordid and shameless flatterers of her court lavish on this wrinkled, withered, painted beldame; while the listeners keep long faces on their peril, and the subject of the eulogy assumes to believe the daring lie, even though now she cannot look into a mirror without uttering an imprecation at seeing the ravages of time and temper on her shriveled face.

Yet, in her privy chamber, she "dances to the music of a little fiddle," having first artfully arranged so that the Scotch messenger may see her liveliness, in order that he may inform King James on his return that the latter has no immediate prospect of being able to step into her shoes as sovereign of England.

Yet the Queen rigorously keeps all the fasts. It would appear to some that she is still infected by some of the "old leaven," for she will not allow any one to speak disrespectfully of the Real Presence or the intercession of saints. She also approves of celibacy among the clergy, prefers the single ones to the married, and resolutely averts her face from married bishops.

There is, however, one married bishop who successfully hangs about the court. He is as greedy a spoilsman as my Lord Burleigh, than whom he is only a year older, and is an awful devourer of Irish Church property. This is the notorious Miler Magrath, native of the North of Ireland, Franciscan friar, once appointed by the Pope Bishop of Down, who apostatized and read his recantation thirty years ago (May 31, 1567) in the church of Drogheda, under the protection of English spears and muskets. Through persistent begging he has been appointed by the Queen to his native diocese of Clogher, the united sees of Cashel and Emly, of Waterford and Lismore. In Ireland in time of war he wears armor, and in time of peace he rides to the hounds, of which he has an excellent pack, billeted on Clogher. He married Annie O'Meara, of whose religious scruples he made grisly fun, especially with regard to eating flesh meat on Friday.

"You may as well eat it," he assured her, as he carved the prime Tipperary steak; "abstaining will do you no good now; you're sure to go to hell anyhow for having married me."

Poor Annie is long dead, but Miler has married again. His second wife raised his children Catholics and with his concurrence gives refuge in his house in Cashel to hunted Catholic bishops and priests. Archbishop Magrath's coadjutor, William Knight, is a pleasure-loving soul of such convivial habits that he at length finds it incumbent on him to return to London, perhaps to merry Eastcheap, he having, says Ware, "excited the scorn and derision of the people." For coadjutor Knight is a mild type of the Reformed pastors in Ireland, noticed and denounced by Spenser: "Whatever disorders you see in the Established Church in England you may find them here, and many more, namely, gross simony, greedy

covetousness, fleshy incontinence, careless sloth, and, generally, all disordered life in the common clergyman."

It is interesting to know that Miler Magrath will live to a whole hundred years, and, finding his end approaching, will send for a member of his old Order and become reconciled to the Catholic Church!

Let us leave the royal court, with its restless plotting, jealousy and intrigue, and seek an atmosphere hallowed by many memories of martyrdom in the grim riverside pile, the "towers of Julius, London's lasting shame."

There is a partial lull in the persecutions of Catholics in this year of grace 1597; only three victims for conscience' sake are delivered to the executioner—William Andleby, priest; Thomas Warcop and Henry Abbot, laymen. But the place is thickly, oppressively haunted by memories of suffering and death. In spectral procession seems to glide past us the long array of victims, some of them evil-visaged men who here met the doom they had mercilessly meted out to others; others bearing the palm of martyrdom and going forth to death as early Christians went from the dungeons of the Coliseum. Our attention specially turns towards the victims of Henry VIII and his daughter. It is sixty-two years ago since passed forth to death the first batch of victims, sacrificed May 4, 1535, for refusing to countenance King Hal's sacrilegious marriage with Anne Bullen or recognize him as Head of the Church, namely, Priors John Houghton, Augustine Webster and Robert Lawrence, Carthusians; Vicar John Haile, secular priest; and Prior Richard Reynolds, Bridgettine. Looking on that procession from his prison window, Sir Thomas More said to his daughter: "Lo, dost thou not see, Meg, that these blessed fathers be now as cheerfully going to their deaths as bridegrooms to their marriage." For miles, tied prostrate on rude hurdles or sledges, their

backs almost on the ground, they were dragged through the rough and dirty streets to Tyburn, where, all in their ecclesiastical habits, they were executed with circumstances of great barbarity. Last to die was the intrepid Prior Reynolds, a man of great learning and of noble and saintly spirit that was reflected in his countenance:

"Which Reynolds, being the last that was executed, and seeing them cruelly quartered and their bowels taken out, preached unto them and comforted them, promising them a heavenly banquet and supper for that sharp breakfast taken patiently for their Master's sake. He never changed color nor was he disquieted, and then in the end lastly went to die manfully himself."

Coming to more recent years, our pulses are thrilled with sympathy at the spectacle, among many similar ones, of brave young Thomas Sherwood drawn to death through the streets of his native city. For attending Mass, and for refusing to give the names of any of those present—although cruelly racked again and again in the Tower in order to make him speak, and kept in darkness, chains, hunger, stench, cold and nakedness—the sentence was pronounced, on the application of Attorney General Gilbert Gerard, "that the aforesaid Thomas Sherwood be led by the aforesaid lieutenant to the Tower of London, and thence be dragged through the midst of the city of London, directly unto the gallows of Tyburn, and upon the gallows be hanged, and thrown living to the earth, and that his bowels be taken out and whilst he is alive be burnt, and that his head be cut off, and that his body be divided into four quarters, and that his head and quarters be placed where our Lady the Queen shall please to assign them."

Being privileged to see into the future from this year of 1597, we are impressed to behold at Rome, in 1886, the solemn beatification of hundreds who suffered

in England for the faith under Henry VIII and Elizabeth.

Among those who went to Tyburn six years ago (1591) is the stately form of an Irish chieftain. It is Brian O'Rourke of Breffny, proud Brian of the Ramparts. The apostate Bishop Magrath attempted, perhaps in sympathy and remorse, to speak with him, but the Irishman eyed him in haughty contempt and merely remarked:

"I think thou art a friar who hast broken thy vows."

On a tablet in a room of the Beauchamp tower is the inscription:

"Quanto plus afflictionis pro Christo in hoc  
Saeculo, tanto plus gloriae cum  
Christo in futuro.

Arundell, June 22, 1587.

Gloria et honore eum coronasti domine in  
memoria aeterna erit justus."

The inscription was carved by Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, who, after ten years' imprisonment for professing the Catholic religion, died here in 1595, a victim of malignant bigotry.

Still stands the rack on which Father Edmund Campion, of the Society of Jesus, was stretched and tortured, and here is the gloomy dungeon where Father Alexander Briant, of the same Society, suffered so with hunger and thirst that he ate clay out of the walls and drank the droppings of the roof, ere the pair, like many of their co-religionists, lay and clerical, were dragged on hurdles or sledges through the mud of the streets, to be barbarously butchered at Tyburn. Here also lay the devoted young poet-priest, Southwell, whose lofty and intrepid words on the scaffold will ring down the centuries: "For I die because I am a Catholic priest, elected into the Society of Jesus in my youth; nor has any other thing during the long three years in which I have been imprisoned been charged against me. The death, therefore, although it may now seem base and ignominious,

can to no rightly thinking person appear doubtful but that it is beyond measure an eternal wreath of glory to be wrought for us, who look not to the things which are visible, but to those which are unseen"—a parting note of triumph, which reminds us of what the speaker wrote on the death of the Queen of Scots:

"Rue not my death, rejoice at my repose,  
It was no death to me, but to my woe;  
The bud was opened to let out the rose,  
The chains unloosed to let the captive go."

"May my soul be with this man's!" exclaimed young Lord Mountjoy, one of the gallants we lately saw at court; and he prevented the executioners from taking down the swaying body until it was dead, forbidding their usual fiendish custom of cutting it up alive.

Here is the House of Commons, but it is useless to go in there expecting to hear free and eloquent speech. Some time ago the members thought they were entitled to speak out, as representing the people, and discuss matters of public or national interest but Her Majesty put a strong gag on them with the injunction: "Such liberty of speech as the commons are justly entitled to—liberty, namely, of aye and no—she is willing to grant, but by no means a liberty for every one to speak as he listeth." Any member rashly breaking that despotic rule goes to prison. Newspapers? The only one is *The English Mercury*, chiefly devoted to official announcements, with scanty news items, in whose selection it behooves the editor, remembering the case of poor Stubbs, to exercise extreme caution if he would not have his hands cut off and the stumps seared with a red-hot iron.

Parliamentary privilege? Liberty of speech? Freedom of the press? They have a pleasant smack of independence, and sound piquantly flattering to national vanity; but such things—since Bacon's daring remarks in the House,

for which he is duly penitent—are unknown in “merrie England” in the reign of good Queen Bess.

One special London attraction we have left over to the last, one that makes us glow and tingle with joyous anticipation in this very home and era of the brilliant school of Shakespearean dramatists. It is the theatre. We will see a Shakespeare play, in Shakespeare's own theatre, with Shakespeare himself among the actors!

So on we go again along the rugged streets, beneath the beetling houses, with the din of prentices again in our ears. On our way we pass a mournful procession, the sheriff's men in their “coats of durance,” or buff jerkins of ox-hide, and the halberdiers, escorting lumbering carts laden with men, women and even children, unhappy culprits on their way to Tyburn; for the list of capital offenses is very long and comprehensive, and the terrible law punishes with death everything from chicken-stealing to wilful murder. Human life is held very cheap in this London, both in the courts and out of them.

Yonder rides the Attorney General, Edward Coke, well learned in the law, but selfish, overbearing, bitter, merciless, the greatest lawyer and the greatest scourge in London.

Another crowd, in the midst of which arise the cries of one in pain, and the unpleasant sight is caught of a man's naked back scarred and dripping with blood. We cannot be far from the theatre now; this is a vagrant actor being punished under the law of 1572 for not having a license signed by two justices of the peace or the written protection of a nobleman. And now the unhappy wight yells louder as they complete his statutory sentence by boring his ear with a red-hot iron “not less than an inch in circumference.” Players are frowned upon by the law while living, and when dead they are denied the rites of Christian burial.

Flogging, both of men and women, is a common, every-day occurrence; there are about fifty public whipping posts in London, and cutting off of the ears usually goes with the scourging. Offenders sit with their feet confined in the stocks or stand aloft, pelted by the rabble, with their heads in the pillory.

Playwrights are generally dissolute, frequenting low haunts, pandering in their plays to the vulgar and obscene. Robert Greene, author of several dramas, who contemptuously termed Shakespeare “Shake-scene” and a Jack-of-all-trades in a work published by him five years ago, or in 1592, died that same year in abject poverty and degradation. Chris Marlowe, with a warrant for blasphemy out against him, was killed by a groom in a tavern brawl. This very year the magistrates of London have been called upon by the Privy Council to stop play-acting in summer and even to have two play-houses plucked down because “lewd matters were handled on stages.” The authorities keep a keen lookout, also, for covert satire on statesmen and others, and this year the dramatist and satirist, Thomas Nash, and several actors are lying in the Fleet prison on account of some allusions in his “Isle of Dogs.”

But, come, there is a movement of citizens towards the Bankside, where stands the Globe Theatre, for it is drawing towards 3 p. m., the opening hour for performances in summer. The celebrated theatre is a large, hexagonal, wooden building. It stands near the river, is surrounded by a muddy ditch, and floats from the top a red flag. The neighborhood is gay with the scarlet attire, the professional badge of actors, who are here chiefly “the Lord Chamberlain's servants”—it is fashionable for noblemen to maintain companies of players or to have them called for patronage and protection in their name.

Men stand about conversing in animated groups, some aristocratic, some



plebeian. There are the young Earls of Southampton and Essex, their friend, Francis Bacon, and his friend Toby Matthews. Southampton, generous Wriothesley, aged twenty-four, gave Shakespeare, as is said, £1,000 towards the building of the Globe. Essex, Robert Devereux, the Queen's petted darling, is also a patron of poetry and the drama, likewise ardent and spirited, with a reckless ambition that will soon bring on his bold cheek the hard hand of Elizabeth and later have his high starched ruff removed to make way for the chilling embrace of the ax. Toby Matthew, grandson of a Protestant archbishop, son of a Protestant bishop, nephew of four others of them, is a scholarly young man and a close personal friend of Bacon; later, Sir Toby will enter the Catholic Church, join the Society of Jesus, and become one of the editors of the Douai Bible.

But the most interesting figure in the group is Francis Bacon, suspected author of what are known as the "Shakespeare plays."

He is son of the late Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper to Queen Elizabeth, and nephew of Lord Burleigh—who, however, will do nothing for him, being jealous of Bacon's attainments and anxious for the unimpeded advancement of his own son, humpbacked Bob Cecil. Bacon, who is now thirty-six years old, has travelled abroad, knows half a dozen languages, has a most marvelous mind and memory, writes much and well, and has this year published the first edition of his essays. With his elder brother Anthony, who is lame and sickly, he lives at Gray's Inn—for he is a lawyer and a Queen's Counsel, but without much practice—and they do some secretarial, legal and political work for Essex. They are not very well-to-do. Their mother, Lady Anne, sends them presents of home-brewed March beer and strings of pigeons, and occasionally a small sum of money. "Money is like

muck—no good unless it be spread," is one of Francis Bacon's mottoes; his practice of it lands him often in debt, twice in jail. For years he has been member of parliament, and at least once he offended Elizabeth by his speeches there, whence probably she refused Essex's request to make him attorney-general and gave the position instead to Bacon's bitter enemy, Coke, who sneeringly declares poetasters and playwrights to be "fit subjects for the grand jury as vagrants."

It is whispered that Bacon writes the plays, or some of them, that are called Shakespeare's, but that he dare not let it be known. It would hurt him professionally and at court to have the reputation of a vulgar playwright, and it would degrade him were it known that he was sharing with Will Shakespeare the profits of the play-house, derived from ruffians, rowdies and prentices. Ten years ago—about the time when he and other members of parliament petitioned Elizabeth on their knees to send the Queen of Scots to the block—he and other barristers from Gray's Inn performed at Whitehall a play called "The Misfortunes of Arthur," in writing which he is believed to have had a share; but that was different to playing and writing for pelf and having a share in a common play-house.

Here laughs and lounges genial Will Shakespeare himself, with his large round forehead, ponderous jaws, little curling-up mustache and reddish hair—from which Ben Jonson calls him Rufus, further describing him as "honest and of an open and free nature," with "an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions." He is now thirty-three and in the heyday of financial success, making money out of this theatre and that of Blackfriars. Born of illiterate parents, he came up to London some ten years ago from Stratford-on-Avon, one of the dirtiest villages in England, vague rumor having it that his exit from

there was because of his having appropriated and enjoyed some of the venison of his titled neighbor, Sir Thomas Lucy—popularly looked upon as a venial sort of offence in these days. He is a married man (his wife nee Anne Hathaway) and lives in Southwark, near the Bear-garden, where the worrying of Bruin by dogs affords fashionable "sport for ladies." This year he has bought New Place, in his native village, and after some time will go back there, become a tithe proctor, sell malt and lend money, in a place where theatrical performances are prohibited.

How a man of his education could have such a fecund and original mind and produce all the immortal dramas ascribed to him is destined to be an universal puzzle for centuries.

But let us get inside. There are sixpenny, twopenny and even penny seats—which means a great deal more in twentieth-century money. There is no roof. Galleries provided with seats run round the sides, but in the cheap-priced pit the butchers, bakers, sailors, prentices, cutpurses and rowdies stand in splashing rain or any other kind of weather and eat fruit, crack nuts, drink beer, applaud, howl, hiss and have fist fights. The stage is a mere platform sheltered with a thatched roof, backed with dingy tapestry, and with steps at each end, up and down which the players go in view of the audience. There is no scenery, but cards are hung up, such as "castle," "hall," "wood," etc., or else the player, at the opening of a scene, announces where he is supposed to be. As witty Sir Philip Sidney explains it:

"Now you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden; by and by we hear news of a shipwreck in the same place; then, we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take

it for a cave; while, in the meantime, two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?"

The play for to-day is "The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke." The veteran Richard Burbage has the title role—he who is also the original Romeo, Prince Henry, Henry V., Richard III, Macbeth, Brutus, Coriolanus, Shylock, Lear, Pericles and Othello. Shakespeare himself plays the Ghost; be assured his voice, long trained, makes clear, solemn, impressive delivery.

It is one of the first of the so-called Shakespeare plays, with what a Reforming censor might call a "Papist leaven" running through it, especially the Ghost's utterances with regard to purgatory. It also contains piquant caricature of some prominent personages of the day. It must be an audience of more than Anglo-Saxon obtuseness that does not recognize in the paternal advice of Polonius to Laertes the shrewd injunction of crafty Lord Burleigh to his promising son Robert Cecil—who by and by will become Earl of Salisbury, founder of a line of political wire-pullers who shall endeavor to infuse their unscrupulous family cunning, greed and cruelty into the national policy of England:

"Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in.  
Bear't, that th' opposer may beware of thee.  
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;  
And they in France, of the best rank and station,  
Are of a most select and generous choice in that."—Act I, scene 3.

This sounds like Francis Bacon, disguised as Shakespeare, ingeniously lam-

pooning his own shrewd and unfriendly uncle, Cecil. And, again, he depicts that veteran mouchard artfully instructing one of his spies, presumably trailing himself, Bacon, for the purpose of astutely injuring him at court:

"Look you,  
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;  
And how, and who, what means, and where  
they keep,  
What company, at what expense; and  
finding,  
By this encompassment and drift of ques-  
tion,  
That they do know my son, come you more  
nearer  
Than your particular demands will touch it.  
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge  
of him;  
As thus,—'I know his father, and his friends,  
And, in part, him;'—do you mark this,  
Reynaldo?"  
"Rey.—'Ay, very well, my lord.'  
"Pol.—'And, in part, him; but,' you may  
say, 'not well;  
But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild,  
Addicted so and so;' and there put on him  
What forgeries you please; marry, none so  
rank  
As may dishonor him? take heed of that;  
But, sir, such wanton, wild and usual slips  
As are companions noted and most known  
To youth and liberty."—Act. II, scene 1.

Thus does Shakespeare Bacon resent his relatives' whisperings against him to Queen Elizabeth. The latter's silly vanities and well-known scorn of matrimony he satirizes in this same play with startling boldness:

"Hamlet—I have heard of your paintings too, well enough: God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to; I'll no more on't: it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are."—Act III, scene 1.

Ay, obtuse must be the mind that can not detect some of the many covert per-

sonalities, skilfully wrought in by a pen that wrote nearly everything for a double purpose and with a double meaning.

Obtuse, indeed! But the seething section of audience in the pit of the theatre is not only obtuse, it is coarse, vulgar, brutal, besotted. From the centre of the area there floats a foul and offensive odor. "Burn the juniper," is the cry, and some of the plant is burned in a plate on the stage, filling the place with smoke, with the object of drowning the smell. It does not drown it: in the name of health and common decency let us get hence. \* \* \*

Well, we have had our surfeit of London of the much vaunted, classic, Elizabethan days, when the ax waited on the coronet and the rope on the cassock, when suspicious tyranny and bigotry stalked abroad, and none dare trust his neighbor, and the linguistic pendulum swung between stilted euphuism and revolting argot. Let us get back to the comparatively wholesome and civilized twentieth century and be glad we are living in it.

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# The Master of St. Nathy's

VI

## A Viceregal Visit

By P. J. COLEMAN

**I**N his insistence on being heard, Tom Swift at last found an obliging scribe in the person of Tom Lee, the roguish, red-headed youth who had caused the memorable scene between the Master and the Member. Lee seems to have been born to create contretemps and cause scenes, and in this historic case the petition which he addressed to the Lord Lieutenant was followed by a little serio-comic drama that is still spoken of in Derreen.

"You see, me poor fellow," said the schoolmaster to Swift, when cornered one day in his school, "you see, in affairs of this kind I'm no use at all. The petition needs to be done in Latin, an' faith, I have no Latin, or I'd be glad to oblige you. There's the Professor, now. Jusht the chap to roll off a nice, convincing document that 'ud move a heart of admint, much less so susceptible a thing as a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—good, kind, sympathetic creatures that they ginerally are!"

Swift was despondent. He had tried the Professor before. But, buoyed up by O'Brien's persuasion, he would try him once more: so off to the Master's home he trotted, nursing his roll of foolscap.

He took the Master by stealth, airing himself on the stone bench beneath his window and deep in Thucydides.

"Ah, Misther O'Keefe," broke in the poor carpenter, "you won't fail me, I know. Sure you was ever an' always kind an' dacint. Do me this little bit o' writin' an' may the Heavens be yer bed! Help a poor man to his rights an' may every hair in yer head be a mould candle to light yer sowl to glory!"

The Professor was annoyed, but touched by the man's appeal.

"Tom," he ventured, "I'm afraid I can't oblige you in this, much as I would like to." Then, evasively, "You see, my position here is a kind of semi-official one. I'm responsible to his Lordship, the Bishop, for all my public acts, and this petition should have his Lordship's 'Nihil obstat,' or 'imprimatur,' before I could legally touch it. But," he added with sudden inspiration, catching sight of a red-headed youth sauntering into the Square, "if I, myself, can't do it, there's nothing to prevent me having another do it for you. There's your man," he smiled, catching Tom by the arm and pointing after Lee. "That's the boy will pen you as neat a paper as you could wish. I couldn't beat him myself—"

"Do you tell me so?" said Tom, his eyes sparkling with delight.

"The best Latin scholar in Saint Nathy's," assured the Master.

"God bless yer honor for this," smiled the grateful old chap. "But mebbe I'd need a line av introduction?"

"No; just tell him that I sent you, and he'll do it. And do it well, too."

"Misther O'Keefe," smiled Tom, reaching the Master a gnarled fist, "will ye do me the honor iv shakin' hands with a poor ould omadhaun?"

"Gladly. With pleasure," smiled the Master. "Good luck to you, now, my boy, and may the Lord Lieutenant be as amenable to reason as we of this town are to sympathy with the unfortunate and distressed."

"Ah, thin, it's the kind father to ye, to be dacint. God bless yer honor for

thim words," smiled the omadhaun, as he tripped airily into the Square after Tom Lee.

Tom knew, as every one in Derreen did, the haggard face with the simple smile, the unkempt hair that fell in wisps to the shoulders, the faded green coat that covered the stooped and wasted figure, the eager, hurrying footsteps, the roll of foolscap and the pen behind the ear. He saw the vision hastening after him and paused at the door of his home to give it audience.

When he had heard the voluble, incoherent appeal, strengthened by the Master's recommendation, he made up his mind on the instant. Here was a poor monomaniac—a tragic Orestes driven by unrelenting furies—whom it would be no harm to humor in his strange fancy. To write such a petition as he desired would be a harmless hoax that could possibly do no injury and would greatly ease the poor fellow's mind—at least until time should prove the deception. The document he desired would never, by any chance, reach the Lord Lieutenant. If mailed at all, it would fall into the hands of careful secretaries who would possibly smile at its innocence, but would most certainly consign it to the waste-paper basket. Indeed it might never reach Dublin at all. And with the thought, Tom decided at once that, by collusion with Jim Martin, the town's postmaster, it should not. Enough for the poor monomaniac's peace of mind that the document should be penned and handed into the local postoffice. That would bring him pleasure for a while, and to time should be left the result. So, from the goodness of his heart Tom committed himself to the task of writing the momentous petition on the following morning, at the priest's house in the chapel yard, after the eight o'clock Mass.

As Lee slept on his undertaking, the humor of the situation grew upon him, and he was in a reckless frame of mind

when next morning, after serving his Mass at the cathedral, he sat to breakfast with Father Conlan.

The meal had progressed somewhat when a shadow darkened the window, and there was Swift, foolscap in hand, his pale yellow face pressed against the pane like a mask of faded parchment.

The priest looked up and saw the apparition.

"The inevitable petition?" he smiled. "You're in for it this time, me boy. He's got you like a mouse in a trap."

"I suppose I might as well humor the poor chap," suggested Tom.

"No harm in doing so. 'Twill be a relief to him," smiled the priest. "So out and bring him in. Poor fellow, he looks famished! A chop and a cup of coffee won't hurt him, I'm thinkin'."

The delighted carpenter was ushered into the snug dining-room, with its comfortable rugs, substantial furniture and neat pictures. Father Tom rose to receive him with a "cead mille failthe" that brought the tears to the poor fellow's eyes, and to his surprise he found himself presently facing a brace of steaming chops and a pot of fragrant coffee, while Father Tom leaned back in his chair scanning the pages of his Freeman, Lee finding entertainment in the last number of the Irish Ecclesiastical Record.

When, at length, with a deep sigh of gratitude, the poor carpenter pushed back his plate, blessing himself and murmuring an audible, if homely, benediction on the kindly soggarth, Tom Lee broached the subject of the petition.

"Won't you plase, Father Tom agraw, say a word for me to this dacint gossoon? He can write it for me if he likes, an' may God bless him if he does!" urged the carpenter.

"Of course he'll write it for you," smiled the priest. "Won't you, Tom?"

The carpenter was all eager anticipation. He had been so accustomed to disappointment that, even now when his hopes were high, he was ready for the

worst. To be sure, the young man had promised to write for him, but what was there to bind him to his word?

"All right," said Tom, going to a table near the window, whereon were pens, ink and stationery. There he settled himself in a deep leather chair with the air of a scrivener. The carpenter stood beside him, unrolling the foolscap—a fresh sheet bought that morning.

Lee pursed his lips, put a meditative finger to his forehead and was silent a moment. Father Tom was an amused but interested listener. He knew Lee, but he was not prepared for what followed.

"What do you wish, Tom, me poor friend?" began the student.

"Ah, shure, I lave that to yersel' altogether, sir. Is it for the likes iv me to be dictatin' to a fine scholar like you?" smiled the carpenter.

"Let's see," mused the student. "Somethin' rich and sonorous?"

"Yis, if ye plase, Masther Lee."

"Something orotund and sounding?"

"You know besht, sir, so you do."

"Something Ciceronic and stately? 'Vox et praeterea, nihil.' Eh, Tom?"

"God bless yer honor, shure it's yersel' that can do it, widout any help from an omadhaun like me."

The words had no meaning to poor Tom, but he supposed they meant batteries of persuasion that could not fail to make the Lord Lieutenant capitulate.

"Go ahead and God bless yer mother's son," he urged.

So, taking the foolscap and spreading it carefully before him, Lee, with much flourish of pen and wrinkling of cogitative brows, wrote long and diligently. Here and there he printed in nice, rubricated uncials in red ink. When finished, it was an impressive document and a bilingual prodigy.

Tom eyed the result approvingly. To his simple eye the paper had all the semblance of authority.

"Won't you plase read it to me, Masther Lee?" pleaded he appealingly.

"I fear you wouldn't understand it," smiled Lee.

"Can't you translate it for him, as you go along?" suggested Father Conlan.

"All right," smiled Tom. Then he began:

"Petitis

"Ad Excellentissimum Dominum, Legatum in Hibernia Victoriae, D. G. Reginae Britanniae.' Petition to His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant to Ireland of Victoria, by bad luck Queen of England. 'Arma virumque cano.' Never mind that, Tom. That's only a preamble, as we say. Here's the meat of the matter. 'Quousque, Catalina, abuteris patientia nostra?' How long is your Excellency going to fool us? 'Amicus meus, Thomas Celer vel Velox,' My friend, Tom Swift, or Speedy—you see, Tom, you can't be too careful with these English chaps. They're famous quibblers at legal phraseology, so I throw in Speedy, to make sure he can't bluff us on the name. He might object that the name isn't 'Celer,' Swift, but 'Velox,' Speedy, which means the same thing, so I just checkmated him if he attempts such a move. Do you follow, Tom? What's in a name, anyhow? A rose by any other name 'ud smell as sweet. My friend, Tom Swift or Speedy, 'Derreenensis,' of Derreen; 'rogat,' asks, petitions, prays, beseeches or begs; 'ut feras sine mora,' that you fetch at once; 'thesaurum aureum,' the crock of gold; 'quem vi et armis, in Dublin Castle retines ab amico meo,' that you withhold forcibly from my friend in Dublin Castle; 'contra probitatem et bonum publicum,' contrary to honesty and good morals. 'Hic Thomas Celer vel Velox est homo integer ac probus,' said Tom Swift, Speedy, Rapid or Flighty—that's to catch His Nibs some more, if he attempts to evade the issue—is an honest and upright man; 'justus ac tenax propositi vir,' fair and square and a hard proposition to handle. How's that, Tom, old man? That'll make him

think; 'facile princeps in oppido Derreen,' a leading citizen of Derreen; 'et orat humillime,' and he humbly prays your Excellency; 'justitiam,' for fair play. 'Civis Romanus est,' He loves the British flag. I know that you don't, Tom, but 'twould never do to tell His Nibs that. In dealing with diplomats one must be diplomatic—fight the devil with fire, you know. 'Dulce est desipere in loco,' that's a hint to the old chap to hurry up, Tom. 'Nil desperandum,' never despair; 'dum spiro, spero,' while there's life there's hope; 'fiat justitia, ruat caelum,' that's an appeal to his British sense of fair play. The British like a little taffy, Tom, and, as every Irishman knows, they love fair play. 'Hic, haec, hoc!' Hip, hip, hip! Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! God save Ireland! God save the Queen! God save Your Excellency. 'Domine salvam fac reginam nostram Victoriam, quae fecit caelum et terram!'"

Father Conlan flushed at the last sentence.

"That's blasphemous," he murmured softly, "though no doubt some of her loyal subjects think she did create the universe." Then he flashed a glance of reproach at the unregenerate scribe, who went on:

"What do you think of it, Tom? Sounds good, eh?"

"Begorra, it's great intirely, acushla," smiled the carpenter.

"Pleased with that play on your name, Tom?" beamed Lee.

"It's fine, sir."

"Yes, he can't get away from that," said Lee. "It's a dilemma, Tom—a nice, two-horned goat of a dilemma, that will butt His Excellency, whichever horn he lays hold of. Now for the address—"

Father Conlan, unable to restrain himself further, had fled to the stable-yard, under pretense of getting the car ready for a sick-call.

Lee produced a long official envelope, imposingly inscribed in the upper left-

hand corner "On Her Majesty's Service"—an envelope commonly used on educational business by the managers of the National Schools, who were generally priests. On this he wrote an elaborate address: "To His Excellency, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Vice-regal Lodge, Phoenix Park, Dublin." Then he sealed the envelope and, further, with a stick of red sealing wax and a lighted candle he decorated the flap with a huge seal resembling a crushed rose. Thereupon, eyeing the packet critically, he handed it to the delighted carpenter, with a solemn injunction to go straight to the postoffice in the market-square and consign it to Jim Martin without delay.

"And may the best of good luck be yours," he added effusively, as he shook the old man's hand at the door, deprecating the voluble thanks poured forth on him and his by the grateful simpleton.

"Well, there goes the happiest man in town this morning," he said later, bursting into the stable yard, where Father Tom was pacing, breviary in hand.

The priest gave him a reproachful look. "Oh, Tom, Tom, how could you do such a thing?"

"Why, you don't suppose, your reverence, that that rigmarole 'll ever reach the Lord Lieutenant?" blurted Lee.

"It might, if it is posted."

"But 'twon't be posted. I've arranged that with Jimmie Martin. Do you think, if I thought for a moment that the thing were really serious and would reach the Castle, that I wouldn't have done far differently?"

"But the cruelty of it! To make fun of the poor old fellow."

"The end justifies the means. He wouldn't be happy till he got it. Something Ciceronic and mysterious, you know. Something orotund and sounding. The more delphic the better for the purpose. He's got it, he's mystified and he's happy. But God help poor Martin!"

"Why?" asked the priest.

"Oh, he'll have to stand the responsibility of an answer. As long as he took the thing from Swift, Swift will look for an answer and will hold Martin responsible for its safe delivery. We've transferred the seat of war to the postoffice. Just watch results."

The priest laughed at Martin's predicament.

"The Scribes and Pharisees of Derrreen are relieved for the present," smiled Lee. "But one unhappy postmaster is in for it. Swift is beautifully persistent. When he makes up his bit of a mind to do a thing, begorra he'll see it through. Henceforth his attentions will be transferred to Jimmie, as the future recipient, repository and custodian of His Excellency's reply. He'll follow Jimmie like a dog's shadow, and I'll bet a button that if no answer's forthcoming inside of a week, Jimmie'll rue the day he ever took the postmastership."

"But that last sentence?" said the priest, with becoming gravity. "Don't you think 'twas a bit out of the way—a little blasphemous, now?"

"Oh, you mean that 'Domine salvam fac reginam nostram—quae fecit caelum et terram?'"

"Precisely," said the priest, attempting a scowl.

"Why, there's no harm in it," smiled Lee. "It can't possibly scandalize either Swift or Martin, the only two who are likely to see it, seeing that Latin is a very dead language to both. And at any rate 'tis only the performance of an English choir that got a bit mixed in their answers. Call it loyal if you will, but blasphemous, never!"

"Ultra-loyal, prefervidly loyal, loyal as the rantings of a Sanderson or a Ballykillbeg, loyal as the sentiments of the Vicar of Bray, sir," laughed the priest. "Lord save our gracious Queen, Victoria!" He had closed his breviary and was shaking with uncontrollable

mirth at the ludicrous thought suggested.

"Who made heaven and earth," sang Lee to the tune of the British national anthem.

"Run away, you scamp, an' lave me finish me office in peace," warned the priest, at last. "Between yourself and Swift I've had enough distractions to-day to last me for a year—may God forgive you both!"

Whereat Lee, still humming "God Save the Queen," decamped from the yard and went jauntily down the street.

A few minutes later he was beaming good-naturedly upon Jimmie Martin in the postoffice.

"Good-morning, Mr. Scribe," laughed Martin.

"The same to you, Mr. Pharisee!" laughed Tom. "Did you get that petition to His Excellency?"

"'Tis safe in the waste-basket under the counter," smiled Martin.

"That shows your appreciation of a learned Scribe's calligraphy."

"Bother your calligraphy! Sure the only thing I could undhershtand in the blamed come-all-ye was 'God save Ireland! God save the Queen! God save your Excellency! Hip, Hip, Hip! Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah!' A nice petition indeed! You ought to be arreshted for high thrason. I'm thinkin' Father Tom's putyeen punch musht have had somethin' to do with it."

"Not a tint," smiled Lee. "Father Tom's a very abstemious man. He leaves the punch for his guests an' sticks to Apollinaris himself."

"Faith, then, his guest musht have an extrah one this mornin', judgin' by the inspirashun," smiled Martin.

"An' when grim death appears

After few but smilin' years.

And says 'me boy, yer cup it is run'

I'll say, 'begone, ye knave,

For Bacchus (that's Father Tom) gave  
me lave

To have another cruiskeen laun'."



carolled Lee. "But you'd betther be havin' an answer ready, I'm thinkin', me bould Pharisee. Swift'll look for an answer, ye know, and you're in for it if you don't produce. Somethin' Ciceronic and sounding, ye know. Somethin' orotund and mysterious—'On her Majesty's service.' Do you comprehend?"

"Get out of here! Go 'long wid ye!" said Martin, pitching the "Postoffice Guide" at his tormentor's head.

"But don't forget that answer, me brave Pharisee," beamed Tom from the door. "Swift's very punctilious in his correspondence and will expect the same courtesy from the Lord Lieutenant. Betther get ready for storms. In time of peace prepare for war."

Whereupon, dodging an ink-pot, he vanished hurriedly from the postoffice, leaving Jimmie Martin to the peaceful pursuit of his official duties.

Lee had not misjudged his man. With the persistence of the monomaniac, the carpenter began to haunt the post-office, morning, noon and night.

"Any answer, yet, Misther Martin?" he would query, poking his yellow face, alight now with expectancy, at the wire screen of Martin's office.

"Not yet, Tom," Martin would reply.

"When do ye think he'll answer?"

"No knowin', Tom. The Lord Lieutenant's a very busy man, ye know. He has thousands of petitions like yours to attend to, besides seein' that the peelers have enough to eat, an' that all the tenants of Ireland are evicted on time."

"Ainim an ohoul!" Tom would growl, execrating his Excellency's evicting penchant.

"Whin it comes, you'll get it, won't you, Misther Martin?"

A hint of the situation began to dawn on Martin. Tom's visits became an obsession, his temper not improving with each recurring disappointment, and his suspicions of Martin's collusion in the delay becoming more pronounced, to the postmaster's imminent peril.

"A nice kittle o' fish! Bother Lee an' his petitions!" mused Martin one day, when Swift appeared at the office, a cobble-stone in either hand.

"If ye don't hurry him up I'll fix ye, me bucko," he threatened, angrily. "I'll hould ye ye're keepin' the answer, to get the money yersel'."

"Not that, Tom," humored Martin, "but I saw in the paper, yesterday, that there's not enough money in the Bank of Ireland, so his Excellency has tilligraphed to the London Mint for more. 'Twill take some time to make so much money, you know."

Temporarily satisfied with this explanation, Tom did not appear for three days. Then he returned with an ultimatum.

"That money coined yet?" he whispered, leaning his yellow face across the counter, his hands behind his back, a sinister light in his eyes.

"Th y're makin' it as fasht as they can get the gold from California," explained Martin. "It takes a long time to ship gold from America, you know."

"Well, look here, me bucko," said Swift, bringing forward his right hand with a glittering chisel therein, "if you don't have that answer for me in three more days—you see this?" He flashed the chisel in the postmaster's eyes.

"We'll do our besht, Tom. You must be patient, ye know. The Lord Lieutenant can't work miracles, any more than you or me."

"That's reasonable," commented the carpenter. "So I'll give ye a week."

Then a curious combination of circumstances came to Martin's rescue. By a change of Ministry in London, the noble head of a noble Scottish house was sent to Ireland as Viceroy, with a policy of peace and a message of conciliation. Scarcely had this benevolent and magnanimous gentleman set foot in Ireland but he determined to examine for himself the conditions that produced so much unrest and disaffection in the

West. To which end, accompanied by the Vicereine—one whose name is indelibly inscribed in Irish hearts for her gracious interest in their welfare—he left Dublin on a special train, with a small convoy of secretaries and aides, travelling without military escort and committing himself absolutely to the affection of a people always passionately grateful for kindness or sympathy.

Derreen, being in the heart of the disturbed area, was one of his first objectives, and a private message from Mallingar notified the Bishop, Father Conlan and Colonel Plunkett of the Viceroy's visit. The visit synchronized with the end of the week allowed by Swift as a time of truce to Martin.

A reception committee was hastily organized from leading townsmen and local gentry and clergymen, with the Bishop and Colonel Plunkett as chairmen, the Master being deputed to draw up an address of welcome. As if by magic the town blossomed into a fairyland of arches, evergreens, bunting and gorgeous decorations. The humblest mechanic testified his joy by some show of color, some flaming illumination in the window of his little home. The word of peace had flown from mouth to mouth. A holiday was tacitly but unanimously proclaimed. On every tongue was the joyful tidings that a good Lord Lieutenant was coming to town to make the people's cause his own.

By some freak of reasoning it trickled into the carpenter's brain that the Lord Lieutenant was hurrying from Dublin to make personal answer to his petition—hurrying with the fortune he had so long dreamed of and yearned for. His joy was commensurately great, his gratitude to those who had aided to this happy consummation proportionately exuberant. To Tom Lee, as the wizard scholar, he attributed it all. To Martin, who had kept in daily touch with the Castle, he was equally grateful. They should share in his good fortune when

Lord Perth had delivered it into his hands. All this popular rejoicing, all this glory of color, this flaunting of flags and banners, this exultation of music, this flaming of bonfires were for him—him the long forgotten, the despised, the abandoned. But now the king was come unto his own—thanks, a million thanks, to Lee and Martin. He went about town eulogizing Lee incoherently.

"That's the scholar for ye," he called to every one he buttonholed. "That's the boy can do it. God bless him, an' bless the Masther that taught him!"

The Master was grieved beyond words, seeing the inherent tragedy of the whole affair. It was a sad contretemps—this viceregal visit of which the poor simpleton made himself the cause and centre.

"Unless Providence intervenes," he sighed to his wife, "there'll be a tragic end to this for the poor fellow. It all started in jest, but God knows where 'twill end."

"Never mind, Richard," said the sympathetic Susannah in her optimistic faith in heavenly interposition, "never mind; 'twill all come right, never fear. 'Tis an ill wind blows no good."

"Ah, but I see no good in it for this poor fellow," sighed the Master. "How true it is that 'fools rush in where angels fear to tread.'"

"God is good, dear. Out of evil He bringeth good. It has always been so, it will always be so. Trust in Him."

"Faith moves mountains, dear," sighed the husband, "but in this case—I fear, I fear."

Towards noon of the great day Swift made his way, with the thronging townsmen, to the railway station, only to find himself debarred therefrom by the scarlet cordon of Fusileers that Major Stone had thrown about the place, to exclude all but the reception committee.

"What does this mane, at all?" he called angrily to the soldier who interposed his rifle. "Ye let in the Bishop

an' priests, Colonel Plunkett an' the gentry, and ye keep me out?"

"Sorry, but those are our orders," said the soldier.

"Is the Lord Lieutenant comin' to see Colonel Plunkett and the Bishop or me, I'd like to know?"

"Touched, poor chap, touched!" commented the Fusileer to a comrade, standing shoulder to shoulder.

Carriages drove up, and their inmates passed through the red line, whereat the carpenter fumed. But, fume as he might, the soldiers were relentless and kept him back in the crowd of ordinary, unofficial sightseers.

"I'll make ye suffer for this. I'll have ye sint to Injy—or to hell," roared the carpenter.

The soldiers smiled, and some in the crowd laughed, increasing the old man's fury.

"A nice thing, to keep me from seein' the gentleman that comes all the way from Dublin to see me!"

"It's hard, we know," chuckled the Fusileer, "but orders is orders, comrade."

His voice was drowned in a roar from far down the tracks, where people were clustered on gates and fences. Then above the roar broke the shrill whistle of the train as it sped toward, around a clump of trees, a few hundred yards from the station. Above the trees a pale plume of steam fluttered and vanished airily. Once more the whistle sounded; the throb of the engine, the panting piston and rattling wheels became audible, in deafening crescendo.

An officer emerged from the station, where part of the Fusileers were drawn up on the platform. He shouted an order in short staccato, and with a clatter of steel and leather the soldiers came to the salute. The Viceroy had arrived and at that moment, within the whitewashed walls that ran the full length of the platform, was listening to the Bishop reading the address of welcome.

It was over presently and the party came forth from the station, Lord and Lady Perth passing between a double file of red-coats over a crimson carpet to Colonel Plunkett's carriage. As they seated themselves in the vehicle, amid thunders of applause, a little fairy of a girl in golden hair, rosebud blushes and immaculate muslin, broke from the crowd, slipped through the soldiers, and, tip-toeing beside the carriage, handed a bouquet to the Vicereine. The beautiful Countess smiled and, smiling, instantly, won her way to the hearts of the people. Then, leaning forth, she took the flowers and kissed the child.

It is such instances—trifles light as air—that make loyal subjects of a sensitive, warm-hearted, romantic race, if their British masters would but understand. The Irish people, like the lion of the fable, can be led in bonds of roses, whereas coercion lashes them into uncontrollable fury.

But another was now trying to approach the carriage—poor Tom Swift, his parchment of a face eagerly alight with anticipation, his wispy locks streaming to his shoulders, his faded green coat more faded and rusty than ever, in contrast with the vivid scarlet of the Fusileers.

"Back, there, back!" cried a soldier, smiting him in the stomach with the butt of his rifle.

"Yer honor! yer honor! don't you know me? Won't you spake to me?" he called despairingly to the Viceroy.

Colonel Plunkett beckoned to Kelly, the strutting sub-inspector of police, and told him to have Swift under surveillance during the Viceroy's stay. Whereupon a pair of burly constables laid violent hands on the carpenter and dragged him, resisting, to the police-barracks.

"Who is he?" queried the Viceroy.

"Only a poor simpleton, but perfectly harmless," assured the Colonel.

Then, under arches of evergreen and banners bearing mottos of welcome,

amid crowds of shouting countrymen, past groups of smiling women, invoking blessings on the beautiful Countess, the Viceroy and his lady, accompanied by the Bishop and Colonel Plunkett, drove to the Colonel's palatial home on the outskirts of the town. There they remained for a week, the avenue and all approaches to the house being guarded by Fusileers.

The Viceroy made diligent inquiry into the conditions of the people, the relations of landlord to tenant, their agricultural prospects, their housing, their annual emigration to England. He visited them in their little holdings in bog and on mountainside. He entered their smoky cabins, chatted with them in the fields and by the roadside, drew forth their confidence and won their hearts.

The Vicereine made herself an indissoluble empire in the homes of the countryside, going from house to house, chatting with the women, caressing the children, relieving want, lightening sorrow, banishing sickness by her smile and winning many a fervent "God bless yer beautiful face!" from hearts responsive as flowers to the dew of kindness.

But day by day the carpenter haunted the neighborhood of Edmundstown, seeking audience with the Lord Lieutenant, only to be repulsed by the hated redcoats. Approach the house by whatever way he would there was the scarlet tunic and towering bearskin of the guard; while, discreetly aloof but ever keeping him in sight, in and out of town, lurked the shadowy constables. Every morning he sought the grand gates of Plunkett's palace; all day long he kept his hopeless vigil there, and every night he returned in despair to his squalid loft in the Back Lane, not to sleep, but to toss wildly in disordered dreams of man's inhumanity to man.

Then, his mission being fulfilled, the Viceroy slipped quietly from Edmunds-

town to another part of the county, and that very night the fortune he had so long sought, came to Tom Swift.

The Master was reading quietly in his study, when from the hotel next door came a messenger seeking audience for a guest of the hotel—an old friend and former pupil, but one long since mourned as dead.

"Who can he be, I wonder?" soliloquized the Master, half-aloud.

"I dunno, sir," quoth John the Boots, "he's a tall, dark man with a bushy beard an' looks like a furriner. He's too brown in the skin to be Irish."

"Tell him I will see him," said the Master, and John withdrew.

It was a burly figure, well-dressed in Irish tweeds, a face of bronze framed in a reddish-brown beard, that filled the doorway of the Master's study. The blue eyes of the man kindled at sight of the venerable scholar, advancing, book in hand, to greet him. He took the slender wax-like hand, blue-veined and fragile, held it a moment in giant grip, then raised it to his lips and kissed it.

"My old Master! My 'fidus Achates!'" he murmured. Then his voice choked and tears suffused his eyes, trickling thence into the abundant beard.

"I must confess, old pupil of mine, that you take me at a disadvantage," muttered the Master, touched by the man's emotion.

"Yes, I suppose I do," said the man, after a while. "I have long since passed from the memory of men unless—unless," he faltered, "it be true that the evil that men do lives after them."

He was silent again, struggling with his emotion.

"I have done evil," he began, "but I also have done some good, thanks to the lessons and example of my old preceptor. Listen, Mr. O'Keefe! You must have read some fifteen years ago of that famous murder in Surrey, where a Lon-

don broker was killed in his suburban mansion—"

"I remember it well," sighed the Master.

"And you recall the murderer?"

"Alas, too well I do."

"Well, I am the murderer!"

A shadow, as of death, passed over the Master's face; he sank back in his chair, his breath coming in gasps, his eyes fixed on those of his visitor.

"Not—not—Joseph Swift?" he murmured.

"Joseph Swift. The very man, but thanks be to God, no murderer. Do not be afraid, my old friend. I come to you with a clear conscience, an unsullied name and honor untarnished."

And now he was holding the old man in his arms, and the old man was dissolved in tears.

"For this God be praised—God and His Blessed Mother! Out of evil He bringeth forth good," sobbed the Master. "But you must come at once to your father—"

"Ah! he's alive then? Of him I would make an inquiry. But first you must hear my story. 'Tis a brief one and easy in the telling. I fell, as you know, into evil ways in my youth. But of that—well, I have atoned and suffered. May man, as I hope God will, draw a veil over that blotted page in my life! For a long time I consorted with bad companions in London, sharing their ill-gotten gains, but never, oh, never! staining my hands with blood. Then came the murder in Surrey—done by two of my comrades while I lay asleep at Wandsworth. I was known as their associate; suspicion led the police to our home. They found arms there. The murderers had safely covered their tracks and escaped to France with their booty. I was arrested, tried at The Old Bailey and, because of my bad record sentenced to death at Newgate on what, I must confess, looked like

very damning evidence. Still it was but circumstantial, and I was innocent. On the eve of execution, the Home Secretary, having gone over the evidence carefully with my counsel, the sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life in New South Wales. I went there fifteen years ago, but two years later, one of the murderers having been killed in a burglary in Paris and the other mortally wounded, the latter confessed to the Surrey murder, exonerating me by name. The Prefect of Police of Paris laid the case before the Home Secretary. My case was gone into anew, my innocence acknowledged, and I was liberated, a free man with a clear name. To make amends the Government gave me some money, with which I started sheep-ranching in Australia with an Irish partner. We prospered, thank God! I sold my interest to McDermot and am now fairly fixed in worldly goods. That is all, and here I am to make amends, if possible, to the father who, I thank God, is yet alive to share in my prosperity, but whom, I fear—nay, I know—my misconduct must have wounded terribly. That is all. And now shake hands again—'tis a clean hand I offer you."

The Master's face was aglow as though with reflected light, and the joy in his eyes was good to see.

"Glory be to God for this! This is worth a million petitions and a million treasures. This is fortune indeed, real, true and tangible." The allusion was lost on Joseph Swift. "Will you see your father? 'Twill be a pleasure for him. But no, not now. He'd never recognize you in that beard, and he'd never believe you were Joseph. Can't you remove it? There's a barber in the hotel."

"A good suggestion," agreed Joseph.

"In the meantime I will bring your father to the hotel. 'Twill be better than calling on him. He's very suspicious of strangers. In fact, he's grown quite eccentric of late," explained the diplomatic

domine, euphemistically veiling the piteous truth. "Don't be surprised if you discover any new peculiarities or idiosyncrasies in your father. Time works change. You remember poor Horace—'Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis?'"

Thus cautiously did the Master prepare the son for the shock of reunion with a demented father. But he had hopes that the outcome of that reunion would be beneficial for the father. 'Twas just possible—he had read of such cases in psychological treatises—that the joy of sudden recognition might counteract as a blessed antidote the poison of that awful sorrow that had clouded the poor brain all these years. And, as he went his way to the Back Lane, the words of Hamlet came to his lips as a prayer. "O Lord of mercies!" he moaned, his face uplifted to the stars,

"'Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain?" "

More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of. The prayers of the just avail, and God heard the Master's prayer.

Tom Swift was easily persuaded to go to the hotel with the Master. The Master he had always revered. In him he had always found a friend, guileless, undesigning, disinterested, sympathetic. Mr. O'Keefe would not come to him with any fell purpose, or try to lure him into any danger. However he might be wary of the casual visitor to his little shop—for he had grown cunningly wary of humanity at large—from this good man he had nothing to fear. So lucidly, instinctively as it were, reasoned the disordered mind; and innocently, with the trust of a little child, he left the shop and followed to the hotel.

The barber had wrought a wondrous transformation in the son. Stripped of the beard, his features were still the

features of youth, bronzed, it is true, by a life under the open Australian sky, matured, strong with the strength of manhood, more firm, more emphatic, more full of purpose, but yet the lineaments of the boy who had sat at the Master's feet in Saint Nathy's.

"I will go first," said the Master to the carpenter. "You wait here in the parlor until I see that the stranger is ready to receive us."

Entering his room in answer to the cheery "Come in!" the Master paused in amazement at the door.

"The old Joseph," he called delightedly; "my old boy, grown a man!"

"Is he here?" asked the son.

"He's in the parlor."

"Then, in God's name bring him up."

The son's heart was beating tumultuously with anticipated joy, as his mind ranged backward over the years of boyhood—to the Back Lane, the little shop, the devoted carpenter at his bench, the loving father solicitously tender of the lad who, each morning, trotted away to school with his strapful of books.

There was a knock at the door. The son turned and faced it.

A bent old man, in a faded green coat, his face yellow as a parchment, stood there uncertainly. Suddenly a change came over his face. The light of recognition flashed in his eyes. The darkness fell from his mind. A sunburst of sudden glory flooded his brain, and fifteen years of oblivion dropped away.

"My God! My God!" he cried aloud in the greatness of his joy. "Joseph! my Joseph!"

In a moment father and son were locked in each other's arms.

The Master hastily withdrew to the parlor. As he stood at a window, the lights of the street without a golden blur through the mists of emotion, he recalled the words of Susannah: "Out of evil He bringeth good. 'Twas ever so; it will always be so!"

# A Peep Into the English National Gallery

By THOMAS O'HAGAN, M. A., PH. D.

**I**F art reflects life—and it certainly does—if art be an interpreter of the highest thought and ideas of a people in their happiest moods and moments, then can the genius of the English people be truly studied in the English National Gallery of London.

It has always seemed strange to me that a land so rich in poets, scholars and inventors as is England should practically have had no school of painting before the middle of the eighteenth century.

While the artistic genius of the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries glorified the canvas in well nigh every country of the Continent—now beyond the Alps, now beyond the Pyrenees, now between the Elbe and Rhine, now in the Netherlands, where Teutonic strength and Celtic grace gave power and splendor to the artistic conceptions of a Rubens and a Van Dyke—England remained during those centuries the sole country in Europe in which it was impossible to naturalize the art of painting. Hogarth, Reynolds and Gainsborough are the real founders of the English school of painting—that is, nearly all of the painting in England before the middle of the eighteenth century is exotic—it has nothing of the atmosphere or color of English life and thought.

At the commencement of the sixteenth century a number of pupils of great painters in Italy went to England, but neither Henry VIII of England nor

Francis I of France could induce Raphael to leave Italy for England or France.

In 1526 Hans Holbein, one of the greatest of German painters, furnished with a letter to Sir Thomas More, at London, from Erasmus—who, like Holbein, was at this time living at Basle, in Switzerland—visited England and spent in all twenty-eight years there. Amongst the portraits which Holbein painted during the first two years of his residence in England was one of Blessed Thomas More. To his early period of residence in England belongs the famous portrait group known as "The Ambassadors," which is in the English National Gallery.

It is not precisely known at what date Holbein was received into the permanent service of Henry VIII. It was in 1537 that he painted the large composition for the Privy Chamber of the Palace of Whitehall, in which, in figures of large size, were represented Henry VIII standing to the right and Queen Jane Seymour to the left of a sort of pedestal; and on a slightly higher level, behind, the figures of the King's parents, Henry VII and Elizabeth of York. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that Holbein was kept very busy in the service of his royal master painting the portraits of prospective brides, and it is supposed that it was his flattering portrait of Anne of Cleves that helped to plunge the King into his fourth inauspicious marriage.

During his twenty-eight years' residence in England Holbein left many paintings in the royal palaces, in the castles of the aristocracy, at Windsor Castle, at Hampton Court, in the homes of the Dukes of Northumberland, Man-

chester, Portland, Newcastle, Buccleuch and Bedford.

The reign of Charles I was a beautiful epoch of art in England, thanks to the

It is as painters of morals, portrait painters and landscape painters that the English excel, and the originality of style in all three was certainly instituted



HOGARTH'S "MARRIAGE A LA MODE"

foreign artists who came. In 1629 Rubens passed a year in England, and Van Dyke established himself permanently there in 1623. Rubens did the fresco work in the ceilings of the Palace of Whitehall. It appears that Rubens, while in England, did not paint any other great paintings but "St. George," now at Buckingham Palace, the "Assumption of the Blessed Virgin," executed for the Count of Arundel, and, perhaps, the "Allegory of Peace and War" which is to-day in the National Gallery.

I have said that the English school of painting was virtually founded in the eighteenth century by Hogarth, Reynolds and Gainsborough, for their successors have but continued their work in our day.

by Hogarth, Reynolds and Gainsborough.

Hogarth, who was born in London, November 10, 1697, first attracted attention by twelve small prints, or illustrations, for Butler's "Hudibras," published in 1726. It was during the early stage of his career as a painter—that is, in 1731—that Hogarth painted his series of "The Harlot's Progress," which was immediately followed by "The Rake's Progress." But perhaps his greatest fame was achieved by his series of the "Marriage a la Mode," which appeared in the prints in 1745.

The "Marriage a la Mode" consists of a series of six pictures: "The Marriage Contract;" "Shortly After Marriage;" "The Visit to the Quack Doctor;" "The Countess' Dressing Room;" "The

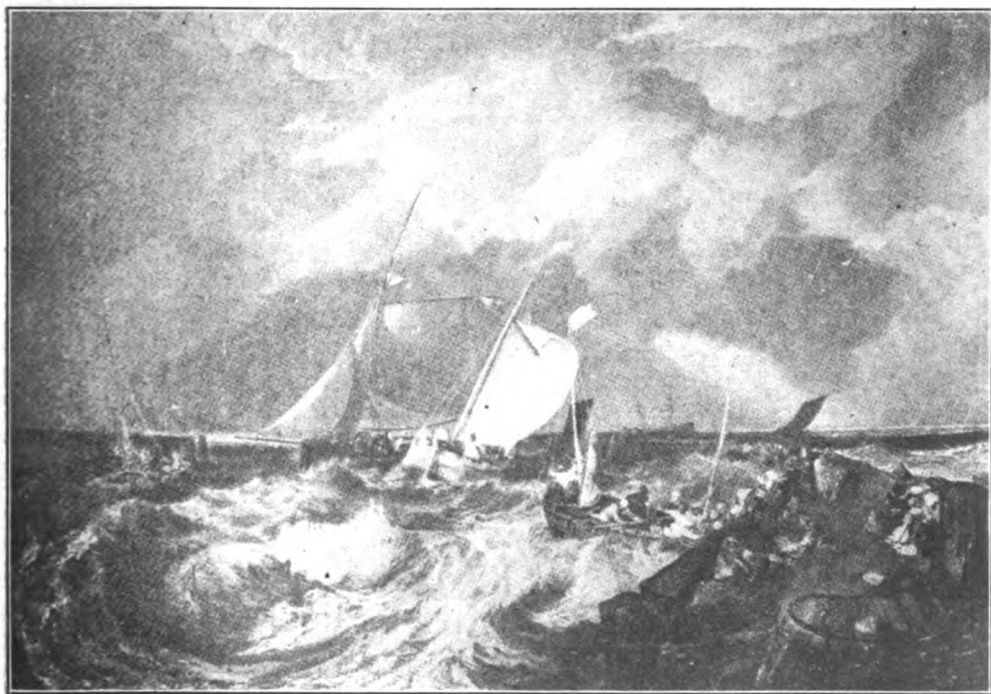


Duel and Death of the Earl," and "The Death of the Countess"—representing profligacy in high life, or the ill effects of a marriage of which the rank of one party and the wealth of the other are the sources of mutual attraction. Both are indifferent; the husband, a peer, proves neglectful and profligate, the lady faithless; her lord is finally killed in a duel by her paramour, who is hanged for the murder, and the suicide of the lady by poison is the closing act of the tragedy. The picture represented in this paper is the second of the series, "Shortly After Marriage."

We always associate the names of Garrick, Reynolds, Goldsmith and Johnson—all truly great in their respec-

what Van Dyke did for the court of Charles I.

Reynolds, who was born at Plympton, in Devonshire, July 16, 1723, was intended originally for the medical profession. He, however, evinced very early a taste for art and was placed in 1741 with Hudson, an eminent portrait painter in London. In 1749 he accompanied Commodore, afterwards Lord, Keppel in the "Centurion" to the Mediterranean. After spending about three years in Italy he returned at the end of the year 1752, by way of Paris, to England. He settled in London and soon became the most distinguished portrait painter in the capital. In 1768 he was unanimously elected president of the then newly-established Royal Academy



TURNER'S "CALAIS PIER"

tive spheres of art. Reynolds did with his brush for the English aristocracy and court of his time—that is, of the time of George II and George III—

of Arts in London and was knighted by George III on the occasion.

Some of the finest portraits painted by Reynolds are: Portraits of Lord

Heathfield, Sir Abraham Hume, Dr. Samuel Johnson, James Boswell, the biographer of Johnson, George IV, as Prince of Wales, and Anne, Countess of Albemarle.

One of the best of English portrait and landscape painters is unquestionably Gainsborough, whose fine portrait of the great tragedienne, Mrs. Siddons, is here produced. The years of Gainsborough's

portraiture, which appears subsequently to have divided his attention with landscape painting. In 1774 he settled in London and rented a portion of Schomberg House, Pall Mall; from this period his reputation was such that he was considered at the same time the rival of Reynolds in portrait and of Wilson in landscape painting. He was one of the original members of the Royal Academy

and sent pictures to its exhibitions from the commencement in 1769, but ceased to contribute after 1783. He exhibited altogether ninety-six works at the Academy. He died in London, August 2, 1788, and was buried in Kew Churchyard.

Among Gainsborough's most popular pictures are: "Boy Blue;" "Hon. Mrs. Graham" (now in the Edinburgh Gallery); the "Shepherd Boy in the Shower;" "The Cottage Door," and "The Woodsman and His Dog in a Storm."

John Copley, the historical and portrait painter, was an American, born in 1737 'at Boston, where his parents had recently settled. His father was English, his mother Irish. In 1774, having already attained emi-

nence as a portrait painter at Boston, he set out for Italy by way of England. He returned from Italy at the close of the year 1775 and established himself in London where he was elected an associate in 1777 and a member of the Royal Academy in 1779. This was



GAINSBOROUGH'S PORTRAIT OF MRS. SIDDONS

life cover almost exactly those of Reynolds'. He was born in Sudbury in Suffolk in 1727. When still a youth Gainsborough married Margaret Burr, a young lady of some fortune, and settled in Ipswich. In 1760 he settled in Bath. Here much of his time was devoted to

the period when he executed his masterpiece, "The Death of Lord Chatham," which is here produced.

No study of the British school of painters would be complete were the name of Landseer, the great animal painter, to be omitted. Landseer was born in London on March 7, 1802. While still very young Edwin Landseer displayed great ability as a painter, having won a medal from the Society of Arts at the early age of thirteen for the drawing of a large Alpine mastiff. As a painter of animals Landseer stands almost without a rival. Some of his finest animal portraits are: "Spaniels of King Charles Breed;" the "Sleeping Bloodhound;" "Dignity and Impudence," and "Study of a Lion."

An English painter of acknowledged gifts and of deep interest to the student of art is John Millais, who was born at Southampton, June 8, 1829. At the age of twenty young Millais, in conjunction with Rossetti, Holman Hunt and a few other rising artists, revolting against what they regarded as the academicism and conventionality of modern art, banded themselves together in a little clique then and long afterwards known as the "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood."

Some of these young men possessed a double gift—Rossetti, for instance, who was at the same time poet and painter. It is said of Rossetti that he confused his gifts—that his poems should have been the work of his brush and his paintings the work of his pen.

The principles held by these youthful reformers are too well known to need description here. But one of their professed objects was to paint nature with absolute fidelity, disregarding the rela-

tive "values" pictorially indicated by color and chiaroscuro. They based their views on the work of early Italian and Flemish masters, whose immature style they at first attempted to revive.

Millais, however, did not put the principles of the "Pre-Raphaelite" school into many of his paintings. Only a few of his earliest pictures, such as "Ferdinand and Isabella," "Mariana in the Moated Grange," which has Tennyson's poem for subject, "The Carpenters'



REYNOLDS' PORTRAIT OF LORD HEATHFIELD, WITH  
KEY OF FORTRESS OF GIBRALTAR IN HIS HAND

Shop" and "The Woodman's Daughter," which were exhibited at the Royal Academy between 1849 and 1851, suggest the influence of the Pre-Raphaelite school.

Millais' intense realism often gained for him severe criticism in certain quarters, but he had many warm defenders

and admirers, among whom John Ruskin was conspicuous.

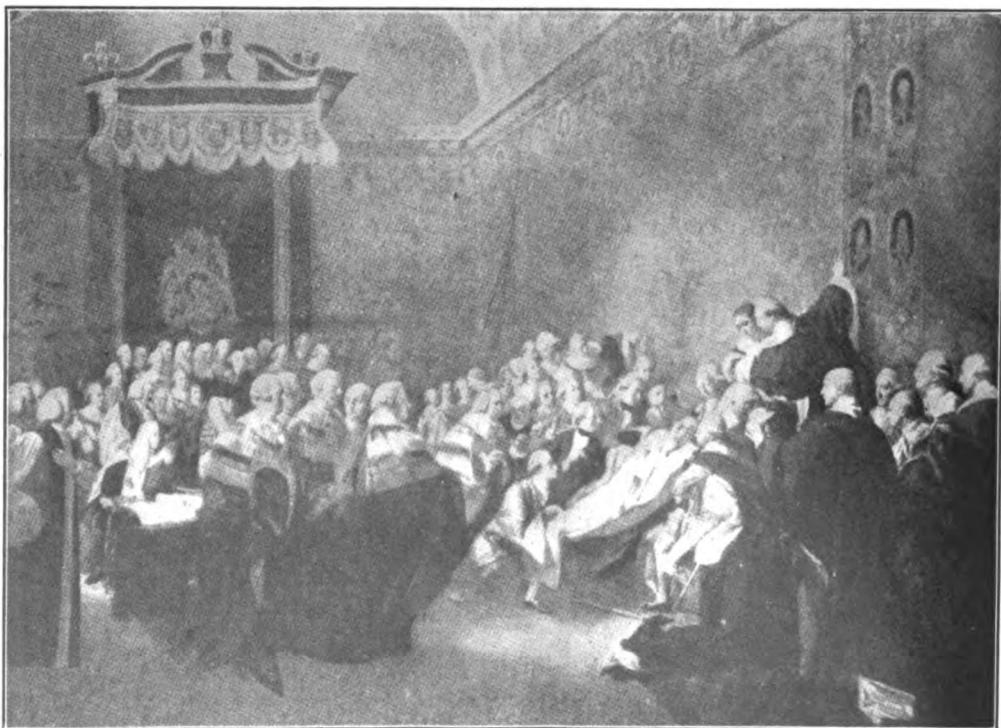
In 1853 Millais, being then only twenty-four years of age, was elected an associate of the Royal Academy. The excellence of his work had gradually won public favor and was now warmly appreciated. "The Vale of Rest," "The Black Brunswicker," "Trust Me," "My First Sermon" and "The Eve of St. Agnes," not to mention many other pictures, were received with enthusiasm, and in 1863 he attained the full dignity of a Royal Academician.

One of Millais' first exhibited portraits was that of Mrs. Lehmann, painted in 1870. Later, he received commissions from a host of distinguished persons including Sir James Paget, Lord Lytton, Lord Shaftsbury, the Duchess of Westminster, Cardinal Newman, Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. John Bright.

On the death of Lord Leighton Millais was unanimously elected president of the Royal Academy, but by this time he was in failing health, and he succumbed to a fatal malady from which he had long suffered on August 13, 1896.

A very unique place among English painters is held by William Blake, who was born November 28, 1757, in London. Like Rossetti, Blake was both poet and painter. His was a fine sensitive nature, and his hard struggle to gain a livelihood but accentuated this sensitiveness. Some of Blake's finest work is in the way of book engravings. Amongst these are illustrations for Young's "Night Thoughts," Virgil's "Pastorals" and Dante's "Inferno."

Blake died in the arms of his faithful wife, August 12, 1827. A complete list of his works, carefully composed and annotated by W. M. Rossetti, will be found appended to Gilchrist's "Life of



COPLEY'S "DEATH OF LORD CHATHAM"

William Blake," a work which contains all that is known of this pure-hearted, single-minded poet-artist.

There yet remains the last great English painter—Joseph Turner, who perhaps has no rival in any age or any school as a landscape painter.

Turner was born in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, London, in 1775, and died in an obscure lodging at Chelsea, December 19, 1851. Turner's career comprehends three distinct styles. Previous to 1802 Turner was more remarkable as a water-color painter. In middle life—from 1802 to 1830—he was distinguished for a masterly and vigorous execution and an unrivalled brilliancy of coloring. To this period belongs the majority of his greatest works, from his "Calais Pier" (1803) to "Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus" (1829). During the last twenty years of his life, light, with all its prismatic varieties, seems to have chiefly engrossed his attention. Turner



REYNOLDS' "HEADS OF ANGELS"

is generally regarded, and justly, too, as the glory of the English school of painting.

### In God's Acre ♡ By Marie LeRoy Leahy

No costly granite marks their graves,  
No fresh-strewn flowers grace,  
No new-made footprints in the dust  
To tell the well-loved place.

Across a grave with sunken breast  
A timid wild rose creeps;  
Who knows but I that 'neath its leaves  
My mother's fond heart sleeps?  
Sometimes a wild bird rests upon  
A neighboring bush and sings;  
Sweet bird! from out his pitying heart  
A tender note he brings.

There is a long and narrow grave  
With naught to mark the place,  
Except a blue forget-me-not  
That lifts a tear-stained face;  
But who can say it blooms less fair  
Upon my father's bed  
Than where yon towering stone is raised  
Above his neighbor's head?  
And here around my sister's grave  
Are green and clinging vines;  
The form my arms so oft embraced  
The ivy now entwines.

The wind blows sadly through the pines.  
"No more," it seems to sigh;  
"Forgotten," whisper low the leaves  
That rustle softly by;  
"Not so, they live," cries out my soul,  
"Though kindred to the clod,  
The dead shall rise immortal and we  
Shall meet again in God."

# Come With Me

By ESTHER COTTRELL

## XV

### THE PARTY

The night of the party Miss Milicent watched Corinne dress with feverish interest.

"I want you to look beautiful to-night, dear," she said, as she stood on tiptoe to pin some roses in the girl's bright hair.

She had secretly written a prim little note to Wade telling him that the party was arranged for his return, and now she was trembling for the success of her plan. Perhaps Corinne would think that she had taken an unkind advantage of her when Wade appeared without warning. Perhaps Corinne would not listen to him even now. Perhaps it was wrong for her to have interfered in any way. Match-making was so dangerous. One ought only to pray and trust in Providence. But the regret she felt was only momentary, for the spirit of the world had touched Miss Milicent to-night. She felt delightful girlish thrills of excitement as she passed through the blossom-burdened rooms, pushing chairs against the walls and draping back the old lace curtains.

Genuine wax tapers burned in the many-sconced candelabra that swung from the high ceilings of the drawing-rooms. Gilt-framed mirrors, hung opposite each other, reflected the lights over and over again until the rooms seemed to stretch out into mysterious suites, and Miss Milicent watched herself pass through shadowy doors into dim distances.

Miss Letitia, in an antiquated costume of satin, picked her way through the garden, directing Caworth where to hang the lights. As the red and yellow lan-

terns bloomed into brilliance at his touch, his mood was one of elation. He wondered why they did not give parties every night. It seemed such a simple way of persuading Marian to call. For days he had been in doubt as to whether she would accept the invitation. He had spent much time in trying to reason out her frame of mind. At last he concluded that she would come; it would be so much easier than any sort of explanation. Her widowhood could be no bereavement. Her absence would be conspicuous. Finally, she wrote a note of acceptance, apologizing for her delay.

Then Caworth, haunted by the wistful look in Corinne's eyes, consulting no one, sent a message to Wade asking him to spend the evening with a few friends, and giving him the date of the party.

The house and garden were at their gayest when Wade arrived. He had packed away his evening clothes and forgotten where he had put them, he told Miss Milicent, and he had had to persuade a tailor to open up his shop and fit him at nine o'clock that night. "I don't suppose I'm very presentable," he said, with a new-born consciousness of his personal appearance. "Where—where is Corinne?"

She was dancing with Caworth, and the vivacity with which she met strangers had fallen away and she looked weary and sad.

Wade stood on the porch watching her through one of the long, low windows. As the music stopped, the dancers trooped out into the air. Caworth saw Wade first and, with blundering tact, he turned suddenly, and murmuring something unintelligible about Aunt Milly, he left her standing in the shadow alone.

Wade clasped her cold hand in his. "Corinne," he said, "you would not see me, Corinne?"

Her face was as white as the moonbeams, but her joy was apparent.

"I—I did not know you would be here."

"Are you sorry?"

"No—no, I cannot say that."

He put her hand in his arm and silently led her through the garden to the vine-hung summer-house.

"I want to talk to you, and I don't want you to say one word until I have finished. I want to tell you how absolutely desolate I've been without you—I want to tell you that the other woman was a dream, and that I've come back to you to stay."

She listened at first unwillingly, half-afraid, while he tried to impress her with his absolute devotion. He pleaded his cause with an eloquence few juries had been able to withstand. The weeks of separation had seemed interminable. Wise Miss Milicent had been right. His coming back, after the long days of silence, days in which the other woman held no place—created conviction that broadened into joy.

The rest of the world was forgotten. The music drifted dreamily through the trees. Corinne's partners searched for her in vain. Hopes and fears, joys and griefs of the past and future years were claiming confession, and trifles loomed large in their mirage world.

Women in white accompanied by darker figures passed them by; the lanterns burned low, flamed into fire, and went out, but the yellow moon, rising higher, filled the old garden with pale light and the May blossoms swung like thuribles, offering the incense of spring.

Angry voices broke in upon this dream-world. Corinne caught Wade's arm.

"Oh, what is it," she said, "what is it?"

Wade turned indifferently in the direction of the voices, and glancing through

the latticework behind him, he saw that two men had entered the summer-house. There was something familiar about their figures, silhouetted in the doorway, but he could not distinguish them at once.

"Every man has his price," one was saying. "Another thousand is all that he wants."

"You are going deeper than I had intended," said a gruff voice. "We won't be able to pull out if you don't manage better than you did to-day."

Wade, brought suddenly back to a practical world, realized that he was eavesdropping. He coughed and stepped into the fuller light. As he did so he received a blow that blinded him for a moment.

"You sneak!"—it was Captain Hickling's voice—there could be no mistake—"you insulted me once, and now you follow me. Take this—" There was a momentary gleam of metal, then the Captain's arm was seized by his companion.

"You have the judgment of a jack-ass," some one said.

As Wade recovered himself he heard a woman scream, but it was not Corinne. She was clinging mute and terror-stricken to his arm.

"I'm not in the habit of fighting at evening parties," Wade said, in his calm, even tones, "but our acquaintance does not end here," and holding Corinne's arm, he led her up the steps to the house.

"Don't be frightened, dear," he said, "some of Miss Letitia's punch has gone to the young man's head. Do you want to dance? I'll stay out on the porch and watch you. I don't want to be altogether selfish. Perhaps I have kept you away from the young people too long."

And there the scene and the memory of the scene ended for Corinne, but there was another witness who could not forget. Marian Penworth had been standing on the other side of the summer-house with Caworth. She had seen

her father and Hickling enter the little latticed pagoda, but she had paid no heed, for of late they seemed to hold many interests in common and they were often alone together. When she heard their voices in angry dispute she had moved away, feeling ashamed, before Caworth, of her father's lack of social convention as well as of his lack of self-control. At Hickling's words to Wade they both turned instinctively. It was Marian who had screamed when she saw Hickling raise his revolver. It was that half-hushed cry that had warned the Senator to catch Hickling's arm.

All evening Caworth had been striving to see Marian alone, but she had eluded him, until she began to reflect that such avoidance of him must look like premeditated purpose or prejudice, then she promised him a dance late in the evening. When he came to claim it, he said:

"It's almost too warm to dance. Let us go into the garden. I want to show you Aunt Milly's roses—the roses we have all been nursing this winter. They are at last in bloom."

As he led her from the heat of the house into the mistiness of the moonlight, a strange calm possessed her. For weeks she had looked forward, half-trembling, to this meeting, and now that she was facing it the naturalness of it startled her. The past years, even the past few weeks, seemed so remote that they were blurred. What had she dreaded? The old garden promised peace, and for the first time she experienced a definite sense of happiness at her new-born liberty.

"I have not seen you for months," he was saying.

"Has it been that long?"

"Corinne has been here for one month. I thought you were great friends?"

"We are."

"But you have not been to see her."

"No, I have had so many things to do."

"Paupers?"

"No, I am studying to be a Catholic."

"Like Corinne?"

"Yes, but I'm afraid I will never be as good as Corinne."

He felt that she was drifting purposely from the confidence he wished to force from her.

"You will go away this summer?" he began again.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"To work."

He hesitated for a moment, then he said, with reckless frankness:

"On account of your absurd idea of indebtedness?"

Her face paled in the moonlight. Her heart seemed to stop beating. All subterfuge was at an end.

"How did you know?"

"I have suspected for some time. A small discovery led to conviction some days ago. The secret was mine," he added, half-apologetically, "I have borne the consequence. You must consider the debt cancelled—cancelled by—death."

She twisted her gauze fan until the ivory sticks were shattered.

"You know the whole miserable story? Thank God! It would have been so hard to tell."

"You might have trusted me."

"I have trusted you always."

"But you did not test that trust."

"I was afraid."

"Afraid?"

"Afraid of many things. There was the debt—my work—our friendship, but now—now that you know—I am glad you should know me as I am—as I have been. Don't you realize what my position in Washington has been—how I was set apart from other women because I was not free? I was masquerading before the world because I was not strong enough to confess a matrimonial failure. If people believed in me, it hurt me. If men cared for me, it convinced



me of my falseness. Friendship seemed impossible until I met you—" she stopped abruptly as her father and Hickling brushed by them, unseeingly, talking in hushed, angry tones.

"Come," she said to Caworth, "the music has stopped. Our dance is over."

She turned quickly before he could remonstrate, and she was hurrying from him when Hickling's attack on Wade brought them both to a standstill.

## XVI

### "I MUST TALK TO SOME ONE."

For days after the party Senator Penworth treated his daughter with scant courtesy. The old feeling of restraint which he had experienced in her mother's company fell upon him in Marian's presence. She was vaguely aware of this and she tried with added, forced affection to discover the cause.

"I'm a moody creature, father," she said one night; "you have many worries. I ought to be gay when you come home in the evenings, but I'm afraid my Puritan forbears marked me for their own."

"I think they did," he said, unsmilingly.

"We might go to the theater," she suggested.

"Lord, no! I couldn't sit still through an act."

"Are—are you in trouble?"

"Trouble!" He stood at the window with his back turned, so that she could not see his face. "I believe I'm on the brink of bankruptcy, but that piece of intelligence is not to go any further," he added quickly.

Somehow she experienced no sense of surprise. Riches were the unreality. She had known poverty so long. She went to him and put her slim arm through his.

"Don't take such pessimistic views, dear. You are such a good business man—you can't have lost very much as yet—"

He released the arm impatiently. "Women are such fools! They accept riches or poverty as a matter of course."

"Poverty has no terrors for me," she said, gently. "Besides," she added, smiling, "a United States senator's salary isn't pauperism."

"Well, it isn't enough to live on. It does little more than pay the house rent."

"We can move. We needn't live in such magnificence."

"But I don't want to move."

His tone reminded her of a small unreasoning boy's.

"But there are many ways we can economize. We can give up our trip to Europe this year."

"I had decided not to go anyway," he said. "Travelling around through ruins and churches and a lot of jabbering French and Germans can't be very enjoyable. I'm going to some live summer resort where I can be distracted. You would better go to your aunt—"

She caught her breath. His words seemed to voice a preconceived plan to dispose of her for the summer—perhaps forever. Had he grown tired of her so soon, or was he so financially embarrassed that her support had grown to be a burden?

"To stay?" she asked, her throat hard and dry.

"If you please."

The next moment he seemed to regret his brusqueness, for he said, "No, not to stay—I'll pull out somehow. Hickling irritates me continually."

"Why—why do you have anything to do with him?"

"Because I find him useful."

"I don't believe he's a good man," she said simply.

The Senator laughed mirthlessly. "Few of us are that," he said.

"But we're not sneaks. We don't carry pistols and threaten men at evening parties."

"Did—did you see that?"

"I was standing near the summer-house."

"Who was with you?"

"Mr. Caworth."

The Senator ripped out an oath. "It's a wonder the affair was not published then," he said. "Could—did you hear what we were talking about?"

"No."

"Did Caworth make no comments?"

"He said he thought Captain Hickling was a scoundrel."

"He said nothing more?"

"No."

"Is Caworth in love with you?"

She resented his inquisitiveness. She had asked herself that question so many times—so many times since the night in the garden.

"No," she said, after a moment's hesitation.

"You think he is," he interrupted her. "Why not? You can have no religious scruples now."

She looked up at him with eyes that craved sympathy, tenderness.

"Do you want to get rid of me?" she said.

Her rare, frank questions always troubled him. "You're like your mother. You always think half a dozen reasons lie behind a simple statement. Most women marry, don't they? All men fall in love. When a man is in love he can be twisted to suit a woman's fancy. Caworth practically commands several newspapers. We may want to choke them with copy, and you might help—"

"Oh," she said, uncomprehendingly, "I don't think I know what you mean—"

"I don't know that I do myself, but if Hickling goes on acting like a cursed fool, all the power of the press may not keep him out of jail."

"I wish—oh, I wish you wouldn't have anything to do with him."

He eyed her suspiciously. "It's too late now. It's like crying over spilt milk, and locking the door after the horse is stolen—"

"Oh, I never trusted him! Why did you ever trust him?"

He laughed again. "You don't understand. I recognized him as a rogue; he did not reveal himself as a bungler."

"And you have lost money?"

"I may have lost more."

She put her hand timidly upon his shoulder. "You had so much. Why were you not content?"

He shook her off impatiently. She did not fit into his mood. He felt so sure of her view-point. He feared her as a mentor.

"No man is content. I'm not different from others. Money—money—more money! It's like the vision in the desert. But don't you worry and don't you—talk. I wonder that I have told you so much, but great God! I've reached that imbecile stage when I must talk to some one, and you're like your mother, silent as the grave and as uncompromising as—eternity."

He left the room, and she looked after him with a strained expression in her eyes that bordered on hopelessness. She knew that they were drifting apart with the days. She had done her best to win his confidence, and yet she confessed to herself a fear of his revelations. Was her life to be beset by the old dread of dishonesty? Was she again sharing in luxuries to which she had no right?—luxuries procured by wrong-doing? Why did he tell her so much, then stop? Why did he fancy that Caworth could help? What were the stories? Would she dare go to Caworth and talk to him when she knew so little—when she felt so much?

## XVII

### THE END

Miss Letitia put down the morning paper with a little note of disapproval.

"You've been talking about the success of your party for the last month,

Milicent—now what do you think of that?"

Miss Milicent focused her near-sighted eyes to the enlightening top of the coffee-urn.

"What?" she said inquiringly.

"That notice in the morning paper. Your friend Captain Hickling has been arrested."

Caworth drained his coffee cup and picked up the paper carelessly. "I knew it was coming," he said.

"Dear—dear!" said Miss Milicent. "That gentlemanly young man! What had he been doing?"

"Dancing at your party for one thing," returned Miss Letitia savagely. "I've always told you, Milicent, that you were too charitable to be select."

"He seemed very quiet and well behaved. I thought he was a friend of Corinne's. He is often at Antoine's home."

"And Antoine will hear of an elopement some day with one of those Captain Hicklings that call so frequently."

"Oh, Letitia, don't judge your neighbor harshly. Every one is not blessed with brains and judgment—"

"Isn't judgment a mental force?" asked Caworth, teasingly.

Miss Milicent did not notice the interruption. "Really, I'm so distressed to think of Corinne's meeting any one of that—that—disposition. But I'm sure my party was not responsible."

"I don't know about that," said Caworth, his eyes twinkling, "the desire for our grandfather's silver punch-bowl may have started him on his downward way."

"Now, John," began Miss Letitia, "you know something of this affair—I can tell by the expression on your face. Did anything happen at Milicent's party?"

"I believe many things happened," he replied evasively.

"Now, John," Miss Letitia relentlessly probed for the truth, "you must tell us. You shall have no peace until you do."

"Tell you what?"

"Exactly what occurred."

"I don't know that I know exactly."

"But you know something. What is it?"

"Only a minor detail. I believe Hickling insulted Wade at the party. Wade suspected Hickling's honesty and, being a natural born reformer, ferreted Hickling out for revenge, or justice, or any other emotion that you think fits the case."

"I told you so," said Miss Letitia, in a tone of grim satisfaction.

"An insult! Oh, thank God, that duelling has gone out of fashion!" Miss Milicent said fervently.

Caworth looked reflective. "There are worse things."

"No, John," Miss Milicent corrected him, "there is nothing worse than sending a man's soul unprepared before the judgment seat, and indeed, dear, I think you must be wrong about the insult for Mr. Wade seemed radiantly happy that night."

"Oh, an insult or two doesn't darken the heavens for a man in love," he said, as he rose from the table. "Wade has gone into the thing deeper than I thought. It may involve some one else—"

"Mr. Wade is perfectly right, no matter whom it involves," said Miss Letitia decidedly. "I like to see a man with the courage of his convictions."

"Even when the convictions are unpleasant?"

"Our convictions are always unpleasant when we try to impress them upon others," said Miss Letitia firmly.

Caworth turned in the doorway. "The subject admits of an argument, but I haven't time for it. It's such a beautiful morning I think I'll walk down-town."

He passed into the wide hallway, and taking his hat from the broad antlers he breathed in the fresh air, full of fragrance of falling blossoms. As he

walked down the garden path he smiled tolerantly at the thought of Miss Letitia's ungovernable desire for gossip. Her keen questions brooked no evasion. Caworth, this morning, had said more than he had intended, for he had no desire to talk. Hickling's arrest had stirred up a world of rumor—rumors that gave Caworth much concern.

He stopped for a moment beneath the tree where he and Marian had stood the night of Corinne's party. Then she had seemed so far above him, even when he held the knowledge of her history, but he had allowed himself to dream, for her past reserve, her old avoidance of him seemed to hold a meaning which he steeled himself to disbelieve.

But pauperism brings pride, he told himself. How could he confess his love to an heiress of untold millions? For the last month he had avoided her with the vengeful strength of a fanatic. Later on, he might be able to meet her with the calm of one long versed in self-abnegation—but not now—now now, when the tragedy of her life called out for his love—love as a compensation for all she had suffered in the past.

But in the last few days his dreams seemed to grow into reality, built up on rumors of certain senatorial speculations. He half wished that the stories might be true. It would raze the height on which she stood.

And this morning, as if to prove the realization of that dream, he saw Marian coming. He recognized her just as he was entering one of the small parks from which wide thoroughfares diverge. Their greeting was commonplace.

"Will you sit down on this bench?" he said. "We may outrage the conventions, but it is cool and pleasant here." For a moment he would allow his resolutions to drift away with the May blossoms. His one desire seemed to be to detain her; he thought of nothing beyond.

She sat down upon the green-painted bench without a word. At last she said: "I was coming to see you."

"Then please don't give up the intention." His pleasure was apparent, but there was also surprise in his tone.

"I wanted to see you at your office," she went on, making a futile attempt to dig the end of her white parasol into the concrete path, "then I thought I had better go to the house. I thought I could make some excuse to see you alone, but fortune has favored me. I am glad that I walked."

"It's a long walk," he said, feeling that he must make some sort of a response.

"It did not seem so to me. I was restless. It was a kind of relief—"

He looked down into her pale, anxious face. "What is it," he asked.

"I'm afraid," she began,—"I'm afraid you won't tell me the truth. No one will tell me the truth, and I dare not ask for it except from you."

"What is it?" he asked, with impulsive tenderness.

She looked nervously around to convince herself that there was no one listening. "I want you to tell me what the world is saying about my—father," she began hesitatingly; "I hear rumors but I want the truth. Nothing has been proved, as yet, but I know people are talking. I want you to tell me exactly what they are saying. Don't be afraid of hurting me. I have wanted to ask you this for a long time. If I went to any one else I might be misunderstood, but you were with me that night outside the summer-house. Captain Hickling must be connected with the stories in some way?"

There was a pained look in his eyes. "Hickling is a many-sided scoundrel," he said evasively, "I have known that from the beginning."

"The paper said this morning that he has been bribing government officials—that that was his business in Washington."

"That much is true, I believe."

"Bribing them for what?"

He smiled. "For money," he said, hoping to divert the question.

"But what did he want?"

"He wanted to obtain unlawful possession of public lands."

"Did he get them?"

"I believe he did. He paid for them."

"What will they do to him?"

"He ought to be in jail, but he found a bondsman."

"Who?"

"I do not know."

"Don't treat me like a child," she pleaded; "we have been friends—real friends. You have helped me in so many ways. Help me now."

There was more than regret in his tone when he said, "I do not know how."

"I want the truth."

"I don't know it."

"But you must know what people are saying. I would like to know what I shall have to meet."

He was silent for a moment. Then he said, with desperate frankness: "They say that Hickling was the catspaw. That your father was behind him."

Her lips were set. "To furnish the money—the money for the bribes?"

"And the bondsman."

"Oh," she cried, and there were tears in her eyes, "and—I do not know my father well enough to defend him, but he

has been so kind—so kind to me—I thought—I thought some help might come to him from you—from the newspapers, I mean."

"I can—I will," he said with a recklessness that overwhelmed his journalistic instinct as well as his sense of justice, "I will do all that I can."

"Of course," she went on helplessly, "if the stories are true you cannot deny them absolutely but, until they are proved, you can withhold them. Father is not well—he has met with some financial reverses—he has been so kind to me—and now—"

She stopped for a moment. In the silence, Caworth's heart beat madly.

"And now,—," he gently reminded her to go on.

"And now—" The crucial moment had come. He seemed to force the confession—"and now, though I would be willing to work for him, suffer with him, I—I feel that he does not want me—I feel that I am in the way. Why—why do I tell you so much—what can it matter to you—"

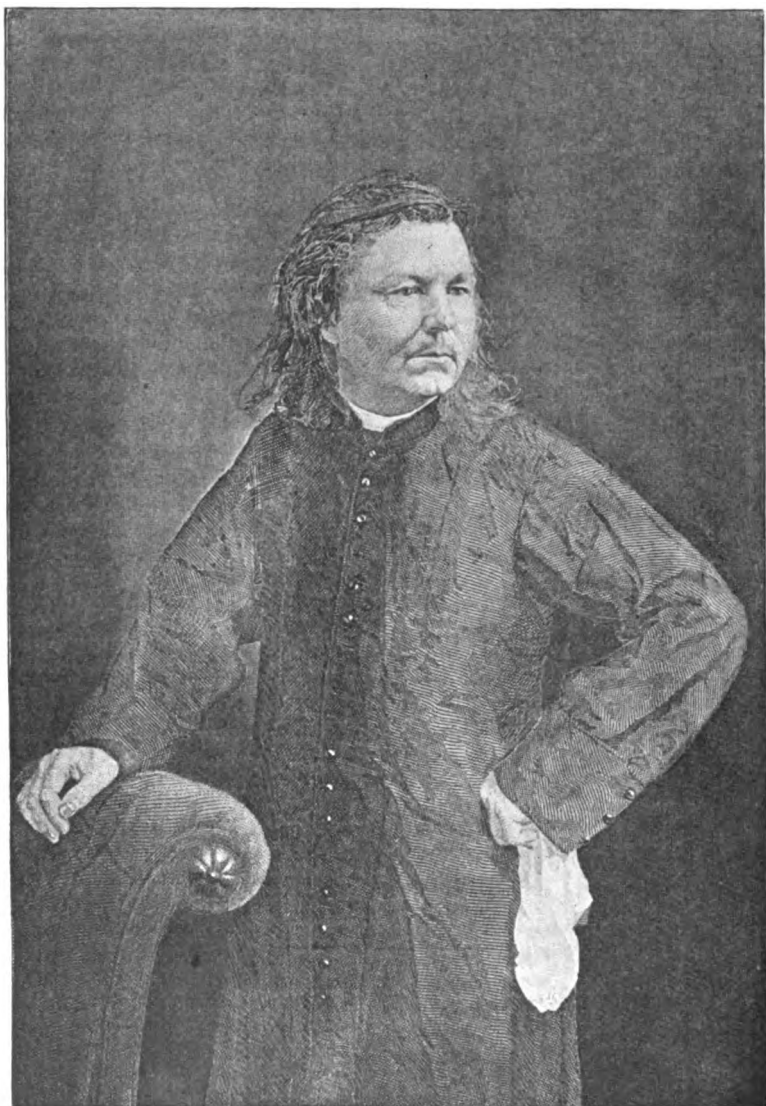
Tenderly he caught both her hands in his. "Because you know I love you," he said, and his tone carried conviction and command. "Come with me—out of your world. There is poverty and the old house on the hill."

THE END

## The Holy Mass

By Mary Allegra Gallagher

Again He dons the thorny crown,  
 Again He weeps for me;  
 Again I find Him quite alone  
 In cold Gethsemane,  
 Again the Mother takes her stand  
 To suffer with the Son—  
 Again are ope'd the cruel wounds,  
 Again Love's victory's won!



**REV. ABRAM J. RYAN**

# Father Ryan--Priest, Patriot, Poet

By MAY LOWE

**I**T seems odd that there should be so many diverse statements with regard to the place and date of birth of a prominent person, as is the case with Father Ryan. One author asserts that his birthplace was Hagerstown, Md., another, Limerick, Ireland; while the years 1834, 1836, and 1839 are variously given as the date. According to W. P. Trent, Father Ryan was born at Norfolk, Va., on August 15, 1839. This, as far as the place is concerned, is correct, although he is wrong as to the date.

This is asserted on the authority of Mrs. M. E. Henry-Ruffin, who was for years personally acquainted with Father Ryan. The priest himself told her that he was born on May 12, 1837. The lady also says that while Father Ryan was in Mobile his school children (of whom she was one) always celebrated his birthday, and that May 12 was the day observed. Therefore, one may feel free to state that heretofore-published accounts are incorrect, and that Abram Joseph Ryan was born in Norfolk, Va., on May 12, 1837.

When less than ten years of age the lad went with his parents to St. Louis, where he was soon placed under the tutelage of the Christian Brothers. Here he made rapid progress in his studies, was of a quiet, thoughtful manner and was greatly esteemed by both teachers and fellow students. It was soon discovered that he had a decided bent toward the religious life, and at the advice of his superiors he responded to their

efforts to fit him for the higher studies that would be necessary if it were found that he had a true vocation to the priesthood.

Having finished his preparatory studies with the Brothers, he entered the ecclesiastical seminary at Niagara, N. Y., presided over by the Fathers of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul. His parents were still living, and his only regret at entering the seminary was the separation from them and from his home ties.

Father Ryan was ordained by special dispensation, being only twenty-one years old at the time, the privilege thus granted being a very unusual one. At the breaking out of the Civil War he was appointed a chaplain in the Confederate army, in which capacity he served until the close of the war. In 1865 he went to New Orleans, where he edited the *Morning Star*, a Catholic weekly, until recently edited by James Ryder Randall, the writer. He was then placed at Nashville, Tenn., and later at Clarksville in the same State; then at Augusta, Ga., and after that at Mobile, Ala., where he was pastor of St. Mary's Church for fifteen years. While in Augusta he founded the *Banner of the South*, a religious and political weekly, which after five years suspended publication.

It was while he was at Mobile that his bishop granted him leave of absence to make a lecture tour of the chief cities of the North and West for the benefit of a certain charitable undertaking. He also at this time (in 1880), while in New York, published his "Poems: Patriotic, Religious, Miscellaneous." Of these verses he himself says: "They were written at random—off and on, here, there,

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NOTE—The selections used in this sketch are taken from "Father Ryan's Poems," copyrighted; with permission of P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York.

anywhere—just when the mood came, his other attainments would have banished far from him. Happy for him with little of study and less of art, and always in a hurry.” He disclaimed his right to take “even lowest place in the rank of authors,” to which modest estimate one cannot agree after reading these simple songs, which, he naively says, “he could not tell why—he sometimes tried to sing.” But we who read them feel that he sang these songs because he could not do otherwise—because the poetic spirit was his, and must find expression, just as his heart must beat or his breath exhale from his body.

But Father Ryan himself understood what some of his admirers either do not grasp or shrink from acknowledging—that his poetical work, though true in tone, lofty in thought and soul-inspiring, is too hastily written and too incomplete in finish to bring him wide or lasting fame. He says:

“I sing with a voice too low  
To be heard beyond to-day,  
In minor keys of my people’s woes,  
But my songs pass away.  
To-morrow hears them not—  
To-morrow belongs to fame;  
My songs, like the birds’ will be forgot,  
And forgotten will be my name.”

But his readers cannot fail to see in these few simple songs that he has given us that touch of genius which with cultivation would have placed this poet-priest in an exalted place among writers.

Father Ryan’s duties as a priest, which were discharged with the greatest devotion, tinged and influenced his work as a writer. For he not only possessed a deep spirituality and attachment to the Church and her interests, but he had also that unfortunate gift—the poetic temperament—that strange mingling of highest exaltation and dejection, which, together with a restless, fiery Southern nature, would, lacking the peace he found as a priest, have rendered him most miserable. Happy for him that as a priest he could find that rest for the weary soul and the haunted mind which

his other attainments would have banished far from him. Happy for him that his feet knew “more of the humble steps that lead up to the altar and its mysteries than of the steepes that lead up to Parnassus and the home of the Muses.”

This peace of the priest, in direct contrast to the unrest of the poet, he has himself expressed in his verses, “The Poet Priest”:

“Not as of one whom multitudes admire,  
I believe they call him great;  
They throng to hear him with a strange desire;  
They, silent, come and wait,  
And wonder when he opens wide the gate  
Of some strange, inner temple, where the fire  
Is lit on many altars of many dreams—  
They wait to catch the gleams—  
And then they say,  
In praiseful words: ‘Tis beautiful and grand.’  
And so his way  
Is strewn with many flowers, sweet and fair;  
And people say:  
‘How happy he must be to win and wear  
Praise ev’ry day!’  
And all the while he stands far out the crowd,  
Strangely alone.  
Is it a stole he wears?—or mayhap a shroud—  
No matter which, his spirit maketh moan;  
And all the while a lonely, lonesome sense  
Creeps through his days—all fame’s incense  
Hath not the fragrance of his altar; and  
He seemeth rather to kneel in lowly prayer  
Than lift his head aloft amid the grand:  
If all the world would kneel down at his feet  
And give acclaim—  
He fain would say: ‘Oh! No! No! No!  
The breath of fame is sweet—but far more sweet  
Is the breath of Him Who lives within my heart:  
God’s breath, which e’en, despite of me, will creep  
Along the words of merely human art;  
It cometh from some far-off hidden deep,  
Far-off and from so far away—  
It filleth night and day.’”



His "Sursum Corda" echoes the same thought, though not so beautifully as does his "Song of the Mystic":

"I walk down the Valley of Silence—  
Down the dim, voiceless valley—alone!  
And I hear not the fall of a footstep  
Around me, save God's and my own;  
And the hush of my heart is as holy  
As hovers where angels have flown!

"I walked in the world with the worldly;  
I craved what the world never gave;  
And I said: 'In the world each ideal,  
That shines like a star on life's wave,  
Is wrecked on the shores of the Real,  
And sleeps like a dream in a grave.'

"And I toiled on, heart-tired of the human,  
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men,  
Till I knelt, long ago, at an altar,  
And I heard a voice call me. Since then  
I walk down the Valley of Silence  
That lies far beyond mortal ken."

In this class, also, may be included that poem which is, perhaps, the best known of all his works—"The Rosary of My Tears":

"Some reckon their age by years,  
Some measure their life by art;  
But some tell their days by the flow of their  
tears,  
And their lives by the moans of their heart.

"But, bead by bead, I tell  
The rosary of my years;  
From a cross to a cross they lead; 'tis well,  
And they're blest with a blessing of tears."

But we are glad to know that, even while on earth, he gained a short respite from the unrest that almost constantly overshadowed him. When in the quiet house in Mobile, adjoining the little frame church, he wrote the poem, "St. Mary's," in which he expresses his deep satisfaction with his beautiful surroundings, and especially with the calm which they distilled through his heart and mind.

"With the birds and with the flowers  
Songs and silences unite,  
From the morning until night;  
And somehow a clearer light  
Shines along the quiet hours."

Father Ryan cannot be ranked among the world's great poets. His verse expresses feeling and true poetic sentiment, although he never attains to grandeur nor to any great degree of sublimity. But he is a true poet, with the power of uttering vividly the emotions with which his soul is stirred. His art, while it lacks great power and strength, is simple, true, and sweet. He has, however, in common with all writers, some trivial verses, and through some few runs a sentimental vein which is rather surprising. This may be said of his longest poem, a narrative, called, "Their Story Runneth Thus," which he characterizes as "a love-tale crowned by purest sacrifice."

For the most part, Father Ryan's verse is reminiscent of his holy and useful life, with memoirs of his family and early home associations, to which he was always deeply attached. Upon his mother his heart's deepest earthly affection seems to have been lavished. To her his first book was dedicated, the author laying "these simple rhymes—as a garland of love at the feet of his mother." That he was tenderly devoted to his entire family we have many proofs in his verses. One of the sweet home customs he has enshrined in his little poem, "Mother's Way." His sister forms the subject of several productions, while in a number simply inscribed "Memories" or "A Reverie" we may read the story of the outpouring of a son's and brother's heart.

Two poems were inspired by the death of his brother, David J. Ryan; one, "In Memoriam," and the other, "In Memory of My Brother." The latter shows forth, also, in a beautiful manner, his loyal devotion to his mother:

"A grave in the woods with the grass o'er-  
grown,  
A grave in the heart of his mother—  
His clay in the one lies lifeless and lone;  
There is not a name, there is not a stone,

And only the voice of the winds maketh  
moan

O'er the grave where never a flower is  
strown;

But—his memory lives in the other."

A separate group, also, might be made of his occasional poems, including the various ones on Christmas and other special occasions. One of these, "The Pilgrim," is a "Christmas legend for children." One verse of his "The Old Year and the New" expresses pretty well the sentiment of the entire poem:

"Let the New Year smile  
When the Old Year dies;  
In how short a while  
Shall the smiles be sighs?

Yea! Stranger-Year, thou hast many a  
charm,

And thy face is fair and thy greeting warm,  
But, dearer than thou—in his shroud of  
snows—

Is the furrowed face of the Year that goes."

In "A Christmas Chant," written as he grew older, the poet speaks of the melody which he has heard in his heart for years, which, as he says, he did not learn from books or schools:

"The music of thought, that, like the chime  
Of a grand cathedral, floats  
Out of each word, and along each line,  
Into the spirit's ear,  
Lifting it up and making it pine  
For a something far from here."

His "Feast of the Sacred Heart" is a tender little poem which none but a Catholic could understand; while among the best of this group might, perhaps, be classed "Feast of the Presentation of Mary in the Temple."

Although they form only a portion (and a rather small portion) of his poetic work, there is no doubt that those verses by which Father Ryan is best known are his war poems. Of these "The Conquered Banner" has been, perhaps, the most widely read. Though breathing forth a spirit of deep dejection, there is about this poem (one verse of which

demonstrates the whole) a martial ring and intensity of feeling which brings it on a level with the best of the poetry inspired by our Civil War.

"Furl that banner! True, 'tis gory,  
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,  
And 'twill live in song and story,

Though its folds are in the dust:  
For its fame on brightest pages,  
Penned by poets and by sages,  
Shall go sounding down the ages—

Furl its folds though now we must."

This poem expresses, as does "The March of the Deathless Dead" and others of this group, his undying devotion to the South and to the Southern cause, which, though lost, he still felt to be just. But, he says, although under the same circumstances he would write again in the same tone and key, they were not published for harm's sake nor for hate's sake. His "Sentinel Songs" and "The Sword of Robert Lee" are good examples of this class of his poems; but in none does he pour out the deep emotions which stirred Southern hearts at the contemplation of the forced abandonment of that cause, which, although in utter ruin, they would forever consider holy and right, as he does in "The Prayer of the South":

"My brow is bent beneath a heavy rod!  
My face is wan and white with many woes!  
But I will lift my poor chained hands to  
God,

And for my children pray, and for my foes.  
Beside the graves where thousands lowly lie  
I kneel, and weeping for each slaughtered  
son,

I turn my gaze to my own sunny sky,  
And pray, O Father, let Thy will be done!"

Although nearly all of Father Ryan's poems are well worth considering for some beauty of thought, we cannot linger longer over them, but must pass on rapidly to the little that remains of this good and useful life.

His health having failed, brought on partly perhaps by hard work, but more probably by reason of his temperament,

he was permitted to retire from his parochial duties in October, 1881. He went to Biloxi, Miss., and continued his literary work. He hoped now to finish a life of Christ, upon which he was working. But this was never accomplished. He continued to lecture and this, together with his writing, occupied him until about 1886. Early in this year he retired to a Franciscan monastery in Louisville, Ky., for a retreat, where, at the rectory of St. Boniface's Church, on April 22, he died rather suddenly. His body lay in the chapel of St. Boniface's for a short time and was then conveyed by boat from Louisville to Mobile. No demonstration was made in the former city, only a few persons going down to the boat-landing to pay their last token of respect to the poet-priest.

But how different was the reception of the body at his old home, Mobile! An immense crowd of people attended his funeral, which was held at the cathedral. Religious and civic honors were paid him, the ceremonies attesting the love, respect and reverence which were felt throughout the city for the dead priest.

He lies buried in the Catholic cemetery at Mobile, his grave marked by a white marble shaft surmounted by a cross. A chalice is engraved upon the monument, together with the date of his

death, and the words, "Poet-Patriot-Priest."

Father Ryan's memory is still held in loving remembrance by his people, who will never forget the many deeds of kindness and charity with which he constantly consoled the distressed of mind and body. And we may well be glad that at last the great heart and the weary brain have found the rest for which they cried:

"My feet are wearied, and my hands are tired,

My soul oppressed—

And I desire, what I have long desired—  
Rest—only rest.

"'Tis hard to toil—when toil is almost vain,  
In barren ways;

'Tis hard to sow—and never garner grain,  
In harvest days.

"My way has wound across the desert years,  
And cares infest

My path, and through the flowing of hot  
tears,

I pine—for rest.

"'Twas always so; when but a child I laid  
On mother's breast

My wearied little head; e'en then I prayed,  
As now—for rest.

"And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er;  
For down the West

Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore  
Where I shall rest."

*Alas! without trying—by merely  
being gentle & human & tender to  
send a stray shot good fruits  
can do!*

*Yours ever faithfully  
Alvan J. Ryan*

# The Coming of Concetta

By GRACE V. CHRISTMAS

## I

**M**ISS DEBORAH DUNN sat alone by her fire one dull afternoon in November. She was a maiden lady of an old-fashioned type,—a type which nowadays has become almost as extinct as the Dodo. She was very stiff and very prim, and the little gray curls which clustered round her forehead were very nearly as stiff as she was. And that is saying a good deal. Other unmarried women of her age had no gray curls. When their hair was not brown it was golden. They belonged to ladies' clubs in town and played golf and croquet in the country, and some of them rode to hounds. They travelled, and went to theatres and dinners and bridge parties, and enjoyed life generally, but Miss Deborah Dunn considered theatres and bridge inventions of the devil, and had never even crossed the threshold of a ladies' club. The brief November afternoon drew rapidly in and the servant came in to light the gas.

"Bring tea directly Mrs. Blake arrives, Susan," said Miss Dunn.

Her manner to servants, indeed to every one, was dignity itself.

"I think that's her a-ringing at the bell now," remarked Susan, confidentially. And in another instant she announced the visitor.

"Oh, my dear Deborah! I have had such a rush to get to you," exclaimed the new arrival. She was a fair, fluffy little woman, wrapped in furs, with eyes that were always laughing, even when her lips were grave.

"Oh, are those muffins?" she went on, as she sank into a low chair near the little tea-table. "How delicious! Do give me some tea at once! I am half

frozen. Jack Tracy and his sister kept me talking ever so long about our theatricals next month—they are going to be 'great,' I can tell you! But why don't you speak? You have not even said 'how d'ye do' to me yet!"

"I have not had an opportunity, so far," remarked Miss Dunn, grimly. "I have noticed that it is usually a matter of some difficulty to get in a word when an Irishwoman is talking. They monopolize the entire conversation."

Mrs. Blake laughed delightedly.

"Ah, now don't be so severe, you dear old thing. At present, I believe I am the only person in the world—certainly in the county—who is not afraid of you, but I won't promise not to be if you look at me like that!"

The severity of Deborah's features relaxed a little. Although she disapproved of her friend's frivolity, there was something about the Irishwoman's buoyant temperament which attracted her irresistibly, perhaps because it was so entirely the opposite of her own. Indeed, in the modern acceptance of the term, Miss Dunn could not be said to have a "temperament" at all.

"Did you notice that Susan opened the door to you instead of Jane?" she asked, solemnly.

"Yes," returned Mrs. Blake, eagerly. "What has happened to Jane? You were praising her up to the skies before I went to London a month ago. Has she turned out a gay deceiver, or what?"

"I am endeavoring to inform you, my dear Clare. The whole affair has been a great blow to me. She has gone—"

"Off with the spoons? Or mad? Or has she eloped with the vicar's gardener? He looks just the sort of puritanical man who would elope—the gardener I

mean, not the vicar—and I never quite liked Jane's expression!"

"Kindly allow me to end my sentence before your Celtic imagination entirely runs away with you," said Miss Dunn with an alarming access of dignity. "Jane has gone to be married."

Mrs. Blake sank back in her chair and took another muffin.

"Oh, is that all? Well, that sort of thing has happened once or twice before in the world's history. It is a way girls have, you know! But what is the blow?"

"Why, that is!" returned Miss Dunn, emphasizing her remark by a wave of the teapot. "She has left me for—for a man! And I am without a parlor-maid. Susan is but a stop-gap; her manners leave a good deal to be desired, and she has a perpetual smut on her nose."

"Well, you know, Deborah, marriage usually implies a man! And we are told on good authority that it is a 'holy estate.' Though, really, sometimes nowadays—however, that's not the point. What I want to tell you is that I have a brilliant idea. Why don't you try an Italian? I can put my finger—metaphorically speaking, because she happens to be in Rome—on a perfect treasure!"

"She would probably put her fingers into my jewel-box or my purse," remarked Miss Dunn with conviction. "No, I thank you, Clare, none of your benighted heathenish foreigners for me. A Papist, too!"

"Well, I am a Papist, if it comes to that," said Mrs. Blake, with a more pronounced laugh than usual in her blue eyes. "And yet you allow me to have tea and muffins on your hearth-rug!"

"You are my friend, and although I strongly disapprove of your religion, I think it better to ignore the subject. I regret it, but I ignore it."

"Quite right," returned Mrs. Blake, cheerfully. "I regret yours, too, but I ignore it! But we are wandering from your parlor-maid. Now, look here, De-

borah, my friend Mrs. Cross in Rome, whom I can rely upon implicitly, says she knows a charming Italian girl who is dying to come to England as a parlor-maid. She has English blood in her on her mother's side, so you may not find her so benighted and heathenish as you seem to imagine. And your money and jewels will be all right. That I can swear to."

Miss Dunn elevated a warning finger.

"Pray don't swear on my account, Clare. I am willing to take it for granted that you at any rate believe your statement to be correct. English blood, you say? Those Anglo-Italian marriages sometimes turn out very unfortunately. I know a case—"

She paused abruptly. Her eyes were fixed on the burning embers, but they were in reality gazing back into the long vanished past. Her only sister, perhaps the one being whom she had ever really loved in the whole course of her gray uneventful existence, had married an Italian against the wishes and protests of her entire family, a man of inferior birth to her own, and had gone to live in Naples. To her relatives in England she was as one dead, and even Deborah, who had loved the bright, laughing girl—some fifteen years her junior—with an almost maternal affection, had closed the doors of her heart against her. And those doors, once closed, had been slow to open to any one else.

"Oh, they turn out unfortunately sometimes, no doubt," said Mrs. Blake, unconscious of the visions which her words had evoked, "but so do marriages between people of the same nationality. Oh, that reminds me, I heard such a good story about Charlie Dodd and his wife—a woman told it to me at my club last week. She—"

"I must beg of you, Clare, not to sully my ears with the idle gossip—I trust it is no worse—that you hear at the institution you are pleased to term your club! Let us return to your 'treasure.'

As I am so unfortunately situated I do not mind giving her a trial, especially as you say she is well vouched for, but, remember, if I find she is not all you say I shall never take your advice again."

"Oh, that will be all right," returned Mrs. Blake, complacently. She was of an optimistic turn of mind and had somehow very rarely cause to regret the faith that was in her. "You will thank me tremendously one day for recommending her; and now I must be off—it's any hour!"

"It's exactly half-past five, to be accurate," put in Miss Dunn, reprovingly.

"Well, it's all the same. Good-bye, dear. Oh, by the way, her name is Concetta."

Miss Dunn sniffed.

"Well, what's the matter with that? It's quite an ordinary name over there. I will wire to Rosa Cross to-night to send her over immediately. I must rush—I have not a minute to lose! She ought to be here the end of next week. Good-bye—so glad Jane got married!" And with a rustle of silk-lined skirts she reached the door.

"Clare!" exclaimed Miss Dunn, agitatedly. "Stop a moment—I—"

But Clare was gone.

## II

"Well, I never did!"

The exclamation was uttered by Susan of the perpetual smut, and her audience of one, the excessively stout individual who presided over Miss Dunn's kitchen, echoed it, remarking that she "never did either!"

"An Italian, too!" continued Susan dolefully.

"How shall we manage, not knowing her lingo?"

"We shan't be able to speak to 'er at all," replied cook, with an air of finality. "And so much the better—a nasty frog-eating foreigner! Missus must be get-

ting in her dotage to think of introducing such a thing into a clean, Christian, English kitchen."

"But it will be rather awkward, won't it?" hazarded Susan, reflectively. And as she spoke she made an ineffectual effort to remove the smut which adorned her nose. "Suppose, well—suppose one of us wants to speak our minds to 'er—and we are pretty sure to do that—how shall we say it?"

The cook paused in her occupation of peeling potatoes to consider the question.

"I should say, 'Drat you, hold your row.' If she don't understand the words, she will see that we mean it abusive like, and that's about all that matters."

Susan, however, thought differently. It seemed to her essential that the intrusive stranger should fully grasp the drift of the uncomplimentary remarks which she had every intention of making to her in the near future, and she presently expressed her intention of going up-stairs to interview her mistress upon this vital point.

At this moment the drawing-room bell rang. Miss Dunn was sitting upright—more upright than usual if such a thing were possible—in a straight-backed chair by the fire, an open letter in her hand.

"The new parlor-maid arrives on Monday, Susan, and I trust that you and Eliza will treat her with due politeness, and not forget the fact that she is a foreigner in a strange land."

"Lor, no, mum, we won't forget that you may be bound," remarked Susan. "And, please, mum, it will be a job to do the perlite to 'er if we can't speak her language. Cook and me, we was just passing the remark how awkward it would be if—well, sometimes, mum, you know—"

Miss Dunn regarded her with an air of dignified disapproval.

"She can speak your language; there will be no awkwardness of that descrip-

tion. Do you suppose I should have engaged a foreigner at all unless she was in a position to exchange communications with her fellow servants? Her name is Concetta, by the way, but I think I shall adopt some English appellation for her. You may go, Susan. I only wished to impress upon you that I wish peace and tranquility to reign under these altered circumstances."

"Yes, mum, I hope so, mum," returned Susan doubtfully. "Bless my soul," she muttered reflectively, as she closed the drawing-room door behind her, "one can't make 'ead or tail of what missus is driving at sometimes, she uses such plaguey long words. Sounds like a chapter out of the Bible, somehow, when she talks!"

"Well, it's a mercy the Italian will understand when we do the perlite to her! Concetta, indeed! There's a nice heathenish name for you!"

And three days later Concetta came. She was quite young, not more than two or three and twenty, and decidedly pretty, with a pair of beseeching brown eyes which seemed to be asking every one to be kind to her. They glanced confidently up at Miss Dunn on her first introduction to that austere lady, and even caused a fleeting smile to relax the severity of Deborah's thin lips.

"I hope," she said, speaking in a higher key than usual, as is the habit of the British when addressing foreigners, "that you will get on with your fellow servants. You will probably find their ways and modes of thought different to your own, but there must be no disputes in my kitchen."

Concetta gazed at her in bewildered silence, but made no reply.

"Do you understand?" demanded Miss Dunn, peremptorily.

"Not quite, madam," faltered Concetta, her eyes more appealing than ever.

"But you speak English, don't you? I was given to understand you did. And you are half English, are you not?"

"Yes, madam, my mother is English, but I do not understand all the words you use. Some I have never heard before."

"Oh, I see," returned Deborah with an air of relief. "I was afraid you spoke no English at all. Well, I suppose I must use more simple language to you until you have mastered the intricacies of our tongue."

"In-tri-cacies? what is that, madam?" inquired Concetta, timidly.

"Oh, I really can't explain—you would not understand me. I will ring for Susan to show you your room. Oh, and that reminds me, there must be no religious discussion whatsoever downstairs."

"No what, madam?"

"No talk of religion!" shouted Miss Dunn. "Dear me, how fatiguing conversation is with a foreigner! You are a Roman Catholic, are you not?"

"I am a Catholic, yes," replied Concetta, with the relieved air of one who has at last hit upon the word of the enigma. "But I am not a Roman—my father is a Neapolitan."

"I don't know what you mean," retorted Miss Deborah, with some irritation. "Your father being a Neapolitan has nothing to do with it. You worship the Virgin Mary, don't you, and you think that all the Pope does must be right?"

"Oh, no!" replied Concetta, briskly. "I love and reverence the Madonna, but I only worship God, and some of the Popes have done very wrong things."

It was Miss Dunn's turn to look bewildered. The theories of a lifetime were, she felt, being upset by the calm remarks of this—as she mentally described her—"ignorant Papist," and she experienced the feelings of one who, suddenly submerged in deep water, struggles vainly to reach the shore.

"I am fully conversant with all the pernicious doctrines held by Roman Catholics," she remarked with dignity.

"I belong to the 'Unadulterated Bible Society,' which has already done good work in your benighted country. However, we need not discuss the subject any longer. I will see that my servants are not contaminated by your influence, and—"

But here, greatly to Concetta's relief, Susan made her appearance and the girl was conducted to her room.

"Ere you are!" said the former. "And 'ow do you like this country, as far as you've got?"

Concetta's appealing brown eyes fixed themselves on the speaker's nose, where the smut still triumphed over time and circumstances. She was beginning to find unforeseen difficulties in the English language, and with the rapid intuition of her nation she realized that her fellow servant, who spoke so oddly, regarded her with no friendly feelings. Miss Dunn, too, was appallingly cold and stiff, not a bit like her own English mother, and she began to wish herself back again in the sunny land she had left.

"You can speak, can't you?" continued Susan, irritably—"English, I mean. Missus said 'as how you could."

"Oh, yes," faltered Concetta; "pardon me, I did not quite understand."

Susan regarded her wonderingly.

"Seems one of the meek lot," she reflected. "We shan't have much trouble with her; knows her place, she does!" And cook, to whom she presently related this fact, agreed that it was a good beginning. And as it began, so it went on. Concetta quickly adapted herself to her new surroundings, while her English blood stood to her in many emergencies, and her unflinching good temper soon won for her the friendly tolerance of her companions in the kitchen.

About a month after her arrival Mrs. Blake came in to tea, and on the new parlor-maid's opening the door to her addressed her in Italian with more volubility than grammar.

"How do you like being here?" she demanded. "Rather a change after Italy, isn't it?"

Concetta smiled. She found the newcomer decidedly "simpatica," and the conversation might have been unduly prolonged had not Miss Dunn made her appearance on the scene.

"If you wish to speak to Concetta, kindly speak English, my dear Clare. I want her, as far as possible, to forget her own heathenish language. And in any case, you can leave her alone for the present."

Mrs. Blake laughed as she followed her hostess' upright figure into the drawing-room.

"She seems quite a success," she remarked, as she unfastened her furs and seated herself in a low chair by the fire. "And what a pretty girl she is, too! You call her Concetta, I see. I thought you were going to re-christen her Jemima Jane, or something as frightful? And I hope you let her go to Mass on Sundays? And, do tell me, aren't you glad I persuaded you to have her?"

Miss Dunn regarded her guest grimly through her spectacles.

"Which question do you wish me to answer first?" she inquired. "You have asked me four, without waiting to take breath!"

"Oh, take your choice!" returned Mrs. Blake, airily. "It's all one to me. But I can see for myself she is a great improvement on Jane. Between ourselves, Deborah, I should not be surprised if she was not quite what she appears to be!"

Miss Dunn started.

"Explain yourself, Clare!" she said, severely. "Your friend Mrs. Cross vouched for her respectability. I trust," she added nervously, alarm overcoming her dignity, "that she is not a—a female Jesuit, or anything of that sort! There is no occasion for you to laugh in that senseless fashion—it is you yourself who



have instilled these doubts into my mind!"

"Oh, my dear Deborah, some day you will be the death of me!" murmured Mrs. Blake, the tears of laughter in her bright eyes. "How long will that antique chestnut continue to be served up as a dainty dish to you dear good Protestants! There aren't any female Jesuits, and I'll be bound that girl has not tried to convert you—now has she? All I meant was that she did not strike me as quite the class of girl who goes out to service in Italy. The ordinary parlour-maid over there is quite a different type. Now Concetta looks and speaks like a lady—she might very easily belong to what they call the 'famiglie caduti,' for instance."

"Clare!" gasped Miss Dunn, with agitation depicted on her features—"Surely, the word you have employed means fallen! Am I to understand that—oh, I cannot bring myself to mention such a thing! The girl shall go to-night!"

Mrs. Blake, after one bewildered glance at Miss Dunn's horrified countenance, lay back in her chair and gave herself up to open and undisguised mirth.

"Oh, Deborah! You certainly have gone one better than the female Jesuit!" she said, as soon as she could speak. "Do calm yourself. I meant that Concetta had probably seen better days. Her parents have lost money possibly in speculation, as so many of them do over there, and she has come to England as a servant, having heard that the wages are higher here than in her own country. But I don't know anything about it. Really it's only an idea of mine, and it may be quite wrong. And now, do give me some tea! I am quite exhausted. You are too funny for words, Deborah!"

Miss Dunn rang the bell with an air of resignation.

"Your ideas are more often incorrect than the reverse, Clare," she remarked,

"and after having thoroughly alarmed me, they will probably prove to be so on this occasion. Let us change the subject. What frivolities have you been indulging in during your recent visit to London?"

With the laughter still lingering in her eyes, Clare embarked on a slightly bowdlerized narrative of theatres and bridge parties, and the topic of the Italian girl was allowed to sink into momentary oblivion. Only momentary, however, for at intervals during the evening, after her friend had left her, Miss Dunn's thoughts reverted again and again to the former's lightly spoken words, and a newly-born suspicion haunted her dreams that night.

### III

It was Christmas Eve, but the usual signs of festivity were conspicuously absent from Miss Dunn's household. Deborah was ill. This was an event which occurred very seldom. It seemed impossible, somehow, to associate the physical surrender of illness with her unbending figure and severe physiognomy, but on this occasion she had perforce succumbed to the influenza fiend, and now, with a temperature of a hundred and three degrees, lay prone and suffering upon her bed. Mrs. Blake, calling to inquire about four o'clock, was told by Susan, upon whose nose the inevitable smut still lingered, that Miss Dunn was rather worse, and that Concetta was up-stairs with her.

"She don't seem able to bear her out of 'er sight, mum," she added; "and it do seem strange for her to be so taken up with a furriner!"

Mrs. Blake also thought it rather strange, as she waited in the drawing-room while Susan went to ascertain the invalid's wishes with regard to seeing her. And then a still stranger thing happened. Concetta, her cheeks pale and her eyes dilated, rushed into the

room and, seizing the visitor's arm, dragged her towards the door.

"Oh, come, come, signora! for pity's sake!" she exclaimed, in Italian. "She will die, and what shall I do!"

For an instant vague thoughts of a fulfilled and hastily repented of "vendetta" flashed into Mrs. Blake's mind, as she obeyed the peremptory summons. Or had the girl poisoned her mistress in order to secure her money or her jewels? Such things had happened. And, after all, Mrs. Cross might have been deceived, and in that case—"Good heavens!" she reflected, "if poor old Deborah is murdered it will be all my fault!" These thoughts lent wings to her feet, and she was up-stairs and was in Miss Dunn's bedroom before Concetta. Deborah, in a starched and befrilled nightcap, which made her look more severe than usual, was sitting up in bed supported by pillows, and with the scarlet tint of fever on her hollow cheeks. She was talking rapidly, and in a manner very different to her usual measured tones and appropriately chosen language.

"Alice! Alice! my darling! Forgive me! She says you were unhappy—this girl who looks at me with your eyes. I was unkind—and—bitter, but—I have been punished all my lonely life! Alice! forgive me!"

"What in the world does she mean?" asked Mrs. Blake. Remorse and Miss Dunn seemed to have so remarkably little in common, and how extremely odd the word "darling" sounded on her lips!

"Who is Alice?" she continued, vaguely, more from inability to restrain the question than because she expected any answer. But an answer came, and although the facts of the two episodes were at variance, Balaam could hardly have been more astonished than Clare Blake.

"Alice is my mother," said the Italian girl, as she fell on her knees by the bed

and clasped Miss Dunn's burning hands in her own.

"Your mother! Are you out of your mind, too?"

"No, no, she is my mother," repeated Concetta, "and," pointing to Deborah—"she is her sister whom she has not seen for more than twenty years."

Mrs. Blake, with the air of one who is uncertain whether she is awake or in a dream, turned to Susan, who was standing with her eyes and mouth wide open, and suggested that she should go and telephone for the doctor.

"Now tell me what you mean," she said to Concetta. The rapid flow of words from the bed had ceased, and Deborah had fallen into the slumber of exhaustion. Concetta spoke in a low tone in Italian.

"Mrs. Cross has been very kind to mother. All her family cast her off when she married my father, you know, signora."

"I don't know! I never knew she had a sister," murmured Mrs. Blake.

"It is an old, old story, and she, my aunt, was unforgiving, although she loved my mother all the time, and I—it has been the dream of my life to reconcile them, so I begged and persuaded Mrs. Cross to let me take the place of the servant she had chosen at your desire, and—I—came. That is all, signora!"

"It's about enough, too, I think," remarked Mrs. Blake. "But why have you chosen this moment to break it to her? Of course it is that which has sent her temperature up!"

The tears rose to Concetta's dark wistful eyes.

"I could not help it, signora! I was too impulsive, I know, but I am like that! I thought she was dying, and that she would never know who I was, or forgive my mother and, so—"

Here she was interrupted by the entrance of the doctor, and Mrs. Blake, having waited for his verdict, which was,

on the whole, a reassuring one, took her departure. "It's a most extraordinary story," she reflected, as she got into her motor and was whirled rapidly away in the direction of her home. "I will wire to Rosa Cross at once, just to make sure the girl is not a fraud, with an eye to the old woman's money." But even as the idea entered her mind the remembrance of Concetta's wistful eyes and childlike expression caused her to repent of her suspicions. And then an amused smile curved her lips. "Poor old Deborah!" she murmured. "Who would ever have imagined there was so much sentiment concealed under that stony exterior! Well, well—one never knows!"

\* \* \* \* \*

It was Christmas Eve, a year later, and Mrs. Blake, running in to wish her old friend the compliments of the season, found her sitting with her niece in the firelight. Concetta was kneeling on

the hearthrug, her cheeks flushed and her eyes shining, and Miss Dunn's stately figure was, wonderful to relate, leaning back in an armchair.

"Isn't it lovely, Mrs. Blake," demanded Concetta, as she poured out tea and pressed the hot scones on her aunt's guest. "Mother and Nino and my sisters are coming to-night, and we shall spend to-morrow together with la cara zia!"

Mrs. Blake glanced over at Miss Dunn with a gleam of affectionate mockery in her eyes.

"Quite too charming," she said. "And, Deborah, are you not very much obliged to me for having assisted you to replace Jane?"

"I have every reason to be grateful to you, Clare," returned Miss Dunn with some dignity. "Although I must confess that, at the time to which you refer, I entertained grave doubts as to my wisdom in following your advice."

## The Cost

By AUGUSTINE GALLAGHER

**W**HEN the hands quit work for the week at The Big Idea foundry there was an unusual air of quiet and thoughtfulness observable.

As a rule, the Saturday half-holiday's near approach aroused all that was latent of boyish animation in the men. But to-day there was nothing of this in all of the great crowd. Instead, there was the unmistakable evidence of suppressed emotions—the sullen silence that betokened fear or the spirit of unyielding resistance.

A stranger must have marvelled that so many men should say so little. One after another they came forward for their pay, received it, fell out of line and quietly departed for their homes. But

to one who understood the situation the conduct of the men was ominous—it meant that they had heard from the union—that headquarters had ordered a strike.

Now, although union workingmen hold closely together, endure great hardships and make great sacrifices for each other and for the cause of organized labor in the United States, it does not follow that they are as fond of conflict as their leaders would have us believe them to be. On the contrary, the fact is that three-fourths of the men who go out on strike do so, as a rule, against their better judgment.

As good soldiers obey the commands of their officers, so union workingmen

hearken to the orders of their leaders. In their fidelity to the cause of unionism lies the might of organization—a factor that honest and worthy leaders use to the advantage of honest, organized toilers, and the unworthy to their own personal aggrandizement and selfish purposes.

The average American workingman believes in fair play, and that means that he is willing to give the other fellow his chance. Many, however, thoughtlessly rush into ill-advised conflicts with their employers who would not, if properly and prudently counselled. And so, many unfair and unjust acts are committed which are not born of the viciousness of the perpetrators but of their unwisdom, or worse still, of the base designs of mercenary or criminal leaders. And as these things have results both good and evil, it has come to pass that men are more thoughtful in face of such issues than formerly.

And thus it was that the workingmen of The Big Idea plant were neither jubilant nor dismayed. They were loyally obedient, but prudently cautious.

The moulders had demanded a ten per cent increase of pay and recognition of the union. There were other, but unimportant, demands; merely inserted, the manager of the plant declared, to obscure the real issue, which he held to be the closed shop, or recognition of the union's demand. Nearly all of the men agreed with the manager that the demands other than the recognition of the union issue were inserted in the "cause for strike" in order to have something to trade on. There was not the slightest doubt of it in the minds of the grievance committee of the men and the directors and manager of The Big Idea Mill Building Co.

But a few months back the company had surprised the workingmen, especially their leaders, by voluntarily advancing the pay of all employees from

ten to twenty per cent, the larger percentage going to those hitherto earning the least. This move was joyfully hailed by the men generally as an act of friendliness and justice. They were pleased to know that their employers were willing to share the prosperity of the plant with them, and would have forthwith appointed a committee to voice their appreciation but for their leaders, who would rather have forced the advance from their employers.

Alex Bowman, head of the moulders' union, objected to any demonstration of appreciation. "You're only getting what's your own," said he, "and not all of that. Some of you may be well enough paid, but look at us moulders—the men who do the hardest work in the shops—we are to get only ten per cent raise! Is that fair? Is it fair, I ask, to raise common labor twenty per cent and skilled labor only ten?"

"But look at the difference in wages, Alex," urged Harvey Williams, a freight handler and day laborer whose wage formerly was but \$1.75 per day. "You moulders made from \$3.50 to \$5.00 a day before the raise, while we got just about enough to keep going on. I think the men who got the lowest pay ought to have the biggest raise."

"It's not a square deal!" declared Bowman. "You fellows are entitled to your raise, all right, and we're going to have the same thing. This company has got all kinds of money, and we'll just find out how strong the union is."

"But that isn't what the union's for," objected Sam Young of the carpenters. "You moulders are getting more now than the moulders over at the Great Northern, and I don't see where you have any kick coming."

"We'll kick for just as much of a raise as anybody else in these shops gets, that's what," said Bowman, defiantly.

"That's baby talk!" declared Harvey Williams. "You talk and act like's if you's sore because we fellows got a little

boost more than you did; and you don't seem to keep in mind that none of us asked for anything or expected it."

"That makes no difference. We've got the power to force an even divvy, and we'll do it," said Bowman, savagely.

"Yes, you'll raise trouble because you think you've got a rich union back of you. But what about us?" demanded Williams. "We haven't got any big treasury to pull on, and, what's more, we don't want trouble."

"If you're willin' to submit it's no sign that the moulders will," replied Bowman. "If anybody gets twenty per cent raise 'round here the moulders is in on that—all the way."

"The moulders are hogs, and trouble-breeders, that's what they are!" Williams was now thoroughly angered.

"You'll take that back!" exclaimed Bowman.

"Not on your account, nor because you don't like it," hissed Williams. "It's true, and I mean it just the way I said it. Moulders cause more trouble than all the other men in the plant, and it's the same thing everywhere else. If the moulders don't get it all they kick. I'm — glad we don't have to work for moulders, I am."

"Well, you might do worse."

"I reckon that's true—we might not have any work at all; and if that's what you're drivin' at I'll tell you right now that I believe that this company is on the square. I don't believe there's a yaller one in it; and if it comes to shovin', they won't stand for it. Now you fellows mind what I'm sayin'—they'll shut down, an' do it too quick, if we fellows get the least bit too gay."

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It happened as Harvey Williams had predicted. But before the crisis was reached, Manager Bowen, who enjoyed the full confidence of the board of directors, did his best to get the moulders to withdraw their unreasonable demands.

"It is useless for you to cause a strike," the manager argued, "because you have no grievance that will stand investigation. You are now being paid ten per cent more than the union men in other plants and there's not the slightest excuse in the world for bringing the union question up. The company wants union men—has always wanted them—because we believe that union men are more reliable than non-union men. And we have always felt that if we had to deal with unruly or unreasonable union men we could shift the responsibility to where it belonged—to the union. We have never discriminated against members of the union, nor do we mean to, unless they force us to it—then we shall drop them."

"But this order comes from headquarters," urged Bowman. "It's the rule now to unionize shops out and out; and we've got to obey orders."

"As to that, Mr. Bowman, I have a word to say on my own account," continued the manager. "And I am glad, under the circumstances, to have the men hear this: Alex Bowman, more than all the men employed by The Big Idea Mill Building Company, is responsible for the present trouble. Bowman, didn't you urge headquarters to take the action referred to? Answer that."

"Well, suppose I did?" said Bowman.

"Then stand by your guns," replied the manager. "You have brought about this state of affairs, and but a moment ago you undertook to create the impression in the minds of these men that you were not responsible for it. For my part, Bowman, I'll trust you no more, and my advice to you, men, is, that before you do anything you might be sorry for you should take this matter up with headquarters on its merits." With that Mr. Bowen went back to his office.

As soon as the manager had gone the men crowded around Bowman and demanded to see the strike order.

"I'm in favor of doing as Mr. Bowen recommended, and take this matter back to headquarters," declared Sam Young.

"You'll do what the order says or you'll go out of the union," declared Bowman. "It's too late to do anything but just what the order says, and that's to strike—unless our demands are met—and time's up."

The men were generally crestfallen and opposed to the move, but it was as Bowman had said, they must either obey the order or get out of the union.

The fact that the order had been dishonestly obtained was ample proof that disobedience would be painted in the blackest possible color. It was a case of submission to manifest wrong against an employer or risk going on the "scab list," which latter might mean life-long persecution, if not the abandonment of their crafts altogether, by those who should resist the order.

It was plain, as the men formed in line to be paid off, that they had concluded to go out, but there was no note of enthusiasm. They would submit for the time being in sullen silence. Bowman and his crowd understood the silence.

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When the whistle blew Monday morning and no workingmen appeared, Mr. Bowen left the works to report the matter to the directors, who immediately called a meeting.

"I move you, Mr. Chairman," said Mr. Towne, a stern New Englander, "that we accept the offer of the Ridgeway Company for the complete schedule of castings formerly made in our own foundry—the schedule submitted in view of probable trouble in our own shops."

"Will that permit us to go on with our contracts whether our foundry runs or not?" inquired Mr. Weston.

"It will; that was our idea in procuring the Ridgeway bid," replied Mr. Towne.

The motion was promptly seconded and carried without a dissenting vote.

"I now move you, Mr. Chairman," continued Mr. Towne, "that, since we can buy foundry work, and seem to be unable to produce it, that our plant be sold and the proceed placed to the credit of our working capital."

Before ten o'clock that day a "For Sale" sign was seen from every point of vantage on the great foundry building of The Big Idea Mill Building Co.

The news of the position taken by the board of directors was heard with dismay by the hundreds of workingmen that were ordered out of the various other departments in support of the moulders.

Later in the week a big union meeting was held in the town hall. Addresses were made by leaders from headquarters and from various cities. Bowman was enthusiastically praised and the justice of the cause was eloquently insisted upon.

But the men who listened were unconvinced. They knew the facts and the merits of the conflict, and they knew that deceit and misrepresentation lay at the bottom of the trouble.

As the days wore into weeks, and no sign of weakening or compromise was shown by The Big Idea, the men who had been forced into idleness began to insist on having terms made for their return to work. Such a movement would, of necessity, mean the abandonment of the contention of the moulders, who naturally vehemently resisted the plea. Thus the matter stood when another surprise overtook the now hungry and well-nigh disheartened men.

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When the acceptance by The Big Idea Company of the Ridgeway offer

came to hand it was realized by the Ridgeway Company that a greatly enlarged output was necessary. That meant more shop room and larger facilities. And while the Ridgeway superintendent was casting about for the means of increasing their output, he came upon the "For Sale" announcement of The Big Idea Company. He took the matter up with his company forthwith.

"But how are we to break the strike if we should buy the plant as you advise," the president asked of the superintendent.

"That's just where we are strong," urged the superintendent. "You know that we have three-year contracts with our men, dating from last month; and, as we already have two plants, the contracts all read 'in the plant of the said employer to be designated by superintendent or foreman.'"

"Then we may man any plant we may wish to operate?"

"Exactly so," said the foreman; "and as The Big Idea plant is nearer to the homes of most of our men than our Brightwood foundry we should have all the volunteers we would need. Let the strikers go to Brightwood."

"Ignore the strike?" asked the president, beginning to warm to the plan.

"We have no strike," said the superintendent firmly. "We have contracts with our men and we have contracts with our customers—all made in good faith, and they must be adhered to."

"Will the union raise no question?"

"Not in the least," declared the superintendent. "I am a union man and I know what the union stands for—fair play. There's a lie out somewhere near the foundation of The Big Idea Company's trouble, and it will cost the men who told it, and their followers, ten per cent in wages, for we will pay only our contract wage, which is the schedule at the Great Northern."

"We shall bid on the plant," said the Ridgeway president.

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When it was announced that The Ridgeway Company had bought The Big Idea Foundry, Bowman and his followers were stunned. They had not believed that the owners meant to sell the plant; they thought that the "For Sale" notice was merely a scare.

When The Big Idea directors heard the news they were as greatly surprised as the workmen were.

"That means," said Manager Bowen, "that the Ridgeways will add ten per cent more to their profits on our order and make the stuff right here under our noses. There's a hole in this conduct somewhere, there's not a doubt of it. When a firm pays a competitor ten per cent bonus to do its work that firm has gone wide of prudent business lines."

"The trouble is," suggested Mr. Walters, the building engineer, who had been absent when former decisions of the board were made, "that neither party to this controversy has risen above personal interest, and more conflict and trouble grow out of selfishness than all other causes combined. The decision of this company to sell out was in effect a move to spite the men who caused the trouble. It was clearly within our rights, but it was not business. Coming from business men it was little more commendable than Bowman's strike fraud; and, as we cannot get over the line of prudence without facing the cost, we may as well smile and take our medicine. This exhibition of bad temper has cost us ten per cent more than our competitors pay for castings—made by our competitors—not Big Idea Work, mind you. And it has cost the striking moulders ten per cent in wages and a long and expensive lay off. That ought to be something to steer by in the future, even if we cannot refer to it with pride."

# Now Thou Dost Dismiss Thy Servant, O Lord

By WILLIAM P. H. KITCHIN, PH. D.

**O**NE day, now many years ago, the Atlantic cable, that giant nerve connecting the old world and the new, quivered imperceptibly in its deep bed. A series of little thrills passed through it, set in motion a repeater in a busy city office, and soon a smart messenger boy was standing before a middle-class dwelling in a quiet street. The telegram was placed in the trembling hands of an invalid, propped up in bed with pillows, whose worn and pinched features and look of deathly pallor showed life's sands were running low. When opened, it was found to contain only one single word, but on that word two souls and all their aspirations centred; to one it meant a whole lifetime's prayer and longing answered, to the other the climax of many graces and the beginning of an ardently desired career. The word was "Ordained." The dying mother's wish was granted; her son, too, yes, her very own, was a priest! To-day he had received a divine commission to sacrifice and to teach; had been called by name to follow his Master, even as Peter or Andrew was.

It was the eve of Pentecost; the sun was slowly sinking in the West. The summer evening, deliciously calm and restful, lent itself to dreams and retrospect. Memories crowded in upon the sick woman; the ghosts of former years filled the room. She saw herself once again a young widowed mother leading a little boy by the hand—a boy not always easy to manage, passionate and self-willed, excellent at heart though,

and easily stirred to tears and repentance. Quickly the years glided by; almost before she was aware of it he was a lad at college, who made her the confidante of his fears and ambitions and the proud spectator of his academic triumphs. Then came the momentous question of vocation—time of doubt, hesitation and heartbreak—and he left her to study for the Church. It was like losing a part of herself when he went away; in fact, she hardly knew how she had brought herself to renounce him, but she made her sacrifice like many another martyr mother before and since, nor did she think herself a heroine for doing what she conceived to be her duty. God had given her a son; at any time He might call him to Himself, and was it not a grand thing for her boy to be chosen for His Master's service? So she reasoned with herself and steeled herself to the sacrifice, but the mother's love, that would not be stilled, cried out against the lonely, dreary years of waiting. For inexpressibly weary they were to her, though faith and hope sustained her.

However, his frequent letters, glowing with descriptions of Rome, its monuments, saints and churches, were so many little oases in the desert of dull weeks and months. Parts of these letters she had by heart, and when particularly depressed she would turn to some more treasured one for consolation; while the rare occasions when some relic or souvenir from the grand old city arrived were red-letter days to her. Still, in spite of all her efforts,



these years of waiting seemed infinitely long, and from the moment her death-sickness touched her she fairly hungered to see her boy. At last the endless time of waiting was over! At last, thank God, the goal was reached! Soon he would be with her and lay freshly anointed hands on her head.

Whilst she thus pondered on the past and mused in reverie the glory of a summer sunset illumined her room. Soft, billowy clouds hung around the footsteps of their departing lord, as if to do him honor. His rays pierced and played around them and they became as molten gold, then deepened into scarlet and purple, and passed anon into violet and green beyond the painter's hand or the imagination of man. And to the mother, brimming over with gratitude and love, it seemed as if a heavenly army lurked amidst those gorgeous vapors, and, half disclosing, half concealing themselves, gleaming saint and angel smiled at her through the golden mist. And as the sun with a final burst of radiance paused a moment ere he sank behind the distant hill from out of the Glory Cloud, she fancied the face of the Saviour Himself flashed approval at her—majestic, love-compelling, unutterably sad.

Long after darkness had closed over the city she lay thinking of her dear one and calculating the days and hours that must elapse ere his arrival. Everywhere her eye rested some souvenir or love-token of his was to be seen. Several photographs of him were scattered here and there about the room. In the far corner hung his first diploma, and she recalled clearly with what pride he had brought it home some fifteen years before. On the wall facing her was the Papal benediction; underneath hung a reliquary containing tiny mementoes of hundreds of saints. But dearest of all was the crucifix, enclosing a micro-

scopic portion of the True Cross. That precious relic stood on a little table near the bedside and was never out of reach. And when the pain in her side became unbearable, she would trustfully, yet timorously, lay it there (feeling that she was unworthy), and the touch of that sacred emblem would ease the pain and give her resignation.

The days slipped by—not many—though to her, burning with impatience, and feeling that her time was short, they seemed an eternity. One evening he came. A carriage pulled up swiftly at the door, a step bounded on the stairs and he was with her! Two words passed between them: "Mother!" "Darling!" Their arms were around each other, their tears intermingling. Gently she pushed him away from her, without letting go her hold, and peered anxiously into his face. Was he changed? she asked herself with trembling dread. So many changes come with the years, and the nearest and dearest sometimes drift whole continents apart in lapse of time! With a sigh of relief she finished her scrutiny. All was well. True, he had grown a little pale from studious vigils, a little older and graver, too, but otherwise still the same, and all in all to her.

Long into the night they sat, chatting, hand in hand; talking of old times, of new hopes, of plans for the future which the mother was never to see. But she was too unselfish to damp her boy's ardor on his home-coming or to intrude the inevitable parting on his notice. He was young and sanguine—he could not see—did not want to see her time was come. Nor could she, on this their first night together after weary years, bring herself to break the spell.

A day or two later he said Mass in the sick room; only a few intimate friends were present. The scene was a

solemn and touching one. The room itself was small, the furniture simple and unpretentious, those assisting homely, unlettered people. But a double sacrifice of love lent indescribable pathos to the occasion, and both God and man prize nothing half so highly,—neither clever words nor great deeds—as the sacrifices of love. The mother sacrificed her life and her restored child freely, resignedly, at God's bidding. Our Saviour sacrificed Himself on the altar by the hands of that same child under her poor roof and in her humble home.

What a tender chord the Mass strikes in every Catholic soul! What sacred, hallowed memories it stirs up!—memories of martyr and confessor, of virgin and monk; of dark days of persecution and shame, when our forefathers "were hated of all men, for His Name's sake;" when they were stoned, cut asunder, put to death by the sword, or wandered about in want and wretchedness, hiding in dens and caverns of the earth, these forefathers—aye, and we thank God for it—of whom the world was not worthy. What unearthly beauty hovers about the Holy Sacrifice itself, and what an admirable gradation of prayer prepares us for the coming of the Redeemer! The opening petitions, Confiteor and the rest, all express our need for mercy on account of our guilt and sinfulness. Bowing down in lowly adoration before Almighty God and all His glorious court, we confess that we are miserable sinners; that there is no part or faculty of our being which has escaped this loathsome stain, for we have all sinned, and sinned exceedingly, in thought, word and deed. Still we do not despair, for we all possess an Advocate, our Lord Jesus Christ. He has come to us already, that gracious Saviour! He is coming soon again; in a few minutes on the altar will lie that

very Babe Mary gave birth to at Bethlehem. So, now, to mark our belief in the vividness and reality of that approaching coming, at the Gloria we break forth into that same hymn of thanksgiving the angels sang the first Christmas morn. The Gospel comes, and we hear our Lord Himself speaking. The selfsame words we use once vibrated on the lips of the Incarnate Word of God. May we not see, then, our Divine Master, His face aglow with compassion, healing the sick, comforting the sorrowful, forgiving sinners? May we not hear that voice, sweet and soft as a summer zephyr, welcoming the little children, saying to all: "Come to me \* \* \* I will refresh you?"

Some such thoughts as these were in the minds of those present in that sick room, for when they stood up at the Gospel all were visibly affected. One or two women were weeping quietly, even the hard matter-of-fact faces of the men were softening into curves of tenderness, but the mother was rapt up to the third heaven and her face wore a look which was not of this world.

Quickly the Mass goes on. At the Credo we profess our belief, article by article, in the faith of Jesus Christ, and in that Church which He has made sole guardian of His faith. Here, surely, we do not stand alone. We are encompassed by a golden cloud of witnesses of all ages and generations, who vie with each other in proclaiming their belief in Our Divine Lord and in His Church. Having purified our souls by contrition, having excited our faith and love, trembling we approach the Consecration, the "Action," as the Church emphatically calls it. At length we take our stand at that last supper, where Our Lord "having loved His own who were in the world loved them to the end." He could not always remain with us in His sacred humanity, yet He was loath

to leave us orphans. He wished to be within reach of every single generation and every individual soul. So He imprisoned Himself, whole and entire, under the appearance of a poor piece of bread, to be always near us if we needed Him, and He told His Apostles to perpetuate His Sacrifice until He Himself came again.

And now this mother had lived to see her son successor of those Apostles, invested with the same tremendous power bestowed on them that first Holy Thursday. What deep emotions of love and gratitude were hers! With what feelings of mingled awe, reverence and affection she received the pledge of holiest love from her child's hands! The spectators saw only what is seen in every Catholic church every day:

"Two lights on a lowly altar;  
Two snowy cloths for a feast:"

and then

"The priest comes down to the railing  
Where brows are bowed in prayer;  
In the tender clasp of his fingers  
A Host lies pure and fair."

But to her, already standing on the confines of the spiritual world, deeper insight was vouchsafed. That plain little altar was to her the portal of the heavenly Jerusalem, and she saw the heavens opened and Jesus standing at the right hand of God. So, indeed, one might suppose, for truly she was caught up in ecstasy and knew not that her face shone.

That night mother and son sat together as usual, but silently. The barrier of parting had risen between them and they were afraid to trust themselves to speak. The priest sat staring gloomily into space with wide, unseeing eyes, and as his mother glanced at him and caught the hunted look in his face, her tenderness overcame her. Who would replace her in his life, she thought, who would mother him when she was gone?

But this, she knew, was not the time for vain regrets, and she had herself perfectly under control in a moment.

"Come nearer, dearest," she said quite calmly, nor did her voice break or quiver to the end. "Kiss me!" And with her arm around him, as he gave way to a passionate outburst of grief, she told him her last will and testament. "You must not fret too much for me, dear one, for it is God's will and He knows best. But remember me every day at the altar when you hold your God in your hands, and pray for me. I will never forget you, and in the other world I shall know better what to ask for you, and how to ask it, than here. And, my boy, be true to your vocation whatever may come to pass, for I'd sooner see you dead than a bad or indifferent priest. And when you stand in the pulpit and speak to your people, tell them about Our Dear Lord and His Blessed Mother. They have been with me all through life, they will be with me to the end. Dearest"—and her arm tightened around him—"I consecrated you to Our Blessed Lady when God gave you to me twenty-five years ago, and surely she will be your mother when I am gone. Do you always be a true child of hers," and he sobbed, "Mother! Mother!"

The days passed by, bringing apparently no change in her condition. Always patient, smiling, anxious to spare him as much as possible, never again did she refer to the inevitable end. Once or twice she sent for her confessor, but even after these intervals she was still the same. One night he dreamt his mother came and kissed him, and as he tried to hold her she slipped from his hands. In the morning he found her cold in death, clasping her beloved crucifix tightly. A heavenly smile was stamped on her face, as though she had seen some sweet vision, and about her was that peace which passeth all understanding.

# THE GARDEN BENCH

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**A**S we pass along the familiar ways these early autumn days, everywhere we meet the earnest-faced children hastening to or from the school which through the long summer hours stood in brooding silence in its deserted yard. And as I watch the long procession I think of those who will not join those ranks this year; nor any other year. Of these absentees there are two classes: those who have finished that part of their education which is conducted in the schoolroom, and those who were thrust out by the harsh hand of circumstance.

You know where you will find the latter class, and the heart grows sick at the thought of it. If ever you are abroad early in the morning you will see those absent school children hurrying to the door of the factory, their midday lunch, wrapped in a newspaper, under their arm, and you note that the spring is leaving their step and the color fading from their faces. And what faces you will see among those defrauded children! Alert, earnest intelligence gleaming from their eyes, it requires no great stretch of the imagination to see those boys leading in the college hall, and emerging into life fully equipped to meet its demands, forging to the front in the affairs of commerce or politics. Others there are who carry on their foreheads the insignia of genius, and the sorrow we feel for a Keats or a Chatterton cut down in his bloom might be shared, did we know all, with the dreamy-eyed little toiler, destroyed by a power as relentless as death or carping critics—those vandals of the world of art!

I have on one or two occasions met persons who had received in fullest measure the education of which these many American children are deprived, who could not see that these boys and girls had any cause for complaint because the poverty of their parents, due—let us be honest!—to an unjust system, had withdrawn them from the school, and sent them, unformed in mind and body, to the workshop to become the companions and co-laborers of men and women who, likewise defrauded themselves, bear the stamp of their loss in health and in morals. Education, claimed these persons, was for the classes, and giving the masses enough schooling to enable them to read their prayer-book and the daily paper, they had sufficient knowledge for their sphere in life. Not, they claimed, that they did not appreciate the value of learning, but, they held, and rightly, that it was not possible under present conditions for every child to acquire a complete education; hence any more than that outlined above was a waste of time and money, and might prove harmful to the child. More would lift him mentally above the plane upon which he was born, and on which it would seem he must live, while it would not be sufficient to fit him for a higher place. Discontent would result, and the chances were that another product of the higher schools would eventually drift into the ranks of the criminal or the pauper. "A little learning is a dangerous thing," and so they would close the door of knowledge and lock it resolutely and forever against these little boys and girls who

are poor, notwithstanding that in their brief period in the schoolroom they stood at the head of their classes, notwithstanding that they had come into life bringing the highest gifts of God with them. The lowly work, claimed these persons, must be done by some one, and who will do it if you educate the masses to the level of the classes?

Who will do the work? Let us first ask ourselves if all the work is absolutely necessary, or if there is no better way of doing it than the present, or if it is not possible to elevate the work to suit the workers. That there is a vast amount of unnecessary work being done, demanding a terrible waste of vital energy, no one will deny. You see it everywhere. Mechanical though we call our age, and proud as we are of its intricate devices for lessening labor, there is a tremendous loss of energy in every department of the world's work. We must admit, too, that much of it is deliberate, either on our own part or the part of our employers. We have not been taught properly to respect work, no matter whether that work is performed by the artist or the stone-breaker. Nor do we properly respect the worker. If we beheld in each toiler, no matter in what field, a son of God, made to His image and likeness, called to inherit His kingdom, verily would we gaze with reverence where now we look down with ill-concealed scorn. And yet is this not in very truth what the children of Adam are? Is it not what the Scriptures teach? It being so, is not the work they do good? Do they not elevate the work? Can there be any low work, when it is performed by such a one? We travel over land and sea, face a thousand dangers to visit the land where nineteen centuries ago the Lord Jesus lived; but how many of us see

Him in the carpenter at his work? how many set the trade that the Lord Jesus followed on the same plane with the art or profession immortalized by some of the less worthy of His brethren?

As we grow wiser we shall eliminate the unnecessary. We shall see that to keep busy is not the highest wisdom when our occupation is not needful; we shall learn that the conservation of energy for the real work makes for the best performance.

We do not have to be so very old to remember when the harvesting of a hundred-acre field of wheat meant long days swinging the heavy cradle for the harvesters, long aching hours for those who followed, binding up the sheaves, and a period of rebellion for the little boys who had to gather up those sheaves for the stacker. Now a pair of horses, a machine and one man do the same work in a few hours. Then the rich farmer watched his hired men doing the work which he would have considered beneath him; now he takes pride in guiding his fine horses down the long field, and finds enjoyment in the operation of the complicated piece of machinery. Yet it is the same work that his band of hired men performed a few years ago. The only difference is that the mind of man was at length put into the work of harvesting, and, as a result, its means of operation were improved and it was thereby dignified. What has been done to the work of the farm can be done to all departments of effort. There is no reason why we should see a man with a broom and shovel cleaning our streets when water is so plentiful and mechanical appliances at hand. There is no reason why a man should sit on a rock pile breaking stones when there are machines to do the work equally well.

But how is this improvement to be made in the industries if you send into them ignorant operatives who share in the universal contempt for the work they are doing?—for it is a fact that those who prate loudest of the necessity of the labor that claims the unskilled have least respect for it and its performers. What can you expect from the man who goes to his work each day feeling it and he are scorned by others, that following it will keep him in the lowest social strata and prove a detriment to the advancement of his children? The work will never be elevated by such a man, and the lower he sinks in his views of it, the worse for it and him. If the factory partook of the characteristics of one of our best department stores in location, sanitary condition, hours, and the many other things that go to make the life of the clerk more desirable than the factory girl; if the operators were possessed of that intelligence which study gives, and carried to their work appreciation of it because of its necessity, and strength to perform it without leaving themselves depleted; and if those in charge recognized the value of the labor of their employes and remunerated them accordingly; if they looked upon the operators, not as machines but human beings, with all that that implies, and treated them with the respect that is the inherent right of man; if they themselves respected the labor that enriches them—then should we see such industries elevated, and the necessary would also become the beautiful and the desired.

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One of the former class alluded to in the beginning of this paper sat with me in the garden the other day. The disappointment she had so soon been called upon to meet was written largely

in her attitude and face, and her voice, when she spoke, had lost the happy ring of other times.

"There seems to be no place for me in the world," she said.

"In the whole world?" I asked, but she was in no mood for lightness; so I asked: "What have you tried?"

She had offered her services at several schools as music teacher, and teacher of embroidery; when they were refused she offered them to the public. But the public had not been any more desirous than the schools. Then she advertised for writing to take home; she had even, she admitted with confusion, called on editors and asked them to take her on trial as a reporter. She had made a few other efforts, none especially practical, with like success; and so she was ready to cry quit with life, for she felt she was a failure; which proves how young she was. Catch a seasoned old warrior crying his surrender at the first onrush of the foe!

The girl was not a specialist in the branches she wished to teach, but she had a good all-around education which would easily have secured for her a certificate to teach in the primary or intermediate schools. This she did not want to do. She felt she had talent for something better—and so the story ran on. Perhaps she did have talent, but why should she expect others to recognize it in its undeveloped state? Was she just in asking others to employ it in this undeveloped state?

There are so many young people like this girl, and because the world will not look at their amateurish work with their own uncritical eyes, they lose hold on ambition, take some employment they loathe, perform it with their hands only, and waste their energy and embitter their lives by railing against fate. Have

you ever heard of a "mud horse"? That is the horseman's name for a horse that wins the race when the track is muddy. The sunny-day favorites, the bonny, fleet-footed, spirited creatures that go like the wind down the dry course flounder helplessly when the rain has reduced the hard surface to a sticky mass of clay; but though he may not make a record for speed the "mud horse" plunges on, lifts his sinking feet as quickly and carefully as he can, and wins the purse for his steadfastness. Have you not often seen the same performance in the race run by men? While things go smoothly, while the way is clear, they prosper, but when difficulties appear, they are much in the condition of the horses. But the one who early met failure, and rose victorious over it, is not daunted by the appearance of disaster when the great race of life is on. Young people must not, however, make the sad mistake of thinking they are booked for that race what time they are only training for it.

To-day I read a story in a newspaper of a blind man, which ought to make the "seeing people" who give up hang their heads in shame, as it tends quickly and greatly to lessen the self-estimation of those who have kept on even to the summit of success. This blind man lives in a small town in Kentucky. He had no home, but desiring one, offered to build it himself if some one would give him the land. This was done readily enough, and then the community waited to see the house rise. Not many believed he would fulfill his promise, but they did not know the spirit hidden behind those unseeing eyes. Unaided, he laid the foundation, cut and placed the timbers, nailed on the roof, put in windows and doors, and the only assistance he received was given by one man who

helped him to lift the heavier pieces of wood. When the house was completed, he carved above the portal one word—Try.

Try! a little word, boasting no beauty of rhythm—on the contrary, rather harsh-sounding. It suggests common things, and hard things, and yet, as you repeat it, a consciousness of power is conveyed by the three letters. There is also a hint of hope, or rather promise, in them, and, above all, comradeship. The little word seems to say: Take me for your companion, young soul! I am the strong arm of success, though I appear so insignificant. With me all things are possible; without me, nothing of lasting worth is accomplished.

In making the last statement, some may think the little word veers considerably from the truth; for have we not again and again heard it said of some one whose success is coveted by the envious, that he achieved it without half trying, or that it came without his trying at all? It is doubtful if this really takes place. Because we see no indication of the effort is no reason for holding it was not made. Rather, may it have been all the greater because hidden. Always will you find it wise to respect the higher the one who draws your attention to the result of his labors and not to the labor itself. Never think because the sky is clear no clouds have swept across it, nor that the lake that lies smiling at your feet has never felt the tempest. But, admitting this great success of theirs was attained without half trying, what would it not have been had they tried? If it be true that they refused to try, can we call them really successful? The one who stops half-way from his attainable goal can not be called a winner, even though where he paused is the ultimate height of other men's ambition.

## CURRENT COMMENT

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### Afraid of Papal Aggression

Catholic Union and Times

We learn with some concern that our Baptist brethren are to formulate plans whereby the growth of the Catholic Church may be stopped. The Baptist Ministerial Association of this city has issued its program of topics for discussion for the coming year. On December 23d, right on the eve of that glorious season when the glad refrain "Peace on earth to men of good will" is reverberating around the world and all Christendom is rejoicing because of the advent of the Saviour of mankind, our worthy brethren will discuss the troublesome topic, "The best way to meet papal aggression."

It may not be within the province of this paper to suggest, but the question is important. Our brethren of the tank will, we hope, take it kindly if we intimate that a good way would be to "hunt" a few priests. That is what the late Oliver Cromwell doubtless would have done. We do not know that Oliver was a Baptist, but a Methodist historian relates that "no trace can be found of a Baptist church in Scotland excepting one which appears to have been formed out of Cromwell's army," hence, we conclude that our present alarmists are by no means the original exterminators. They are simply following in the saintly footsteps of their bloodthirsty brethren of the long ago.

In these days of peace and plenty, the suggested method may appear too heroic. Then why not burn a few Catholic churches or convents? That was once a joyous system used by our friends to offset our miraculous progress. Or they might import from Italy some of the high-minded, low-browed rabble who are even now engaged in the delectable

occupation of expectorating on Catholic clergymen and yelling until their throats are raw, "Down with government!"

There are ways and ways, and, no doubt, our kind-hearted, charitable ministerial co-laborers will be able to discover some good scheme whereby we may be stopped in our career of expansion and absorption.

But there are still other ways. In the Gospel read and commented upon recently in every Catholic Church in the world, these words occur: "But the Pharisees hearing that He had silenced the Saducees, came together, and one of them, a doctor of the law, asked Him, tempting Him, Master, which is the great commandment in the law? Jesus said to him: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind. This is the greatest and first commandment. And the second is like to this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Were our cheerful friends to give a little more attention to the cherished doctrine of sweet charity and less to worry concerning papal aggression, they would be following more closely in the footsteps of the divine One Who founded on this earth the great institution which is bound to stand even to the consummation of the world.

Papal aggression, in the cataracted eyes of our Baptist brethren, may appear to be a menace, but it only proves that their vision is narrow, very narrow. Why not join with the Catholic Federation in its work against the aggression of anarchy and socialism; its labor for the elimination of the obscene poster and the degrading playhouse; against the desecration of the Lord's day, the saloon and other threatening devices of the devil that are driving souls to perdition?



It has been said of the Catholic Church:

"The genius of science and art has found truth and beauty in the path she marked, and the genius of history has loved to kiss her holy footprints in the sand. She has met with flattery and with frown, with dangers and deceit, and trampled them down like withered stubble. Kings have cast their kingdoms at her feet to tempt her virtue, and she has smitten them dead with the sceptre of her right hand. Great soldiers have stood before her in brazen armor and with brazen face and bidden her halt; and she passed them by. Amused at their folly and pitying their short little life, she has moved on and on, through sin and crime, ever tranquil in her cleanness of heart, ever meek and lowly and pure and holy, ever strong in that holiness, for it was the holiness of her Founder—the holiness of Bethlehem and Calvary, and made secure by the promises of God."

These being the facts in the case, how can a bevy of Buffalo Baptists expect to offset to any great extent "papal aggression?"

Meanwhile, "Brethren, we cease not to pray for you and ask that ye be filled with the knowledge of His will, in all wisdom and spiritual understanding; that ye may walk worthy of God, pleasing in all things, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God."

### The Fight for Supremacy

N. Y. Freeman's Journal

The outcry Rockefeller and other trust magnates are making against the Administration reveals their inmost conviction that they should be exempt from all legal restraints that interfere with their ruthless plundering of the people. They do not think of denying that they have been persistent lawbreakers. The evidence against them is too overwhelming for them to attempt to do that. The

burden of their complaint is that they should be held accountable for violating laws enacted by Congress. There is no precedent for their being treated in this way. Under the Cleveland and McKinley Administrations they were virtually permitted to do what they pleased. If in their judgment an act of Congress interfered with their unlawful gains they simply ignored it and that was the end of it.

It never crossed their minds that they would be haled into court and be compelled to face fines and penalties like ordinary lawbreakers. Their long immunity in this respect has intensified their bitterness against President Roosevelt, who does not recognize that the multi-millionaire heads of trusts should go scot free after committing acts which if done by ordinary persons would bring down upon them the heavy hand of the law. Acting on this belief, the present Administration has been the indirect means of imposing a fine of \$29,240,000 upon the giant among the trusts. In all likelihood Rockefeller and some of the other trust magnates in the course of time will find themselves behind prison bars if they persist in acting on the principle that they may do what they please, regardless of any legislation enacted either by Congress or State legislatures.

Already, United States Attorney-General Bonaparte has given the trusts fair warning of what they may expect if they choose to keep on in their illegal courses. Referring to the accusation of Wall Street gamblers that the recent slump in stocks was due to his enforcement of the anti-trust law, Mr. Bonaparte says:

"If the ground of complaint against the department is that it proposes to punish prominent and wealthy men or corporations having vast amounts of capital and engaged in very extensive business, when these are shown to have been wilful and persistent lawbreakers

on a great scale and with grave injury to the purposes of the law, I must admit that these complaints are well founded. That is precisely what the Department of Justice is trying to do, and, while I remain its very unworthy head, will continue to do so far as it can."

This is very plain language, the meaning of which cannot be mistaken. The official head of the Department of Justice tells the trust magnates that if they place themselves outside of the law they will be treated as ordinary criminals would be in similar circumstances.

The attempt to make it appear that the business interests of the country will suffer if even-handed justice is meted out to violators of law will avail nothing. As Attorney-General Bonaparte very truthfully points out, the business community is most interested in having a stop put to such practices as the Standard Oil and other trusts have been guilty of. To quote his own words:

"I should say that business men ought to wish to have the laws strictly and impartially enforced. If this is done everybody knows what he can do and what he cannot, and everybody has a fair field and no favor.

"The Department of Justice proposes to do precisely this and nothing more. It is required by law to enforce certain penal statutes which make certain forms of action, crimes against the United States, and also provide civil remedies for such illegal action."

The policy outlined by the Department of Justice, if rigorously pushed, will avert a very serious danger that yearly was becoming more threatening. The trusts were gradually establishing an "imperium in imperio" or a government within a government. At Washington and the State Capitals, legislators duly elected by the people, placed on the Statute books laws which they deemed necessary for the general welfare. The heads of the trusts scanned these legal enactments and vetoed those which were

not to their liking. In this way laws such as those against railroad rebating fell into "innocuous desuetude." They were objectionable to the trust magnates and, therefore, remained a dead letter.

Here were the beginnings of a Plutocracy which if unchecked in the course of time would be so entrenched in power as to become a serious menace to our republican form of government. President Roosevelt, with the hearty concurrence of his countrymen, determined that no time was to be lost in checking the further growth of this portentous evil and, therefore, set about the work of putting a stop to the lawlessness of the trusts. He has entered upon a fight on the issue of which depends the solution of the question whether the will of the people, as embodied in law, or the power of money, as represented by the trusts, shall hold supreme sway in this country.

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### As to Our "Purpose"

The Monitor

Methodist Bishop Neely, in issuing a "call to arms" for the "evangelical redemption" of South America, in last week's California Christian Advocate, pays an unconscious tribute to the immortal catholicity of the Catholic Church.

"Roman Catholics," declares Bishop Neely, "are earnestly, diligently, and patiently endeavoring to weaken and destroy the Protestantism of the United States. They are so persistent and patient that they can wait a century or centuries to accomplish their purpose. Individuals may die, but the hierarchy and the ecclesiasticism continue."

It is true that the Catholic Church is so persistent and patient that it can wait a century and centuries to accomplish its purpose. But we feel that the good Bishop, in his zeal, somewhat mistakes that "purpose;" at any rate he exaggerates it. The mission, the "purpose" of

the Catholic Church is to weaken and destroy one thing only—evil; to enlighten the world, to give to humanity the boon of the Christian Faith. The Catholic Church is not troubling itself so much about “What shall the Western Hemisphere be?” as about, “What shall be the soul of this man, this woman, this child?” The Catholic Church follows in the footsteps of its Divine Founder, Jesus Christ, Who sought not hemispheres, but the souls of men.

### Religious Education

The Catholic Universe

It is a mistake to suppose that Catholics are opposed to public education. They would like to have it even more public than it is at present. They object to the system which excludes moral teaching from the curriculum of the public schools. There are a great many people besides Catholics who realize the fact that education which ignores religion will necessarily spread irreligion among the children and finally throughout the nation. Our Lord says: “He that is not with Me is against Me.” “He that gathers not with Me, scattereth.” The public schools as at present conducted can please only atheists and infidels, for the reason that God and religion are excluded from the schoolroom.

The editor of the New England Journal of Education, in commenting on parish schools, though himself not a Catholic, asks the question: “Are Catholics wrong in supporting parish schools at great expense?” He says they are not and continues:

“There is one Church which makes religion an essential in education, and that is the Catholic Church, in which the mothers teach their faith to the infants at the breast in their lullaby songs, and whose brotherhoods and priests, sisterhoods and nuns imprint their religion on souls as indelibly as the diamond marks the hardest glass. They ingrain their faith in human hearts when

most plastic to the touch. Are they wrong, are they stupid, are they ignorant, that they found parish schools, convents, colleges, in which religion is taught? Not if a man be worth more than a dog, or the human soul, with eternity for duration, is of more value than the span of animal existence for a day. If they are right, then we are wrong. If our Puritan fathers were wise, then we are foolish; looking upon it as a mere speculative question, with their policy they will increase; with ours, we will decrease. We are no prophet, but it does seem to us that Catholics retaining their religious teaching and we our heathen schools, will gaze upon cathedral crosses all over New England when our meeting houses will be turned into barns. Let them go on teaching their religion to the children and let us go on educating our children in schools without a recognition of God and without the reading of the Bible and they will plant corn and train grapevines on the unknown graves of the Plymouth Pilgrims and of the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, and none will dispute their right of possession. We say this without expressing our own hopes or fears, but as inevitable from the fact that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.”

### English Traffickers in Irish Riot

The Catholic Standard and Times

When the rioting spirit, which is chronic and recurrent in Belfast, takes its usual direction, the local or Dublin Castle authorities feel no alarm. They indulgently look on supinely while the Orange mobs send their mitraille of “kidneys” against the plate glass or window panes of the Catholic merchants or residents, and the loyal ship carpenters of Queen’s Island bombard the Catholic population and their houses with bolts and screws stolen from Harland & Wolff’s shipbuilding yards; or vary the monotony of this desultory warfare by

turning out en masse with rifles and pouring volleys into the ranks of the Catholic laborers on the neighboring slob-lands. No form of rioting could be more satisfactory than this, for the purposes of the reliable governmental policy in Ireland as well as India. But when the "kidneys" and the brickbats fly with a different motive, as in the case of the recent formidable uprising, then the game of government becomes more complicated and difficult, and the attempts at explanation of the failure painfully distressing. It is genuinely amusing to read the comments of leading English papers on the late trouble, and contrast the reasons they give with the reports of the Irish press. It was a complicated free fight, arising primarily from a strike of carters for increased pay and diminished hours of labor. The constabulary were called upon to protect the non-union men who came to take the strikers' places. They did so, but refused to go so far as to sit beside the drivers or direct them to their destination. This was regarded by the authorities as mutiny, and an attempt to treat it as such resulted in a fresh strike—this time on the part of the constabulary. Some of the men went so far as to say they were tired of doing the dirty work of the British Government in protecting tyrannical landlords and evicting the people. This was the turn of affairs that really alarmed the Castle, and at present is causing the Government in London no small amount of trepidation, for if the spirit of revolt spread among the ever-reliable "Royal" Irish Constabulary, it will be difficult to hold Ireland down by force much longer. The constabulary having failed to cope with the striking rioters, the regular army was called upon to deal with the situation, and they lost no time in the administration of the only medicine they believe in—the leaden pill. They used their rifles with deadly effect upon the unarmed crowds, laying hundreds,

mostly innocent people, low. When "order reigned in Warsaw," the cries for vengeance were mingled with excuses for the massacre on the part of those who were really responsible for bringing the crisis about—the stubborn employers of labor, mostly Tories, in Belfast, and the constabulary authorities.

The leading English papers despatched "special correspondents" to report on the situation according to their ignorance or prejudice and the requirements of their respective journals. The result of their labors can hardly be described as a valuable contribution to historical truth.

Before the rioting became really formidable, an English Socialist M. P., lately elected, Mr. Greyson, went to Belfast and began making speeches against the Liberal Government. He is reported to have said, some days before the crisis became acute, that the soldiers in Belfast "are weary of doing nothing, and would like a little blood to shed and a few bones to split." They would do that before the next week-end, he predicted, and added that if the people had not shrapnel to shoot, they had broken bottles to throw. The prediction was verified. There was bloodshed in plenty, and the villainous Times, of London, which had said of the Socialist incendiary that his language was "undeniably calculated to incite the Belfast populace to violence and crime," attributed the whole difficulty to "the Nationalists and Roman Catholics."

In our issue of last week we presented the action of the priests in Belfast, as guardians of the peace, taken from the reports of many witnesses. It was they who, by using their influence over their flocks, restrained them from avenging their fellow-Catholics shot down, as it would appear, in cold blood by the soldiers sent to take the place of the striking police. Their strike was directly caused by the action of their own officers and the Dublin Castle authorities.

After the massacre was over Mr. Grayson again appeared upon the scene and denounced the action of the soldiers in fulfilling his prediction as "murder." Whereupon the regular Tory press of London chimes in with him in his denunciation of Mr. Birrell and the Irish authorities. "The Irish policy of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is really the fundamental cause of the bloody riot at Belfast," said the *Evening Standard*. "It is only too clear that what has happened in Belfast has been the outcome of the existence of the present Government and its method of dealing with industrial and Irish affairs. Its record in both cases has been one of weakness and inconsistency, ready to surrender to pressure from the least reputable quarters." This is decidedly cool of the Tory organ, seeing that Mr. Birrell's surrender on the Home Rule question was directly owing to the pressure put upon him by the sham Liberal element in the Cabinet, Asquith and Haldane—men who are nothing but Tories and Unionists at heart, though they wear the Liberal colors for platform purposes.

Belfast is the great fortress of Toryism. Whenever a Tory statesman wants to make trouble for a Liberal Ministry, he goes over to Belfast and makes a fiery speech to the faithful followers of William. Mild-mannered Sir Stafford Northcote did so, and a bloody riot followed. Lord Randolph Churchill went there, too, but he did not conceal his purpose, as did his chief. He wound up a fiery harangue with an impassioned parody on Campbell's Hohenlinden:

Wave, Ulster, all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Chivalry! Alas, for the uses to which the noblest of ideals can be put! The Tories are going to show how to utilize it in reference to the bloody bungling of the Liberals in Belfast, while there was never a bungle in the means their chiefs took in past years to have bloodshed to

prove that Irishmen were not fit to be entrusted with the government of their own country. \_\_\_\_\_

### The Foreigner and Crime

The Michigan Catholic

We read and hear a vast amount of gush about the foreign element of our country increasing the criminal class. A special report on prisoners in the United States has just been issued by the Bureau of Census. This reliable document says:

"In 1890 the immigrant class formed 28.3 per cent of all white prisoners of known nativity, but by 1904 this percentage had decreased to 23.7. The native whites, on the other hand, show an increased proportion, forming 76.3 per cent of the total number of white prisoners in 1904 and only 71.8 per cent in 1890. This change, moreover, is not confined to any one section of the country, but is common to all. Even the North Atlantic states, which have absorbed most of the late immigration, show a larger percentage of native prisoners and a smaller percentage of foreign than they did in 1890."

In many former issues of *The Michigan Catholic* it was told that the native born of the United States form the majority of the criminal class. The report of the national Government confirms our assertion. "If the statistics collected by the Bureau of Census," says a Wisconsin secular exchange in referring to the criminal report above quoted, "shed any light on the subject they go to prove that the fears of nativistic alarmists are unfounded." And so say we. The emigration law is sufficiently strong to keep out the undesirable class if rigidly enforced. But it permits anarchists to enter the country and their presence brings discredit to other foreigners.

What the country needs is more immigrants with the manhood in them to become good citizens.

## WITH THE EDITOR

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October is the month of the Rosary. Ecclesiastically it is one of the principal months of the year. In the pious heart, devotion to Mary runs side by side with devotion to Jesus. Along with the grace that makes us Catholics, and believers in the pure and holy teachings of Our Lord, comes the delicate instinct of love for His Mother. Christian worship is incomplete without these two elements. The measure of our piety towards the saints may vary without affecting our standing with God. But Mary is so close to Jesus that the one regard heavenwards must of necessity embrace both.

Of all forms of devotion to Mary, the Rosary, for the spread of which was this magazine founded, is the best. The words of the great prayer are repeated over and over again, but with no indifferent or tiring result. They are images of Mary's virtues, and convey to our minds subject for a lifetime's contemplation. Their constant repetition keeps our thoughts in Mary's presence, while our spirits hold with her what converse they will.

October marks the commencement of the year's decline. Nature is preparing for its long, cold sleep, so figurative of death. The consecrating of this month entirely to Mary contains the lesson for all the faithful that, when life nears its term, Mary should be remembered, and offered the worthy fruits of the summer of grace.

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There is no possible palliation of the motives of the leaders of the general uprising against the Church in the Latin countries. The ferocity of their hatred declares the depravity of their souls. The fact of the existence of such enemies ought to surprise no one, for Christ Himself told us of them even in His lifetime. But the apathy of the

Catholics in the face of such persecutions strikes many as inexplicable. In judging our foreign brethren, calmness is requisite. Much of the trouble is incident to a change that is transpiring in the long-constituted order of things. Whether for weal or for woe, the whole world is determined on disestablishment of State-religions. The principle of total separation of Church and State is spreading everywhere. Its adoption cannot hinder the real work of the Church, for there are no vital interests at stake. To change, however, conditions that have existed for many generations and that affect all forms of life, is not simple, and causes much confusion. Once the strife has cleared somewhat Catholics will not be so bewildered, and events will prove that even in the effete Latin countries there is still religious vitality.

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In a recent number of one of the popular magazines, George Kennan has given his views on the abuses in San Francisco. Because Schmitz was a Catholic, and Ruef a Jew, their two religions are responsible. It is an easy process,—find the church that a dishonest man attends, and one has the real cause of his delinquency. Admitting this as a sure method, some Protestant sects would have a deal of crime to answer for. George Kennan is a bigot. It is his disposition. He hates strongly. Russia and the Catholic Church are old objects of his spleen. After the Spanish war he wrote some very amazing studies on the Church in Cuba. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that in cities like Boston, New York, Chicago, there are many Catholics in office, high and low, who are a disgrace to the religion they pro-

claim. They may be adroit politicians, but they are devoid of virtue. As regards the slur on California Catholics, it is certain that S. S. McClure, had he wished, could have had Kennan's offensive words stricken out. A magazine that allows its contributors such liberty must be arraigned with the offender.

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The passage of the Deceased Wife's Sister bill by the English parliament is considered as a great step towards disestablishment. Separation, however, in England would not be accompanied by the orgy of injustice and hatred that goes with separation in a Catholic country. Only the religion of Christ develops hearty enemies. The very existence of the Anglican Church depended on the law just annulled. It was the mock scruple of the lewd Henry the Eighth about the legality of his marriage with his brother's widow that caused England to fall away from the Church of Rome. And now the group of Anglicans, Non-conformists, Catholics and Jews making up the British Parliament, has legislated away the foundation doctrine of the English Church.

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During the past month of September the city of Boston was the meeting place of an International Religious Conference, held under the auspices of the Unitarians. The Christian Register gives full particulars. Unitarians are, in all they do, men of peace and refinement. In their reference to the Church there is none of the rudeness and passion that one finds in other Protestants. But it is only their manner. Their sentiments towards the Church are orthodox. Thus, in one of the departments of the paper it is related that of the sixty thousand Bohemians in Chicago, forty thousand have rejected the Church, and for the most part have become unbelievers. A man must be very irreligious before a lightly-burdened

Unitarian will call him an unbeliever. The statement itself is, of course, unqualifiedly false. That there are Bohemians who, like Thos. O'Brien, Minister to Japan, have deserted the faith of their forefathers, is true, but that two-thirds of the Bohemians in Chicago have fallen away, is impossible. In quite the same strain Edward Everett Hale writes to the same paper. Speaking of personal observations, he says that he does not think that the children of Roman Catholic parents are careful in their attendance at the Sunday-schools of their churches. Mr. Hale never could have intended to imply that Boston Catholics were of this stamp. A stroll on Sunday morning near any Catholic church would solve his doubts.

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The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, located in New York, has sent out letters seeking contributions to its fund for the Philippine missionaries. There are twelve priests in London awaiting equipment and transportation to the islands. The cause is in the highest degree worthy, and can be recommended in its entirety. The announcement that young men are being formed in England for missionary work in our colonial possessions will strike many as a commentary on the American Church. There is much truth in the statement that the proof of religious vitality in a nation is the missionary spirit. The multitude of French missionaries scattered over the globe, laboring for God in all lands and climates, is the bright star of hope to the true friends of France. Certainly, the vitality of the Catholic people in our own country can not be doubted, so that the difficulty still remains of explaining why foreign countries must supply our missionaries. Very probably, the reason is that as yet the United States is a missionary country in the strict sense of the words.

Later on, abundant vocations will be found to convert to Catholicity, and incidentally to American ideals, multitudes of neglected and ignorant pagans.

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The news of the death of Rt. Rev. F. Z. Rooker makes sad reading for a host of Americans. He died in far-away Jaro, a Philippine diocese of which he was bishop. He was a worthy type of a Christian bishop—noble, generous and fearless. His was a martyr's end, and the prayer of his very many friends is that his Heavenly Father may have already granted him the eternal crown.

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It is now quite ten years since **THE ROSARY** last spoke in its pages of Father Ryan. As the years go on, the memory of this priest and poet grows softer and

dearer. He is by excellence the poet of the old South, that world with which the North had no kin. The spirit of the modern world intruding even there, has unfortunately made fugitive the picturesque ideals of former generations, so that the South of Father Ryan exists no more. His poems, though, will always wield the magic sway that will transport the willing ones into those happy days of yore.

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The death of Archbishop Williams removes from this life the dean of the American hierarchy. The tributes of public esteem offered on the occasion of his funeral were most extraordinary. His lifetime had been passed, quietly and unboisterously, in the service of God. He will not soon be forgotten.

### BOOKS

#### SELECTED POETRY OF FATHER FABER.

By the Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I. R. & T. Washbourne, London; Benziger Bros., American Agents. Square, 16mo. pp. 204. Cloth. Net, 90 cents.

In this volume the reader will find undeniably the best things which Father Faber has done in verse. And when they have been read carefully the reader will not wonder that Wordsworth said had not Faber gone into the priesthood he might have been "the poet of his age." In his lines there breathes the "divinus afflatus" of the poet, something which at once places his writing far and away beyond the mere jingle of the versifier.

Father Fitzpatrick, the compiler of the volume, says in his introduction:

"Our author has passed safely enough through fifty years of that century which, it has been decided, is necessary as a sort of novitiate before posterity may pronounce its final verdict on the

claims of the aspirant to literary fame; and no one who knows his poems can doubt what that decision will be. Fit audience, if comparatively few, he has still amongst us; and this volume, by its inclusions and exclusions alike, will, it is hoped, aid in some measure to a better and a more general appreciation of his worth."

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**THE LIFE OF BLESSED JULIE BILLIART, FOUNDESS OF THE INSTITUTE OF SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME (OF NAMUR).** By a member of the same Society. R. & T. Washbourne, London; Benziger Bros., American Agents. 12mo. \$1 net.

Julie Billiard is a saint of our own time—she was born on the 12th of July, 1751, and was beatified only the other day, so to speak, namely, on the 13th of May, 1906. She was clearly a vessel of election and an instrument in the designs of Providence to found a society of women who will labor in the cause of



souls till the end of time. And her life strikingly illustrates the fact that God chooses the weak instruments to confound the strong. For, humanly speaking, she was utterly incapable of accomplishing anything. For the space of twenty-two years she was a helpless paralytic, not able to place one foot before another. Yet when God so willed it, He cured her and made her the most active and apostolic of women. She lived and labored solely for the salvation of souls. Her last message to her spiritual daughters was burthened with this same zeal:

"Tell your little girls that I bless them with all my heart; tell them to remember the good God in every circumstance of their lives and to seek first in all things what will make their salvation secure; the rest shall be added to them."

Zeal for the teaching of the catechism was the peculiar characteristic of Blessed Julie's holiness throughout her earthly career; and now that the Beatific Vision inflames her heart with a still more ardent thirst for the souls redeemed by Christ's most precious blood, shall we not count on her efficacious intercession that God in His mercy may avert the dangers which threaten the future of our Catholic schools?

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MELOR OF THE SILVER HAND AND OTHER STORIES OF THE BRIGHT AGES. By Rev. David Bearne, S. J. Benziger Bros. 12mo. Square. pp. 175. Net 85 cents.

In this volume Father Bearne gives us a score of intensely interesting and edifying stories. They are gleaned from the lives of the saints and the monks of the Middle Ages. Every one of them will point a moral and leave a pleasant and refreshing flavor with the reader. To be sure, they are not all true stories, but they are built upon principles and morals that are as eternal as truth itself

and they are all told in Father Bearne's matchless way.

Into the hands of our boys and girls, who are clamoring for stories and who love the recital of heroic deeds with a tinge of the marvellous, this book should by all means be placed. They will read their fill and read and read again, and the benefit of their reading will be great and lasting.

A SPIRITUAL RETREAT. By Father Reginald Buckler, O. P. Burns & Oates, London; Benziger Bros., American Agents. 12mo. pp. 250. Cloth. Net, \$1.25.

Father Buckler's remarkable book entitled "The Perfection of Man by Charity" has placed him in the very front rank of writers of spiritual books. His is not a mawkish kind of piety which fills page after page with pious beliefs which Catholics of intelligence cannot accept and which those of no intelligence can only stand aghast at and apply as fuel to an already overfed superstition. Father Buckler brings to his work a solid and thorough training in scholastic theology and allows no statement to stand which cannot bear the test of the unassailable teaching of St. Thomas Aquinas. His "Spiritual Retreat," under present consideration, has all those fine characteristics which give the warrant that it will live and be studied as long as there are souls who are striving after perfection. In his preface the author tells us that this retreat is intended mainly for the benefit of those who are dedicated to the love and service of God in the religious and the priestly life, and who wish to remind themselves from time to time of the solid principles appertaining so closely to their state which give both spirit and strength to the discharge of their many arduous external works.

It is true that our spiritual progress is very gradual, and is indeed a lifelong

work, and consequently often in practice more of a striving and an aiming than a perfect doing. Yet it adds much to the chances of our work to know the way before us, for we can hardly expect to do what we do not know. It is hoped that the present volume may be of some small service to many, both towards the knowing and doing. And the words of our Blessed Lord will tell us the importance of both the one and the other: "If you know these things, you shall be blessed if you do them." (S. John xiii, 17.)

Contents—I, Introduction; II, The Knowledge of God; III, The Knowledge of Ourselves; IV, Our Ultimate End; V, Our Proximate End; VI, The Use of Time; VII, Avoidance of Sin; VIII, Tepidity; IX, The Formation of Habits; X, The Purification of the Soul; XI, Spiritual Progress; XII, The Religious Life; XIII, The Priestly Life; XIV, Mental Prayer; XV, Mortification; XVI, The Love of God; XVII, Love of Our Neighbor; XVIII, The Incarnation; XIX, Our Lord's Sacramental Life; XX, Our Blessed Lady, the Angels and Saints; XXI, The Divine Office; XXII, The Vows of Religious Life; XXIII, The Rules; XXIV, Ordinary Actions; XXV, Spirit and Discipline; XXVI, Knowing, Doing and Persevering.

**GOOD NIGHT STORIES.** By Mother M. Salome. Burns & Oates; Benziger Bros., American Agents. 12mo. pp. 184. Cloth, illustrated. Net 75 cents.

Mother Salome possesses the peculiar gift of writing in a manner that will interest the little ones. Her previous works, namely "The Life of Our Lord written for Little Ones" and "Some Little London Children," have proven this beyond the peradventure of a doubt. Her "Good Night Stories" are done in her happiest vein. They open an en-

tirely new field in Catholic literature. They are intended for children younger than those whose interests are most commonly consulted. While there is an abundance of good Catholic juvenile literature in the market Catholic mothers and instructors of the infants have long felt the want of a collection of short stories, simple in language, inculcating a good Catholic moral. Manifestly, therefore, Mother Salome has filled a long felt want and has written a book which is bound to become popular and productive of much good.

**HISTORY OF IRELAND—FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY.** By Rev. E. A. D'Alton, M. R. I. A. The first two volumes of this history are published; the third and last volume will be ready in the Fall. The first volume covers from the earliest times to the year 1547, the second from 1547 to 1782. Vol. I, 8vo. pp. 468, cloth, gilt top, \$3.00 net. Vol. II, 8vo, pp. 576, cloth, gilt top, \$3.00 net. Benziger Bros., publishers.

We find in this history a desire to be impartial, accurate and readable, together with a fulness of detail and a wealth of references to acknowledged authorities that cannot fail to impress the student. We find no gorgeous or fanciful coloring but a clear, well-defined narrative of facts as taken from native annalists, State papers and other reliable and original sources. In addition there is given at the end a valuable bibliography of works consulted in preparation of Volume II, as well as a number of maps and plans taken from Bagwell's and Gardiner's great works.

The student of Irish history can, with perfect confidence, take up the two volumes now accessible and glean therefrom a clear estimate of Ireland from the earliest times to the Era of the Volunteers.

## CONFRATERNITY OF THE ROSARY

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**T**HE month of the Rosary" is the title ascribed to October, for this month is essentially dedicated to Mary, Queen of the most holy Rosary. For this reason Catholics should be especially active this month, honoring Mary through an extraordinary devotion to her beads. Old and young should unite in paying homage to the great Mother of God during this special season, blending their voices into one sweet unison of devotion to her who, after God, is the object of our deepest love. In the sanctuary of the home, especially, should entire families make it a duty of love to recite the Rosary in common every evening.

This ancient custom, which has come down to us as a sacred tradition, contains an act of piety at once both beautiful and salutary. Behold the father and mother, kneeling, surrounded by their children, the only sound breaking the solemn stillness being the sweet "Paters" and "Aves" ascending to heaven! During this impressive time what holy thoughts pass through the minds of these devoted children of Mary! Who can estimate the indelible impressions that are being made on their hearts! Who can calculate the graces they are storing up for themselves, and the endearing ties they are strengthening between themselves and their heavenly advocate!

✱ ✱ ✱

Among all the feasts of Our Blessed Lady the Church celebrates none more lovely than the feast of the Most Holy Rosary. The first Sunday of October is set aside as a day of honor to the Queen of the Rosary, and on this day Catholics throughout the world raise

their hymns of praise to her whose beads they love. Holy Mother Church calls on her children to congregate and pay a special honor to Mary on this great feast. It is one of thanksgiving, of gratitude for the protection the Mother of God bestowed on the Church during its time of need, and she exhorts Catholics to make it a day of thanksgiving for the personal favors granted them by Mary through devotion to her Rosary.

✱ ✱ ✱

In the words of Butler, the Rosary is a practice of devotion, in which, by fifteen Our Fathers, and one hundred and fifty Hail Marys, the faithful are taught to honor our divine Redeemer in the fifteen principal mysteries of His sacred life, and that of His holy Mother. It is, therefore, an abridgment of the Gospel, a history of the life, sufferings, and triumphant victory of Jesus Christ, and an exposition of what He did in the flesh, which He assumed for our salvation. It ought certainly to be the principal object of the devotion of every Christian always to bear in mind these holy mysteries, to return to God a perpetual homage of love, praise, and thanksgiving for them, to implore His mercy through them, to make them the subject of his assiduous meditation, and to mould his affection, regulate his life, and form his spirit by the holy impressions which they make on his soul. The Rosary is a method of doing this, most easy in itself, and adapted to the slowest or meanest capacity; and, at the same time, most sublime and faithful in the exercise of all the highest acts of prayer, contemplation, and all interior virtues. These are admirably comprised in the divine prayer which our Lord Himself

vouchsafed to teach us, which pious persons, who penetrate the spirit of each word in those holy petitions, can never be weary in repeating, but must recite every time with new fervor, and with more ardent sentiments of love and piety. To obtain mercy and all graces, no prayer can certainly be offered to God more efficacious or pleasing than that which was indited, and is put into our hearts and mouths by His divine Son, our blessed Redeemer Himself. Neither can any acts of humility, compunction, love, or praise, be thought of more sublime. All other good prayers are but paraphrases or expositions of this. It is more especially agreeable and honorable to God, and beneficial to us, when it is offered in honor of the most holy mysteries of our redemption, to pay the homage of our love and thanksgiving for them, and to implore God's tender mercy, love, and compassion by the same. To honor explicitly each mystery, some express it in the prayer, adding to the name of Jesus in the Hail Mary, "Who was born for us," "Who was crucified for us;" but this is better done by representing to God in our minds the mysteries implied in those words. Thus, in repeating the Our Father, we bear in mind by Whose decree His eternal Son was born in a stable, or sweat blood in His agony, etc.; at "hallowed be Thy name," we add the thought of His Son's nativity, crucifixion, etc.

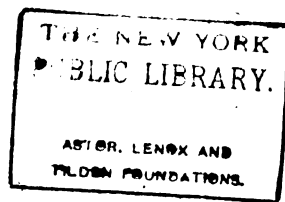
The Angelical Salutation is often repeated in the Rosary, because, as it contains a form of praise for the Incarnation, it best suits a devotion instituted to honor the principal parts of that great mystery. Though it be addressed to the Mother of God, with an invocation of her intercession, it is chiefly a praise and thanksgiving to the Son, for the divine mercy in each part of that wonderful mystery. The Holy Ghost is the principal author of this holy prayer, which the Archangel Gabriel, the ambassador

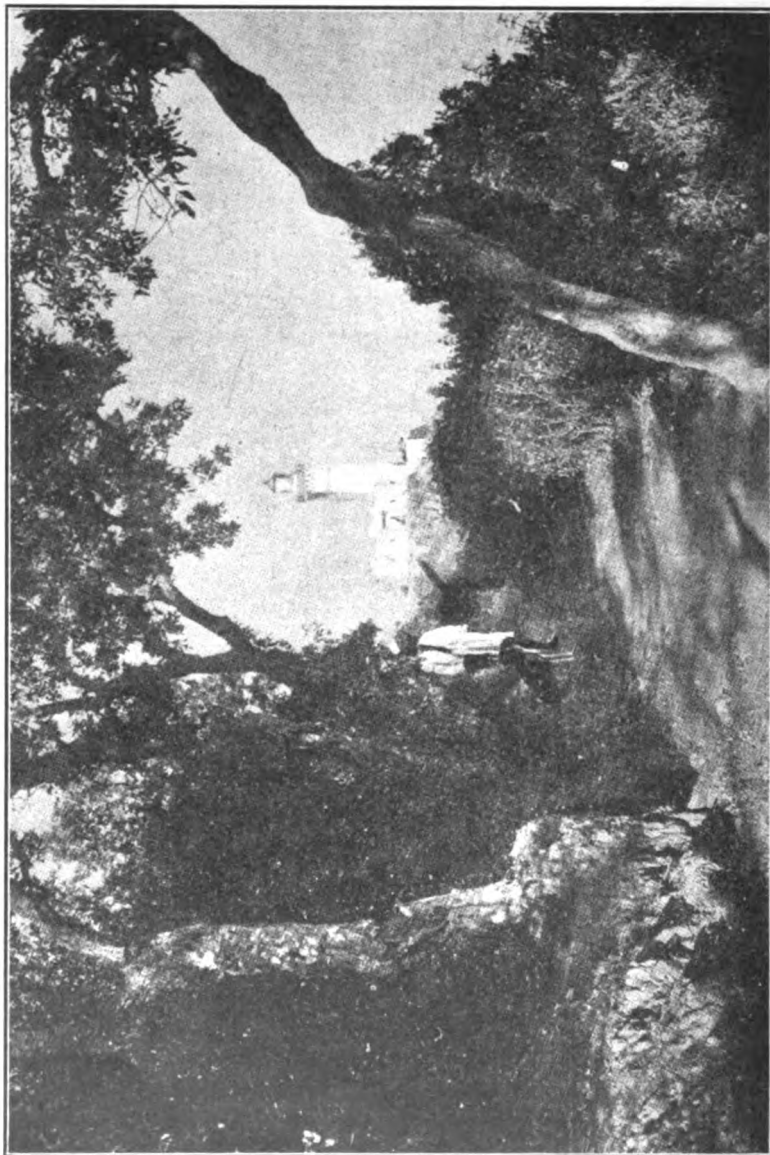
of the Blessed Trinity in the most wonderful of all mysteries, began: St. Elizabeth, another organ of the Holy Ghost, continued, and the Church finished. The first and second part consist of the sacred praises which were bestowed on the Blessed Virgin by the Archangel Gabriel, and by St. Elizabeth, inspired by the Holy Ghost. The last part was added by the Church, and contains a petition of her intercession, styling her Mother of God, with the general council of Ephesus, against the blasphemies of Nestorius.

#### TWO RECENT INDULGENCES

Two indulgences granted recently to Rosarians deserve special attention. By a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences of June 12, 1907, Rosarians can gain a plenary indulgence, applicable to the souls in purgatory on any day of the year. The following are the conditions: First, confession and communion. Secondly, to visit any public church or oratory, which visit can be made after communion. Thirdly, to say the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary during the day for the welfare of the Church. The mysteries may be recited according to the convenience of the individuals. All that is required is to say at least one mystery at a time.

On the same day the Holy Father in an audience given to Cardinal Cretoni, Prefect of the Congregation of Indulgences, united the Crozier and Dominican indulgences, that is to say, the faithful can gain in one recitation both indulgences provided the beads are blessed with the Crozier and Dominican blessings. All priests, through the Sacred Congregation, can receive faculties now to give the Crozier blessing, likewise to impart the Dominican indulgence. Application can be made directly to the Master General of the Friars Preachers or through the Apostolate of the Rosary, 869 Lexington Avenue, New York City.





THE LIGHTHOUSE AT CAPE SPARTEL—MOROCCO'S ONLY ONE

# THE ROSARY MAGAZINE

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## The Problem of the Moslem

By JOHN J. O'SHEA

**T**O the old Romans North Africa was the riddle of the Sphinx; to the French rulers of to-day it is the selfsame enigma. Mahomet and Sahara—these are the mighty powers, spiritual and physical, that baffle the Western intellect and the Western daring. The gigantic spectre of Fanaticism stretches across the whole span of the ecliptic: a false move in European government in Africa or Asia would rouse it from its torpidity to a destructive fury more fearful than the simoom that whirls the sands of Sahara into overwhelming streams of living coals. That Lybian Desert is a frightful problem, but civilization may one day solve it by means of the electric car, the air-ship, and the wireless telegraph. But what power is there to solve the great spiritual problem of Moslem fanaticism? There is only one in all the world. The old Church that conquered the earlier pagan fanaticism in North Africa still bears the commission to preach the Gospel to all nations. The Saracens or Moors overturned the Church in Africa, it is true, and planted the Crescent where gleamed the Cross. But forces are sternly working for a reversal of the evil conditions of centuries. The White Fathers of the Desert are making an impression on the immemorial wrong of the slave trade, which is the chief source of Moslem commercial supremacy in North Africa.

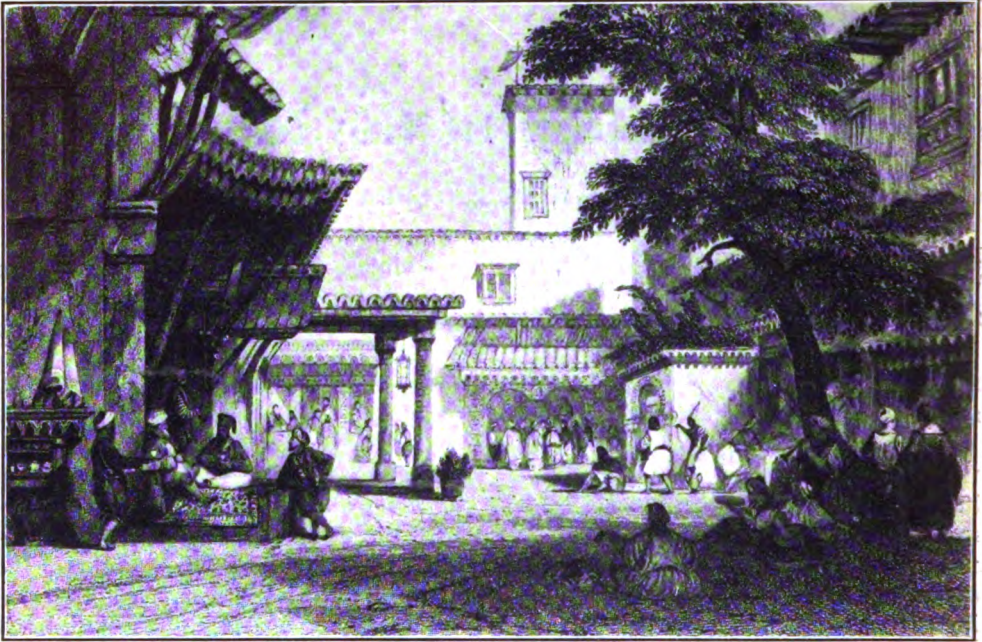
Although France has declared war on Providence, that fact will not preclude God from making her the instrument of His work in whatever way is most effectual to that end. France brought civilization and order to Algiers, and it may have a similar Providential mission to accomplish in its present adventure in Morocco, notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstances attending the beginning of the enterprise. The fact that the rulers of France are unfavorably disposed toward Christianity will not affect the situation which intervention in Morocco seems certain to create. The subjugation of the turbulent tribes is imperative. Unless this be accomplished the peace of all Europe is in imminent jeopardy, for all the great powers have vital interests on the North African littoral.

The Moors or Arabs are not the aborigines of Morocco. Mauritania, as the country was called in the Roman geography, was inhabited by a hardy and warlike race called Kabyles. These are the very people who have stirred up the trouble for France and Spain and the Sultan of Morocco to-day. They inhabit the same mountain fastnesses which barred the Roman advance westward. Carthage had been levelled and razed, in accordance with the advice of Cato, by Scipio Africanus, and the Romans, concluding that it was a propitious time to extend and secure the new African

dominions, set out with the purpose of subduing the various tribes between Carthage and the Atlantic coast.

But the Kabyles kept them at bay, and were at last left to conduct their

for that of the legendary Greek hero. It was the Kabyles, led by the brilliant sheikh, Abd-el-Kader, who gave the greatest trouble to Marshal McMahon in his task of conquering Algeria for



BAZAAR OF THE FIG TREE, ALGIERS

own affairs in their own savage fashion. They held a large part of both Morocco and Algeria when the Arab invasion surged westward, blotting out the Christian civilization established in Mauritania. They retreated to their mountains, powerless to stem in the plains the swarming hordes that continued to pour in from Asia and soon began to overflow into Southern Europe by way of the narrow straits at the "Pillars of Hercules," to which they soon affixed the name of one of their great leaders, Gibel-al-Tarik — the Rock of Tarik, their invincible one-eyed general who led them on to the conquest of Spain and, as they hoped, the rest of Europe afterward.

The name Gibraltar is the modern modification of the title they substituted

France; and the Kabyles of Morocco seem to be making an historical repetition to-day in the case of the French adventure in Morocco.

The Kabyles are a people of a light-brown or olive complexion. They form a strong contrast to the Arabs, both as to physique and temperament. They are not so tall or dignified in demeanor, but are more fitted for the labor of the fields. To this they take most willingly, doing all sorts of drudgery about the farm or the stable with a cheerful spirit and a tireless alertness. They are usually genial and polite, but have a very quick and fiery temper when crossed. The Arab lives on his horse, so to speak, but the Kabyle is contented with "shank's" mare, moving about from farm to farm on foot at all seasons. They are, more-

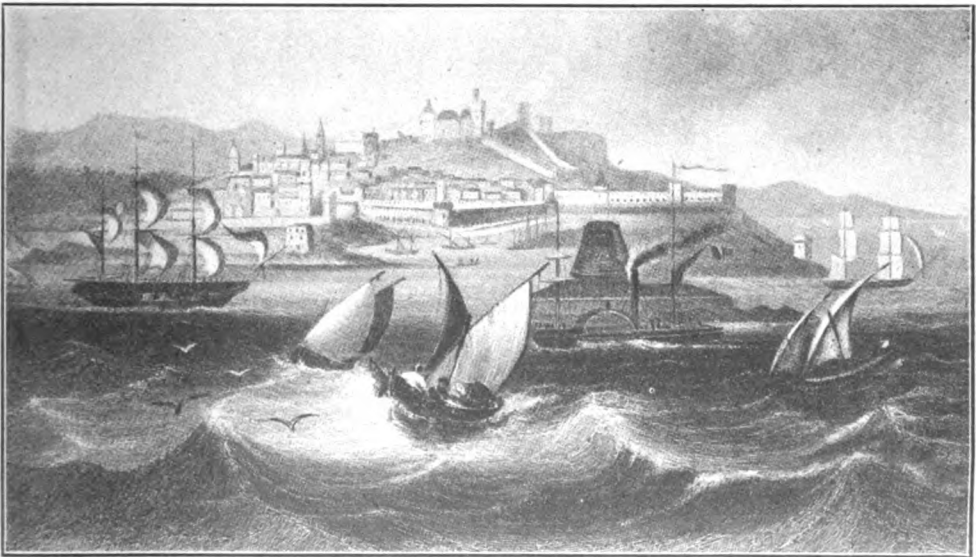


over, abstemious and thrifty, their only luxury being tobacco, of which they are great devotees. A Kabyle will live, it is computed, on twelve sous a day and save the remainder of his pay, which is about forty-five sous, for economy is his dominant virtue or passion. Fine material to make Christians of, it will thus be seen, is to be found in the Kabyle race.

There is for Catholics an ever-enduring, ineradicable interest in North Africa because of the tie of blood. The Church in North Africa sprang, like the Church in Rome and Asia Minor, from the blood of martyrs. What nobler story in human annals than the tragic tale of Perpetua and Felicitas and Saturus? What story of inhumanity so revolting as the treatment of these two young mothers by a mob of fiends in the shape of men—men admitted, too, in

Christian victims flung to them in the amphitheatre at Carthage and gloated over their agonies of shame as they were exposed naked there before enduring the physical tortures that were to end their lives.

There is a curious tendency on the part of some, even among Catholic writers, to excuse the excesses of pagan cruelty, on the ground that its manifestation in such cases was, in the last analysis, merely a mistaken view of duty to superior powers—the heathen deities whom they believed to be offended by the teachings of the Christian apostles and missionaries. This zeal is sought to be excused as an indirect tribute, even though mistaken, to the true God! This sort of reasoning appears to deserve the description of "tortuous." It looks somewhat like the casuistry of the Husites.



TANGIERS

great part, to the dignity of Roman citizens? The degraded cannibals of "darkest Africa" to-day are not less devoid of human feeling than the monsters who howled for the beasts to tear the

Vibia Perpetua was the wife of a man of station in Carthage. Her father was also a man of wealth and influence. The family were pagan, but Vibia and her brother had become converts to the

Christian faith. Her worst torture was the frantic endeavor made by her father to save her from her horrible fate in the amphitheatre by getting her to renounce Christianity, or at least offer sacrifice to the old idols. He took from her her newly-born, pining babe, and refused to give it back to her bosom unless she yielded. The devoted girl kept a diary until the night before her martyrdom, and in this she had calmly jotted down all the particulars of her father's frantic efforts to shake her purpose, and her own endeavor to get her infant from

and her colonies—the butcheries of slaves and Christians; the gladiatorial combats; the wild beast fights; the marine battles, and so on.

Felicitas was a young slave. She does not appear to have been connected in any way with Vibia Perpetua, save in the fact of being one of the band of young catechumens, of whom Vibia and her brother formed part, who were seized while receiving instruction from a priest named Saturus. He shared their prison and their doom. Felicitas, like Perpetua, had an infant, but it was



PRAYER IN THE DESERT

him by sending "the deacon Pomponius," a mutual friend, to try to persuade him to relax his unnatural obstinacy. She tells of its failure, and of her own sublime forgiveness, in the closing words: "I felt pity for his hapless old age." Her diary she closed with the pathetic sentence: "This I wrote up to the day of the spectacle; what took place in the spectacle itself let him write who will." "The spectacle" was the term then applied to the periodical shows in the amphitheatres of Rome

not, like hers, taken from her. It is not recorded that she was married; most probably she was not, as slaves were then the absolute property of their owners.

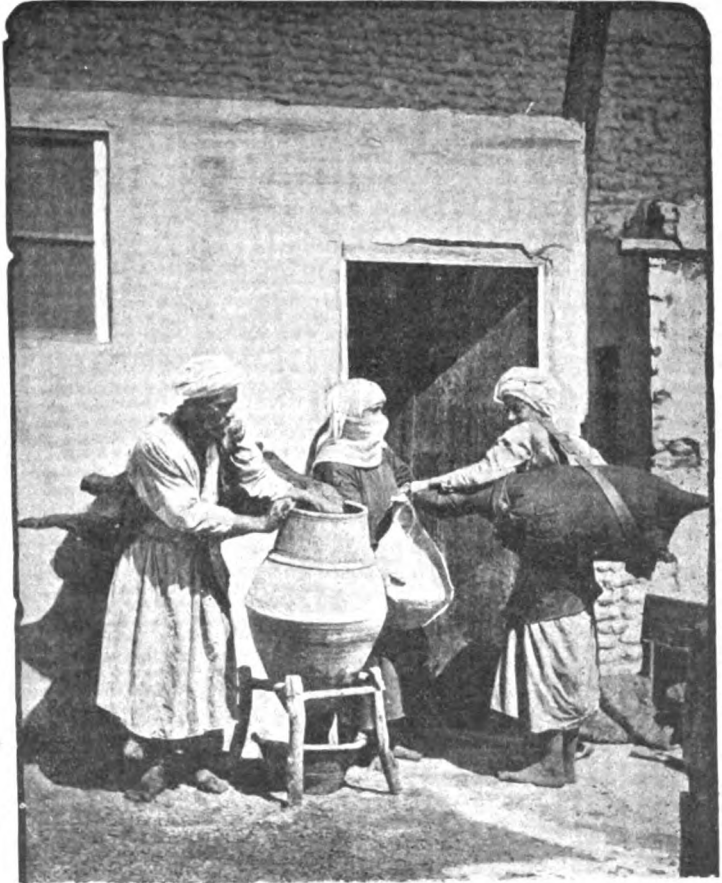
Before leaving the prison to be thrust into the amphitheatre one of the guards, a soldier named Pudens, declared his conversion and was given a ring by Saturus as a token of his reception into the fold. Examples of a similar kind are frequent in the story of the martyr ages.

It is not known exactly whether this little band suffered much from the attacks of the wild beasts or not. Accounts differ. It was usual for those who had escaped from the beasts to be decapitated in the arena. Such would appear to have been the case in regard to Perpetua, Felicitas and Saturnus. Their constancy was perfect to the last. No more noble figure graces the golden scroll of the Church—not even that of the Maid of Orleans—than that of the young mother who gave up husband, parent, child, her own maternal love—all for the love of Christ.

This was in the reign of Caracalla, A. D. 208. Another persecution broke out under Decius and still another under Valerian within the succeeding half-century, and among the illustrious victims the most famous and saintly in life was Cyprian, Bishop of that same see of Carthage. He was beheaded in the city in September, 258. The Church of which he was the shining but disconsolate head was then in a very unsound and discouraging condition. Persecution after persecution had proved too much for its less heroic spirits. Many had fallen away and yielded to the physical tortures of the rack and the pincers and the scourges of the pagan foe. For the edict of Decius decreeing war upon the Christians differed from all its predeces-

sors in commanding that all who professed their religion and refused homage to the pagan gods should be tortured until they renounced the faith, instead of being put to death, as the earlier form provided.

This frightful policy produced the effect intended. Thousands recanted.



AFRICAN WATER CARRIERS

Even among the clergy recusants were found. Still the number of the steadfast was great, and the torture chambers resounded with the cries of the agonized victims and the sands of the arena were drenched with Christian blood to a degree unknown before. Cyprian, under divine guidance it would seem, went into retirement while this awful perse-

cution raged, and from his retreat encouraged his flock to constancy by means of many letters, copies of which are still extant.

But his turn came eight years after the storm had spent its fury. Valerian, who had succeeded to the purple, took up the role of defender of the old gods and issued a new edict against the Christians. St. Cyprian was warned by a vision that he was to receive now the martyr's crown denied him before, and having been restored by Pope Xystus to full communion with the Holy See, he set forth to meet his fate. He was beheaded on a spot outside the city of Carthage, on the 14th of September, A. D. 258.

Cyril of Alexandria and Cyprian of Carthage mark the respective termini of the line of Christian heroism on the far-stretching North African coast in the early age of the Church. They stand out as the greatest names until the coming of Augustine. There were many others hardly inferior in learning, if not so remarkable in steadfastness — Tertullian, to-wit, and Origen, and a few more who made the dreary desert bright with the aureoles of their sanctity and scholarship. But the glory of Augustine was destined to eclipse them all — not indeed in regard to the great qualities that make the Christian martyr, for no man ever born could surpass the girl mothers, Perpetua and Felicitas, in this respect. But Augustine, though fearless as any of the noble company in presence of tyranny, shines as the great doctor whose brilliancy illuminated all the succeeding ages and still burns inextinguishable, a beacon for the future as it was for the past. His episcopal city of Hippo was surrounded by the hosts of Genseric the Vandal, as he lay stricken with sickness in his old age, and though his idolizing people besought him again and again with tears to go away from his post of danger, he only smiled a gentle refusal. He died

before the city yielded to the barbarian foe, in the year 430. Twenty years before that event Rome itself had fallen before the onset of a different horde, the Huns led by Alaric, successor to him who delighted to be called and to consider himself, and to justify the appellation, "the scourge of God."

The success of these Scythian and Northern hordes in throwing down the barriers of the old civilization in Europe and Africa is not regarded now as it was in the distracted ages which first beheld it. The corruption that had eaten into the heart of Rome had caused paralysis of the outward form. Moral rottenness was poisoning the system in every part, from the capital to the farthest colony. The loathsome vices that Hannibal found at Capua were festering in every Roman settlement and struggling Christianity was for the time powerless, even after its emancipation from imperial persecution, to arrest the process of disintegration. Hence it was in no idle sense that the title, "scourge of God," was claimed by the King of the Huns. Barbarians as were the hosts he led, and the hosts that poured out from the Teutonic forests and hills to move on Rome, they were manly and full of natural virtue, as a rule. They swept away the putrifying mass of decaying paganism and cleared the ground for a purer system to rise above the ruin in the far future.

With the success of the Vandals in Africa and Spain came a new danger. These strangers were converted to Christianity, but it was the false form known as Arianism. For a couple of centuries after the downfall of Hippo this theological leprosy ruled in Northwest Africa, but it had its day. A new force had arisen in the East, and it soon came rolling across the desert into Mauritania. Like a simoom it came, the storm of Mohammedanism, and it swept away as a house of cards the edifice of Arianism in Numidia. It is a fierce and cruel system, but it is not hopeless her-

esy as Arianism was. Therefore the change may be regarded as providential.

It is difficult to make converts among Moslems, but not impossible. Mahomedanism has even furnished its Christian martyrs, as the affecting story of the boy Geronimo proves. The facts of his martyrdom are singularly painful. They are confirmed in the history of the modern Algiers, which is part of the ancient Mauritania. Briefly, the story is this:

During an expedition made by the Spanish garrison of Oran in the year 1540 a young Arab boy was taken prisoner and subsequently baptized under the name of Geronimo. When about eight years old he was recaptured by his relatives, with whom he lived as a Mohammedan. But the teachings of the foreigners in his infancy had made an ineradicable impression, and at the age of twenty-five he voluntarily returned to Oran, with the intention of living henceforth in the religion of Christ. Islam knows no mercy toward apostates. It happened that Geronimo accompanied a party of Spaniards in a small boat to make a razzia on some thieving Arabs. The expedition was chased by a Moorish corsair and all the members were taken prisoners and carried to Algiers. The Spaniards were sold into slavery, a fate worse than any decent death. Every effort was made to induce Geronimo to renounce Christianity, but he remained steadfast in the faith, and was therefore sentenced to be thrown alive into a mould in which a block of beten, resembling stone, was about to be made. His feet and hands were tied with cords; the cruel sentence was carried out; and afterward the square of concrete, with his body inside of it, was built into an angle of the fort now called "des vingt quatre heures," then in process of construction. This was in the year 1569. Haedo, a Spaniard in Algiers, carefully recorded the exact spot, and added "we hope that God's grace

may one day extricate Geronimo from the place and reunite his body with those of other holy martyrs of Christ whose happy deaths have consecrated this country."

Less than fifty years ago Haedo's pious prayers were answered. It was found necessary to destroy the fort in 1853, and in the very spot specified in the three-century-old record was found the young Arab's skeleton, embedded in a block of beten, as we sometimes find a petrified leaf or lizard inside of a stone. The bones were carefully removed and interred with great pomp in the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. Philippe, which occupies the site of the ancient Mosque of Hassan in Algiers. Liquid plaster-of-Paris was run into the mould left by his body, and a perfect model of it obtained, showing not only his features, but the cords which bound him and even the texture of his clothing. The interesting cast of the martyr, made exactly two hundred and eighty-four years after his death, may to-day be seen in the Government Library and Museum in the Rue de l'Etat Major in Algiers.

Fanaticism is the most formidable obstacle to the conversion of the Mohammedans. The learned men of that religion are often found pervious to the arguments for a purer faith, but they are held in check by the fierce hatred which is held by the mob for everything savoring of Christianity. Among the zealous missionaries who attempted the conversion of the Moors the name of Blessed Raymond Lully is perhaps the most celebrated. A valiant cavalier at the court of Aragon, he gave up his military life and domestic joys to become a tertiary of St. Francis and to study languages, in order that he might be prepared for the missionary life to which he found himself called. After converting many Jews, he went to Africa to begin the more formidable undertaking of converting the Moors and Arabs

Before setting out, however, he had joined the Order of Friars Preachers, in obedience to a supernatural direction, as he believed, though he continued to wear the Franciscan habit. At Tunis he asked to be allowed to meet the most erudite of the Moslem doctors and dis-

with the mob. The arguments this element used were irresistible and the eloquent preacher was driven out of Tunis by a howling crowd, pelted with stones and beaten with clubs, at length finding refuge on board a ship bound for Naples. He returned after some years



THE DRESS OF THE WOMEN IS PRETTY AND GRACEFUL

pute with them. His request was granted, and after an exhaustive test of the theological differences he convinced many of those who listened to the dispute that Christianity was the only true religious system. He converted many of the better class, but he had to reckon

with the same design, only to meet with a similar disastrous experience; and again in his eighty-third year he essayed the dangerous task. The injuries he sustained at the hands of the Moorish rabble on this occasion proved fatal in the end, for, after having been rescued

by Stephen Columbus, one of the family of the great discoverer, he died from his wounds on reaching Spain.

Still, hearts of adamant must be softened by such scenes as the Moors often witnessed in the succeeding centuries. When the noble disciples of St. Vincent went about among the galley slaves, relieving the sick and voluntarily taking the places of the enfeebled at the slaves' bench or in the prison yards of the "travaux forces," there was for Moslems such an object lesson in the beauty

Crusade, for from the earliest period of their arrival in North Africa the Moors of the seaports took to the easy profession of piracy as a commercial investment for a superfluous asset of reckless bravery. They ravaged the cities of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, carrying off not merely men and booty, but the most beautiful women as well, whom they sold to the Beys of Tunis and Algiers as Circassian women are sold to the Turkish Sultans, for ornaments of the harem.



CONSTANTINE

of the Christian religion as they could never learn from the pages of the Koran or from any other religious mouthpiece in all the wide world.

The story of the Barbary corsairs and their frightful prisons exceeds in horror all other chapters of human history, as it likewise exceeds them in the sublimity of self-sacrifice it reveals. It is a story which extends over many centuries, stretching farther back than the earliest

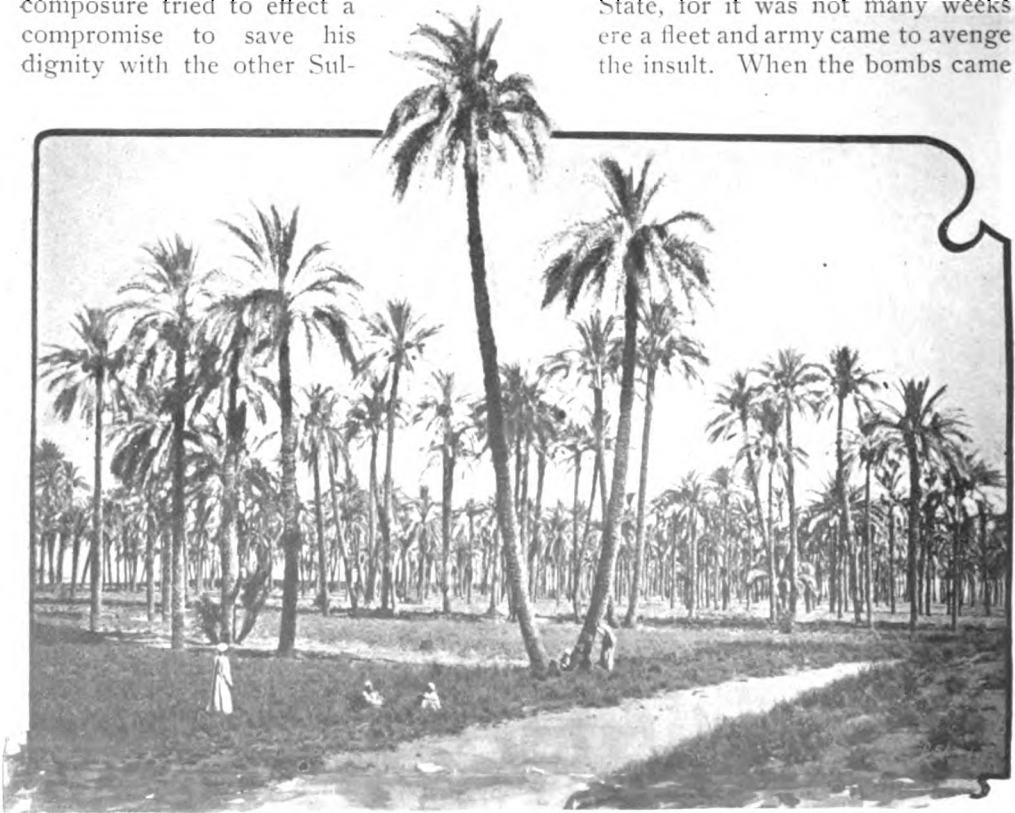
But they did not restrict themselves to the spoils of the Mediterranean coast; they likewise ravaged the shores of Spain and France, and on one occasion at least they made a descent on the coast of Ireland. Thomas Davis, the Irish poet of '48, describes the event in a thrilling epic entitled "The Sack of Baltimore"—the name of the seaport which they attacked; it is on the southern seaboard—telling how the pirates carried

off the daughter of O'Driscoll, the lord of Baltimore, and how "she stabbed the chief in his serai" when he came to insult her with his vile love, and how, when they led her to death, she only smiled, like the daughter of a true Irish chief.

But the handwriting at last appeared on the wall of the Dey's palace. He and his predecessors had long exacted tribute from the European and American Governments for the privilege of exemption from seizure of their ships. Our Government was the first to perceive the shame of this craven servility, and the sending of Commodore Decatur to Algiers to tell the Dey he would get no more tribute from the United States was the beginning of a universal revolt from national slavery. The Dey was stunned, and when he recovered his composure tried to effect a compromise to save his dignity with the other Sul-

tans. He would accept anything to keep up appearances—even a tribute of gunpowder, he said in the end. He could have the powder, the ready American answered, but he must take the balls as well, if he insisted. This offer did not please the Dey, so he had to let the American tribute drop.

This was in 1815, and next year England, taking heart from this experiment, refused tribute also, and to emphasize the refusal sent a fleet to Algiers, not to palaver but to bombard should tribute be referred to. This it did, and half the city was reduced to ruins. But humiliation did not put an end to the haughty insolence of the Deys of Algiers. The representative of France, in the year 1830, was struck in the face by the insolent savage who reigned. That was the signal for the downfall of Dey and State, for it was not many weeks ere a fleet and army came to avenge the insult. When the bombs came



A FOREST OF PALMS





AN AFRICAN FAMILY GROUP

crashing over the city and citadel the Algerines cried for quarter, but no terms except absolute surrender of all power as a State were made. They had to submit. The flag of Algiers was hauled down from the Kasbah, the place where for centuries it had waved defiance to all the world, and it has never since been replaced, saved by the ensign of France. The power of the Moors was forever shattered in that part of Morocco—and all the world breathed a sigh of blessed relief.

But to secure their conquest proved no light task for the newcomers. More than one campaign was necessary to compel the submission of the tribes. Of these the most formidable were the Kabyles. They were led by a splendid fighter, a chief named Abd-el-Kader, who was both strategist and cavalry leader. He was conquered at length, but only by kindness. The French induced him to visit Paris, and he was so

impressed with the greatness of the place and the generous reception he met—for the French love a gallant foe—that he laid down his arms and persuaded his tribesmen to follow suit.

Other tribes were won over by a very ingenious device of the French Government. The Arabs are very superstitious and their belief in magic is unbounded. Their Marabouts, or magic doctors, encourage this belief for obvious reasons. To counteract their influence, which was exercised against French rule, the Government in Paris sent over a very adroit conjurer named Robert Houdin to challenge the Marabouts to feats of magic. They accepted the test. He did every trick they did, in the presence of thousands; it was all in the open air. They were furious with rage and jealousy. Seeing their state of mind, and fearing they might take his life if an opportunity offered, Houdin tried his great trick. He asked for the rifles of half a dozen of

the best marksmen among them, loaded them with ball in their presence, and gave them the weapons that they might ram home the bullets. Then he invited them one after the other to fire at him at close range. Every ball he showed caught between his teeth as each shot was fired—each ball being marked. How he did this trick is not known; but he did it, and it cowed the Marabouts. They believed it was useless to attempt anything against one who bore a charmed life, like Houdin.

The French were as astute in other ways in dealing with the Arabs and Moors. They gave them as much latitude as to their religion and personal liberty as they found compatible with orderly government. The Moslems' sore point is his religion. On this he is fanatical to the death. But his religion allows slave-dealing; and the Catholic Church forbids such accursed traffic. Hence when Cardinal Lavigerie essayed to mitigate the horrors of the slave trade as carried on by the Arabs from Egypt across to Morocco, he encountered the stern opposition of the Government, as represented by Marshal MacMahon, then the ruler of Algeria.

The great-hearted Cardinal, however, was not the sort of man to shrink before any human power in the performance of what he believed to be a divine commission. He persevered, and the whole world knows the result. He established the Order of the White Fathers—soldier-monks, like those of St. John of old—whose mission it is to bring Christianity into North Africa and free the slaves. These devoted men are preparing the ground for a future forward movement in Africa. Their labors have already borne splendid fruit in the mitigation of the horrors of the slave trade and the practical examples of the tenderness of the Catholic Church for the

most miserable of God's children which they are constantly affording.

There are many well-meaning writers and missionaries who take the view that Mohammedanism is doing a good work in the world because its professors are temperate in food and drink and faithful in their religious belief and practice, honest in commercial dealings and brave in war. These apologists rarely present the other side of the picture. In the narrative of the captivity of Father Orhwald and his nun companions in Omdurman we get some idea of the hideous reality of life (and death) in Moslem Africa. The Mahdi was then in power. He announced his mission to be the regeneration and purification of Mohammedanism. These are some of the conditions which existed under his rule, as observed by Father Orhwald:

"Smallpox was then very prevalent and horrible sights continually met our eyes. The unfortunate sufferers had no one to help them, and they were left to die either of the disease or of hunger; they lay about under the trees in the market-place, shunned by every one; often, when still living, they were dragged off by men who tied ropes round their bodies and pulled them along the ground till they were beyond the outskirts of the town, and there they were left to be devoured by the hyenas. These were the tyrant's own people, yet we see from this horrible treatment how the hearts of those in authority were steeled by selfish panic or superstition against the last rudimentary instincts of human feeling. What need to give details of captives dying under the lash; of wretches, famine-stricken and plundered to the last shred, scratching in the floors of the ruined huts in the hope of scraping up a handful of gum with which, unwholesome as such food was, to sustain a miserable existence; of the cold-blooded massacre of brave garri-

sons; of the survivors of a defeated tribe hanged by the hundred together and the corpses flung into a well; of cruel mutilations inflicted as an ordinary punishment on the remnants of another tribe hunted down and destroyed?

"The slave trade was the Mahdi's mainstay. As a consequence of that traffic and the enormous waste of male life, through the havoc of ceaseless warfare and the consequent disproportion of the sexes, the elementary basis of all morality was rendered insecure. Sternly repressive edicts were issued in vain. The women were denounced as the source of this ever-spreading taint. A council was held with the result that it was decided to make an example of one, and the victim selected was an unfortunate who had borne two illegitimate children. The poor creature was led into the woman's quarter of the market, and there she was lowered into a grave with her last child tied to her bosom, and both stoned to death by a cruel and hard-hearted crowd, who seemed to take a fiendish delight in this inhuman piece of work."

Besides this awful social chaos, in civil and commercial matters the position, as seen by Father Ohrwalder, was equally rotten. Bribery and corruption, the usurers' baneful trade, brigandage and thievery of all grades down to pocket-picking, with slaves trained to be ex-

pert practitioners in all, formed the incidents of every-day life in Omdurman.

The picture drawn by Father Ohrwalder is the faithful reflex of what goes on wherever Mohammedanism has allied itself with the slave dealers of Central Africa. Hence the first essential in the reclamation of Mohammedanism is the eradication of that frightful traffic. Cardinal Lavigerie's idea has to be developed and extended. It has a right to get help from every Christian power, for the evil it seeks to destroy is one that affects all civilization.

Of the interior of Morocco comparatively little is known to Europeans. The chief cities of that vast region are Fez and Timbuctoo. Travellers have declared that in these cities there are libraries containing many valuable manuscripts in the Greek, Arabic, Chaldean, and Latin languages. The country is said to be rich in physical treasures also—gold in great quantities, ivory, and gums and spices of rare quality, ostrich feathers, ambergris, and many other articles of commerce. When the country is opened up for trade, as it soon must be, by modern methods of travel, a vast change must come over its moral and commercial status. The Cross may yet in time recover its place, and the Crescent retire to the quarter whence it came, or mayhap disappear forever.

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## Revenge

By Robert Cox Stump

*"Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges."*

*Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," v, 1.*

A king, to fawning courtiers, spake with pride:

"What is yon ragged rhymster's fame to mine?"

Centuries ago, the royal braggart died—

Forgot, save in that poet's deathless line.

# Blessed Henry Suso on Heaven

By FATHER THUENTE, O. P.

"In My Father's house there are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you."  
—John, xiv, 2.

**I**N order to help and encourage all souls to turn from the love of the world to the love of God, to cause them to repent of sin and practice virtue, Blessed Henry Suso, the Servant of Eternal Wisdom, pictures for them, with the love and light of a saint and scholar, the boundless joys of heaven.

"Lift up thine eyes," he exclaims, "and behold thy true home. Thou dost belong to the fatherland of the celestial paradise. Thou art as yet a stranger, a guest, a weary pilgrim; and as a pilgrim hastens to return to his home, where his dear friends expect him and await him with great longing, so shouldst thou desire to hasten back to thy fatherland, where all will rejoice to see thee, where all are longing for thy joyous presence, where all are desiring to greet thee and unite thee to their blessed company forever."

The thought of heaven, the fatherland of the soul, the home of the blessed, fills the human heart with that great theological virtue, hope, of which St. John of the Cross says: "O, blessed hope, thou dost obtain the measure of thy confidence." Without this heavenly inspired hope man cannot live and fight for justice. Jesus, the good Master, understood perfectly the human heart and provided abundantly for all its wants. Before taking His disciples into the Garden of Olives that they might witness His bitter agony, He brought them with Him to the heights of Mount Tabor, there to witness a glimpse of eternal light and glory. "He was transfigured before them, and His face did shine as

the sun and His garments became as white as snow." The vision brought Peter to the realization of his future reward and strengthened him to prepare for his many painful struggles. How often may he not in the days of persecution and imprisonment have recalled this scene, and cried out: "Lord, it is good for us to be here!"

Heaven beggars description. It is too far exalted above our limited and material conceptions of beauty and blessedness. The rays of the "true light falling upon the disciples on Mount Tabor dazzled their eyes." They defy all description. St. Paul, rapt even to the third heaven, and hearing the secret words, tells us that "It is not given to man to utter them." Desiring, however, to tell us what he had seen and heard in his ecstasy, he gives us a negative description. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what things God hath prepared for those that love Him."

In speaking of heaven, Blessed Henry Suso takes for his guide the doctrine of the Angelic Doctor and saint—Thomas of Aquin—and seeks additional light from meditations on the Sacred Scriptures, the sermons of the Fathers and the hymns of the Church. We shall try to analyze and elucidate the principal points. Even an obscure and imperfect knowledge of heaven interests the soul which was made for it, and longs constantly with an almost infinite desire to possess it. "Lord, Thou hast made me for Thyself, and my heart is restless until it rests in Thee," exclaims St. Augustine.

Our Servant of Eternal Wisdom first calls our attention to the question, "Where is heaven?" Tradition places

it above and far beyond us. Christ ascended into heaven. The Blessed Virgin Mary was assumed into heaven. Eternal Wisdom says to the Servant, "Ascend thou on high with Me, I will carry thee thither in spirit, and will give thee a glimpse into the future. Behold the ninth heaven, which is incalculably greater than the earth. Behold another heaven, the 'coelum empyreum,' the fiery heaven, so called, not from the fire, but from the transparent, immovable, unchangeable brightness which dwells therein. This is the glorious court in which the heavenly hosts dwell, and where all the children of God rejoice. There stand the everlasting thrones from which the evil spirits were hurled and on which the elect are seated."

Of this place, so bright, immovable and unchangeable, the saint tries to give us a more perfect idea by using the comparison of St. John: "And He took me up in spirit to a great high mountain, and He showed me the Holy City, Jerusalem, having the glory of God. And the Light thereof was like a precious stone, and it had a wall, great and high, adorned with all manner of precious stones and the twelve Apostles are twelve pearls. And the street of the City was pure gold. And the City hath no need of the sun nor of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the Lamp thereof." And this Holy City, this New Jerusalem, Henry Suso fills with all that is beautiful in nature. "Behold," he writes, "how this beautiful City glistens with beaten gold, how it glitters with costly jewels, how it beams with precious stones, transparent as crystal, reflecting red roses and white lilies. Behold the heavenly fields. Lo! here are all delights of summer, here are the sunny meads of May, here is the valley of bliss, here harps and viols sing their sweet melodies."

To picture still more graphically this place of joy, he fills it not only with all that is beautiful and enjoyable, but banishes from it all that is disagreeable and painful. How full of meaning are his words: "Here is pleasure without pain in everlasting security." Here we are again reminded of St. John, when he says: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more, for the former things are passed away,—He that sat on the throne said: 'Behold, I make all things new.'"

Having this picture of the place "where all things are made new" clearly and distinctly defined in our minds, the saint asks us to advance a step and study the glorious citizens of this New Jerusalem, the angels and saints. He first shows us Mary, the Queen, who soars aloft in dignity and joy above the whole celestial host. "Steal nearer," he whispers, "and behold the sweet Queen of the celestial kingdom, whom thou lovest with such ardor, soaring aloft in dignity and joy above the whole celestial host, inclining tenderly towards her Beloved. See how her ravishing beauty fills the heavenly choirs with wonder and delight. And, greatest joy of all, thy tender Mother has turned her compassionate eyes towards thee and all sinners and powerfully appeals to her Beloved Son and intercedes with Him."

This is one of the masterly word-pictures of our saint. It is worthy of note that Mary is not only "the great sign appearing in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, on her head a crown of twelve stars, the glory of Jerusalem," but that in her glory in the glorious Jerusalem she remains the "Compassionate Mother," the "Refuge of Sinners," the "Help of Christians." From Mary we turn with the eyes of pure understanding to view the angels. The nine choirs are divided into three hierarchies.

The love-abounding souls of the seraphic choirs, the triplicity of the other hosts, the lordships, powers and dominations regularly fulfilling God's beautiful and eternal order in the universality of nature, and the third host of angelic spirits executing God's high messages and desires in the particular parts of the world. "How lovingly, how joyfully and how variously the multitude is marshalled, and what a beautiful sight it is!" he exclaims.

Many of these "everlasting thrones" were left vacant by Lucifer and his followers. The high places are filled by saints. Here Henry Suso teaches, with St. Thomas, that the sinful human soul may thus be purified and sanctified by God's grace, that it may equal in glory the first choirs of angels. These legions of saints, apostles, martyrs, confessors and virgins add much to the beauty of heaven. Henry Suso asks us to behold these chosen disciples. The martyrs glitter in their rose-colored garments, the confessors shine in their vernal beauty, the virgins, in their angelic purity. "Blessed, thrice blessed," he cries, "are those who were born to dwell where they dwell!"

St. John describes this "joyous band" more fully when he says: "I saw a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and tribes, and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and in sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.

"And they cried with a loud voice saying: Salvation to our God, who sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb. And they fell down before the throne upon their faces, and adored God, saying: Amen, benediction and glory and wisdom and thanksgiving, honor and power and strength to our God forever and ever. Amen."

These legions of triumphant saints are linked together with the golden chain of perfect charity. "So welcome wilt

thou be made in thy fatherland that the greatest stranger to thee of all its countless hosts will love thee more ardently and faithfully than father or mother ever loved the child of their bosom."

This great, boundless love does not exclude a particular love for our own in the next world. A great writer says well:

"Then, too, we shall love the elect in proportion to their merit. But after our parents, there are others we shall love in a special manner. They are those with whom we have been united by a close bond of holy friendship, whose counsels, example and prayers have detached us from the vanities of this world and have caused us to taste the delights of divine love. For when souls have thus mutually edified one another upon earth, and have shared together its joys and sorrows, it is but natural to think that they shall know and love again in heaven. God would not wish it to be otherwise. Paradise is the realization of all our highest desires, and the most imperative desire of our human nature is to know and love forever those whom we have known and loved in time. As the poet Whittier so beautifully sings:

"Who has not learned in hours of faith  
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,  
That life is ever lord of death  
And love can never lose its own?"

"Is it not sweet to think hereafter  
When the spirit leaves its sphere,  
Love with deathless wings shall waft her  
To those she long had mourned for here?"

"Hearts from which 'twas death to sever,  
Eyes this world can ne'er restore,  
There as warm, as bright as ever,  
Shall meet us and be lost no more.

"Oh, if no other boon were given  
To keep our hearts from wrong and stain  
Who would not try to win a Heaven,  
Where all we love shall live again?"

Such is our fatherland, such is the place which the Son of God bought with

the Blood of His Heart, opened with the Cross, and prepared for His children. "In My Father's house there are many mansions—I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am you also may be."

This heaven, with all its light and glory and angelic spirits, may be a fit abode for a soul and contribute to its happiness, but in itself it cannot bestow beatitude. True happiness must come from within. "The Kingdom of God is within you." Augustus, surrounded by wealth and luxury, ruling with absolute authority and demanding and receiving the honors of a monarch and a God, was desperately unhappy, while the poor stable near Bethlehem was filled with joy unutterable.

Let us consider the "wedding garment" which God bestows upon the soul to adorn it in a becoming manner for the eternal wedding feast in His own Kingdom. "Lo," says Eternal Wisdom to the Servant, "I shall carry my beloved bride to this fatherland, and releasing her from all misery and tribulation, shall array her in her wedding garment."

How tender and sublime this figure. The soul leaving the valley of tears, spotless in the state of grace, is the bride of Christ. He goes to meet her at the gate of heaven, presents to her His precious gift and conducts her to her exalted place.

What is meant by the "wedding garment?" "I shall adorn her interiorly with the beautiful garment of the eternal light of that glory which will exalt her above all her natural powers." The natural powers of the soul, no matter how pure and perfect they may be, can never be sufficient to attain to God. For that end, according to St. Thomas, we need some special supernatural faculty or disposition. This light, therefore, is the first gift which Christ bestows upon the soul. He enables the soul to see His divinity according to the words of

Scripture: "In Thy Light we shall see Light."

The "wedding garment" includes the transformation of the body after resurrection. "She, the bride," says the saint, "will be clothed exteriorly with the glorified body, which is seven times brighter than the sun's light, swift, subtle and impassible."

This brings us to the consoling doctrine of the future state of our bodies. We naturally love them and are much concerned about them. The body, after all, is God's noblest material creation, the most faithful and constant servant of the soul. Our knowledge of God is received through the senses of the body, and our expressions of thanksgiving and adoration are given to God through these same means. Our body was honored and exalted in the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Mother, and still more in the Incarnation of the Son of God. Therefore it is painful to think it must return to dust, but consoling to hear Jesus preach the general resurrection, to behold Him standing at the grave of Lazarus and saying: "I am the Resurrection and the Life, he that believeth in Me, though he be dead, yet shall live"—"Lazarus come forth!"—to hear Him announce the great miracle, His own resurrection, and to know that He rose again on the third day, thus confirming His doctrine and visibly illustrating the glorious, eternal destiny of our own bodies. Well may we rejoice with St. Paul and say, "This corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal must put on immortality, and when this mortal hath put on immortality then shall come to pass the saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?"

The condition of our glorified bodies Blessed Henry describes in four words, "light, swift, subtle, impassive." St. Thomas explains these words. We can understand them easily when we think

of Jesus, His Sacred Body appearing in a wonderful light on Mount Tabor. Swiftly He appeared and disappeared, passing from one place to another, manifesting Himself to His disciples. He entered, the doors being closed and locked. This is the meaning of the word subtle. He was impassive. He could no longer suffer hunger or thirst or bodily pain. With similar gifts and glory Christ the Bridegroom will adorn the body of the blessed soul, His bride.

The precious gift implies still more, according to the words of Eternal Wisdom spoken to the Servant. "Then shall I place upon her a golden crown and above it a smaller one." The "golden crown" is the Beatific Vision, the act of seeing God face to face, of loving and enjoying Him. Who is goodness and beauty itself. This is the reward of all good works, the very essence of heaven, the fulfillment of all promises, the attainment of all the cravings and longings of the soul. It is salvation, beatitude, eternal peace and rest, life everlasting. God Himself is our "Crown of precious stones," our "Crown of glory and honor."

The second crown placed over the first expresses, according to the saint's own interpretation, some accidental reward, which consists in such particular delight as souls obtain who have performed some particular, meritorious work, such as the souls of great doctors, steadfast martyrs and pure virgins. St. Thomas calls this additional "little golden crown" an aureola. St. John saw the aureola of the pure virgins: "And I beheld, and lo, a Lamb stood upon Mount Sion and with him a hundred and forty-four thousand, having His name, and the name of His Father, written on their foreheads. \* \* \* And they sang, as it were, a new canticle before the throne \* \* \* and no man could say the canticle, but those one hundred and forty-four thousand \* \* \* for they are virgins. These follow the

Lamb whithersoever He goeth." Thus, as the virgins enjoy special privileges and distinctions, so also the doctors and martyrs, says St. Thomas.

If we pause now and reflect a little on what has been said, our minds may conceive some faint idea of Christ the Bridegroom, taking the soul. His "beloved bride," from the "land of misery and tribulation," to the "ninth fiery heaven," "glittering with costly jewels," "reflecting red roses, white lilies and all living flowers," "re-echoing the sweet sounds of harps and viols," and "arraying her in all the richness of her precious gift," "adorning her with His own light and a glorified body," "crowning her with the Beatific Vision." And well may we exclaim: "O ye heavenly princes, O ye noble kings and emperors. O ye eternal children of God, how full of joy are your countenances, how full of goodness your hearts!"

This vision of heaven must lead to practical resolutions. "This vision has been shown thee only that thou mayest presently revert to it in all thy sufferings, for then thou wilt not lose courage, nor forget thy sorrows."

The saints feast their eyes on the pure, clear mirror of the revealed Divinity, in which all things are made plain and evident to them. They see in God the answer to their many questions asked while suffering and struggling. They realize that it all had to be so that they might attain heaven, and humbly they confess: "O Lord, how very sweet and gentle is Thy Fatherly rod; blessed is he on whom Thou sparest it not. Now I plainly see that tribulation does not proceed from harshness, but rather from Thy tender love."

Could we but realize this beautiful, eternal truth!

May we all obtain the request of Blessed Henry Suso: "Grant, O Lord, that this vision may never disappear from the eyes of my heart, that I may never lose Thy friendship."



# One of God's Ways

By L. W. JACOBS

**B**UT, man, don't be a fool and allow your devilish scruples to rule you entirely. The same thing is done day after day without creating a word of comment, and besides, as the matter now stands, it is imperative, to say the least." The speaker relit his cigar before continuing: "Here is the proposition in a nutshell: Stone and I hold a mortgage of fifty thousand dollars on your property, and will, in case of non-payment, be forced to foreclose one month from to-day. Now to lose all your life's savings at one blow is far from pleasant. I admit, in fact, that it is bad. But a chance of redemption is left you. No, don't stare at me that way—it makes me nervous. You know full well to what I refer, so put aside this quibbling and come down to business. You've too much at stake and must save yourself. As president of the Scranton Loan and Savings Association, you handle annually—er—let's see? What is your estimate?"

His tone plainly indicated the fact that he was master of the situation.

"Perhaps five hundred thousand," answered the other, weakly.

"Well, my plan is simple," the first speaker went on. "Why not secure every available dollar on hand, pocket it, and allow the Loan and Savings Association to fail—go to the wall? Do you understand? But don't lose sight of the fact," he hastily added, "that I, as vice president of the institution, must come in for a nice slice of the money, too."

The other man sprang to his feet and paced the floor of the office excitedly for some moments, and at length broke out with, "My God! Sanford, I can't do this thing! It's too much out of my line. Ordinary methods in business are ques-

tionable enough, I know, but to deliberately rob those widows, orphans and workmen of their hard-earned savings, after they have confided in us to the extent of placing their money in our care, is too much. I've managed to keep a pretty decent record so far and—and—I tell you, Sanford, I can't do it!"

"Enough of this, Costello," returned the other, drawing on his gloves. "You have two alternatives. By complying you will be enabled to save your present holdings, put yourself on a fair road to success and at the same time be aiding me to a considerable extent. On the other hand, you are lost. And remember, John Costello, I'll remain firm as adamant in what I've said. You know I have influential friends that will strain every means to help me gain my ends; so once more I appeal to your better judgment. Don't be a fool, but think it over and let me know your decision in a day or two."

The door slammed and Sanford was gone.

The president of the Scranton Loan and Savings Association, finding himself alone, sat for a long time in silence, trying to determine what course he should pursue. Now, to say that the bad elements in this man's character were in the majority, or that he was a moral coward, would be wrong; he was debating within himself, as many a good man has done before him, whether he should sacrifice his life's work and future prospects or his peace of conscience. The problem was no trivial one. To refuse Sanford's bidding meant total ruin, the loss of the accumulation of years, while to consent meant present gain and the assurance of future success.

He knew full well Sanford meant what he said with regard to the

loss of his position and would unhesitatingly follow up his threat in case of failure on the part of Costello. He weighed both sides carefully in the balance, looking each squarely in the face, and pondered long and deeply over the problem that confronted him. Hours passed by and still he continued to think. Twilight fell, the room grew dark, and yet unable to come to a decision, he arose wearily from his desk, put on his hat and overcoat and left the office.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was New Year's Eve. John Costello's motherless child Eileen was sick unto death. The dread enemy of the young, diphtheria, had entered the home, and the innocent babe's life was the forfeit demanded. All hope was gone; it was but a question of a few hours and all would be over. The loving father, watching anxiously over the little sleeper for a sign of returning consciousness, was at last rewarded by seeing the big blue eyes unclose.

"Daddy, dear daddy!" The words were so low and weak he scarcely heard them, yet it seemed as though he heard the far-away voice of the baby's mother, who had given up her life in bringing his only child into the world.

Bending over the little form that he might catch every syllable, he said softly: "What is it, acushla?"

The child's eyes opened wider and regarded him intently. Then with a smile of recognition, she said: "Daddy, mother was just here. She wants me to come and live with her in heaven. Oh, daddy dear! I am so sorry to leave you, but some day you will come, too, won't you, my own daddy?"

"Yes, yes, asthore," answered the father brokenly. For a moment she was silent and only her short, painful breathing broke the stillness of the room; then she spoke again: "And you'll be very good—and—pray—until you come—to heaven—to—live—with mother—and—Eileen?"

"Yes, my own darling," he answered. "Promise—me—daddy."

"I promise you," he whispered.

She sank back on the pillows with a tired sigh, her eyes closed wearily, a slight tremor shook her fragile form, and as the great town clock boomed forth the advent of a new year, her pure, unspotted soul left its human habitation and soared aloft to the bosom of its Maker.

Eileen was dead. The strong man gazed dumbly on the stilled features for a moment, unable to realize what had taken place, but as the sad truth dawned upon him, he fell upon his knees and, giving vent to his pent-up anguish, wept—wept as only a desolate man can. For hours he remained in this position, and there, beside the body of his dead child, he fought long and hard in the momentous struggle that had so long oppressed him day and night. He did not rely on his own frail efforts in this crisis of his life, but prayed with a fervor that came from the depths of his heart. "O God, help me and guide me," he repeated over and over, as sob after sob shook his strong frame. When, at last, he arose he was resolute; his mind was made up; he had conquered in the conflict and in his eyes shone the light of victory, a light that was good to behold.

And as the sun rose in the east on that bright New Year's morn, his rays, penetrating that chamber of death where two decisive battles had so recently been fought and won—the one with Death for the life of a little child and the other with conscience for the principles of a man—proclaimed a new future for John Costello. \* \* \* \* \*

The "Evening Clarion" contained a short notice and an obscure article, the first of which ran as follows:

"Died; Costello, Eileen Marie, the daughter of John Costello, 3017 Chilton Avenue, aged five years, three months. Cause of death, diphtheria. Interment in Holy Angel Sepulchre."

The second item, which received a more prominent position, ran thus:

"Mainville citizens will learn with deep regret that our fellow townsman, J. P. Costello, who for many years has been active in the business life of our city, has severed his connection with the Scranton Loan and Savings Association, and will in the near future leave us. Mr. Costello has disposed of his southside property, rumor having it that Sanford and Stone are the present possessors. Though sorry to note the departure of Mr. Costello, we join all Mainvillites in extending the heartiest good will to our

former citizen and wish him success in whatever he may undertake."

To a casual reader the two items may have held nothing in common, but in a Chilton Avenue home a lone, heart-broken man who, having lost all save his honor and good name, was about to face the strife and turmoil of the world anew, found them pregnant with significance. And as he lovingly fondled a baby's toys and trinkets for the last time, a tear stole slowly down his cheek, and pressing a child's photograph to his lips, he murmured softly to himself, "And a little child shall lead them."

## A Great Catholic Man of Letters\*

### Blessed Thomas More

By W. R. A. MARRON

The bard of Stratford has remarked, and wisely, that—

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,

To throw a perfume on the violet,

\* \* \* or with taper-light

To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,

Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

**T**IS true; and if we, in coining new praises for great names, think by our mite to add to their lustre, we but shame ourselves in setting false gems to the already sparkling circlet of their diadem. And yet 'tis equally certain that to unfold to the gaze of the present a record of the industry, comprehensiveness and nobility of such lives is a work well worthy of serious minds. There

is at least one life of this stamp that, were it known and studied, would prove a power in elevating and energizing many a soul now helplessly rolling along the fatal groove of routine. It is a story full of sweet simplicity, and still the history of a man whose society four hundred years ago was sought as a prize even by the monarchs of earth, whose intellect wielded over events, as they passed, an irresistible power. You have already guessed the name—that subtle student and saintly scholar, Sir Thomas More.

Acquaintance with him is as easily gained as is the confidence of a child. Fancy a strong, handsome man before you with a smile of hearty greeting on his lips; there are waves of brown hair falling over a pair of grey-blue eyes, in whose depths are mingled sparks of mischief and innocent fun, affability's mild light and the clear, steady rays of an exceptional intelligence. There you have a picture of our friend Sir Thomas.

In the soul of this remarkable man is to be found literally that "diversity of

\* For complete and familiar studies of Thomas More the two following works will be found most serviceable: "Life and Writings of Sir Thomas More," by Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R. (Benziger Brothers, 1892), and Henri Bremond's "Life of Blessed Thomas More," translated by Harold Child (Benziger Brothers, 1904).

gifts in the one spirit" of which the Apostle speaks,—a saint of the Church, a confessor and martyr, he was at once a statesman ruling with the King's right hand, a model citizen, and, above all, a scholar. His was preeminently a life of the mind, of the spirit. Regarding More's learning there is no question; but there must have been some aspect in which he could be said to excel. That characteristic gift, that star of his genius, was versatility. His intellectual nature was a diamond of many facets; from one point we catch the reflection of every prismatic color, flashing and changing with a bewildering brilliancy; another side shows us only a smooth surface, calm and clear as a pool.

However, since an American's estimate of the man is based on palpable effects, represented not so much by what a man is, as by what he does, we will review in detail a few of the most singular manifestations of More's genius. There is in our vocabulary one little word which has made the name of More familiar to every educated person of modern times and to not a few a very idol. In cipher, More means "Utopia."

The cool judgment of later critics has pronounced the "Utopia" to be "the only work of genius of that age in England."\* Viewing it purely as a literary composition, perhaps it would be no exaggeration to affirm that its style and language were equalled by but a single contemporary, More's bosom friend, Erasmus. 'Twas in Latin, which tongue had been to More from his youth not a mere humanity, a mode of culture, but the ready vehicle for his gravest thoughts and most sparkling wit; a flexible, living tongue capable of the highest degree of polish and expression. And yet when the work appeared it was

not the language that caused the wonder as much as the timely ideas so uniquely put.

It was no poetic dream of a fervent imagination, painting a land freed from care and misery by a perfect government and a pure administration. No, not a dream but a parable in satire: an artful tale in whose composition the writer had three definite and very deliberate ends to attain; There were the sinful follies of a wilful government to be stripped of their legal dress and finery; a clergy and a temporal ecclesiastical policy to be put to shame; and, lastly, a number of nasty personal truths to be told the King. Of these aims, not one could be safely ventured in the ordinary direct mode; hence the peculiar character of the book.

In a dialogue with a traveller from an antique land the author, after the manner of a doting Englishman, enthusiastically describes as virtues his country's foibles and follies. He exposes her with as much grace as Boswell did his darling Johnson. In reply, the stranger unfolds the wealth of his experience reaped in those non-existent realms of natural perfection styled by him Utopia (Nowhere). After ages of Christian influence had both permitted and produced social injustice, religious degeneracy and political tyranny, he here describes in a series of pictures what could have been accomplished by purely natural means.

In the cleverly drawn contrasts, ludicrous paradoxes and ironic foolishness lies the covert sting. First, More, with sugar, coaxed sick England to open wide her mouth and then poured down her throat the unpleasant draught. Without a doubt she would have been cured had not Henry VIII begun to sigh for Luther's cordials. Read in an indifferent light, the book bears most becomingly any interpretation put upon it and holds theories morally sound or morally ticklish, lenient or radical, according to the

\*"It was generally admired on the continent: indeed there had been little or nothing of equal spirit and originality in Latin since the revival of letters."—Hallam, "Introduction to the Literature of Europe" (1867). Vol. I, page 285.

personal bias of the reader. But, studied in connection with the author's other writings, and especially as verified by his life and death, it bears but one extremely obvious meaning. The aim common to all his writings, and informing the present work in a particular manner, is neatly expressed by the writer in its very pages. "The greatest part of Christ's precepts," he says, "are more opposite to the lives of the men of this age than any part of my discourse has been; but the preachers seem to have learned that craft to which you advise me, for they, observing that the world would not willingly suit their lives to the rules that Christ has given, have fitted His doctrine, as if it had been a leaden rule, to their lives, that so, some way or other, they might agree with one another." Notwithstanding, there are not wanting those who are able from his writings to prove More an abettor of the Protestant Reformation. What matter, when we can establish from his life that it filled him with loathing and horror? Deeds speak more infallibly than words, especially when the words are equivocal and intentionally obscure.

Yet More, in the "Utopia," did agitate for reformation. The Church, in fact, was sadly in need of reform, but never was there less room for the heresy and schism which formed the essence of the Tudor Reformation. More's express aim was the restoration of discipline, not its abolition. He would purify the clergy and hierarchy, if needs be by fire, but to have deprived it of priestly power and intrinsic worth he never dreamt. He scoffs at the ultra-scholastic subtlety which has replaced sacred knowledge, and spurns the pride which would rather prove wrong right than save a single human soul; he decries the wealth of the monasteries, which hangs like lead to their necks; but not once does he raise his voice against the Church herself, her faith and authorized discipline. For her he attacked Luther,

for her he denounced the English clergy, for her honor he lived and for her safety he died.

There envelopes the thoughts of "Utopia" and penetrates its every sentence, an indefinable personality which singles it out from among books and forbids its ever being confused with imitations. You may attribute this to the name and historical setting or to an exceptional truth and vigor; but if you stop here the essential note of individuality is lost. I would express it by the single word—vivacity; life, the one trait which the author seems to have breathed from his own spirit into the soul of his creation; warmth, that makes us feel we have here the living mind of More himself.

We are herein brought to a consideration of the other great class of the author's literary works, in which this quality is supereminently present. Statecraft and social economics were to his mind merely side issues, and his one complaint was that so much of a precious lifetime had to be devoted to these trifles. For him the higher life was the only true existence. I do not suppose that six ordinary volumes would contain more than a half of the martyr's theological writings. To meet the needs of those troublous times they appeared largely in the form of controversy. The questions treated in them have long ceased to be of practical interest, which fact perhaps accounts for the coating of dust that has been permitted peacefully to accumulate on the covers of "More's English Works."

Luther, Zwingle and several others of the same litter, not content with the havoc they were working in German Europe, began to scatter over England a series of pamphlets in which was made a sweeping attack, not on the clergy alone, but on the very foundations of the old faith and the old morality. Discontent made England a fertile soil, and it was in great distress that Tunstall,

Bishop of London, appealed to More as the only theologian in the land who could expose to the people in an effective manner the sophisms of the heretics. Forthwith there came from his pen, in quick succession, those popular tracts brilliantly defending the Real Presence, Sacraments, Authoritative Interpretation of Scripture, Purgatory, Invocation of Saints and all the host of doctrinal truths on which the heretics made wholesale slaughter.

For a literary form he adopted that of his favorite, Plato. The dialogue, besides its dramatic effect and the opportunity it affords of discussing questions in every possible bearing, excels by reason of the strong appeal it makes to the popular intellect and by winning from it a more speedy assent. Now, as More had to accommodate his language alike to yeoman and gentry, he could not have hit upon a happier medium than that furnished by direct conversation. It is complained that his apologies are long drawn out beyond all decent limits; and yet what power is lost in failing to imitate the dissenters in their short, crisp attacks is more than regained by clearness and naivete. Polemic proofs are often final because they are too obscure and abstruse to permit contradiction. But if More forsook learned language, he clung fast to sound argument; his treatises, though perhaps interminable, are never tiresome. If an obscure point crops up, he is always ready with some short, quaint anecdote to impress his meaning on the reader's mind. Wit is with him an unpremeditated art, and in allowing it to play upon our fancy we enjoy an exquisite satisfaction seldom derived from the idle diversions of a modern humorist. What is more, one never runs the risk of getting old jokes rehashed. His tales are original and told but once.

To gain a better notion of his tactics, permit me to quote a characteristic passage. He is trying to prove that scrupu-

losity leads almost invariably to license, of which last Luther's revolt and whole system of theology is an example:

"A certain priest, as it was said, after that he fell from the study of law, wherein he was a proctor and partly well learned, unto the study of Scripture, he was very fearful and scrupulous, and began at first to fall into such scrupulous holiness that he reckoned himself bound so straitly to keep and observe the words of Christ after the very letter that, because our Lord biddeth us when we will pray to enter into our chamber and shut the door to us, he thought it therefore sin to say his service abroad, and always would be sure to have his chamber door shut unto him when he said his matins. In conclusion, with the weariness of that superstitious fear and servile dread, he fell as far to the contrary; and under pretext of love and liberty waxed so drunk of the 'new must' of lewd lightness of mind which he took for spiritual consolation, that whatsoever himself listed to take for good that thought he forthwith approved by God.

"'And if it so were,' quoth my friend, 'then ye see lo! what cometh of this saying of service.'

"'Of saying service!' quoth I; 'that is much like as at Beverly late, when much of the people being at bear-baiting, the church fell suddenly down at evensong, and overwhelmed some that then were in it; a good fellow that after heard the tale told. 'Lo!' quoth he, 'now may you see what it is to be at evensong, when ye should be at bear-baiting.' Howbeit, the hurt was not there in being at evensong, but in that the church was falsely wrought. So was in him or any man else none harm but good in saying of divine service, but the occasion of harm is in the superstitious fashion that their own folly joineth thereunto, as some think they say it not, but if they say every psalm twice.'"

\* Father Bridgett's "Life of More," page 302.

Thomas Stapleton, one of the greatest of English controversialists, makes a very just estimate of More's proficiency in sacred science. He finds him thoroughly versed in Holy Scripture, not unfamiliar with patristic and scholastic theology, accurate and apt in dogma, a living pattern of morals, and all this while filling the most arduous post in the English administration.

In an appreciation of Sir Thomas, the student and man of letters, one cannot justly omit mention of his ascetical writings,—a collection of meditations composed chiefly while he lay immured in the Tower of London. They disclose in him an amiable quality of soul which shined over all his life a halo of mild, soft light and smoothed out asperities that would have been but for his wonderful sweet temper. Cheerfulness found for him friends at a time when intimacy of thought often led to suspicion of treason and the block; abiding content brightened the days of a life which could otherwise have been naught but anxious and dreary. Dovelike simplicity took away the bitterness from his wrongs and from his death the shame, leading him even to banter with the headsman on the scaffold. He often said of himself: "In truth, I am even half a giglot and more; but scant can I refrain it, as old a fool as I am." Nowhere in the martyr's writings do these traits manifest themselves more clearly than in his spiritual treatises. Bitter truths are sweetened and false fears calmed by the indescribable touch of life given the otherwise homely statement of facts. His chapter on the Last Things is prefaced thus:

"This short medicine is of marvellous force, able to keep us all our life from sin. This medicine, though thou makest a sour face at it, is not so bitter as thou makest for. He biddeth thee not take neither death, nor doom, nor pain, but only to remember them, and yet the joy of heaven therewith to temper them withal. Now, if a man be so dainty-

stomached that, going where contagion is, he would grudge to take a little treacle, yet were he very nicely wanton if he might not, at the leastwise, take a little vinegar and rosewater on his handkercher."

Later on in the course of the chapter he illustrates the uncertainty of death by what he calls "a homely example, not very pleasant, but nathless very true:"

"If there were two, both condemned to death, both carried out at once toward execution, of which two the one were sure that the place of his execution were within one mile, the other twenty miles off, yea, a hundred, if ye will, he that were in the cart to be carried a hundred miles would not take much more pleasure than his fellow in the length of the way, notwithstanding that it were a hundred times as long as his fellow's, and that he had thereby a hundred times as long to live, being sure and out of all question to die at the end.

"Reckon now yourself a young man in your best lust, twenty year of age if ye will. Let there be another ninety. Both must ye die; both be ye in the cart carrying forward. His gallows and death standeth within ten miles at the farthest, and yours within eighty. I see not why ye should reckon much less of your death than he, though your way be longer, since ye be sure ye shall never cease riding till ye come at it."

After reading a few pages such as these we come easily to understand how gentleness made of the scholar an artless child; how it rendered the friend indulgent and softened the tone of authority till it meant rather mercy than power. For humanity in him was the fitting crown of truth.

Another important feature of More's scholarship and then we shall have done. Apart altogether from its practical aspect, literature was his forte, his pet pursuit. From his boyhood he was passionately fond of the classics, which to the very end won from him an ever-

new admiration. We have it on the testimony of Stapleton and Erasmus that Thomas, while at Oxford, was intensely devoted to the study of Greek; so much so that his father feared lest it seduce him from the pursuit of law and leave him without the means of a living. Demosthenes, Plato and Aristotle entertained him in all his leisure moments and, like jovial companions, often detained him for hours from his pillow. The other languages had for him a similar fascination. In English one finds him both entertaining and correct and his poetical ventures in the vernacular were not without a measure of success; on the other hand, long and earnest labor was the price of that easy, harmonious Latin style that so charms us in the "Utopia." In a short paragraph Richard Pace, dean of St. Paul's and secretary to Henry VIII, gives a most astounding account of the boy's talent for languages:

"Here I will remark that no one ever lived who did not first ascertain the meaning of words, and from them gather the meaning of the sentences which they compose—no one, I say, with one single exception, and that is our own Thomas More. For he is wont to gather the force of the words from the sentences in which they occur, especially in his study and translation of Greek. Indeed, his genius is more than human, and his learning not only eminent, but so various that there is nothing of which he seems to be ignorant. His eloquence is incomparable and twofold, for he speaks with the same facility in Latin as in his own language. Ruling all is his sense of fun, joined with perfect refinement, so that you may call humor his father and wit his mother."

'Tis in truth a remarkable, aye, almost incredible, eulogy to be pronounced on a mere youth, who was endowed with as full a quota of animal spirits as the average schoolboy; however, were the same statement applied to Thomas in

his maturer years there is not a word in either biography or history to say it nay.

We have explored but the confines of a land of beauty and Oriental wonders; marvels unguessed loom up in the gathering twilight ahead; but we must leave for the morrow's sun that grand prospect stretching still before us. Yet as the kine, returning from their pastures in the dews of even, ruminate and digest the sweet grasses garnered in through the summer's day, we, too, glance back now upon the life we have been reviewing in quest of the nourishment responding to our individual needs. No one whose vocation in life is intellectual will fail to find in Blessed More at least one precious morsel to call his own. If he be a teacher of men, Sir Thomas was the instructor of his age; if an artist or litterateur, he will find inspiration in him who was the patron of both music and poetry. The man of civil science, the barrister and judge are not destitute of at least one family saint. For three years More sat as judge in the "Court of Conscience," than which there was no higher tribunal in the land; history asserts "never was there a better man in the office," though saints like A'Becket had held it. Even to the priest, the incumbent of that high office toward which our martyr often gazed with yearning eyes in the days of his youth, yet which he dreaded to enter lest he profane or desecrate it—even to these elite the lay apostle will serve as a model for emulation.

And the reason of it all? The sufficient reason of the wondrously admirable character of Thomas More will be found only in the fact that he lived the life of the spirit; that life whose highest functions are endless knowing and disinterested loving, the only true, the one complete existence; for

"All things that are on earth shall wholly pass away,

Excepting Love and Thought, which shall live and last for aye."



# The Story of Anthony

By ANNA C. MINOGUE

V

**O**N entering the room to which he had been assigned, the stranger's first act was to pour out a glass of water for himself, which he drank at a gulp, the while Tony watched him in evident admiration. It was truly a wonderful thing to be a man and toss off a goblet of water like that! It set him to thinking of pictures he had seen in his mother's books, of knights in armor quaffing the rosy wine, since, according to the pictures, that was the manly way it was dispatched; but when he expressed that desire to his mother she had been horrified and had exacted from him a promise never to indulge it. Now he was shown that common water could be swallowed in the same magnificent way, and he wondered why his father should prefer to drink it slowly, when he could imitate the warriors bold without shocking his wife's temperance views.

"Don't you want a drink, Anthony?" asked the stranger, politely.

The name and the deference in the man's manner flattered the boy's pride.

"Yes, indeed, sir!" rejoined Tony, inwardly hoping he would be able to toss off the water with the ease of his strange friend.

The man, as if divining his thought and desiring to witness his success, opened his traveling bag and took from it a small glass. It was ruby-colored, and as he came back from the stand at the farther end of the room where the pitcher stood, the water in it looked like the wine the soldiers in the pictures were drinking. He also noticed that the man carried the goblet also, and as he handed the tiny red glass to Tony, he said:

"I am very thirsty this afternoon, and for a wonder the water is good and cool. Can you swallow yours like this, Anthony?" and again Tony witnessed the wonderful performance.

"Yes, sir!" instantly answered the child, and he lifted the ruby-colored glass to his lips and gulped down the water.

"Bravo!" exclaimed the man. "I've seen a dozen boys try to do that and they always nearly choked to death in the attempt."

Tony said nothing just then, for he was conscious of a strange sensation in his throat, while the taste the water left in his mouth made him marvel that the man should call it good. This was followed by a great sense of loneliness, which finally found vent in the question:

"I wonder why my father doesn't come?"

"He will be here presently," said the man, affably. "While we are waiting for him, wouldn't you like for me to tell you of a big lion I hunted one day in Africa?"

"Yes, sir," said Tony, slowly, conscious, however, that his deep interest in stories had vanished.

"Come to my knee, Anthony!" said the stranger, and he obeyed.

At first Tony followed the thread of the thrilling narrative, but gradually his brain grew drowsy. He tried to shake off the sleepiness, for it would be impolite, he knew, not to listen to the story; but it overcame him finally, and then the stranger laid him down on the bed, with a sigh of intense relief.

"He has a will like steel," he commented mentally, viewing the sleeping boy. "I thought the drug would never conquer him; but he is good for the rest of the day. Now for my part!"

From his pocket he took a small pair of scissors and in another minute the long black curls which had been Tony's detestation and his mother's delight lay on the paper which the man had spread on the floor. He then re-opened his bag, and from it drew forth a little girl's white dress and sunbonnet. The dress was of fine muslin, old-fashioned and yellow, the bonnet was of blue chambray, limp and crumpled. At sight of them, for a moment emotion overcame him, and as he bowed over them he moaned aloud:

"O my child! My lost child!"

The emotion, however, was short-lived, and in the next moment he was on his feet, bending over the sleeping Tony as he hastily robed him in the garments of the child he bewailed. This accomplished, he gathered up the paper and laid it in the grate. Standing before the mirror he cropped his own black mustache and dropped it upon Tony's curls. Tobacco from his cigarettes steeped in water and applied to his face, changed its rich brown to ugly yellow, and the second glance he allowed himself startled him, so completely was he transformed.

"I look as old as I feel!" he thought, turning hastily from the mirror and applying a match to the paper in the grate. When it was blazing up the chimney, he caught up his Panama hat and deliberately held it over the blaze until the delicate straw was scorched an ugly brown. He put it on his head, pulling the brim well over his face. A linen ulster thrown over his correct coat helped his disguise: then, closing his bag and taking up the sleeping child, he boldly quitted the room, only pausing long enough to lock the door. Crossing the hall, he reached the stairs and went down them leisurely. As he crossed the lower hall, a swift glance toward the main entrance showed him the carriage, with the patient Ben on the box: as he passed over to the

office he saw that another clerk was now on duty and that his attention was centered on a countryman, who presumably had just arrived. Unobserved by any one, he passed out through the rear entrance, crossed the street, and in an incredibly short space of time was standing before the window in the railway station, asking, in a nasal voice, for a ticket for Lelsie Station. He knew that the train was made up. Hurrying to the platform, he showed his ticket to the guard and was permitted to enter the coach. It was accomplished so easily that he could not but experience some surprise.

"Surely my plan is destined to succeed," he mused, as the train carried him far from the city. "I wish it could have been done without causing sorrow to the parents of the child, but since it could not be, I cannot help it. And why should that part bother me! Who ever thought of my suffering when his or her ends were to be accomplished? Not one! In bringing sorrow to these people I am only giving back to the world some of the sorrow that others have fastened on me. True, they are innocent—they never injured me; but, then, we never, or rarely, pay back the bad coin to the one who gave it to us. I will take care of the child. His life will be more precious to me than it ever could be to his parents; and who knows but in the end—ah! in the end!"

He shut off the thought of the future and gave all his attention to the present. He would reach Lelsie Station at eleven o'clock, and a few minutes later a train bound for New Orleans would pass there. The agent would not be there at that hour, but the south-bound train would stop, because at that point the two tracks crossed.

Scarcely had the conductor hustled him and the apparently sleeping child off at the deserted station than he heard the thunder of the approaching express. He hid behind the small building until

the engine with its searching light, had passed, then he stepped swiftly forward, and in the shadow cast by the house climbed up the steps unseen and entered the day-coach. Again fortune favored him, for the conductor was absent and the passengers were asleep. Dropping into a seat he hastily made his plans. Before him a woman had improvised a couch out of two seats, a profusion of wraps and packages filling the unoccupied space. Displacing some of the latter, he laid the sleeping Tony by the woman's side, threw over him the long cape which the woman had discarded. This done, he slipped back into his own seat and, leaning against the side of the coach, assumed sleep. In due time the wary conductor made his rounds, and his eyes fell twice on the old man sleeping in the rear seat. He thought it had been unoccupied on his last visit, but night completely changes the appearance of the day-coach, and he passed on. Still there was a doubt in his mind, and the longer he thought of the occupant of the rear seat, the stronger grew his belief that he was not on the train when the last collection of tickets had been made. He returned to the coach and looked closely at the sleeper; then he touched him on the shoulder, and said, as the man slowly opened his eyes:

"Where did you want to get off?"

"Chatynoogy, suh," he replied, sleepily. "We ain't thah yit, air we?"

"No," said the conductor, quickly. "You're not the man I'm looking for."

He passed on, confident that his fears were groundless. The only stop the train had made since taking on passengers had been at Lelsie Station and he knew the old farmer, were he ever so disposed to beat the company, would not have been able to make his ascent in safety during that brief pause.

In the gray dawn Chattanooga was reached. The noise and bustle of the departing passengers caused the young woman to open her eyes, but immedi-

ately she closed them, as the man lifted the sleeping Tony with the big cloak that covered him, and taking his bag, quitted the train. In the motley crowd of whites and negroes, yelling porters and as vociferous cabmen that thronged the place, none noticed the old man carrying a bag and, with what appeared to be a summer overcoat thrown over the other arm, steering his way wearily through the throng. The ladies' waiting-room was deserted at that early hour, and in its seclusion he hastily stripped the dress and bonnet from the sleeping Tony, thrust them, with the stolen cloak, into his bag, washed the stain from his face and the smoke from his hat, and stepping boldly out on to the platform sauntered leisurely down to the parlor car. Entering it, he placed Tony in a comfortable chair, seated himself in another and began to read the morning paper. A little later, when the waking city was a mile behind, the conductor approached the newcomer, who nonchalantly drew from his pocket-book a slip of paper bearing the magic words to pass Senor Menez from New York to New Orleans; and so signed it made the official look with respect on his imper-turbable passenger.

To Tony the journey was one long confused dream of trains and strange cities and a great steamboat. When he awoke to perfect consciousness it was to find himself in a strange house, surrounded by strange people. As he glanced around, one face caught and held his eyes for a moment—a woman's face, so full of malignity that it made him cower. As he was turning to fly from it and all it threatened, he saw the dark man who had stepped out of the carriage with him before this hideous dream, with its terrible awakening, had come to him. He flung himself into the man's outstretched arms, shrieking:

"Oh, sir, please save me! Please take me to my father!"

"Hush, my little Anthony, hush!" said the man, soothingly. "I will let nothing happen to you. You are my little son now. I will take care of you. They shall not harm you. There, now, be a little man! Stop crying and show them that you are not afraid of them. They are only cowards, my little Anthony, for they will not try to harm me, but a little boy like you. They're cowards, Anthony, while you—ah, you are brave! Turn your face toward them, my son, look them in the eyes, and bid them harm you if they dare!"

There was that in the triumphant ring of the soft, tender voice that had instant effect on the courageous heart of the child. From his place in the man's arms, he turned, and as his eyes met the eyes of the little group of men and women before him, they flashed with the fire of hatred of these strange people who would injure him. He did not pause to think why they should want to inflict harm upon him; he only knew that the desire was theirs, not so much from the man's statement as from their own dark, evil-looking faces.

"I am not afraid of you! If you try to hurt me, my father will have you arrested and put into jail, and they'll hang you to the end of a rope. So you had better let me alone!"

As he flung his defiance at them, the dark eyes fairly scintillated. It was the eyes, and not the words, which they could not understand, that made clear the state of his sentiments toward them.

"Lord!" cried one of the men, "it's Carlos made over! That is the way his eyes would blaze when any one crossed him. Pity he talks that horse language of America, for his bravado would be amusing."

"I will tell you what he says, if you wish to hear it," said the man, scornfully.

"Thanks, stepson, our imagination is sufficient," sneered the old woman whose face had so alarmed Tony.

"I hope your imagination will work as readily in other matters," then said Senor Menez, significantly. "I am an American citizen, and my son is an American born. During the war I rendered incalculable aid to the American Government, and some of the most influential men in Washington are my friends. I hope, stepmother, your imagination is sufficient and that I need not speak further!"

The sneering smile on his lips deepened as he beheld the subtle change on the faces before him.

"I have come back to my own, and my son shall inherit my estate," he concluded significantly.

"I am sure there is no one trying to interfere with your rights," said the old woman, with a deceitful smile. "I think we are all very glad to have you among us once more. When you left us so unexpectedly and remained away so long, it was only natural we should think you either were dead or had abandoned your home. In either case, we did only what we should naturally do: we took charge of the property knowing if the latter were true your children would some day claim it and thank us for our care of it; if the former, it was ours by law, and of course we would take care of our own. I think, my son, you will find no cause for complaint when you look over your estate, but will find you owe much to me and your brother for the way we have kept up the property, in spite of the war and the troubles that followed."

"Madame, your words are thrown away on me, when they are conciliatory," said Senor Menez. "I understand you and your son thoroughly. You thought I was dead. Long ago you hoped such a fate for me and I believe contrived to bring it about. You made not the slightest effort to discover whether I lived or not, but deliberately took possession of my property. I owe you and your son nothing, but I demand an exact account from you of the money you

have made from my land during my absence. When that is rendered, then I shall expect you to depart from my home and leave me to its enjoyment, if, indeed, I may hope for enjoyment in a place weighted with memories so bitter. You know, madam—you and your son—what those memories are."

"Carlos, you do not mean it?" cried the old woman. "You will not send us from the home that we have so long considered our own—that is so dear to us? Here your dear father brought me, here my child was born, and here his children were born. You cannot be so heartless! It is the only home we have ever known. I am too old to begin to make another. Unsay those words, my son! They are not like your kind heart. Do not drive me, your father's widow, and his child, your own brother, from his father's house! It is large enough for both of us! We can live here in peace and happiness. And think of your child! He needs a mother's care, and this my dear daughter-in-law, Marie, will give him. Ah, you do not know how kind and tender is her heart! She is the comfort of my life, and her two children are treasures. The baby sister will be a sweet playmate for little Anthony. You cannot deprive the child of companions of his own age and shut him up in this house as if he were in a prison. If you have no care for us, your own kin, at least have some for your child. He is an affectionate little fellow, I see it by his lovely face. He will learn to love his grandmamma and auntie and cousins. Ah! we shall be happy yet, if you will only be guided by your good heart and not by a desire of revenge. And why should revenge dwell in your heart, good Carlos? I always loved you and sought your good. You were a wilful child and I tried to fit you for life by teaching you that in the world of men he suffers most who has not learned the great lesson of control and yielding to circumstances. Did I seem harsh? All

our instructors do, dear Carlos, but when we are old, and it is our time to take the position of teacher to the young, then we realize that our lessons were no harder than those which all must learn."

The old woman babbled on, and Senor Menez held his peace until her words ceased for want of breath. Then, he said:

"I have heard you in patience, madam; now please give the same courtesy to me, although I hope to answer you more briefly. You will probably remember that when you came to this house as my father's wife, I would have welcomed you and loved you had you permitted it. You thrust me from you. When your son was born I gave him the love of an affectionate heart. You schooled him to refuse it, and he learned his lesson only too well. That he usurped my place and made this his home during my absence deserves my punishment and cannot be made a plea for mercy for him and his family. As for my child's need for love and care, what I cannot give him he must learn to do without."

"You say this to me—that I and my child have no place here," the old woman was beginning, in shrieking tones, when her daughter-in-law laid a restraining hand on her arm.

"Peace, mamma!" she said, gently, and Senor Menez and Anthony found themselves gazing intently on her fair young face. "Our brother but claims his own, and we do not sue for favors."

"So held ever the daughters of this house," said Senor Menez, lifting his head proudly, while a flash of admiration for the pride of his sister-in-law, kindled in his gloomy eyes.

She met his eyes and a cloud of color warmed the ivory whiteness of her skin. In that moment they understood each other, and each knew the other was a friend.

The old woman, however, was not to be so readily pacified, and she began anew to rail against fate, and bitterly to reproach her stepson for his cruelty, until at length the patience of Senor Menez failed completely.

"Madam," he said, "you are wasting your words and my time. We must come to business, for both my son and I am weary, and we desire to rest. This I, at least, cannot do until I am alone."

The entire day was spent in wrangling with his brother and stepmother, and more than once he felt tempted to call the servants and order them to eject his disturbing relatives, but the face of his sister-in-law always restrained him. Repeatedly she bade her husband to remember that Carlos was but seeking his own, and they could live without any one's bounty. Her own fortune was sufficient for their needs, and with his portion of the estate they were wealthy still. Her words had always the desired effect on her husband, though her mother-in-law was not so easily placated. Gradually Senor Menez began to ignore the old woman entirely, and addressed himself to his brother, but more often to his sister-in-law; and because of her sense of justice and honor, he dealt more leniently with them than he had intended to do. When the last settlement was made, and Senor Menez, with Tony, retired in order to give the others an opportunity to make their private arrangements for removal from the house, the mother bitterly upbraided her children, especially her daughter-in-law, for what they had done.

"We are robbed!" she cried, wringing her hands in impotent rage. "We are robbed, and you permitted it, like a pair of fools. Why did you not leave him to me, you ungrateful wretches! I would not have yielded, though I died."

"Then you would have died," said her son, curtly.

"No," she hissed, "I would not have died!"

Her face grew black as she made the announcement, and the malignity of her eyes made the gentle Marie shrink.

"Calm yourself, mamma!" she pleaded. "You surely must see that, being the older son and the only child of the woman whose money paid off the debt on the estate and enlarged it, what Carlos has demanded is only his right. Indeed, he has given us more than we could in justice expect. Has he not dealt more than fairly with us?" she asked, appealing to her husband.

"He has done very well," said the man, but his voice was bitter.

"Yes, that is right! Turn from your old mother at the word of a foolish girl of a wife!" she exclaimed. "What do you know of these things that you express your opinion so fluently?" she demanded.

"As much as is necessary," she rejoined. "That much shows me we have nothing with which to reproach Carlos."

"Yes, you are his friend!" cried the mother. "Why should you be? Why should you turn against your own for him?"

"I have not turned against my own," she said. "And Carlos is one of those, too. And he has suffered, mamma, oh, so much! His poor face lies all in the shadow. There is not a light on it, not even for his little boy."

"May there never be a light on it!" prayed the old woman. "And may the boy only throw it the deeper into the shadow, until he shall cry for the blackness of the grave to hide him! May he—"

But Marie, clapping her hands to her ears, ran from the room, with a prayer to God for mercy for her unfortunate mother-in-law on her lips. After regaining her composure, she sought the housekeeper, and informing her of the return of the master of the house announced their departure, and bade her

to make the necessary preparations. Then she went to the nursery, where her younger child, a girl of about four years, sat playing with her doll. She knelt beside the child and, taking her in her arms, pressed her to her breast.

"What does it matter," she said, half-aloud, "if we must leave the great house, with its many acres, so long as I have my little Inez and my brave boy! Should I not be happy with them if we were in a poor cabin?"

Then lifting the face of the child, she said:

"Does little Inez know that mamma and papa and grandmamma are going to leave this pretty big house and take her to a new home?"

"Is it where brother lives?" asked the child, lifting her great dark eyes.

"Oh, no, little one! Brother is at school, in a big town. Inez would not like to live in town, would she, where there are no trees and pretty birds and flowers?" The child shook her head, and then said:

"But I should like to be with brother."

"It will soon be vacation, pet, and then brother will come home. After a while brother will be through going to school, and then he will stay with us all the time."

"Will after a while be long in coming, mamma?" asked the little Inez.

"Not very long," said the mother, twining one of the long black curls around her finger. "Doesn't Inez want to know who is going to live here when we are gone?"

"Who will, mamma?" asked the child.

"Uncle Carlos and little Cousin Anthony," she answered. "It is just like some of the stories mamma tells her little girl. We always thought poor Uncle Carlos was dead, and this morning, just as we were sitting at breakfast, who should walk in but he, holding his little boy by the hand. Such a pretty little boy, Inez!"

Inez had extricated herself from her mother's arm and was now dancing before her in delight.

"Where is the little boy?" she cried. "May I not see him, mamma?"

"Perhaps they would not care to see you," said the mother, smiling at the lovely child.

"Of course they will, mamma!" she insisted. "Everybody is always glad to see me."

"It is true," said the mother, speaking to herself. "And who knows—Come, Inez, we will go to your uncle."

They found him on the southern piazza, with Tony sleeping on a wicker couch by his side, for the effects of the opiates with which he had been dosed during the voyage to prevent him from making any outcry had not yet worn off. As Senor Menez, hearing the approaching footsteps, turned his head and beheld the child, he sprang to his feet; then, with a low cry of pain he fell back in his chair and buried his face in his hands. The cry aroused Tony, who lifted himself from his couch and sat staring at the approaching little girl.

"I wanted you and Anthony to see Inez before we go, Carlos," said the mother, in her soft voice, pausing at his chair.

At her words he lifted his face and, seeing it, a rush of pity shook her heart.

"O brother! what sorrow is this that makes you look so?" she cried.

"The child!" he faltered. "I had a daughter, Marie,—and I lost her! In your child I behold her again. The same eyes, the same hair, the same arched mouth—O my God!" and again he hid his face.

"I am sorry, dear Carlos," she murmured, while the tears ran down her pale cheeks. "I did not know, else I should not have brought Inez. But I will take her away."

"No!" he cried, and held out his arms to the child. Inez went forward shyly, and lifted her baby face for his kiss.

The man caught her to his lonely heart. For a long time he held her against him; then he turned his gray face to his sister-in-law and said, slowly and solemnly:

"Had I known what I now know, I should not have done what I did, Marie!"

She thought he referred to sending them from the house, and drawing near, whispered:

"It is for the best—believe my words, dear Carlos, it is for the best. And you must be careful—you and the boy! There is a terrible fear in my heart."

Then she knelt by the couch on which the bewildered Tony was sitting and took the child in her arms, while her heart beat painfully because he had no mother. She talked to him in the soft Spanish tongue, and although Tony could not understand a word she said, he knew she was petting him, as his mother used to do, and his shorn head sought her bosom with a long cry of loneliness.

"Mother! Oh, where's my mother?" he cried.

She understood that name readily, and turning her swimming eyes to the man, she said:

"He is calling for his mother?"

The man nodded his head, and she pressed the sobbing child closer to her breast.

"How long since he lost her?" she asked, presently.

"A long time—but he still remembers," said the man, turning away his head.

"He must not cry like this," she said, anxiously. "Tell him who Inez is. She will console him, for they will understand each other."

He stooped and lifted Tony to his knee, and wiping the tears from the pale little face, said:

"My brave little Anthony is not going to cry any more when he knows it

makes the poor lady who loves him feel so bad. She does not know Anthony's language and she can not tell him what he wants to know. But she has brought her little daughter to see Anthony. Now what will the little girl think when she sees such a big boy crying. Maybe she thinks he cried because she came, and then she'll think she must be a very ugly little girl to scare a big boy almost to death. Now let's turn around and look at her! Isn't she a pretty little girl! There, now, she is holding out her hand, and saying, 'How do you do, Cousin Anthony! I am glad to see you!' That's right, shake hands with her, and tell Cousin Inez you are glad to see her."

After a while Tony slipped from the man's knee and the two children began to get acquainted, the boy talking haltingly in English, the girl volubly in Spanish.

"What is she saying?" at length asked Tony, turning his wondering face to the man.

"She says that now you have come to live in her house, she is going away to the house across the river, and that you must get a pretty boat and come often to see her," said her.

"But I am not going to live here, sir," said Tony, in surprise. "I am going home to my mother and father. Please tell the little girl I don't want her to leave her pretty house!" he cried, his face full of anxiety.

"Anthony says he is sorry you must leave your house, Inez," said the man, and all his face grew soft as again his eyes were bent on the girl. "And he will go often to see you and bring you back to stay with him and his father, if your mamma will let you."

"I am sure mamma will let me come, Uncle Carlos," said the child. "I have no one to play with since brother went



away to school, and often I am very lonesome. I believe I'd as soon play with Anthony as brother, for brother is so big. He doesn't like to skip the rope and roll hoops. Do you like to skip the rope, Anthony?"

For some time the children vainly tried to make each understand what the other was saying; then, Inez, with her woman's wit, opened the picture book which she had carried with her from the nursery; and as they bent over its pages, they seemed to have established a means of communication. Presently Tony's laugh broke on the

air, and the man started, while his face went grey in the warm sunshine. Just then a servant appeared to say that her mistress was wanted, and bidding Inez to be a good girl, she left the piazza. Presently the servant re-appeared bearing a tray, with wine for the man and sweets of all kinds for the children. That night, which was the first natural sleep Tony had known since leaving home, he dreamed happy dreams of the little Cuban maiden, who, in spite of his declarations to the contrary, called him her cousin.

(To be continued.)

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## The Dream Ship

By Reynale Smith Pickering

With Fancy's hand upon the wheel,  
Our dream ship gently glides away  
To distant shores, where we may steal  
A moment from the everyday.

Our craft is free to come and go,  
We ask not of the wind or tide,  
The course to follow well we know,  
A path of moonlight for our guide.

Perhaps we visit some quaint place  
We used to know. Or mayhap we  
Prefer to rest a little space,  
Within the port of Arcady.

And yet, good mariners, beware,  
When seeking some enchanted land,  
For sadly must each dream ship fare  
That clears away for mystic strand.

For though she nobly bears the shock  
Of tempest and of raging sea,  
Her wreck is swift upon some rock  
Of trivial reality.

# Pre-Columbian Visitors to America

## Brendan of Ireland, Leif of Norway, and Madoc of Wales

By MAJOR DUDLEY COSTELLO

**A**T long intervals something of note occurs to turn the American mind with more or less interest—generally less—to the nebulous period in the history of this country when the red man was in the ascendant in Manhattan, ere the caravels of Columbus came heaving over the horizon. The latest occasion of transient popular curiosity and conjecture as to that far-away time was the introduction of a bill before the Congress of the United States, brought mainly at the instance of the strong Scandinavian-American element, which duly values its history and traditions, asking for the appropriation by the Government of \$100,000 for the erection of a monument to Leif Ericson, the Norse explorer, who steered his ship to the shore of Massachusetts over nine hundred years ago and cut wood and made wine along the Charles River.

The idea of a national memorial to Leif is a worthy and wholesome one. Monuments such as the one proposed, eloquently suggestive of the remote and romantic past and haloed with the glamour of antiquity, are not unneeded in America. They would be as picturesque bowlders furrowing and fretting the dull and sordid tide of materialism.

And there are others besides Leif entitled to recognition and honor in this connection, the mere suggestion of which is enough to make the average American shake his head in superior doubt and skepticism and smile compas-

sionately at stories which are apparently akin to mythology or the wonders of the "Arabian Nights." The theory of the evolution of man from a monkey or a lobster may keenly interest him, but he resents as an audacious claim on his credulity the story of white visitors from Europe being in considerable numbers on this continent five hundred, ay, nigh a thousand years before the devoted Genoese saw the welcome light of the Indian camp fire on Guanahane. Yet, particularly within recent years, the narratives of the various pre-Columbian discoveries of America have by reason of critical and persistent investigation been gradually built into an interesting and presentable fabric.

To the three chief niches in the temple of pre-Columbian American history belong, in order of succession, St. Brendan of Ireland, Leif the Lucky of Scandinavia and Prince Madoc of Wales.

Let us see what is recorded of their individual explorations first and examine the authorities afterwards.

On the promontory of Fenit, north of Tralee harbor, in the southwest of Ireland, King Finloga, of the Hua Alta tribe, which owned that part of the country, had born unto him a son in the year A. D. 484. The infant was baptized by its uncle, Bishop Erc of Ardferf, or "the Hill of Miracles," at the neighboring well of Tubbrid, and christened Brendan. By the advice of the bishop the baby Brendan was when a year old committed to the care of his relative, the saintly

and celebrated abbess Ita, called "the Brigid of Munster," whose religious establishment was in the present County of Limerick, at Kilmeedy—meaning the church of "my Ita," so called from the peculiar style of endearment in which the Irish referred to their popular holy persons. In the "creche" of that convent Brendan remained for five years, during which was founded the deep affection which ever after existed between him and his preceptress. A lady of the noble family of the Decies, in the present county of Waterford, St. Ita was spirited, humane, generous, possessed of lofty Christian ideals. She was a scorner of wealth, particularly when it had been acquired in a dubious manner. Once when an opulent individual of doubtful dealings proffered her a large donation she firmly declined it; having accidentally touched the silver, she called for water to wash her hands of the polluting contact with "tainted money." An impressive precept of this princess-abbess to Brendan was: "A countenance hating men; an affection of depravity in the heart; an absorbing love of riches—these three things are very displeasing in the sight of God."

Under the initial influence of such gentle but potent training, and later of the rigid discipline and keen scholastic rivalry of the Irish monastic schools, especially the celebrated one of Clonard, Brendan grew to manhood. Vigorous of mind and body, energetic and enthusiastic, and with the strong family backing that ever tells effectively in Ireland, he started on a career of Christian conquest. It was more than a hundred years since the Cross had been planted in Ireland, and the shamrocks were thick and twining on St. Patrick's hallowed grave in Down. Yet paganism was by no means extinct in the island. Here and there in the forest depths gleamed the white robes of the Druids,

in the sylvan temples whose serried rows of tree trunks are said to have given the idea of the ranges of stately pillars in Gothic cathedrals. In some places the worship of the sun, moon and elements went quietly on; many of the more conservative of the people remained attached to the ancient cult as a matter of racial principle and prejudice, though eventually they all recognized the beauty and sublimity of the new Faith, especially as it was not forced upon them, and practically adopted it for themselves and their descendants for evermore.

Even some of the heads of the people were pagans. Brendan's brother Fintan, now King of Munster, fell in love with Gelges, or Gelgesia, daughter of Aedh Fionn, or White Hugh, King of North Connacht and ancestor of the O'Rourkes, O'Reillys and other tribes of the present Leitrim and Cavan. Fintan persuaded the young lady to adopt the Christian religion and marry him, with the result that her choleric father vowed to burn her at the stake. The pair fled into Munster and afterwards came to Inchiquin, in Loch Corrib, where Brendan gave them refuge and protection in the "Cella Hospitum," or guest house of his monastery, where their child, St. Fursey, was born. The progeny of this royal and romantic marriage was three missionary saints, namely, Fursey, Foillan and Ultan. Brave, true and tender souls, aglow with the unconquerable Celtic fire, they in course of time went forth to the continent to aid religion and civilization. On a snowy All Saints' eve St. Foillan was murdered by brutal pagan villagers before an idol in a lone spot of the forest of Soignies, in Belgium. St. Ultan also suffered martyrdom. St. Fursey, the eldest, had a remarkable vision of the after life, which, embodied in a striking narrative long well-known throughout Europe, gave Dante his idea and inspiration for the "Divina Comedia." St.

Furseý died January 16, 650; his remains were interred beside the altar of the church of Peronne, in France, where his sacred labors had been great and successful. So passed three illustrious nephews of the Irish explorer of America.

Brendan visited Brittany, where either he or his disciple Machuda founded a church and monastery where now is St. Malo. Returning to Ireland he had visit and converse with the venerable St. Jarlath, founder of the Archdiocese of Tuam. He founded the forementioned monastery on the island of Inchiquin, in Loch Corrib, and a nunnery, of which his sister Briga had charge, at Annadown, near the shore of the lake, and especially he founded the great monastery and school of Clonfert, so that there were now under his rule and authority about three thousand monks and students.

Remote, lonely, semi-desert islands were much sought after by the Irish monks for purposes of religious novitiate, retreat, the utmost possible abandonment of things earthly, the aspiring after the highest spiritual development, the straining towards the great Celtic ideal of a contemplative life. Along the wild western coast they found in plenty what suited them—barren, rocky islets without a tree or shrub, with but little vegetation of any kind, places than the Thebaid more frightful, often for weeks unapproachable in time of storms, pounded by tremendous surges, swept by howling ocean blasts that came uninterruptedly over a thousand leagues of foam. Wood there being none, they built their churches and habitations solidly of stone. The houses or cells were built in beehive form, with walls sometimes seven feet thick. Many of them still remain, and one peers into them almost with a shudder, marveling at the hardihood and vitality of those who once occupied them, sleeping on skins, rushes, often on the bare ground, while the tem-

pest thundered without—the ancient Irish ecclesiastical class of students, thinkers and toilers, wearing woollen habits the natural color of the fleece, the front half of their heads shaven and their long hair hanging on their shoulders: men who rose from their hard pallets at early morn and by turns prayed and toiled all day, earning by fishing and by tilling the scanty patches of arable land a sustenance which they tasted not until the sun went down. Enda of Arran the Holy, Fechin of Imay, MacDara of Moyrus, Columbkille of Tory, each had his world-forsaking community, whose chantings mingled with the roar of the breakers. Nuns also adopted remote seaside seclusion; the abbess St. Der-villa, of royal blood, had her sisterhood on the wild Erris coast; not far from her was the convent of St. Cera, or Carra; while St. Ce, or Kea, and her community of Black Nuns braved the rigors of life on the bare little sea-beaten isle called after her Iniskea, where are slabs sculptured with mysterious curves, circles and other emblems, the relics of some long-forgotten cult or creed that here passed as it were into the sea, vanishing off the ultimate rim of the Old World.

Brendan and some of his monks found an island home in Inisglory and erected here their stone churches and cells. And now the indefatigable abbot became interested in persistent stories and traditions of lands beyond the sea, of verdant isles of plenty that lay far away in the ocean, wrapped in its tempting mystery. Some of these stories were such as might beget doubt and discouragement: there were legends, fantasies, tales of enchantment and the supernatural. The pagan path to paradise was supposed to lie towards the sunset. The mirage which was often seen across the sea was called Hy-Breasail, or the country of Breasail, who was an ancient Firbolgic king of the west of Ireland and father of the lady Gaillve, from whom is named Galway, most western city of Europe. Thither

also, according to popular belief, lay Tír-Tairngire, the Gaelic Land of Promise; and the Land of Youth, which Ossian had visited, and the Valley of Delights, where the great champion Cuchullin had wooed the beautiful Fand; and the Plain of Honey, whither Lavgaire of Connacht had gone to aid the King of the Fairies! Narratives more poetic than convincing were these, and Brendan was probably inclined to abandon his quest as vain, when some tangible information on the subject was brought him by his cousin Barind or Barrinthus, a descendant of King Niall of the Nine Hostages. Barind was founder and abbot of Drumculen monastery, in the present King's County, also of Temple-Baruind, near Brendan's birthplace, and of Kilbarron, in Donegal, overlooking the Atlantic billows. It happened that Barind's almoner, the monk Mernoc, had stolen away and gone on a voyage of discovery and that Barind, sailing in quest of him, found him on a remote island, whereon he had established a monastery. Said Abbot Barind, describing his visit:

"As we sailed to the island, the brethren came forth from their cells towards us like a swarm of bees, for they dwelt apart from each other, having one refectory, one church for all, wherein to discharge the divine offices. No food was served but fruit and nuts, roots and vegetables. After complin (the last prayer at night) they slept in their respective cells till the cock crew or the bell sounded for morning prayer."

Mernoc persuaded his former master to accompany him on a voyage farther west, and they discovered a great and beautiful country, where they spent fifteen days traveling amongst fragrant shrubs and flowers and trees laden with fruit, after which they returned.

Encouraged by these representations Brendan fitted out an expedition of three vessels, carrying a company of ninety—some accounts say one hundred—two-

thirds of whom were clerics; but it proved a failure and they had to return without locating even Mernoc and his monks. Nothing daunted, Brendan, with fourteen of his previous companions, proceeded to build a boat that they considered especially suitable for the voyage. With iron tools they put together the wickerwork sides and ribs, and the frame they covered thick with cowhides redly tanned with oak bark and stitched together, tarring the joints. They put on board provisions for forty days, with butter enough to dress hides for patching or repairing the vessel if such should be needed. The embarkation took place March 22, 535, from a port in Kerry at the foot of a conspicuous mountain, over three thousand feet high, still called St. Brendan's, or St. Brendon's, mountain in memory of the saintly explorer, and the little vessel bore away southward into the Atlantic.

Some say that the latter name signifies west of Mount Atlas; some that it commemorates a lost continent, Atlantis, the tops of whose sunken mountain ranges project over the water in the Azores, Bermudas and Madeiras, in which last smoulder the relics of the volcanoes that occasioned the convulsion and catastrophe. For fifteen days a steady eastern breeze wafted the galley onward; then the wind died away and the monks had to take to the oars, rowing under sun, moon and stars into the dread, mysterious distance, while the provisions gave rapidly out and it needed all of Brendan's tact and fortitude to animate and encourage the brethren.

By and by they found land and passed from one island to another. One of these they called the "Paradise of Birds"—probably the Azores or the Canaries—from the number and beauty of the feathered minstrels. Some of the birds that they saw, evidently parrots, could imitate the human voice. They saw floating icebergs and huge monsters of the deep. They touched at islands

where the inhabitants, some of them monks, spoke the Gaelic language—intimating that colonists from the Green Isle were there already—and here they were not allowed to land, but directed farther south, where they found a country of great forests, with grapes hanging in rich clusters and the air laden with fragrance. Still pursuing their explorations, they sailed in waters of great transparency where huge fishes could be seen far below, and they beheld with horror great volcanoes vomiting smoke and flame, the red-hot rocks from which fell near them, causing the water to boil. They at length came to a land which they called "Terrestrial Paradise," and this they explored for forty days, penetrating to a great river to the westward, supposed to be the Mississippi. After some time they sailed back to the "Paradise of Birds," where they celebrated their "Caisg" or Vernal equinox, and thence they returned to their native land.

Accounts say that St. Brendan the Navigator, as he is called, spent seven years on or beyond the ocean, laboring for religion and civilization. The only relics he has left are prayers for his companions in pious effort and adventure. A manuscript in the Sessorian Library of Rome says: "St. Brendan the monk, when seeking the Land of Promise for seven successive years, made this prayer from the word of God through St. Michael the Archangel while he sailed over the Seven Seas," etc.—a mention of the "Seven Seas" over a thousand years before Rudyard Kipling. Finding his end approaching, the venerable abbot and explorer retired to his sister Briga's convent at Annadown, where he passed away May 16, 577, in the ninety-fourth year of his age. His remains were interred in his cathedral of Clonfert. The memory of St. Barind, who visited America with Mernoc, was honored August 6 in Argyleshire, Scotland, in old Catholic times, his relics being venerated at Dreghorn.

There is something sublime yet tenderly pathetic in the spectacle of Brendan and his little devout and daring band of Irish monks away out in their cockleshell on the vast and perilous waste of waters, firmly trusting God and faithfully answering to the call that possessed and thrilled them. Yet they were but types of the Celtic mariner monks, for, while they were sailing westward, their brethren, the Papas or scholars, as they were called, were braving the Northern billows, raising the cross in the Hébrides, the Orkneys, Shetlands and Faroes, and even in distant Iceland. As Montalembert says: "This monastic nation, therefore, became the missionary nation par excellence. While some came to Ireland to receive religious instruction, the Irish missionaries launched forth from their island. They covered the land and seas of the West. Unwearied navigators, they landed on the most desert islands; they overflowed the Continent with their successive emigrations. They saw in incessant visions a world known and unknown to be conquered for Christ. The poem of the Pilgrimage of St. Brendan, that monkish Odyssey so celebrated in the Middle Ages, that popular prelude of the 'Divina Comedia,' shows us the Irish monks in close contact with all the dreams and wonders of the Celtic ideal."

The original story of the voyage of St. Brendan is in the ancient Irish Book of Lismore. Copies of the "Navigatio St. Brendani" are in every public library of any account in Europe. It is in the abstract a rational narrative, though garnished, in deference to the Celtic scorn of the barren and jejune, with a record of thrilling marvels. In the National Library of Paris alone, General Daniel Butterfield, of American civil war fame, found no less than thirteen copies of the "Navigatio." He told a New York audience: "A host of ancient copies and modern commentators prove the story of St. Brendan's discovery of the American Continent no myth." The weird

embellishments, mostly pregnant with meaning and moral, were set to please the taste of a people of poetic imagination, to whom a dry scientific record would have been dull and colorless as the log of a tramp schooner. Specially impressive—also instructive, as showing the ancient idea of purgatory and prayers for the dead—is the relation attributed to St. Brendan himself, in connection with his quest of the awful ocean solitudes, of the spirit of one who had in life been a monk and a sower of strife in the community, that came supplicating his prayers. It is thus done into verse by D'Arcy McGee:

"What time St. Brendan on the sea  
At night was sailing.  
A spirit voice from the ship's lee  
Rose, wildly wailing,  
Crying, 'Blessed Brendan, pray for me  
A prayer availing:  
"For I have been, O Saint, through life  
A sinner ever:  
With murmurings my course was rife  
As any river:  
I never ceased from sowing strife  
Good men to sever.  
"Within our convent's peaceful wall  
Was song and prime;  
But I loved never music's call,  
Nor voice of chime;  
The Host, that most good hearts appal,  
Awed never mine.  
"In chancel, choir or lonely cell—  
On the seashore,  
The love of strife, as a strong spell  
Was ever more  
Upon me—'till sore sick I fell  
And was given o'er.  
"Then in the brief hours of my pain,  
To God I cried:  
And mourn'd—nor, Father, mourn'd in vain—  
My strifes and pride;  
My soul departed—rent in twain—  
Half justified.  
"Twixt Heaven and Hell, in doubt I am,  
O Holy Saint:  
Oh! supplicate the bleeding Lamb  
To hear my plaint;

Oh! bless me with thy words of balm,  
I faint—I faint.'

"St. Brendan seized his rosary  
And knelt him low,  
And prayed whoso the soul might be  
That passed him fro,  
That God, and Christ His Son, would free  
It from its woe.

"And never any night at sea  
In his long sailing,  
Heard the Saint after from the lee  
The spirit's wailing—  
He deemed it with the just to be  
Through prayer availing."

The old Irish monks, however, did not, although greatly devoted to the Mother of God, use the Rosary beads, introduction of much later centuries; but probably they had some other means of reckoning their orisons.

The memory of St. Brendan and his companions seems to have lingered long in America. When, in 1519, Cortez and his fellow Spaniards landed in Mexico they were to their surprise hailed as if their coming were the fulfilment of benignant prophecy. They found crosses and other relics of Christian civilization. They heard a tradition that many centuries before, when the gentle Toltecs preceded the sanguinary Aztecs on the soil of Mexico, a white man whom the natives called *Quetzalcoatl* had come over the sea in a vessel with "white wings" from the holy island of *Tlapallan*. He was a tall man, with broad, high forehead and long and full beard. He wore a long robe, over which was a mantle covered with crosses. He was a lover of peace, chaste and austere, in food and drink abstemious. Fruitful and pleasant was the land in his time, and abundant the yield of cotton, on which they depended for clothing. After staying with them for many years he sailed, to their sorrow, back whence he had come, in a vessel cased in serpent skins. The religious teachings he had given them were conveyed by the Toltecs to the Aztecs,

whose religion became, in consequence, a bewildering blend of Christianity and paganism, of lofty virtues and horrible human sacrifices, of fast and abstinence and cannibalism, of worship of idols and belief that "One more glorious than the sun had died upon the cross." They even had celibacy of the priests and auricular confession, a belief in a Supreme Deity who had created the world and who ruled all things, a notion of the Deluge and of rewards and punishments in the future life. The Spanish explorers gravely discussed the question of *Quetzalcoatl* being an Irish missionary. There is good reason for believing that he was no other than St. Brendan.

Time passed on and a new race of men came on the seas, not peaceful missionaries with crosses, books and bells, but hungry and ferocious pirates and marauders, the White and Dark Gentiles, the Norsemen and Danes, sweeping southward like a pestilence from their lairs in the fiords of Scandanavia. In their green scaled armor they gleamed like the marine monsters they were; their winged helmets brought terror upon many a shore, their long dragon-prowed Viking ships, propelled by sail and oar, their bulwarks lined with glittering shields, brought ruin and slaughter to many a peaceful seaport, to village and quiet monastery; the sight of their black flags brought tears even to the eyes of Charlemagne when he saw those omens of death and rapine in the Mediterranean. Their gods were the gods of cruelty and murder, and their boast was that they gave no mercy to old or young, male or female. They conquered and colonized England and part of France. In Ireland they failed, but here their raids were many and bloody, and they established themselves strongly in the chief coast towns, namely Dublin, Wexford, Waterford, Cork and Limerick.

The island monasteries they plundered for the sake of the altar vessels and ornaments, and those whom they caught

there they slew. They followed in the wake of the Irish explorers to the Hebrides and even to Iceland and Greenland; and the monks, the Papas or churchly scholars, who by timely warning escaped them, are supposed to have fled to countries more remote—to Labrador, or Canada, or to the land discovered by Brendan (supposed by some to be the present Florida), which was called by the Norsemen "Irland It Mikla," or Greater Ireland. *Are*, surnamed *Frodhe*, or the Philosopher, a Scandinavian author (1067 to 1148 A. D.), writes: "There were in Iceland at this time, Christians, whom the Sagas tell us were Irish, but whom the Norwegians called *Papae*, but these latter departed, because they did not wish to remain with the pagan Northmen. They left behind them Irish books, bells and crosses, from which it was justly concluded they were Irish." Only as late as a year and a half ago, Captain Daniel Brun, the Danish arctic explorer, announced that he had come across traces of the ancient Irish colonization of Iceland.

A highly prized and unique volume in the royal library of Copenhagen is the celebrated "*Flatobogen*" (*Codex Flateyensis*), which was written between 1370 and 1380 by the priests Jon Thordarson and Magnus Thorhallson for Jon Haakonson, a farmer and freeman living on *Flato* (Flat island), whence the book (*bogen*) took its name, situated in *Bredafjord* on the west coast of Iceland. For nearly three hundred years the book remained an heirloom in the Icelandic farmer's family. It was finally given by one of his descendants to Bishop Brynjolf Sveinsson, who in 1662 sent it as a present to King Frederick III of Denmark. It has since remained in the royal library of the capital of Denmark. From it come the following details of the Norse colonization of America:

About A. D. 982 two Norsemen named Eric the Red and Herjulf settled



in Greenland. Three years later Bjarni, a prosperous young seafarer and trader, started from Iceland to visit his father Herjulf, but when three days out he encountered a great storm that drove his ship towards the western coast of Ireland. When the storm abated they hoisted sail and sailed many days to the westward and saw land. Bjarni said it could not be Greenland, so he steered his ship northward, passing land twice again (supposed to be Nova Scotia and Newfoundland) and in four days reaching the southern point of Greenland, where they landed below a cape upon which there was a boat, and there upon this cape dwelt Herjulf, Bjarni's father, whence the cape took its name and was called Herjulfness.

When Bjarni told the settlers in Greenland that he had seen land on three different occasions, to the south and west, before reaching where they dwelt, they blamed him for not having landed and explored it. Leif, son of Eric the Red, Herjulf's friend and neighbor, listening attentively to Bjarni's story, determined to go and explore the strange countries mentioned. Leif and his brothers Thorvald and Thorstein and their sister Freydis were then living with their father, Eric the Red (Eric Raudhe), at his seat of Brattahlid, in Ericsfjord, not far from Herjulfness. After a while Leif bought Bjarni's ship and sailed to Norway, where he met Olaf, the saint and king, and was by him converted to Christianity, this being the time when the Norsemen in general, through the influence of their forceful leader, abandoned the Hammer of Thor for the Cross of Christ. Olaf commissioned Leif to go back to Greenland and help to Christianize it, and back he went, the first known missionary, lay or clerical, that ever sailed for the Lord's vineyard in a Viking ship. From Greenland, when the work of explanation, teaching and baptism was over, Leif made his

famous voyage down the east coast of North America as far as Massachusetts, in the year 999, and discovered the land which he called Vinland St. Godha, or Vinland the Good, where he landed and made a settlement.

It is deduced that Leif's house was built on the bank of the St. Charles River, near Boston. In the St. Charles River valley he made wine and cut timber, with which he loaded his ship and returned to Greenland in 1001. When nearing the end of his voyage he had the good fortune to rescue the crew of a wrecked vessel, whence he was called "Leif the Lucky." The rescued people were a Norwegian named Thori, his wife Gudrid, and fifteen sailors. Leif conveyed them to his father's seat, Brattahlid, in Greenland. And here the brave explorer and missionary drops out of our ken, to modestly await the deserved tribute which is claimed for his memory.

Next winter there was great sickness at Brattahlid, when a biting wind swept snowy Greenland. Leif's father, Eric the Red, died. So did the lately rescued Norwegian, Thori, leaving Gudrid a widow—"a woman of fine presence and very clever and happy in adapting herself to circumstances." She soon found a new husband in Leif's brother Thorstein.

Leif's other brother, Thorvald, with thirty companions, sailed to Vinland in Leif's ship, given them for the purpose, in 1002. They arrived safely at Leifsbudir—the name given to Leif's house—in Vinland. In the autumn they pulled the ship ashore. They supported themselves the following winter by hunting and fishing. Next summer they explored up and down the coast, and again they went into winter quarters. It was only in the following summer that for the first time they met the natives—Skroelligs or Skrellings, they called them. They discovered on the sandy shore three mounds, which proved to be upturned canoes, with three Indians un-

derneath each. The old Norse ferocity asserted itself; they killed eight of the red men. The ninth escaped and in punishment for the murder brought down upon the whites a host of his people, and Thorvald was wounded to death by an arrow. In the following summer, 1005, what was left of the party returned with a cargo of wine and timber to Ericsfjord, in Greenland.

It was a strong principle with the Norsemen that the bodies of their people should repose in kindred clay. Thorstein got Leif's permission to go to Vinland with his ship to bring back the body of their brother Thorvald, and he and his wife Gudrid and a crew of twenty-five started for that purpose. But storms blew them out of their course and reckoning and they had to land at Lysufirth, in the western settlements of Greenland, where they accepted the hospitality of another Thorstein, surnamed the Swarthy. Early in the winter there was sickness and death, and coffins were made to take the remains of the shipwrecked back to Ericsfjord. Then Swarthy Thorstein's wife, Grimhild, took sick and died; so did Thorstein Ericson; and afterwards Swarthy Thorstein conducted Gudrid, twice widowed, back to Ericsfjord, where she remained under the care of Leif.

Of the fourth and most interesting expedition the following is the account, translated under the auspices of the Danish Government:

"That same summer (1006) a ship came from Norway to Greenland. The master's name was Thorfinn Karlsefni: he was a son of Thord Horsehead and a grandson of Snorre, the son of Thord of Hopdi. Thorfinn Karlsefni, who was a very wealthy man, passed the winter at Brattahlid with Leif Ericson. He very soon set his heart upon Gudrid, the widow, and sought her hand in marriage; she referring him to Leif for his answer. He consenting, she was subsequently married to Karlsefni. An ex-

pedition to Vinland was planned and Karlsefni was urged to make the voyage, his wife Gudrid joining with the others to urge him on. He determined to make the venture, and assembled a crew of sixty men and five women and entered into an agreement with his shipmates that they should all share equally in all the spoils of the enterprise. They took with them all kinds of cattle, as it was their intention to settle the country if they could. Karlsefni asked Leif for his houses in Vinland. He replied that he would lend them, but not give them. They sailed out to sea (1007) with the ship and arrived safely at Leifsbudir, and carried their goods ashore. They were soon provided with a supply of food, for a whale of good size and quality was driven ashore there and they secured it and flayed it and had no lack of food. The cattle were turned out upon the land. They had brought a bull with them. Karlsefni caused trees to be felled and to be hewn into timbers wherewith to load his ship, and the wood was placed upon a cliff to dry. They gathered somewhat of all the products of the land, grapes and all kinds of game and fish and other good things.

"In the summer succeeding the first winter, Skrellings (Indians) were discovered. A great troop of men came forth from out of the woods. The cattle were hard by and the bull began to bellow and roar with a great noise, whereat the Skrellings were frightened and ran away with their packs, wherein were gray furs, sables and all kinds of peltries. They fled towards Karlsefni's dwelling and sought to effect an entrance, but Karlsefni caused the door to be shut against them. Neither could understand the other's language. The Skrellings put down their bundles then and loosed them, and offered their wares for barter and were especially anxious to exchange these for weapons, but Karlsefni forbade his men to sell their weapons, and taking counsel with

himself, he bade the women carry out milk to the Skrellings, which they no sooner saw than they wanted to buy it and nothing else. Now, the outcome of the Skrellings' trading was that they carried the value of their wares away in their stomachs, while they left their packs and peltries behind with Karlsefni and his companions, and having accomplished this exchange they went away.

"Now is this to be told, that Karlsefni let make a strong fence of poles around his abode and made all ready there. At this time Gudrid, wife of Karlsefni, brought forth a male child and the boy was called Snorre.

"At the beginning of next winter the Skrellings came to meet with them and were many more than before and had the same wares as before. Then said Karlsefni to the women: 'Now you shall carry out such meat as was before most asked for and nothing else.' And when they saw it they cast their packs in over the fence. But Gudrid sat within the door with the cradle of her son, Snorre.

"Then fell a shadow through the door, and entered there a woman in a black narrow kirtle, rather low built, and she had a ribbon round her head, and light brown hair, pale and large-eyed, so that nobody had seen such large eyes in any human skull. She went up there where Gudrid sat and asked: 'What is thy name?' Says she, 'My name is Gudrid; but what is thy name?' 'My name is Gudrid,' says she. Then Gudrid, the housewife, stretched out her hand to her, that she should sit by her, but it happened in the same moment that Gudrid heard a great crash, and was then the woman lost to sight, and at the same time one Skrelling was killed by a house carle of Karlsefni, because he would have taken their weapons.

"And went they now away as usual, and their clothes lay there behind and their wares; no man had seen this woman but Gudrid alone.

" 'Now we may be in need of counsel taking,' said Karlsefni, 'for I think they may call on us the third time with unpeace and with many men. Now we shall take that counsel that ten men go forth on this ness and show themselves there, but another part shall go into the wood and hew the road for our cattle. When the troop comes out from the wood we shall also take our bull and let him go ahead of us.'

"But there were such conditions where their meeting was planned that water was on one side but a wood on the other. Now was this counsel taken which Karlsefni prepared. Now the Skrellings come to the place which Karlsefni had fixed for the battle. Now was there battle, and were slain many of the Skrellings' host. One man was tall and fair in the Skrellings' host, and Karlsefni thought he might be the headman of them. Now one of them, the Skrellings, had taken up an ax and looked at it for a while, and lifted it up against his comrade and struck at him. He fell at once dead; then that tall man took the ax and looked at it for a while and hurled it into the sea as far as he could. But then they fled into the wood every one as best they could. And ends now this encounter.

"Stayed Karlsefni and his men there all the winter, but in the spring Karlsefni announces that he will there no longer remain and will go to Greenland. Now they make ready for the voyage, and had with them many goods in wine, wood and berries and skin wares. Now they sail out on the sea and come to Ericsfjord, the ship whole, and stayed there in the winter" (1010).

A year or two after their return from America Karlsefni and his wife and son (Snorre) sailed for Iceland, where he bought land in Glaumbor and made his home "and dwelt there as long as he lived and was a man of great prominence. From him and his wife, Gudrid,

a numerous and goodly lineage is descended."

The pale-faced, brown-haired woman, with the Celtic snood or ribbon in her hair, and the tall and fair man who led the Indians, would indicate previous white colonists. The existence of such was known, and it was also understood that they preferred to keep to themselves, they not considering the fierce Norsemen, even though Christianized, as desirable neighbors or visitors. Thus Are Frodhe, writing about A. D. 1100, tells that his great-grandfather, Are Marrson, was driven by a tempest on the Huitra-manna-land, that some call Irland It Mikla; and Rafn, who had lived long in Limerick (Illymrek), Ireland, said he had met Irish voyagers from America who told him that Are Marrson was in the strange land and treated with great honor, but not allowed to leave there, probably through fear that he might bring or send thither an expedition. Two Indian children whom Karlsefni captured and brought with him to Greenland told him that a country adjoining theirs was occupied by people who dressed in white and who often, when traveling in great numbers, carried poles from which hung long pieces of cloth. The ancient Irish dress was of many-plaited white linen. What the children saw were probably religious processions, led by the Cul-deers, or Irish monks, and carrying banners.

About 1030, Gudhliel, a rich Icelandic ship owner, when sailing from Dublin to Iceland, was driven out of his course. After a long and weary voyage he made port in a strange land. He was met by several hundred people who spoke the Irish language, and he and his crew were seized and put in chains and brought inland. On their way they were approached by a troop of horsemen carrying a banner, beneath which rode a vigorous elderly man of noble appearance. The latter addressed them in a Northern

language and took special interest in them on learning that the majority of them were from Iceland, and questioned them about people and doings in that country. Hearing that Gudhliel was from the Cantred of Borgarfoerdh, the old man inquired about leading people living there and in the district around Brerdhafijoerdh—about Snorre Godha, and his sister, Thuride of Frodha, and particularly about Thuride's son, Kjar-tan, who was then master of Frodha.

The people were growing uneasy and impatient for some disposition to be made of the captives. The old chief declared that he would set the latter free, but urged them to depart without delay, saying in confidence to Gudhliel: "Now that the summer is well advanced, I advise you to sail from here promptly, because it is not necessary or good that you trust yourself too much to the inhabitants, as they are now annoyed and believe that the law has been violated in your favor."

"But if we ever arrive in our native country," said Gudhliel, "who shall we say has saved us from this catastrophe?"

"I cannot tell you that," replied the old chief, "for I would not wish my parents, friends or brothers-in-arms to know where I am, lest they might make a voyage here as you have done, and then, perhaps, I might not be here to protect them. There are in this land chiefs more powerful than I, although not in this locality where you landed, but if they chanced to be here they would have little regard for strangers."

He pressed their departure, assisted them in embarking and gave them many presents for Thuride and her son, and sternly enjoined them: "If any one shall insist on knowing or believing to know from whom those objects come, tell them from me that I object, and that I oppose any one, whoever he may be, coming on my part to find me. It would be a dangerous enterprise, unless it should happen them, as it did you, that

they should get a favorable landing place. This country is large and badly provided with places to land, but, above all, tell them that there is a very bad reception given to strangers."

Gudhliel and his crew re-embarked and late in the autumn they reached Dublin, near which the great battle of Clontarf, fought sixteen years before, had broken the Danish power in Ireland, which was now enjoying the fullness of her independence. It was believed that the mysterious chief who had saved them from death or slavery was Bjern, son of Aabrand, who was exiled from Iceland thirty years previously for having slain two adversaries in trouble arising over the beautiful Thuride of Frodha.

By others the strange Western country was accidentally discovered. At the court of King Robert of Sicily (1130-54) an Italian named Edrisi heard from a Norseman an account of four fishing vessels from Friesland which were driven by storms across the ocean until they came to an island which the crews named Estotiland—more probably Escotiland. Ireland being long called Scotia, or Scotia Major, and its people Scots. One of the vessels and six men were taken by the natives and brought to a populous village, or community, where lived the chief, or king. The language of the latter they were unable to understand, but he sent for a man who spoke their own, who informed them that he himself had been driven on the island some years previously and had made his home there. They remained there under compulsion for five years and learned the language of the natives. It was an island a little smaller than Iceland and much more fertile, with near the middle of it a high mountain from which flowed four rivers. There were gold mines worked, and an abundance of gold, and there was trading done with Greenland, whence skins were obtained in exchange for sulphur and pitch.

Southward was an immense region, rich and populous, where much grain was raised, the people making from it a favorite national drink. There were towns, villages and mansions. The people built ships and navigated, but they were unacquainted with the mariner's compass. In the king's house the Frieslanders noticed several books, but the language and characters were strange to them. Eventually one of the fishermen succeeded in getting back to his own country, where he told his lord of the rich country beyond the sea.

Writers differ as to the location of Irland It Mikla. Rafin, in his "American Antiquities," places it in the middle portion of the United States on the authority of a tradition of the Savannah Indians that white men who used iron tools formerly inhabited Florida. Beauvais, in his "Discovery of the New World by the Irish," demonstrates that Irland It Mikla was further north, at the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The Northern Sagas seem to place it between Helluland (Labrador) and Vinland, which about corresponded to the present States of New York, Rhode Island and Massachusetts.

Next to those of the Irish and the Norsemen the most important transatlantic expedition was that of Madoc and his Welshmen. Madoc was son of Owen Gwynedd, King of North Wales, who fought many battles with the English invaders in the time of Henry II, especially with Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester. The story of Madoc's sailing is told in the Welsh historical work known as "Brut y Tywysogion," commenced by Caradoc of Llancarfan in the twelfth century, afterwards continued, and edited by the famous scholar, Humfrey Lloyd, whose original manuscript is now in the Cottonian collection. It appears that upon Owen Gwynedd's death his eldest son, whose name was Iorwerth, or Edward, was debarred from the succession on account of the blem-

ish of a broken nose, whereupon contention and strife ensued between other sons of Owen. Disgusted at these quarrels, Madoc determined to seek the strange, rich country across the sea which was vaguely known to the Welsh as Avalon, or the Land of Apples, so called from the ancient name of the district in which Christianity was first introduced in Britain. Leaving North Wales in a very unsettled condition, he sailed with a small fleet of ships which he had rigged and manned for the purpose. He went westward, leaving Ireland to the north, and came at length to an unknown country, where most things appeared to him new and uncus-tomary, and the manners of the natives far different to what he had seen in Europe. Says Lloyd: "It is certain that Madoc arrived in this country, and after he had viewed the fertility and pleasantness of it, he thought it expedient to invite more of his countrymen out of Britain, and, therefore, leaving most of those he had brought with him already behind, he returned to Wales. Being arrived there, he began to acquaint his friends with what a fair and extensive land he had met with, with but few and peaceful inhabitants, while they in Wales employed all their skill to supplant one another only for a ragged portion of rocks and mountains (evidently referring to North Wales). Therefore, he would persuade them to change their present state of danger and continual clashing for a more quiet being of ease and enjoyment.

"And so, having got a considerable number of Welsh together, he bid his final adieu to his native country, and sailed with ten ships to them he had left behind."

Madoc's first voyage is said to have taken place in 1170, his second sailing, or "disappearance," two years later. At Rhos-on-Sea, a watering place on the Welsh coast, midway between Colwyn Bay and Llandudno, there is a spot, on

what is now formed into golf links, which an old and common local tradition has always associated with the embarkation of Prince Madoc. The place, formerly called Llandrillo-yn-Rhos, was of considerable maritime importance in the time of King Owen Gwynedd, whose castle of Deganwy was close by and of whose fleet Madoc was admiral. Here was a celebrated royal fishing weir (afterwards taken by Edward I from the Cistercians of Conway and granted to the lords of Rhufoniawc). And here on the pebbly shore was the ancient shrine and holy well of St. Trillo, whose blessing was sought by those who went out to sea in ships. Part of an old pier wall or quay is still visible; near it were recently found traces of ancient shipping. Here Prince Madoc, in 1172, assembled his expedition of ten ships and three hundred men and sailed away from his native coast—never to be definitely heard of more.

In the Historical Triads of Wales, given in the "Myfyrian Archaeology," Madoc's departure is alluded to among others: "XV. The three losses by disappearance of the Isle of Britain—Gavran, son of Aeddan, with his men who went to sea in search of the Green Islands of the Floods, and nothing more was heard of them. The Second, Merddin, the bard of Ambrosius, with his nine scientific bards, who went to sea in the house of glass and there have been no tidings whither they went. The Third, Madoc, son of Owen Gwynedd, who, accompanied by three hundred men, went to sea in ten ships and it is not known to what place they went."

Various and conflicting are the conjectures as to what part of the American Continent Madoc and his men reached and settled. Hakluyt, who wrote of voyages in 1600, thought it was Yucatan, from the number of crosses found there by the Spaniards. Dr. Powell suggests Mexico, because King Montezuma told Cortez of a strange

race who had anciently come thither westwards across the sea and from which the rulers of the country were descended, and also on account of seeming old British names found there, such as of "a certain bird with a white head they call pengwyn, which signifies the same in Welsh." "But for a more complete confirmation of this, the island of Conoeso, the Cape of Bryton, the river of Gwyndor, and the white rock of Pengwyn, which are all British words, do manifestly show that it was that country which Madoc and his people inhabited." But Horn, whose work was published at The Hague in 1662, inclines to place Madoc's colony in Virginia, and he and other writers state that the Indians retained the name and memory of one Madoc, Matec, Madinga or Madeczunga, who was "a hero or perhaps the god worshipped by the people of that country." Laertes enumerates fifty words used by the Virginia Indians, and which are analogous to the Welsh. Morgan Jones, who was made prisoner by the Doegs and Tuscaroras of Virginia in 1685, claimed that his life was spared by them because he spoke their own language, which was Welsh (Owen's "British Antiquities"). In Filson's "History of Kentucky" it is told that one Captain Abraham and a number of Gallo-French soldiers were cast among a tribe of Indians who conversed with them fluently and interestingly in the Gaelic tongue. Six years ago Major E. H. Cooper, well known as an explorer of the homes of the cliff dwellers, found what he considered strong traditions and marks of an ancient Welsh colony on the Arkansas River, also that there is a strong resemblance between the Welsh language and the Creek. Two Welshmen in his company were able to converse intelligibly with an old chief of the Creek tribe. "Either the old chief did speak Welsh or the Welshman spoke Creek. There were many words in their language somewhat dif-

ferent in pronunciation, but sufficiently alike for the chief, as he stood there, to grasp the meaning of the others." Then he told a tribal tradition of white men, the first ever seen in that country, who came long ago up the Arkansas River, bringing strange weapons and utensils, strange customs and language, and who were eventually adopted into and merged in the tribes. Modern Welsh writers claim that the Canadian game of lacrosse was originally the Welsh game of knappan, which would indicate old Welsh colonists in Canada. It is remarkable that when Sir George Calvert, afterwards Lord Baltimore, got (1623) a large grant of land in Newfoundland, to which he sent out a large number of persons under Captain Wynne, his agent, the place was named "the province of Avalon." It was probably so called by Captain Wynne, who was a Welshman, and who recalled the ancient expedition of Madoc in quest of the mysterious Avalon, the Land of Apples.

The persistent allegations of the existence of Welsh-speaking Indians were contributed to in 1792 by John Evans of Carnarvonshire, who in the first Welsh periodical published declared he had found persons who had had intercourse with them after traveling eight hundred miles inland towards Kentucky.

It appears that in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries communication between the old world and the new was fairly open, especially by the Greenland route. Says P. De Rov, well known as a close and critical student of the subject, concerning the first explorers: "The oldest Scandinavian records of Iceland expressly concede the honor to the Irish papas, who had Christianized portions of our hemisphere before the ninth century, as appears from documents of Emperor Lewis the Pious and Pope Gregory IV. The presence of two well-known Catholic bishops in our New England States and of twenty-seven in

Greenland before Columbus' discovery is evidence enough that the Chicago World's Fair should have been held in the year 1900 in honor of Leif Ericson—if not rather in honor of the Irish monk Mernoc, who is the first European mentioned as acquainted with our Eastern coasts." And Rev. John Placid Conway, O. P., says: "It is recorded in ancient Icelandic manuscripts and in Danish chronicles that the Bishop of Greenland, Erick by name, crossed over to Vinland in 1121, consequently he is the first known bishop on American soil. But as early as 1059 an Irish priest named John went from Iceland to Vinland and was there martyred. Catholic colonists from Greenland, Iceland and Norway crossed over to these new regions: five priests went there from Ireland in 1266. Two priests from Iceland, Adalbrand and Thorwald Helgason, settled in Newfoundland in 1285. The last accounts of Icelandic manuscripts relative to America tell of a voyage made in 1347 by a crew of seventeen men; and again in 1356 they testify to Markland (Nova Scotia) being constantly visited. After this date the veil falls; pioneers of three centuries later found some Latin books among the Indians, and an enduring tradition of the white men who dwelt in their land and mysteriously died out." About the last pre-Columbian reference to the Western Continent occurs in the account of the voyages of Nicolo and Antonio Zeno, two patrician brothers of Venice, who sailed in the Northern seas. Describing the Faroe Islands, they say: "About the year 1360 A. D., an old fisherman belonging to one of these islands had been beyond the Atlantic and there saw a large country, very rich and very populous."

Fairly well grounded and authentic are the records of the various expeditions to our shores. But what became of the bold discoverers and hardy explorers? Were they exterminated by

the red men or by pestilence? Did they dwindle to remnants and disappear in the mass of the native race? Did they abandon the rich grain and wood lands and let homesickness draw them back across the ocean? Certainly a very brief stay in Vinland satisfied Leif Ericson and the Norse colonists who came after him. Few are the Norse relics, real or alleged, to be found in New England. Subject of much controversy has been the well-known Round Tower at Newport, known to the philistines as the Old Windmill. The Danes regard it as built by their early ancestors; Professor Rafn, an archaeologist, after carefully examining it, pronounced that "this building was erected at a period decidedly not later than the twelfth century." About seventy years ago a skeleton clad in broken and corroded armor was dug up at Fall River, Mass. The double circumstance excited the imagination of Longfellow and inspired him to weave a poetic romance round the grim "Skeleton in Armor":

"Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!  
Who, with thy hollow breast  
Still in rude armor drest,  
Comest to daunt me!  
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,  
But with thy fleshless palms  
Stretched, as if asking alms,  
Why dost thou haunt me?"

The skeleton in armor may have been that of Leif Ericson's brother Thorvald, who was killed by the Indians in punishment for the slaying of their comrades. As for the tower, Longfellow himself was somewhat doubtful of its antiquity and expressed apprehension lest the worthy people of Newport might say, like Sancho Panza: "God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care of what you were doing, for that it was nothing but a windmill; and nobody could mistake it, except one who had the like in his head."

Contemporaries of Columbus and those who came later found ample signs



and tokens of the Christian religion in North America, although the white people who brought it had vanished. On the shore of the Bay of Fundy, in 1502, Champlain found a wooden cross, covered with moss and decaying. Going inland he found that the red men had the cross in their dwellings, also marked upon their clothes and even tattooed on their skins, and that occasionally they made the sign of it. In 1534, when Jacques Cartier erected a cross on the coast of Canada, the natives indicated to him by signs that they understood the emblem of Christianity. Over a century later Father Le Clerque, who labored a dozen years (1675-87) as a missionary among the Indians of Gaspasia, which is supposed to correspond to the ancient White Man's Land (Huitra-manna-land), near Greater Ireland, also noted that the people he had come to convert held the cross in remarkable veneration. "The ancient worship and religious custom

of the Cross," he wrote in his book (Paris, 1691), "which is admired to-day among those savages, should persuade us that this people have formerly received a knowledge of the Cross, evangelism and Christianity, which was lost by the negligence of their ancestors."

Such is the outline, by turns bold and faint, of the main records and rumors that have come to us from various sources, both authentic and conjectural, of pre-Columbian discovery and colonization by Europeans of the Continent of America. As for Asiatic visitors, both intentional and accidental, there is ample proof that they have come here in many ages and in goodly numbers. Much doubt and mystery shroud the movements and final fortunes of the first white visitors to our shores, but looming through the perplexing gray mists of antiquity we may with tolerable distinctness discern the bold leading forms of Brendan of Ireland, Lief of Norway and Madoc of Wales.

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## Pray for the Painter

**From the French of Guillaume Dubufe**

**Translated by R. T. House**

I sought a heavenly glory for thy face,—  
 O mystic flower in mortal soil implanted,  
 O Virgin, symbol pure of fruitful grace—  
 As oft I saw thee in my dreams enchanted.  
 To show thee fair I gave thy glance a trace  
 Of tenderness angelic, and I painted  
 Robe, halo, veil, that mark the shining race  
 Of angels, guards to whom thy care is granted.

And if my name, for thy sake, pass with noise  
 Of wings, oh, lift in prayer for him thy voice,  
 Whose love was kindled at thy gentle beams;  
 Who dared, though humble, here to paint thee true,  
 Whose pious hand adorned the page's blue  
 With gold, with lilies, with his faith and dreams.

The original of this sonnet is appended in the author's handwriting to his picture of the Virgin and Child in the Museum of the Luxembourg, Paris.

# The Master of St. Nathy's

VII

## On the Hue and Cry

By P. J. COLEMAN

**O**NE day Derreen was moved by the news, secretly whispered from door to door, that Major Cox, M. P., had come to town. In itself the fact that a Member of Parliament was in their midst was not enough to cause excitement. Members of Parliament, in those troublous days of agitation, were wont to come and go unnoticed. Besides, had not Derreen its own Member, resident there when not on duty at Westminster—the idealistic and idealized Roderick Blake?

But Major Cox was no ordinary M. P., but a man hunted by the authorities and posted on the Hue and Cry in every police barracks in the kingdom for sedition and treasonable practices against the Government. Wherefore, all that summer, from county to county, from town to town, from estate to estate, he had run the outlaw's wild career, with a price on his head and every young constable in the land, eager for promotion, hot on his trail and anxious to catch him. His capture meant honors for his captor, so his path was beset night and day with perils and ambushes. But, thanks to the loyalty of the people, he had hitherto come safely through the toils and now lay "perdu" in Derreen, intent on addressing a monster mass meeting the next Fair Day at some point on the Gallen estate unknown to the police, but well known to the folk, by the secret telegraphy of confidential communication.

Pursued through Roscommon, where he had been holding meetings in support of his party's policy, he had given the sleuths the slip at Frenchtown, and passed quietly into Derreen, heralded

by runners afoot, to prepare the way and make straight the path of his coming. This much the local police knew; but where he lay—whether at one of the three hotels or in the stately mansion of Roderick Blake, whither Members of Parliament were wont to repair—was a point unsolved. Here was a chance for Kelly, the local District Inspector, to improve. Here was a chance for Head Constable Dillon to show his mettle; here was a chance whereby every young peeler in town might win his coveted stripes. So, all were alert, from Kelly to the rawest recruit, fresh from the depot of Dublin.

There was but one thing to do, in the absence of more definite information—to watch every suspected place. Accordingly, day and night, Queenan's Hotel, the Mayo Arms and the Harp Without the Crown were jealously sentinelled by argus-eyed Bobbies. Strapping young constables patrolled byeway and highway, guarding every exit, scrutinizing every entrance to each of the three hostleries, following up and shadowing every suspicious character who emerged therefrom; while the townsfolk went to and fro with significant smiles and exasperating winks and annoying little pleasantries about the beauty of duty well done and the delights of catching birds by placing salt on their tails. Occasionally an innocent looking gossoon would saunter by, apparently ignorant of the peeler's presence and stridently whistling "Harvey Duff"—a tune which was and is to an Irish policeman's temper as a red rag to a bull, or a spark to a magazine. So the pleasant farce went on until the

Fair Day, when the great meeting was to be held at Fairymount, five miles from town, and Major Cox was to run the gauntlet of the loyal constabulary, if he would address the meeting. It was a delicate crisis, but it called forth a hero in the person of Luke Parsons.

Luke was a "character" to the manor born, and had inherited his "characteristics" from his father. In the old days the tailor and the schoolmaster were personages of importance in rural Ireland. They had, in popular speech, "the run of the parish—a bed and a bite in every house, and the besht in the house at that."

Ireland is under obligations to the schoolmaster. With the priest he preserved the faith of the land, and with the faith its national identity. Banned, like the priest, as the best ally of religion, he kept alight the torch of Erin's traditional learning during the long, agonizing night of the Penal Laws. In remote mountain fastnesses, in hillside caves, in woodland haunts, in obscure dens, in humble hovels, by the wayside hedge, he gathered his little flock about him, feeding their young fancies with the bread of letters, slaking their thirst for knowledge at the Pierian spring bubbling up fresh and clear and inexhaustible in his own devoted, unselfish and patriotic breast. Thanks to the poor schoolmaster, Ireland never lacked priests in the days of persecution, and wherever Irishmen gather, whether on their own green fields, in Canadian woods, or by the long wash of Australasian waves, the schoolmaster is in benediction equally with the "soggarth aroon."

After the Penal Days, when he could again safely emerge from the obscurity of persecution, he established his village school. He was in very truth a peripatetic, going from house to house wherever he found the neophyte. A week here, a month there, according to the means of the householder, he put up

at cabin after cabin, teaching his little class by the light of rush-dips or in the flickering blaze of the turf. Rembrandt never painted picture that for pathos might equal that homely scene—the fire glimmering low on the hearth, the eager faces of the barefooted boys rosily outlined on the surrounding gloom, young men sprawling on the floor, each with his precious primer or "Reading Made Easy," and in their midst the venerable Master seated on a handful of **peat**, his eyes alight with the divine **afflatus**, his brow haloed with the silver of **age**—the incarnation of that sanctity and scholarship that have always been Erin's pride. He did not teach for glory or for gain. He had his food and shelter—the best was not too good for him—and for gold he had the gratitude of warm hearts and the love of a devoted people.

So it was before the National schools were established, and the itinerant pedagogue gave way to the Government official. And so it was with the rural tailor. He picked up his trade wherever he found it. Going afoot from cabin to cabin, from farmer's house to squire's mansion, he worked here a day, there a week, yonder a month, according to the demands upon his time, sleeping wherever he worked and getting his food in part payment. The itinerant tailor is now but a tradition even in the most remote districts; but in his day Paul Parsons was one of the best known of his kind. He had wit and he had humor, and his like for style and **finish**, for cutting and fitting, was not to be found west of the Shannon. To this day it is told with relish how he fooled Meehaul Mor Higgins—a farmer with many fat acres, a plethoric purse, a pretty wife, but the spirit of a miser and a heart of flint.

Having put up at Meehaul's farmhouse at the height of the harvesting, when Meehaul was much afield directing the reaping and mowing and keeping a jealous eye on his men, he was

given a roll of cloth with directions to make from it a "cotha-mor," or ulster, and a coat and vest. Parsons saw at a glance that there was not enough cloth for many garments, and humbly intimated so to the pompous farmer.

"The miller ought to know and I ought to know," quoth the farmer in his pride of place. "The miller says there's enough and I know there's enough, so that settles it. When your job is finished there's three pounds for you. If you're not satisfied, I can wait and get another tailor who'll be glad to do the work."

From his pompous decision there was no appeal. He was accustomed to obedience by a servile household; but he was never known to break his word. When he made a bargain he lived strictly to its letter, being honest if nig-gardly and always inclined to get the best bargain for himself. But he had met his match in Parsons. If the miller who had woven the cloth from the farmer's own yarns had secretly purloined a few yards, the tailor did not hint so. Indeed, he would have been glad had such been the case, for it was hard to beat old Meehaul Skinflint, and every one delighted in beating him, if possible.

"All right," smiled the tailor. "I'll do me besht. A 'cotha-mor,' a coat an' a vesht? An' three pounds whin finished?"

"That's the bargain," growled Mr. Arrogance. "Money down, as soon as you've fitted the last garment on me."

"I'll agree," smiled the tailor, and forthwith measured the burly farmer.

"You're a big man, Misther Higgsins," he commented, "and it takes a dale of cloth to cover you. I'll warrant there's not a bigger man in the Barony, nor a betther," he added diplomatically.

The farmer liked a little flattery. Especially was he proud of his girth and towering height, and he liked to have his stature admired.

"Ah," said he, melting under the tailor's insinuating manner. "I saw the day whin I could throw a bull by the horns."

"I saw that day, mesel'," smiled the tailor.

"You did, now?" growled the farmer, eyeing with contempt the tailor's puny figure.

"Faith, I did, then," smiled the imperturbable tailor, "but it was when the bull was a little calf," he added, chuckling softly to himself.

The gentle irony was lost on the arrogant farmer, whose complacency was impervious to such barbs. A battle-axe might have pierced, when a finely tempered rapier would have glanced harmlessly from his hide. Susceptible to flattery, wit was wasted on him; so the tailor went unscathed.

He was given a room in the upper house, with instructions not to be disturbed, save for his meals.

"I'll come, mesel', whinever you're ready to fit me," grunted Meehaul. "A word'll bring me."

"All right, sir," smiled Parsons. And then he set to work. By nightfall he had the 'cotha-mor' cut, basted and ready for fitting.

"A fine fit," growled Meehaul, after Parsons had done pinching and pipe-claying for alterations; after which, it being late, he invited the tailor to smoke a pipe and share a glass of punch with him in his own parlor.

Next morning, when Meehaul had departed afield, the tailor deliberately ripped up the "cotha-mor" and from it cut the pattern of a coat. That night he fitted the coat, and the farmer was pleased.

The following day he fitted the vest.

"When all are finished," said the tailor, "you'll find 'em hanging in the press beyond," indicating a wardrobe in a corner of the room.

Next morning, after breakfast, Meehaul went to see what progress the tailor

was making. He found him stitching away industriously at the coat.

"The 'cotha-mor's' finished, is it?" he asked.

"As much as I can do to it," said the tailor, evasively.

"An' no man can do more," said Higgins, "nor better," he added graciously.

"Thanks for thim same words," smiled the tailor. "You wor always satisfied with me work. I wish I could say as much for all me cushtomers. Would you like to see the 'cotha-mor?" he ventured, glancing nervously at the wardrobe.

"No, I've no time, now," said the farmer. "It's enough for you to fit me. The resht is all right, I know. You're a good workman, Parsons, an' I'm always proud of the clothes you make me."

"The Prince of Coolavin, himsel', never wore better. Every one bees lookin' at you an' envyin' you, whin you go to Mass at Derreen," smiled the tailor. "Be the way," he broke in, "if you wouldn't mind givin' me a couple iv pounds in advance for what I've done, I'll be obliged to ye, Misther Higgins. I want to run over home to-night and see Biddy an' lave her the price of a few groceries an' things for hersel' an' the childher. I'll come back in the mornin' an' finish the vesht."

The farmer was willing and out of a capacious and greasy wallet counted out two bank-notes. Then he took his way to the harvesting, satisfied with himself and the appearance he would make next Sunday, when he and his pretty young wife should drive up on their neat, red car to the cathedral at Derreen.

All that day the tailor worked over his task. By evening he had finished coat and vest, and these, together with a remnant of cloth, he left in the wardrobe. On the coat he pinned a rudely scribbled note: "According to bargain I med 'cotha-mor,' coat an' vest for you

out of the cloth you gev me. Thers a bit left over. Youle find it here."

Then he locked the wardrobe, threw the key out of the window into a bed of parsnips, put on his coat and vest, looked at the two bank-notes he had secured from Higgins, went downstairs, passed through the kitchen and took his way home to Monasteraiden, five miles away.

In due time the farmer discovered the deception of which he had been the victim and summoned Parsons to court. But a Solomon sat in judgment that day and, in the absence of a written agreement, decided that the tailor had literally fulfilled his bargain by making a "cotha-mor," a coat and a vest of the cloth given him by the farmer.

"An' he shtill owes me a pound for me throuble," smiled the tailor, "but I'll make him a preshent iv that."

"You'll never get another stitch from me," snorted the irate Meehaul.

"Faith, then, I don't want to work for a man that wants me to work meracles," smiled the tailor, to the uproarious amusement of the public and the spluttering profanity of the miserly Meehaul.

Of such stock came Luke Parsons, and in popular comment "twas kind father to him to be a play-boy." Besides being a wit, he was an artist to his finger-tips. "The finest tailor in Connaught," was the verdict that ran on every lip. Less skilled mechanics envied him his cunning and the remunerative trade that followed it, so that there was jealousy against him, and no one was more jealous than John Gittens—a florid, overdressed man who had come from England and, as merchant tailor, had opened a flamboyant shop with much gilt and crimson and flaming lamps under the high-sounding title of "The Crown Sartorial Emporium."

With the covert intention of poking fun at Luke, as well as, if possible, extracting the secret of his popularity,

Gittens one day rashly sent a couple of journeymen to the Parsons establishment.

"Lookin' for work?" quoth Luke, as the tramps entered his shop. Half a dozen men were busy on the high board, while the whir of the machines made music in their ears.

"If you can't give us a job I think Mr. Gittens, maybe, will," said the spokesman. "But you've a fine trade here, Mr. Parsons," said he, glancing about the shop, with its many garments on their respective pegs and the latest fashion-plates adorning the walls.

"Yes, pretty tolerable," commented Luke, pausing, shears in hand, over a coat he was cutting out.

"How do you succeed, at all? There's Gittens now. He's worked in London in the besht shops. Yet he can't hold a candle to you."

"Gentlemen," smiled Luke, "tell Mr. Gittens for me that the great essential of successful tailoring is to knot his thread; then he'll never lose his stitches. But, gentlemen, why is a tailor like a poet? Answer me that, please."

"Why is a tailor like a poet?" mused one. "I give it up."

"So do I," said the other.

"Well, it's plain as a pikestaff," smiled Luke. "The poet, poor chap, often goes hungry. But the tailor always has a goose. Besides, gentlemen, the poet is born, not made. That's the difference between myself and the proprietor of 'The Crown Sartorial Emporium.'"

And in the quiet laughter that followed, the two journeymen softly vanished.

But the tailor could also hold his own with more assuming and more pretentious folk than journeymen, as Doctor Durkin found, to his chagrin. The tailor rented his house from the doctor. Both houses adjoined, with neat gardens giving on the street, ablaze in summer with beds of tulip and geranium, the white roses from the doctor's house

overflowing to and running in riotous profusion over the tailor's. Here, in luxuriant bloom, the sparrows built and twittered, and in the overhanging eaves of either house swallows made their pendant nests of clay. It was a choice residence, select and fragrant in its flowery beauty, a retreat that a poet might fitly have chosen as the abode of love and peace. But the doctor was a harsh landlord and exacted his rent to the day from the tailor, who was not always ready to meet his dictatorial command. Not always prudent in his habits, nor strictly methodical in business, the tailor often found himself in straits when the doctor called, so that there was bad blood between them and a state of tacit warfare. But after long persecution Luke's chance came at last, when the doctor gave him an order for clothes that amounted to several pounds. The clothes being finished, Luke rang the doctor's bell and was ushered into the study on the ground floor.

"How's this?" grumbled the doctor. "Your bill's exorbitant."

"It's itemized," said Luke.

"Well, if it is, I intend to take it out in rent."

"You've never yet taken out your rent in trade from me. It has always been ready money, and prompt at that," suggested Luke. "This is the first order you've ever given me, and as I need the money, I'll thank you if you'll kindly let me have it."

"Humph!" growled the doctor, scanning the receipted bill which Luke handed him. "'To Andrew Durkin, M. D., debtor to Luke Parsons, M. D.' Why, what do you mean by that, sir? Confound your impudence, signing yourself M. D.!"

"That M. D. after my name means Money Down," smiled Luke. "'To Andrew Durkin, Medical Doctor, debtor to Luke Parsons, Money Down.' That's what the bill means, and that's

what I mean. Money Down, sir; Money Down, now if you have it; if not, to-morrow or the day after. That's 'Luke Parsons, M. D.,' for you."

"I've a good mind to ask you to move, Parsons," said the doctor, as he paid the bill.

"When my lease is up I'll move with pleasure, if you desire," smiled the tailor. "Trade follows the man, doctor, not the house."

But the doctor did not ask him to move, and thereafter, seeing the justice of the tailor's position in the matter of money down, he became his fast friend; while his patients often wondered at his tolerance and long-suffering in awaiting the settlement of bills, hitherto harshly demanded without a day's grace.

To Luke, then, as a man of resource, came Father Tom Conlon two days before the meeting was to be held at Fairymount. Ignorant of the place chosen, the authorities had, nevertheless, taken the precaution of placarding the town with flaming posters, proscribing the proposed meeting by royal proclamation and threatening with due vengeance all and sundry who might promote or take part in it.

"The trouble will be," said Father Tom, "to get Mr. Cox to Fairymount. The peelers are as vigilant as cats watching mice, and to evade them—there's the rub."

"Where is Cox?" asked Luke.

"Safe and snug at the presbytery," smiled Father Tom. "They think he's at a hotel, but I think they have their suspicions of my house, too; for two constables are posted at the chapel gate, like a pair of graven images."

"Then we musht throw 'em off the scent," said Luke.

"But how?" persisted the priest.

"Easy enough," smiled Luke. "Do the police, think you, know where the meeting's to be held?"

"I think not, but there's no knowing.

They manage sooner or later to get at all our secrets."

"Then we must give 'em definite information on that point," smiled Luke. "After that the resht'll be plain sailin'."

"How?" asked the priest.

"We musht get a few hundred hand-bills printed and distributed in town to-morrow, announcing the meetin' for Loughglynn, not Fairymount. We can do it with an air of secrecy, an' iv coorse one or more of the bills will fall into a policeman's hand. Afther that the Major can get to Fairymount. What's the matther wid goin' as a priest? He can easily shave his mustache. I don't think he'll mind makin' that sacrifice for Ireland afther all he's been through already. Your Reverence's clothes'll fit him, won't they?"

"Yes, I think so," smiled the priest. "You're a great fellow, Luke, to think of it—"

"But that's not all. We musht buy up all the post-cars in town for the Fair Day, so that the police can't get any. They'll be on the lookout and will want cars for purposes of pursuit."

"There's Corrigan. Do you think he'll agree?" queried the priest. "He's loyal to the powers that be, you know."

"Oh, he has only a couple of cars," smiled the tailor.

"All right. Will you attend to these details?" asked the priest. "You can have what money you want by calling at the presbytery."

"Lave the resht to me, yer Reverence," said Luke, "and I'll hould you, we'll bate the peelers yet."

"All right, Mr. Strategist," smiled Father Tom. "I trust you entirely."

"All you'll have to do," said Luke, "is to drive out on a sick-call on the Fair Day, with the Rev. Father Cox, M. P. Go straight to Fairymount, as already agreed on with the cuntry people. In the meantime I'll be makin' a diversion in favor of the inimy, as they say. Takin' thim in the rear or turnin' their flank,

as the case may be, while the meetin's goin' on at Fairymount."

That night Luke called on Matt Murphy, editor of the local paper, and next morning Matt delivered a bundle of circulars to the tailor.

In the afternoon, when the market-square was filled with people who had come to town to buy and sell pigs, as was the custom on the day preceding the Fair proper, half a dozen gossoons went about distributing the circulars. They made a great and commendable show of evading the police and only succeeded thereby in attracting their amiable attention.

"Hi there, boy," called one fat, perspiring peeler to a lad who had just thrust one of the suspicious documents under a farmer's nose. "what's that stuff you're scatterin' about there?"

The boy made pretense to run and the peeler spurted after him. The boy suddenly dropped his armful of circulars, and the vigilant agent of the law pounced on such as were not incontinently dispersed by the wind.

Then, mopping his forehead, he held one up and read: and, reading, he swelled with virtuous pride at the great discovery he had made.

**"Mass Meeting at Loughglynn!**

**Assemble in Your Thousands!**

**Major Cox, M. P., will address the meeting."**

"Ho! ho!" he commented, with in-suppressible glee, "so the cat's out of the bag at lasht."

Then, chuckling to himself, he trotted for the barracks to impart his information to Captain Kelly and Head Constable Dillon.

"This is good news, O'Toole," smiled the complacent little captain. "I'll see that you get due credit for it. 'Tis information that the Government would give fifty pounds for. So, Major Cox, M. P.! you thought to fool us, did you? But you'd better employ men, not boys,

next time you want to give notice of your treasonable plans."

In his mind's eye the pompous little officer already saw the fugitive Cox in his power, and could read the message from Dublin Castle thanking and commending him, as a loyal and faithful servant of the Crown, for the arrest of so troublous a character. "If we miss him at the hotels we'll be sure to nab him there," he smiled triumphantly. "Little he knows that he's in the trap. As long as the Cox runs, he's caught at last."

After which pleasantry he promptly got into telegraphic communication with the Castle and his superiors: so that all night, while he slept the sleep of the just and loyal officer, drafts of police were being hurried by train and car from every town within a radius of forty miles to the quiet little hamlet of Loughglynn.

In the morning he received a despatch from the County Inspector at Castlebar to proceed, with as many men as he could spare from Derreen, to Loughglynn, there to take command of the police of his district, which included, besides Derreen, the barracks of several outlying villages.

But to his dismay he could not hire a car in Derreen. At all the hotels and by all private car-owners he was politely informed that the cars were already engaged. There were but two in town he could hire--Corrigan's--and these were already preempted for purpose of pursuit, should Cox attempt to leave his hiding-place. There remained but the alternative of marching afoot to Loughglynn, which he did with a dozen men, after admonishing Head Constable Dillon not to relax his vigilance on the hotels.

With his handful of men Dillon maintained the alert, the pickets about the hotels never being withdrawn save for purpose of relief, when the night-watch succeeded that of the day. But now,



with the local garrison sadly depleted, he had but a scanty reserve to meet whatever emergency might arise on a Fair Day. And Fair Days were proverbially troublesome, when prolonged potations began to excite the quarrelsome. Yet he might not withdraw a single man of the six who did duty before and behind the hotels.

Early in the forenoon Luke Parsons wandered aimlessly past the chapel gate. The graven images were still mounted there, keeping a discreet eye on the presbytery. Only to apprehend Cox might they actually leave their posts, but Luke rose to the occasion.

"Nell," said he, when he had returned to the market-place and there met Nell Flynn, a character who might have passed for one of the Erinyes, "Nell, wouldn't you like to do a favor for Father Tom?"

"Indeed, then, I would, agraw," said Nell, drawing her plaid kerchief over her gray, serpentine tresses, and standing in belligerent attitude, with arms akimbo.

"And strike a blow for Ireland?" insinuated Luke.

"Strike a blow for any good cause," returned Nell, flourishing a bony arm, bare to the elbow, with a fist as brown and hard as a chestnut.

"Well, you know there's a reward of fifty pounds for any one who'll give information ladin' to the arresht of Major Cox."

"Suff on their dirty money!" said Nell. "Do ye think I'd take their filthy goold?"

"In a good cause, Nell?" beamed Luke. "And if you could help the Major by givin' information against him?"

"If I could help him, yis."

"Well, there's two chaps at the chapel gate, watchin' for the Major, and I want you to draw them off. Here's the price of a few cocks. Buy them and take them to that deserted old house beyond

the bridge, near the Bishop's. Then go to the peelers at the chapel gate and tell them you have cocks to sell, if the reward is shtill good, and there'll be half a sovereign in it for yer throuble."

"I'll do it an' welcome; anything to help the Major," beamed Nell. "Gimme yer money!"

Luke paid it over and Nell, the amazon within her now fully aroused, went about the purchase of the poultry, glad for a chance of "downin' the Governmint."

Half an hour later, while Head Constable Dillon was making the rounds of his outposts, Nell approached him mysteriously, as he held converse with the two men at the chapel gate. There was in her nervous, panther-like tread and air of suppressed excitement something that attracted Dillon, as she held up a bony finger in beckoning attitude.

"Whisht!" she warned, drawing the kerchief close about her sibylline features and glancing suspiciously around her, as if she feared detection. "Whisht!" she whispered. "If I'm heard 'twill be the death o' me. Me life wouldn't be worth a thraneen."

"What is it?" queried Dillon.

"Whisper!" hissed Nell in his ear. "I know where cocks is hidden!"

"Cox?" blurted Dillon, turning white.

"Cocks," whispered Nell.

"My God! Is this true?" queried Dillon.

"Thru as gospel! But what do I get for me informashun? I'm a poor widdy woman, an' I'm takin' me life in me hands. There's Parsons jusht across the way now, watchin' me. If he suspected me of tellin' you, me goose'd be cooked."

"If this is true and you've sure of what you say, there's a reward of fifty pounds," whispered Dillon. "But are you sure of this?"

"Sure as I'm livin'. Come wid me. Follow at a dishtance, so's we'll not be

noticed. You can pay me the money whin you get it."

She led the way down the street towards the open country, Dillon and the two constables following.

Twenty minutes' walk brought them to a deserted house beyond the town, standing by the roadside in a clump of trees. It was a large, slated house, once evidently the abode of wealth, but now dilapidated, with mossy roof, broken windows, a weed-grown yard, sagging doors and a general air of desolation. It was known as the Haunted House and was consequently held in awe, though from time to time it was said to have been occupied by men wanted by the Government and by fugitives from justice.

A gleam of intelligence flamed in Dillon's eyes as the woman halted in front of and pointed to the house.

"My God! Why didn't I think of this before? More than one Fenian has hidden there—a safe place, just because it is haunted and avoided by the people."

"Cocks is in there," said Nell in a hoarse whisper. "You can go in, but 'twouldn't do for me to be recognized. You'll find cocks up-stairs in the back room. But before you go in, give me somethin' to prove yer good faith."

Dillon hesitated a moment, but presently produced a gold coin, which he dropped in Nell's bony hand.

"Good luck to ye now, but never min-tion me in this," whispered Nell.

Then, sending one man around to the rear of the house, Dillon and the other cautiously entered the yard and on tip-toe proceeded into the ruinous hall.

For a moment Nell stood there. Then with a wild shriek of laughter she fled over the bridge and up the street, just in time to see Father Tom Conlan, with a strange priest, both with heavy ulsters, drive rapidly out of the chapel yard and whip furiously down the street that led to the Frenchtown road.

"Splendidly done, Nell," smiled Luke Parsons, who was holding the chapel yard gate open for the priest and Major Cox. "Good luck to ye! You played yer part well. There goes Major Cox with Father Tom."

"And here comes Dillon and his cocks," laughed Nell, pointing far down the street towards the bridge, where three dejected men in black uniform could be seen, one of them carrying a basket. Then she vanished into a public house.

Meanwhile, by preconcerted action, three other cars drove rapidly to the doors of the Mayo Arms, Queenan's Hotel and the Harp Without the Crown, and instantly out of each door stepped a man in a heavy ulster, with a slouch hat and a pair of green goggles—clever imitations of Major Cox, as described in the Hue and Cry. Forthwith the sentinelling constables made a dash for Corrigan's and had the waiting horses quickly harnessed to their cars. But the result was confusion, for the man from Queenan's Hotel drove furiously out the northward road to Charlestown, while the other two men—triplets they might all have been, so much alike were they in stature and general make-up—took the southward road to Loughglynn.

Two constables on bicycles dashed after the fugitive from Queenan's, while the other four sped after the cars going south.

The suspects were drawn by the best horses in town and driven by men famous for their fearlessness—local whips of national repute—so that the chase became a breakneck race.

After a while the men on the bicycles gave up in disgust and returned to town, mortified by the trick that had been played on them. But the others held furiously after their prey on the Loughglynn road.

But now came worse confusion, for at a crossroad, some two miles from

town, the cars separated, one striking into the mountains in a westerly direction, while the other continued toward Loughglynn. And on this the pursuing constables concentrated their attention, urging their horses to the utmost.

At length the man ahead in the ulster and green goggles seemed to waver, for his horse presently slowed to a trot, then to a walk, and finally halted before a roadside inn, apparently indifferent to, or oblivious of, the pursuing peelers.

He of the green goggles demurely dismounted and entered the inn, followed by his driver, Pat Flynn, who could not help casting a comical eye on the constables rapidly approaching.

"Be cripes! 'twas a fine run, Misther Lee," he laughed uproariously, blowing the froth off a pewter pot as he raised it to his lips.

"Yes," smiled Tom Lee, who had removed the goggles and false mustache, "a splendid run. Hell-fire-Jack deserves his name—"

"The besht little bit of a cob in Connaught, sir. But here they come."

There was a grating of wheels and a pounding of hoofs at the door; then, while Lee nonchalantly lit a cigarette and Pat Flynn puffed hard at his pipe, the constables burst in upon them.

"Good-day to ye, gintlemin," smiled Pat. "Ye musht be in a great hurry, ye're thravellin' so fasht. Ye'll founder Mr. Corrigan's cattle if ye're not careful."

"Lee and Flynn!" spluttered a red-faced constable. "What does this mean?"

"What does what mean?" queried Lee.

"You leadin' us a wild-goose chase like this?"

"Oh!" whistled Tom innocently. "So 'twas us you were after? Much obliged, gintlemin, for your attentions; but if a man cannot go peaceably for a drive to Castlerea, to consult his oculist, what's going to become of the country?"

"Yis, and begorra," added Flynn, "if I had the laste idea ye wor racin' after a couple of peaceful thravellers, the divil a let up I'd a let up till Hell-fire-Jack had landed ye in Cork."

The constables were crestfallen and left the inn in disgust, politely declining Lee's invitation to refreshments.

That night there was rejoicing in Derreen. The meeting at Fairymount had been a complete success, while five miles to the west some hundreds of constables waited vainly at Loughglynn for the heralded demonstration. Major Cox did not return to town, but had escaped safely into Roscommon, leaving Kelly and Dillon in mortified discomfiture.

The people had built a bonfire in the market-square to mark their triumph over the police. The fifes and drums paraded; a soap-box was set up on end by the bonfire and Luke Parsons was called on for a speech.

"Gentlemen," said Luke, mounting the box and catching sight of Dillon on the edge of the crowd, "I'll not make a speech, but, as I see present my distinguished friend from Galway, Head Constable Dillon, I'll give ye a toast:

"To drink a toast,  
A proctor roast  
Or bailiff, as the case is;  
To kiss your wife,  
Or take your life  
At ten or fifteen paces;  
To keep game cocks,  
To hunt the fox,  
To drink in punch the Solway:  
With debts galore,  
But fun for more,  
Oh! that's the man from Galway!"

The allusion to the fox and game-cocks brought a tumult of uproarious laughter from the crowd.

Dillon frowned blackly a moment. Then the humor of the situation overcame him, and he, too, laughed.

"Bad luck to you, Parsons!" he said, as he moved away. "You were always a play-boy!"

# St. Theodore of Venice

By GEORGINA PELL CURTIS

"The generous spirit  
Whose high endeavors are an inward light  
That makes the path before him always  
bright:

Who with a natural instinct to discern  
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to  
learn,

Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,  
But makes his moral being his prime care."  
—W. Wordsworth, in "The Happy Warrior."

**E**ARLY morning on the magnificent Piazza di San Marco; crowning glory of Venice, bride of the sea! Northward, the blue waters of the lagoon; eastward, facing the Piazzetta, its beautiful columns, balconies and pointed arches touched by the delicate lambient light of the fast-rising sun, stands the Palace of the Doge—that ancient and mighty head of the great Venetian Republic. Here it was that the medieval type of our own glorious Republic had its birth. Here the Doge presided over the deliberations of the Senate and of the Great Council of four hundred and eighty members. Here the Voice of the People was heard in all questions of law and government; and here Venice, rising from obscurity through the might of freedom of life and speech, backed by just laws, stretched out the arm of her power against the Orient on one side, and monarchical Europe on the other. Thus and thus it should be, she said, and because honor and truth were her watchwords, she yearly increased in wisdom and splendor.

Whence came this true greatness to Venice in an age when men's recognition of the benefits of a wise republican government were not what they are now? If we emerge from the Palace of the Doges to the Piazzetta on the west,

and turn our steps southward, we will learn something of that spirit which brooded over ancient Venice, and which lived among her people during the Middle Ages, until the gradually increasing vices of the eighteenth century made it easy for the first Napoleon to put an end to her greatness and independence.

Here, then, at the extreme north end of the Piazzetta, appear two slender granite columns, the most beautiful now extant in the world. Above one rises the winged lion of St. Mark; surmounting the other, his foot resting on a crocodile, is St. Theodore—"Martis et Cavalier di Dio," patron of the lagoon since the days of Narses and Justinian, and patron of Venice until superseded by St. Mark in the ninth century, and whose victory it is to have made the earth his friend and subject instead of his adversary.

## ST. THEODORE IN HISTORY

In the legends of Troy and Iceland, as also in the Nibelungenlied, the story centres on a young hero glowing with beauty and victory, one whose character is noble and lofty, but who meets with an early and untimely death. Such is Baldus the Beautiful, of Iceland, and such, also, are Hector and Achilles of Troy.

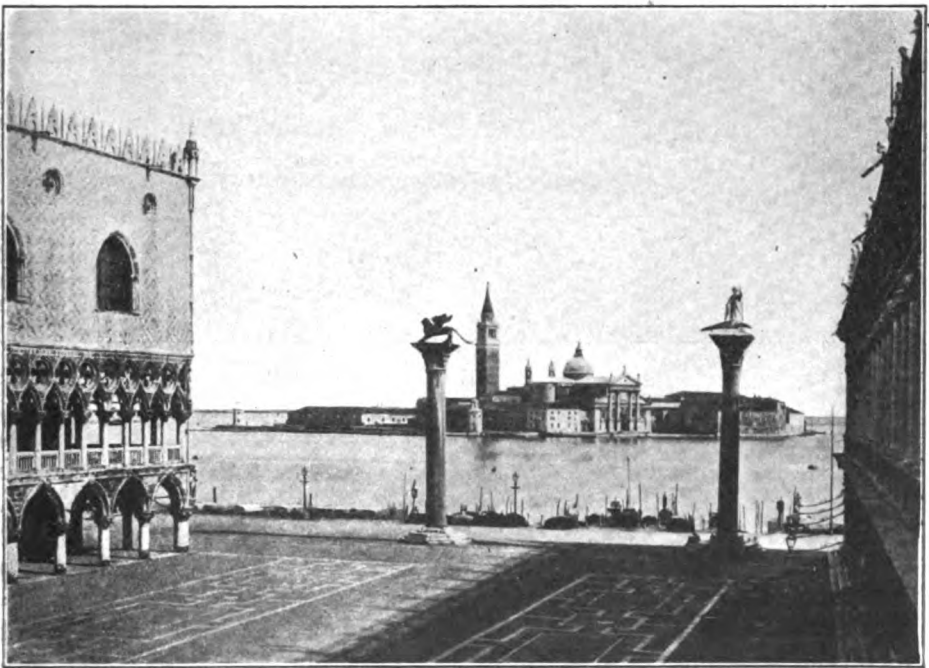
Whether heathen or Christian, such men have arisen to shine down the ages in history and legend with a splendor that is never dimmed. What Hector and Achilles were to Troy, St. Theodore was to Venice—"Happy Warrior," "Happy Peacemaker and Protector of the Republic" (Ruskin).

A native of Syria or Armenia, all that is known of his earliest years is that he

came of a noble family. He entered the Roman army and held high rank under the Emperor Licinius. Theodore is known as the Roman soldier who fought corruption in high places. Nor did he follow "wandering fires," but, seeing ever before him the pure flame of truth and justice, he was indeed an ideal knight-errant, stainless, strong, and absolutely fearless. So great was his reputation for honor and charity that to this day in Italy "San Toto," as they call him, is the special patron of chil-

man, the champion of the Republic and of all that it stood for—liberty—fraternity—the home.

It was when his fame was at its height that Theodore, with his legion, was sent into winter quarters at Pontus. Thrown during a time of inaction and peace with some Christian soldiers from whom he learned the truths of Christianity, Theodore's noble mind quickly responded to the light. He was baptized, and embraced the teachings of Christ with that singleness of purpose and ardent love

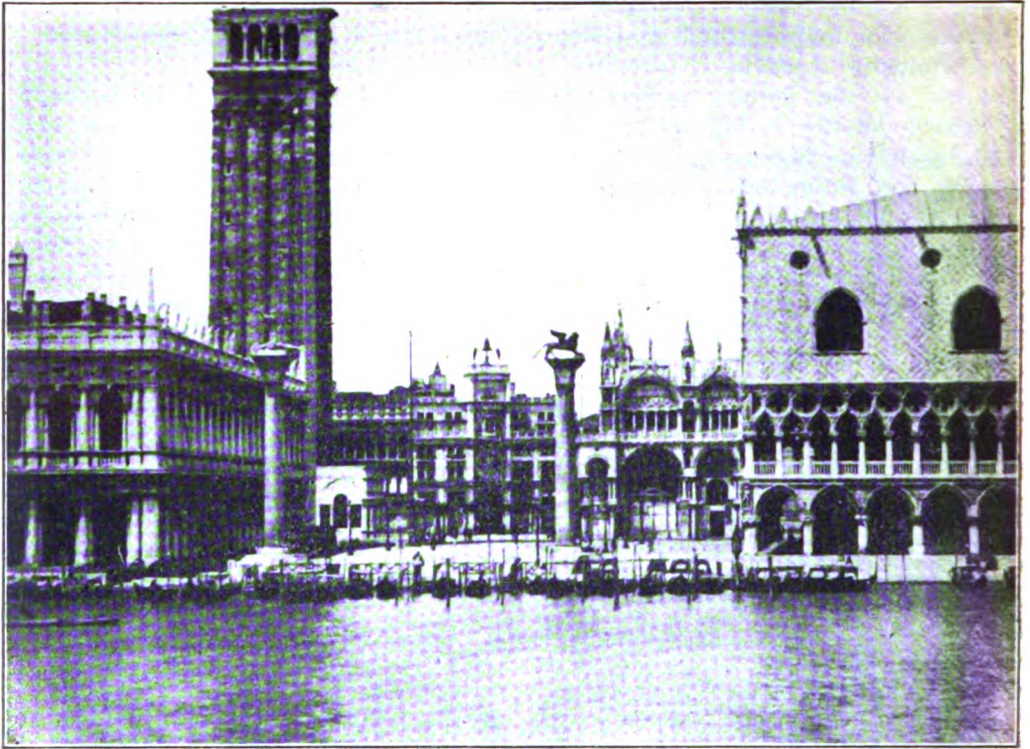


COLUMNS OF ST. MARK AND ST. THEODORE, AND ISLAND OF ST. GEORGE

dren, the guardian of families, and the saint invoked by mothers for their sick babies; and so it has been in Venice since the days when his legend was brought from the East. Nor is this belief in St. Theodore confined to women and children; the patron of Venice until superseded by St. Mark, he was regarded as the protector of commercial and maritime industries. Men referred to him as the popular saint, the people's

of truth that had characterized him as a heathen. Not long after this he was at Amasea when fresh edicts against the Christians were published by Maximian Galerius and Maximin, and the persecution which had been raised by Diocletian was recommenced.

It would probably have been easy for the great Roman soldier to conceal his faith. He held high rank and few might question him; but this knight, "sans



PIAZZETTA, FROM THE CANAL OF ST. MARK

peur et sans reproche," who had been in the foremost ranks of earthly combats, had no fear of spiritual warfare.

Boldly proclaiming himself a Christian, he proceeded, as was to be expected from a soldier accustomed to action, to put his faith into practice. There was a stately temple of Cybele, dedicated to heathen worship. Should it stand while the religion of the King of kings was being hunted and persecuted? Such a thought to Theodore was sacrilege, and in his zeal he set fire to the temple, succeeding in burning it to the ground. For this act he was brought before the tribunal of his legion, aided by the governor of the province, and was put on trial for his life. Would he sacrifice to the Roman gods?

"I know them not," he said. "Jesus Christ, the only Son of God, is my God.

Beat, tear or burn me, and if my words offend you, cut out my tongue; every part of my body is ready when God calls for the sacrifice."

"He blasphemes," cried the heathen judges. "Think twice, rash man, or neither your high rank nor past honors can save you."

Calm and immovable Theodore stood. "the human spirit in true conquest over the inhuman."

Instead of sacrificing, he breaks forth into a recital of the divine praises:

"I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall be always in my mouth!"

It was enough! He was seized, bound, and thrown on a heap of burning wood. Thus died the great saint, though his works were destined to follow him.

## ST. THEODORE IN LEGEND AND MYTH.

The tomb of St. Theodore is at Amasea. His legend was early brought by the Venetians from the East.

The beautiful pillar on the Piazzetta—"rosy and grey rock," brought from one of the islands of the archipelago in 1127—that forms the base of the statue of Theodore, holds the key to the legend and myth of the saint.

It was his special prerogative to combat material evil, as it belonged to St. George, with whom he is often pictured in art, to contend against the sinful passions of man. Hence Ruskin, the most profound student of St. Theodore, says of him that "he represents the power of the spirit of God in all noble and useful animal life, conquering what is venomous, useless, or in decay. \* \* \*

The crocodile on which he stands is the

dragon of Egypt," once worshipped in its evil power for a God.

The love of money and of luxury; the desire to crush what stood in the way of wealth and success; the sins of greed and of lust—these were the evils that the crocodile represented in some of the early legends.

St. Theodore's martyrdom was for breaking such idols, and because they knew this so well the Venetians, in the early days of their purity and high endeavor, chose him for their standard-bearer and protector, seeing in him the heavenly life of Christ in man. There is also the legend of the "Mariiegola" (or Mother Law), of the school of St. Theodore, which has come down to us from the thirteenth century, and which the Venetians so faithfully believed that they were called "the Masters of Chivalry in the gentleness of home min-



CHURCH OF ST. THEODORE, FORMERLY TEMPLE OF ROMULUS



istries." It shows forth the honor, beauty and sanctity surrounding the position of the mother in the home. "This it is which the Lord loveth above all the tabernacles of Jacob, and of

Thus we see in St. Theodore the power of gentle and rational life reigning over the wild creatures and dark forces of the world. The "Latrator Anubis," most senseless and cruel of the



ONE OF THE SMALLER CANALS

which glorious things are spoken," and because of which Venice made her vow of service to the saint forever.

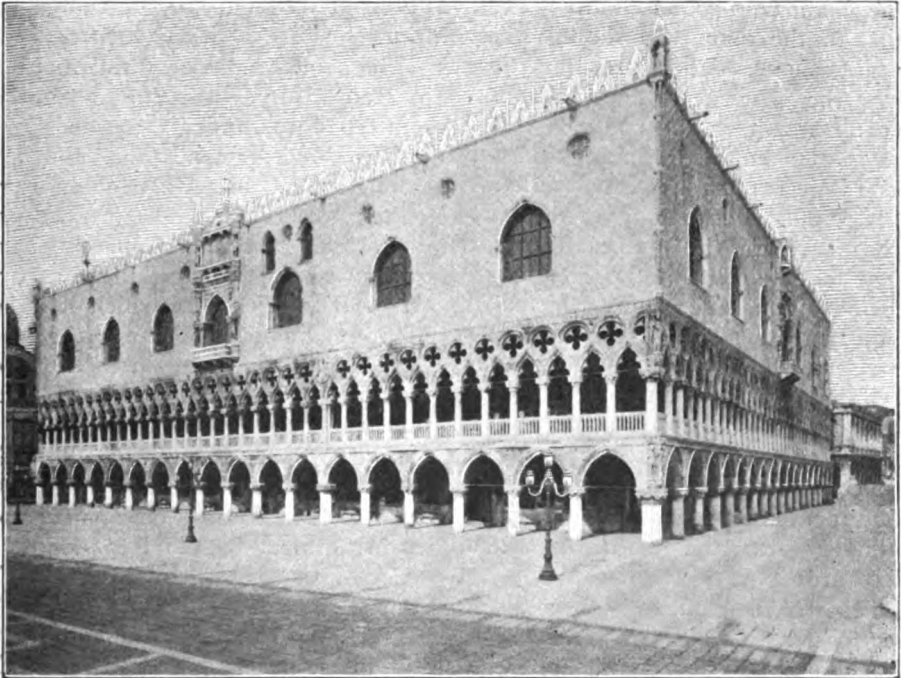
guardians of hell, thus becomes by human mercy one of the faithfullest of the friends of men. Behind this mystical



interpretation there lies another, which Ruskin describes by saying that "there is not a picture, not a legend, scarcely a column or an ornament in the art of Venice or Italy, which by this piece of work (of St. Theodore and the crocodile) will not become more well understood." For, as it was the special prerogative of St. Theodore to teach us, through the legend of the crocodile, that the power of material things can be broken and turned to man's ennobled use, so other myths and legends which

was then an irregular open space, "a field of mud in winter, and a field of dust in summer."

Divided lengthwise by a narrow dyked canal called the Rivo Battario, it served to separate the two chapels dedicated to St. Theodore and the martyrs Germinianus and Menus, by Narses, the General and Grand Chamberlain of the Byzantine Emperor Justinian. Erected in the sixth century, this chapel of St. Theodore was one of the saint's earliest monuments.



THE DOGE'S PALACE

art has expressed in painting or statue can continue to lead us on to higher things.

#### ST. THEODORE IN ART

In the early days of the Republic the Piazza di San Marco was then, as it is now, a focus of Venetian life. The genius of man, however, had not brought it to its present glorious perfection. It

St. Theodore is usually represented with St. George. In early Venetian pictures he appears as a young and beautiful knight, beardless and with long hair. Sometimes he is armed as a Christian martyr, with sword and palm, or, again, he is attired in breastplate and chlamys, with a short sword and lance, as he must have appeared when a Roman soldier in the army of Licinius.

His best-known and most beautiful monument is the column on the Piazzetta, near the twin column of St. Mark. Both pillars have wide bases of successive steps, above which rise the shafts, which were brought home by the Doge Michael in 1126. The engineering skill of those days was not equal to the task of setting them up, so it was not until nearly fifty years later that it was undertaken by a Lombard, Nicolo il Barattiere, and successfully accomplished. The Doge Michael had meanwhile died and been succeeded by Sebastian Ziani, and he it was who promised any "onesta grazia" to the man who should safely erect the shafts. Therefore Barattiere claimed the privilege of keeping gambling tables between the columns. The Doge had given his promise, and the honor of Venice made it impossible for him to retract; but, by way of repaying the Lombard for the undue advantage he had taken of them, the Senate ordered that public executions, which had previously taken place at San Giovanni in Bragara, should now be carried out between the two columns of the great saints, so as to make it a place of evil omen. It was here that Carmagnola was executed in 1432.

The crocodile on which St. Theodore is standing was the work of Pietro Guilombardo (1329).

The tops of the capitals of these great pillars spread wide like flat tables. But while both are pure Corinthian Greek work of the twelfth century, they differ from each other in that the shaft of St. Theodore is more slender than that of St. Mark. There is a massive head to the slender shaft, and a slender capital to the massive shaft. Some of the best judges of art think that this gives a more happy proportion, and enhances the artistic effect of seeing them so near each other. In the sacristy of St. Mark there is a fine cast, from an ancient bas-relief, of St. Theodore and St. George, both mounted and both combating the

dragon. While in the baptistry of the same church there is a mosaic where the saint is represented with St. Anthony Bresa, St. Isadore, and the Doge (Pietro Urseolo). Another landmark of St. Theodore in Venice is a beautiful statue on the facade of a little building that faces the Piazza San Salvatore. Used as a club-house when first erected, in the nineteenth century it had become a furniture shop; but the pure Ionic pillars were left undisturbed, and so were the four angels on top, who are directing all their attention to the majestic figure above them, in the centre of the facade, which is St. Theodore.

The saint's most beautiful monument in Rome is the little round Church of San Teodoro, under the slopes of the Palatine. First seen in the valley below from a street near the Roman Forum, leading to the Tiber, it seems, because of its shape, and accompanying background of dark foliage, to be a part of the wall of rock into which it is built. Mentioned as a diaconate in the time of St. Gregory the Great in the sixth century, it was originally, in more ancient times, a temple of Romulus.

It is to this church, dedicated for nearly fourteen hundred years to the beloved "St. Toto," that Roman mothers bring their sick children, and ask the intercession of the "children's saint" for their little ones' recovery.

In 1447, Pope Nicholas V rebuilt the church and is supposed to have added the figure of St. Theodore to the sixth century mosaics in the tribune, as the figure of the saint is clearly of a later period. These bits of marble and tinted pottery are said to be so fine that they will be remembered and talked about long after other pictures which every one goes to see are forgotten. In the centre of the ceiling, over the tribune, is the Christ, clad in a purple robe; the countenance, majestic and benign, is crowned by long light hair and finished by a short beard. In his left hand he

holds a sceptre, showing his kingly office, while behind the figure is a background composed of a blue globe studded with stars. On one side St. Peter is leading toward his Lord the youthful St. Theodore, a slender figure full of grace and modesty, and on the left is St. Paul advancing with another, but unknown, young saint. Until the sixteenth century the celebrated bronze

In the sixteenth century the church ranked high in the Roman world, and possessed a Chapter of Canons. At the present day it is chiefly interesting because of a confraternity attached to it, known as "i sacconi," or the Confraternity of the Sack. The highest nobles, cardinals and Church dignitaries belong to it, including the patrician blood of Rome. Assembling at San Teodoro,



THE RIALTO, VENICE

wolf, which is now on the Capitol, was kept in this church. A century later, in 1674, the building was restored by Cardinal Barberini, and Clement XI had the soil around it cleared of debris that had accumulated from the Palatine. An ancient library was one of the glories of San Teodoro, but it disappeared during the sack of Rome in 1526.

they leave the church in procession, clad in the coarsest of hempen garments, having long, loose sleeves, a rope for a girdle, sandals on their bare feet, and wearing hoods modelled after the Capuchin head-dress, only that it has a mask as well, with holes for the eyes and mouth. Each man carries on his back a coarse bag, or sack, and in this pictur-

esque attire they beg through the streets of Rome for the poor, putting in the sack the alms they receive, whether of food or clothing. When one of the members dies he has the privilege of being borne to his last resting-place by the Confraternity; and in this manner the late Prince Doria, member of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families in Rome, was carried to the church and cemetery.

In a curious old Greek picture of the fourteenth century there are two Saint Theodores—both on horseback, with luminous lights around their heads and long lances in their hands. They are apparently riding at full speed. The elder is Theodore of Heraclea; the other—the Venetian saint—is known as Theodore Tyro, or the younger, a youthful and beautiful figure with long, dark hair and clad, not as a soldier, but as a Christian knight, with sword and palm.

Two other memorials of St. Theodore are in existence at the present day. One in the cathedral at Monreale, Sicily, is a figure of the saint surmounting a lofty arch which divides the choir from the nave. With him are five other majestic figures. Four of them are Greek warriors—St. Theodore, St. George, St. Demetrius, and St. Mercurius, and two are Roman soldiers, St. John and St. Paul.

In the Cathedral of Chartres, France, there is a superb stained-glass window depicting St. Theodore setting fire to the temple of Cybele.

As one of the twelve champions of Christendom, St. Theodore's cult has been known from the earliest times, though he is most beloved in Venice and Rome.

#### ST. THEODORE IN THE BRIEVIARY

In a panegyric on St. Theodore delivered in the fourth century, St. Gregory of Nyssa says:

"As a soldier defend us, as a martyr speak for us. Ask peace."

On the feast of the saint, November 9th, the antiphon for the day reads:

"This man is holy, for he hath striven for the law of his God, even unto death, and hath not feared for the words of the ungodly; for he had his foundation upon a strong rock."

In the Roman Breviary, on the feast of the Dedication of St. John Lateran (November 9th), there is a commemoration of the martyr Theodore. The ninth lesson tells us that:

"This Theodore was a Christian soldier who was arrested in the reign of Emperor Maximian for having set fire to a temple of idols. The commander of the legion offered him pardon if he would profess repentance and curse the Christian faith; but as he refused to swerve as regarding the confession of his belief, he was cast into prison. There he was tormented with iron claws. As they were tearing the flesh off his ribs he sang joyfully the thirty-third psalm:

"I will bless the Lord at all times. His praise shall be always in my mouth."

"Thereafter he was thrown upon a heap of burning wood, and there, still praying and praising God, he gave up his soul to Christ, upon the ninth day of November, in the year of salvation 304.

"The Lady Eusebia wrapped his body in a winding-sheet, and buried it on her own farm."

There is also a quaint old Latin hymn, applicable to the saint, which Cardinal Newman has rendered into English, and which appears in the translation of the breviary made by the late Marquis of Bute:

"O God of Thy soldiers the portion and crown,  
Spare Thy people who hymn the Praise of the Blest:  
Earth's bitter joys, its lures and its frown,  
He scanned them and scorned, and so is at rest.

"Thy martyr, he ran all valiantly o'er  
 An highway of blood for the prize Thou  
 hast given.  
 We kneel at Thy feet, and meekly implore  
 That our pardon may wait on his triumph  
 in heaven.

"Honor and praise  
 To the Father and Son  
 And the Spirit be done  
 Now and always. Amen."

The Mass of the saint—"Laetabitur,"  
 is equally applicable and beautiful. In  
 the Collect, thinking of our needs, we  
 pray:

"Grant we beseech Thee, Almighty  
 God, that by the intercession of Blessed  
 Theodore, Thy martyr, we may be de-  
 livered from all adversities of body, and  
 be cleansed in our minds from evil  
 thoughts."

And in the Gradual, we learn some-  
 thing of what Our Lord did for the saint  
 while he was on earth, and of what The-  
 odore rendered to God in return:

"When the just man shall fall, he  
 shall not be bruised; for the Lord  
 putteth His Hand under him. He

showeth mercy and lendeth all the day  
 long. \* \* \* Alleluia! Alleluia! He  
 that followeth Me, walketh not in dark-  
 ness, but shall have the light of life eter-  
 nal. Alleluia!"

In the Offertory, we lift up our  
 thoughts to the saint, triumphant in  
 heaven:

"O Lord, Thou hast set on his head a  
 crown of precious stones; he asked life  
 of Thee, and Thou hast given it to him.  
 Alleluia!"

We bow our heads at the Secret, and  
 pray once more for our own needs:

"May our devotion be acceptable in  
 Thy sight, O Lord, and be made salu-  
 tary to us by his supplication, for whose  
 solemnity it is offered."

And finally, in the Post Communion,  
 mindful of all that has gone before, and  
 of the luminous example we have been  
 commemorating, we pray that, having  
 been refreshed by the "Holy Gift," we  
 may experience the "intercession of  
 Blessed Theodore, God's martyr,"  
 whose praise is from eternity to eternity.

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## November

By Rev. T. L. Crowley, O. P.

Drear grows chill November,  
 With the low, moaning voice of the wind;  
 And drear are the fields and the meadows  
 Whose verdure has carpeted Spring.  
 The crimson splendor is dying  
 On hilltop and bank and tree,  
 And the sullen flow of the rivers  
 Sighs mournfully out to the sea.

And while I looked upon Nature—  
 Reluctant to enter her tomb,  
 She drew the hectic folds of her glory  
 Ere she sorrowfully passed from my view.  
 I thought of the passing of mortals



ALL SOULS' DAY

Whose zenith of pleasure had waned,  
And from the cheerful glow of existence  
Had silently moved to the grave.

My spirit yearned for the dear ones  
Whose labor of love had ceased,  
And whose brief span of tender affection  
Was mercifully ended with sleep.  
Then I thought of them reigning in Heaven,  
Drinking deep of ineffable bliss,  
And following the Lamb in His journeys  
Throughout the empyreal fields.

But the wail of the winds through the tree-tops  
And the sepulchral voice of the sea  
Changed my hopeful and solacing reverie  
To a thought full of pain and of grief.  
For I knew of an infinite justice  
That demanded exemption from sin,  
And perhaps from the flames of purgation  
My dear ones were seeking relief.

Then my heart cried aloud to the Saviour  
To pity and give them release,  
And hasten their exit to Heaven  
Where the poor souls could rest in its peace.  
And I asked the Immaculate Mother  
And the innumerable host of the saints  
To pour out incessant petitions  
Before the Omnipotent's feet.

I could not forget the departed  
Whose vigor of life had been passed  
In spreading the gospel of gladness  
And aiding the heavily tasked.  
For perhaps from excessive affection  
The robes of their souls had been stained,  
And now in the fires of purgatory  
They are purging the dross of their sins.

I thank thee, then, cheerless November,  
For the wail and the plaint of thy winds,  
For they bring back again to my memory  
Full many a friend who is dead.  
I pledge them anew my affection,  
Yea, for those whom on earth I had loved,  
The orisons of a pleading heart  
I send to the great throne above.

# The White Cornettes

## In the City of the Phrygian Cap

By AUSTIN OATES, K. S. G.

**A** SUPERB view this, Sister, of Paris and her surroundings." "Monsieur must wait until he is on the fourth floor, then indeed he will say so. All Paris is at our feet. Ah, how I wish it were at God's feet. Prayer and patience. Who knows? It may be so some day. Monsieur wishes to see over our establishment? It is well. It will be a pleasure. Monsieur is not pressed for time?"

"No, Sister, to-day I have more leisure than you, I am afraid. But, before we start, will you tell me, briefly, the chief features of the Institution? Then I can follow them in their practical working development."

"First, there is 'creche.' Here babies of ten days to three years old are received and cared for from seven in the morning until seven in the evening. The 'creche' is made ready for them by 6 a. m. It has been airing all night, bed-clothes washed and floors polished. As the little ones are brought in, their clothes are all changed, their own brushed and cleaned, as far as the cleaning of them is possible, and put by until they leave. Those we lend are fresh and clean every morning. Ah, Monsieur, the washing is very heavy and laborious—but what will you! The little ones must be kept sweet and wholesome."

"I suppose they must, Sister. They do not come back as sweet as they went out, do they?"

"How is it possible, Monsieur; such homes here in Montmartre! 'Tenez,' this is not a large room is it? Well, in a room even smaller than this I have seen ten people living—aye, sleeping,

and not all of one family. Food and clothing of the kind our poor people take are cheap here, but the rents, Monsieur, they are dear."

"What is the order of the day in the 'creche,' Sister?"

"'Le voici.' On baby's arrival his clothes are removed, he is what you English call 'tubbed'—that is the word, is it not?—then he is put in his cot. You will see these cots presently. At ten he is given his first meal. Bread and broth, bread and milk—what do you call it?"

(Dear me, this is getting perplexing. What shall I say? Think I have heard the word "sop," or was it "pap." The latter seems more likely.)

"I have heard the word 'pap' used in connection with nursery management. Sister."

"Ah, pap, yes, pap, and then 'la toilette' again between twelve and one. at 3:30, soup again, vermicelli sometimes for the elder ones, tapioca and rice for the younger. Then they play and sleep, sleep and play, until six, when their mothers come for them."

"Do the mothers contribute anything towards the expenses?"

"Sometimes; but it is the exception when they do."

"Have we done with the 'creche,' Sister?"

"Yes, save seeing it, but we have to follow the child as she passes from three to twenty-one, or even thirty years in this house."

"What! Do you mean to say that you keep your hold over them for so many years?"



"Oh, yes, Monsieur. Why leave our work half done? A girl of twelve or fourteen, does she not want guidance and protection as much as the helpless little one of twelve months? And the girl of twenty—'done,' we must see her safely launched."

"And are all these stages passed within these walls, Sister?"

"Oh, yes, Monsieur, all. You will presently see these stages and those who have reached them. But now to describe them:

"Baby is three years old. Baby then leaves the 'creche' to enter the 'Aisle,' a preparatory class to the school. Here he finds himself among boys and girls under seven. You will see them presently going through their exercises. They are such dear little mites, so winning, and, oh, so 'sage'! The boys have to leave us at seven. The Government insists upon this on moral grounds."

"The old humbug!"

"Pardon, Monsieur, what did you say? Why do you laugh?"

"Nothing, Sister. I did not know the Government was so paternal."

"The boys then go to the Christian Brothers. The next step the girls take is to attend our day-schools, which form part of this building. If they are orphans, they enter our orphanage."

"A moment, Sister! What grant do you receive from Government?"

"Grant, Monsieur, oh, none! The Government visits, inspects, and examines our schools and school children, and insists upon the carrying out of many stringent and costly regulations. But it gives us no money, on the contrary, it takes much from us. What will you, Monsieur? Prayer and patience. We will not talk of this, it is very painful. Let us follow the children. This is so much brighter. We left them in school. Years pass and they leave it. Our special charge are our orphans, those living under our roof, for whom

we feel, and try to act, as mothers. But we do not lose sight of the day-scholars. Oh, no, you will see!

"Well, when school is finished, they go into the 'Ecole Professionnelle.' Here they are taught—practically taught—sewing in its many branches. Monsieur would not understand them. It goes without saying that we teach them to cook, to wash, to clean, to wait—in a word we fit them for the life before them, be it that of servant girls or workingmen's wives. And, 'en attendant,' if they do not go to service we place them in the 'Atelier.'"

"So you have a workshop, Sister?"

"Yes, and our girls turn out some very good work. They get good wages, and those who have no homes to go to live with us. Many leave us to get married."

"And do you help them to marry, Sister?"

"It does happen, Monsieur, that a steady young man comes to us and tells us he is in search of a wife; it does happen that a steady young girl is in search of a husband. Would it not be a pity if such a couple did not meet, Monsieur? You smile. Yes, they do meet, and many such couples are very happy little 'menages' now. We have some of their children at this moment in the 'creche.'"

"And, finally, we have the Patronage. Sunday is the day of reunion. It is open to all girls who have left our schools. Their Mass is at 9 a. m. At 2 p. m. they have recreation. Vespers at 3 p. m., followed by a little meal and more recreation. An annual treat is given them, frequent excursions and fetes."

"So, Monsieur, I have told you of the baby of fourteen days, and we have followed her up to twenty-one years. Now come and see the living illustrations."

\* \* \* \* \*

Sister takes me down the well-worn but well-polished stairway to the first floor. It is nearly three o'clock; feeding

time. We enter a well-aired, lofty room, bright with pictures and carpeted here and there with thick rugs. Babies, it seems, are subject to falls. In the centre of this apartment there is a very singular looking piece of furniture. Two circular forms about two and a half feet from the ground, one within the other, the inner one having a ledge upon which are arrayed basins and mugs of japanned tin. Within the inner circle stands a Sister of Charity with long blue apron. Along the outer line of this miniature amphitheatre struggle and stamp as motley a little crew of impetuous and wayward humanity as were ever gathered together.

Some have already got a firm grip of the boarding; others are making desperate efforts to bring their plump little bodies off the floor; others are skidding and skudding along the ground at rare speed, propelling themselves with outstretched hand and raised leg, bumping their rotund wee haunches mercilessly as they advance.

From a neighboring room come cries of distress, vexation and impatience. Off we go to the scene of riot. What a sight! Again a fine room. On either side a row of cots, but such cots! "Bassinettes," I think, they are called. They rest on an iron frame; they are very light, made of iron and painted blue and white. They are wreathed in white, white curtains, white pillows, white counterpanes, white netting, to keep the restless little freights from falls—all white—a true white, spotless white—no compromise with dust or dirt. They have come straight from the laundress' basket. A bonny bit of light blue ribbon, with a medal of the Immaculate Conception, is suspended over each cot.

It is feeding time, and the babies in the cots know it. Little heads peep out from here, podgy little arms and dumpy little legs seek and find emancipation over there; a full choir of baby voices, from the incipient whimper of an awak-

ening infant to the impassioned, uncompromising yelling of the thoroughly awakened and hungry youngster. Sisters, somehow, restore peace and quiet, and a twaddling, waddling, scrambling procession is on its way to the feeding "forum."

The outer wall has been scaled by many of the more vigorous; the invading line is headed by a lusty little champion of some three years. He is closely followed by others, who prod and push each other in the back. The leader begins to feel the pressure of the rear-guard; he turns to remonstrate, and howls in the face of his followers; they become entangled, and down they go—whack! crash! There is a block, an infernal row, and the next things visible are legs, arms and heads in bewildering numbers. Sisters plunge into the heaving mass and soon order is in force. Little mouths are busy—so are Sisters' arms. We now take our leave and go to the "Aisle."

Here we have boys and girls of ages between three and seven years. They are in class, seated in amphitheatre—some three hundred; a passage is kept free in the centre. At the extreme end of each row of seats is seen the "moniteur"—one of the children, selected for the post for his, or her, good conduct. They wear a ribbon over the shoulder; they look very sedate, and are weighty with dignity. Two stout little urchins are standing erect in the gangway at "attention." They each have a kettle-drum and drumsticks.

As we enter they gravely salute. The drumsticks rattle on the drumhead. Boys salute "à la militaire," girls curtsy. And then begins a series of most amusing exercises, songs, recitations and dialogues, the children showing great intelligence and entering into the spirit of the thing with intense gusto.

From here to the "Ecole Professionnelle." Here we are introduced to the mysteries of millinery. Some thirty

girls are busy with needles, scissors, sewing machines, patterns, etc.

From here they go to the "Atelier," which is in another part of the town. It is managed by an "old girl" who has received her certificate, and who is thoroughly well up in her work. She has some twenty apprentices under her, and some twenty other girls who are qualifying for places in milliners' shops. Work is supplied by ladies who are interested in the girls and Sisters, and there is no lack of it. The girls are well paid, and out of their earnings they contribute a fixed sum weekly towards their maintenance in the Institution, a separate part of the house being reserved for them.

Here they can, and many of them do, stay until they marry. Others are procured good places in good business houses and they are free to lodge in the convent. Very few of the orphans leave before the age of twenty-one, and many stay until they are considerably past this age.

It is getting late and Montmartre is a long way from the Rue de Courcelles. The various playgrounds are filled with noisy, joyous girls of all ages as we pass to the little reception-room on our way out.

"Have you many such houses as this in Paris, Sister, where so thorough, comprehensive, and so continuous a system of child protection, training, and education, is in force?"

"Some forty-five in and around Paris, Monsieur, but all of them are not so complete in their organization; but, as far as is possible, the same principle governs each house. Then we are greatly helped by 'Les Dames de la Charite.'"

"Who are they, Sister?"

"Ladies, Monsieur, who have leisure and means, and whose hearts prompt them to devote a little of both to God's cause in His poor. There are working members and honorary members. The

former share actively in the duties of the association; the latter subscribe. Is Monsieur interested in statistics?"

"I have to be sometimes, Sister. Pray give me some."

"Well, there were in 1892, 773 ladies of Paris and the immediate suburbs taking an active part in this work. The number of honorary members was 1,581. The number of visits made was 196,748, of which 63,281 were to sick and dying; 2,752 persons were baptized; 700 conversions were brought about; last sacraments administered to 3,659; 7,812 induced to make their Easter duties; 439,708 relief tickets given, and 290,005 francs expended."

"Do ladies persevere in this work?"

"Oh, yes, in the season; but when that is over they go to the country, but, though absent, they send us the means of carrying on the outside work."

"And do you get no State aid whatever?"

"None; on the contrary, we are heavily taxed. Has Monsieur heard of the new Act lately passed, taxing religious Orders?"

"I have heard and read of it with much pain and indignation. Will it affect you?"

"If persisted in it must end in the closing of our houses. God knows how dire and arduous is our task to feed, clothe, and train His poor children. We ask no State help, but it is hard to be taxed for feeding and clothing the sick and destitute."

"But the people—the vast population of this great district—are they not with you? Have you not their sympathy? Would they quietly see you put out of doors? They must know you, your work, for you and yours have reared and cared for generations of them. They have votes; will they not do you justice in the ballot boxes?"

"Ah, Monsieur, we are in Paris. Our people are not vicious; they are ignorant, perhaps, but they are not without

affection for us. When one of our Sisters dies the whole 'quartier' is up in tears and throngs to the funeral. But, politics, oh, 'Mon Dieu,' they are indeed strange things!"

"Well, Sister, one sees 'Liberte,' 'Egalite' and 'Fraternite' written and painted on every post, pillar, and building of this great city, but one seeks in vain for their equivalent in the laws now

passed, and passing in the unfortunate country where questions of religious rights and freedom are at stake. Bigotry and hatred of God and His works must have reached a culminating point where the white 'cornettes' come under the vengeance of the Phrygian cap."

"The prospect is dark, Monsieur, but it has been darker. God's will be done. Prayer and patience. Adieu."

## *The*

# "Padrona," or Lady Mistress of Spain

By MISTAH

**H**OW different from the Italian's enthusiasm, sweet and lovable though this be, is the Spaniard's "sosiego" (dignified calm) in his honor of the Virgin Queen of Heaven! Silent, sad, of broad expanse as is his native land; ardent, reticent, as is his own peculiar character, swells this love of his for Mary. He does not speak much of her, yet her medal hangs about his neck; he looks far off and seems to be reckoning ever in his heart the Spanish night-criers' call: "Mary, Queen of Heaven, and all yon clouds and clouds of saints, 'orate pro nobis!'"

Every city of the old and only Catholic kingdom has its "Padrona," or special shrine of Our Lady. "Do not leave our city," they say with modest courtesy to their guests, "till you have called upon the 'Padrona.'"

Barcelona sits in proud activity upon the Mediterranean shore. Two statues greet the incoming ship: Columbus, pointing toward the great Western world from the very spot where he landed upon his return to do homage to Ferdinand and Isabella; and the

bright angel whom the King saw standing on the shore to defend it from the Moors. How beautiful it all is, and how gladly we swing ourselves up into the ideal from the busy merchant city of the Catalans!

There stands the old palace of the kings of Aragon! We ascend the very steps that Ferdinand and Isabella and the Indians trod! Here rise the towers of the strangely mystic and beautiful cathedral. Enter! The cathedrals of Spain are the cathedrals of the world. Not so famous this one as her sister in Burgos, and yet a beautiful and telling contrast—for Burgos, flooded with light, appears the certainty of faith revealed, whereas Barcelona, in its darkness, is the uncertainty of trembling human hope and thought. Here you can scarcely see your hand before you, and yet after a few moments' prayer your eyes become accustomed to the surroundings and soon behold the enthusiasm of high-swung arches, the tracery of infinite lines—upwards—upwards! Is not this like our life? Can we ever see true beauty save through the medium of prayer?

As I look back upon the Cathedral of Barcelona to-day, I can remember only the massive darkness and the spirituality of lofty lines, and yet the impression of love and admiration is very deep and strong. Vespers was chanting as we entered, and the canons and the organ were alternating in splendid exuberance of prayer and harmony the verses of the "Magnificat." A stately procession, too, leaving the oaken stalls, had ascended the altar-steps, and was flinging incense everywhere.

'Neath the organ hangs the huge and almost grotesque Moor-head—the ex-voto of thanksgiving that now graces every Spanish cathedral. "El Moro!" "El Moro!" answers the prayer and vouchsafes no further information to your anxious query. In the arch of the apse is venerated the crucifix of Lepanto, which was nailed to the prow of John of Austria's ship, and which turned its blessed head away from the aim of Turkish arrows, and St. Eulalia lies buried 'neath the main altar in the exquisite sarcophagus of the Confession. St. Oligarius, too, first bishop and patron of Barcelona, is here in perfect preservation. The cloister surrounding the court where fountains play is very beautiful and each arch hides a chapel of Our Lady which, in our land, might almost be termed a church. And yet this splendid cathedral is not the "Padrona" of Barcelona.

Nearer the sea is the cupola of "Our Lady of Mercy" 'neath which sits, greeting you as the main portal swings back, the mighty Queen of the Catalans, as St. Peter Nolasco saw her, and strove to show her to his busy fellow town-folk. She is placed upon a throne of massive gold, swung high above the main altar. She holds the Infant Jesus in her arms, and looks down upon you with that tempered and all-foreseeing tenderness which God has written in the mother-eye.

After we had prayed in silence at the foot of this very miraculous image, we were invited by the sacristan to follow him. We ascended a broad marble staircase until we reached an upper sacristy—itsself a church, and rich in paintings and marvels of art. The congregation was reciting the Rosary below, and yet our guide wished us to look more closely at the dear statue with the sweet human title of "Our Lady of Mercy for the Redemption of Captives." How near to each one's suffering heart, oppressed by this relentless world!

We were very much frightened, for we scarcely felt the courage, if indeed we felt the boldness, to step out upon the spotless altar at that dizzy height. But, whilst we were trembling the sacristan placed his hand on the throne, and behold the dear statue swung around to us, turning its back upon the worshippers in the church below. She was radiant in promise and in hope, that blessed, unexpected vision—sparkling, too, with diamonds, and diamonds in Spain, I am sure I don't know why—some one has said that all Spanish women glide along like Aphrodite—seem brighter than anywhere else.

"Our Lady of Mercy" has many sets of jewels, for she is the heiress of the wealthy ladies of Spain, and on every feast-day of the year she shines in sparkling, many-hued lights. Opposite her altar is the old choir where Peter Nolasco and his religious nightly chanted Matins.

But once the saint was in his cell at the appointed hour, overcome by the weariness of fasts and vigils, and lo! the Queen of Angels, attended by her unnumbered suite, took her seat in the superior's stall, and with her limpid voice intoned the "Domine, Labia mea!" Peter, awakened by the celestial strain, hastened to the choir. Stunned by the brightness, the melody and the conviction of his fault, he fell at the feet of the dear Queen to beg forgiveness.

And the chisel has fixed the vision there, so that now no one else may sit in the superior's stall, where Our Lady and St. Peter Nolasco tell of mercy and of sorrow. It was then that Mary bade the saint carve a statue as nearly like to her as he could make it, and the "Padrona" of Barcelona is the result. And though she is not all that our faith and our love picture her, yet there is something in her serene countenance that fills the heart with hope and fires the deep, tranquil souls of the Spaniards that gather about her each night from busy Barcelona to recite the blessed Rosary.

"Three languages," says an ancient chronicle, "daughters of the Latin, are spoken in Paradise. God created the world in Spanish; the serpent tempted Eve in Italian, and Adam begged pardon in French."

And as we left the beautiful church of "Our Lady of Mercy for the Redemption of Captives," it seemed to us there really was some creative force in this mighty Spanish prayer that reechoed in our hearts, deep and long.

The "Padrona" of dreamy Malaga, on the enchanting Andalusian shore, is "Our Lady of Victory," rising on the very spot where Ferdinand pitched his conquering tents in 1491 and in Cadiz it is "Our Lady of the Rosary"—the Jesuit church.

But everywhere and always in her beautiful land Our Lady sits enthroned and receives the homage of Spain in that stern, quiet, unmistakable, unchanging, stately way that lies at the basis of the national character. "The 'Virgen Santissima' is our 'Padrona,'" the Spaniards say, "and Spain is rich and beautiful and does not change."

And the enraptured visitor leaves the dear shore praying that indeed Spain may never change or lose its love for the "Virgen Santissima" who sings in its echoes the old war-song at Saragossa. "La Virgen del Pilar no quiere ser

francesa; Ella es la capitana de la trapa aragonesa" (The Virgin of the Pillar does not wish to be French; she is the captain of the army of Aragon).

A favored mortal, it is said, won from the gods the permission to ask three blessings for Spain. He asked that her sons should be brave, her daughters beautiful, and her government good. The first two were granted, but the third refused. "For," said the answer, "already she is an earthly paradise, and were the last blessing hers, the very gods themselves would desert Elysium and go down to dwell in Spain."

We felt the force of the old saying as our gallant ship caressed the dear shore and showed us many of the seaboard towns, whilst the chaplain of the company said Mass on board for us every morning at seven, and recited the Rosary with passengers, captain and crew every evening at seven-thirty, before the altar of "la Virgen del Carmine." It was only after this touching devotion was over that our renowned barytone was free to charm the "senoras" and "caballeros" with his "Farewell to Aragon" and other lyrics. The atmosphere was charged with the supernatural, and the conversation frequently ran upon the different shrines of Spain and their respective beauties. The gentlemen would boast each of the "Padrona" of his native place. But "Our Lady of Mt. Carmel" was, by common accord, acknowledged the patron of the navy of the realm.

Sunday, July 7th, Feast of the Precious Blood, dawned fair and beautiful. The sea was smooth as crystal and blue as the sky, and the chaplain of the "Montevideo" was aglow with enthusiasm. For he had promised us Mass on deck, and at an early hour, he was about with the carpenters making ready the altar.

After nailing a heavy sail at one end of the first cabin deck, they covered it with a gorgeous Spanish flag, and then,

with much care, they suspended in the center a large picture of the "Padrona" of the navy, "Nuestra Senora del Carmine." Up went the altar at her feet, bedight as for a "fiesta," and when all was ready the great ship bell began to toll, calling us to the floating cathedral. The captain and his staff took the seats of honor, then the passengers of the three cabins, and the crew in orderly file. Two sailors bearing torches and an acolyte in spotless white accompanied the priest to the altar and mounted guard in motionless reverence while the awful mysteries were enacted. We seemed to be holding a triumphal procession of the "Sanguis Christi," and I thought of the many Corpus Christi processions on the green land with their exuberance of flowers, of chant, of in-

cense, scarcely more beautiful — not more impressive — than this one over the abyss. The tiny, silent Host, which, with its hidden might, was holding us poised over the dread, unfathomed deep, was lifted high above the smiling waters. And the blessed chalice, too, brimful of blood-red redeeming love!

And still the "Montevideo" glided on and all knelt in silent prayer, for on sea even the infidel has faith. And when, at the close of the great rite, we thanked the captain and expressed our unbounded admiration of the public act of faith, he smiled and answered: "This is nothing. Only wait till July 16th, the feast of the 'Padrona,' and then you will see solemnity."

"Volgame Dios, y Nuestra Senora del Carmine!"

## Thanksgiving

By John Bunker

Two men there were in the city,  
And one was rich in store;  
But the other knew dire hunger  
And poverty full sore.

And the two they pray to the Master,  
And the rich man prayeth so:  
"To-morrow, Lord, is Thanksgiving  
And all honor will I show.

"My door it shall be open  
And my table shall be free  
To all the wretched city:  
These my thanks to Thee."

But the other wondrous poor he was,  
And he could only say:  
"To-morrow, Lord, I praise Thee  
Upon Thanksgiving Day."

And the rich man at his table  
The starving city fed;  
And the other to a sparrow  
Gave some paltry crumbs of bread.

And one of his good bounty  
To a thousand freely gave;  
And one of his sweet pity  
Did a tiny songster save.

And full gladsome were their hearts, I ween,  
For their deeds of mercy done;  
For before the loving Master  
They had equal glory won.

# Mary Tudor

By JANE MARTYN

## IV

**O**N the next Sunday Bishop Gardiner preached at St. Paul's Cross the celebrated sermon in which he lamented in bitter terms his own conduct under Henry VIII, and exhorted all who had fallen through his means or in his company to rise with him and cling to the unity of the Catholic Church.

The title of "Supreme Head of the Church" was abrogated from the crown and a special embassy was sent to Rome composed of the Bishop of Ely, Sir Anthony Browne and Edward Carue, Doctor of Laws, to promise in the name of the King and Queen entire obedience to His Holiness and the Apostolic Chair.

The agitation and happy excitement of the great day of the restoration of religion had tried the strength of the Queen. Her health had been sinking since November set in, but, inspired by an illusive hope of an heir to the throne, she exerted herself to take part in the festivities of the court with more zest than usual. The bridal festivities, which had been deferred to Christmas, were carried out with great magnificence. The court was brilliant and gay, crowded with men whose names live in history—the Duke of Alva, in all the grace of manly beauty, the magnificent Fleming, Count Egmont, and his fellow countryman and patriot, Count Horn, the Spanish grandee, Ruy Gomez, afterwards prime-minister of Spain, and Philibert, Duke of Savoy, the suitor of Elizabeth and the future conqueror of St. Quintin. "Gentle Master Carden" invented masques and pageants for the amusement of the court, and it is interesting to read that a play called "Tre-

land" was acted, and staged with attention to the costume of the country. There were "dresses made of 'grey carsey' like an Irishman's coat, with long plaits and orange frizado (frieze) for mantles. Thus at an earlier period than Shakespeare Irish characters had possession of the English stage."\* One wonders whether the "stage Irishman" of that day, was as grotesque as of late years he has been represented.

Queen Mary was a wife but for a few months when rumors reached her which proved that Don Philip of Spain was no saint, with all his observance of religious ceremonial. Broken health and a well-nigh broken heart, together with the disappointment of her hope of an heir, weighed upon her spirit, but the "sorrow's crown of sorrow" came when Philip, whom she loved, announced that he must return to Flanders. He had been summoned by his father, the Emperor Charles V, who, to the amazement of all Europe, had declared his intention of abdicating in favor of his son. It was a summons that would admit of neither doubt nor delay on her husband's part, so Mary yielded to the necessity of the case and with a heavy heart accompanied him down the Thames to Greenwich.

After the departure of Philip, from whom she parted with passionate tears and lamentations, Mary's health failed completely. She suffered from a complication of "agonizing maladies." For some little time she struggled to pay her usual attention to business of State, but it was more than she could accomplish, and she was seen no more at council or parliament.

It has been said that "with Mary's married life the independence of her

\* Miss Strickland.



reign ceased; from whatever cause, either owing to her desperate state of health, or from her idea of wifely duty, Philip, whether absent or present, guided the English Government." To him, rather than to the Queen, may be attributed the cruelties of persecution with which hostile writers have credited her. Fuller, the historian of the Protestant Church, who lived too near Mary's times to have been deceived, says: "She had been a worthy princess if as little cruelty had been done under her as by her. She hated to equivocate and always was what was, without dissembling her judgment or conduct for fear or flattery."

Fox, author of the "Book of Martyrs," calls Queen Mary "a woman every way excellent, while she followed her own inclinations." Noailles, the French ambassador, describes "the depth of melancholy" in which the Queen was sunk after Philip's departure, when she realized—poor wife!—that she was not loved, "but she is so virtuous and good a lady that she will conquer this adversity by the same means and remedy which she has found efficacious in an infinity of other tribulations which have been her aliment from her youth upwards, like her daily bread, when she saw her life, and even her honor, many times matter of dispute, and she found no enemies more bitter than her own father and brother."

Cambden Clarendieux, in his preface to his "Life of Queen Elizabeth," mentions Queen Mary as "a princess never sufficiently to be commended of all men, for her pious and religious demeanor, her commiseration towards the poor, and her munificence and liberality towards the nobility and churchmen."

The character of Mary given by contemporaries, friend and enemy, Catholic and Protestant alike, was quite inconsistent with the cruel spirit of the persecutor. It was her lot to live in an age of religious intolerance, when to punish

erroneous opinions was deemed a duty by the leaders of every religious party, but it was never a tenet of Catholic faith. What has been designated persecution by Catholic sovereigns may be traced by the inquiring student of history to political expediency. It is bigotry, indeed, for Protestant writers to attach the epithet of "bloody" to Queen Mary's name, although the numbers who suffered in her reign were few in comparison to those in the time of Henry VIII and Edward, who preceded her, and not to be compared in number or cruelty to those under Elizabeth's.

The number of the victims of Mary Tudor's so-called persecution is given by Fox as two hundred and twenty-seven; but it is a fact worth recording, and one not very generally known, that many whose names are inscribed in his "Book of Martyrs" died peaceably a natural death, and some were living long after its publication. Father Parsons, the Jesuit, who lived very near that time, after an accurate examination of Fox's account, has shown that "great abatements are to be made in what he sets forth as to the number, behavior and cause of the sufferers; that he has advanced many and manifest falsehoods and has made himself suspected of more." Which caused an eminent divine of the Protestant Church to pass this censure on him: "Where Fox produces records he may be credited, but as to other relations he was a very slender authority."

Dr. Milner, in his "Letters to a Prebendary," gives a list of names from Fox's book with the crimes for which some of the "martyrs" really suffered. One stabbed a priest at the altar at St. Margaret's, Westminster; another was executed for attacking Cardinal Prince Henry, afterwards King of Portugal, while officiating at the altar; others for sedition and for theft, while the names of idiots and lunatics are inserted and even repeated twice in order to swell the

list. Persecution for heresy is totally opposed to the spirit of the Catholic religion, and the Cardinal Legate and bishops succeeded in suppressing the least approach to it in nine out of the fourteen dioceses, one only suffering death in each of the five others, even in Lincoln, which was then the largest see in England.

The outrageous conduct of the Protestants made it impossible that the Government could overlook their proceedings. They preached rebellion publicly all through the land; declared that in obeying the Queen the people of England displeased God; that when that idolatrous woman came to the throne, Antichrist, with all his infections, came with her; and they prayed God for her death—at a time, too, when England expected an heir to the throne.

This last offence had been so frequently committed that a law was passed which made it treason to pray for the death of the Queen; but, being persevered in, several of the preachers were thrown into prison, as they certainly would be if it had occurred in Queen Victoria's reign. To these "suffering saints" Bishop Hooper wrote the most consoling letters. Not satisfied, however, with "the sword of the spirit" they had recourse to the "arm of flesh," and a priest was fired at in the pulpit at St. Paul's Cross, and two others, royal chaplains, insulted and pelted with stones in the public streets.

The priest of whom Dr. Milner makes mention was giving Holy Communion at St. Margaret's, Westminster, when he was hacked and cut with a "hanger" so that his blood was sprinkled over the chalice and the Holy of Holies. Ballads, pictures and plays were published which made a mockery of everything sacred. But the suppression of these crimes and disorders comes down to us under the guise of "persecution."

Mary Tudor's experience of "Reformers" presented to her mind such pictures

as (besides the persecution she herself endured) the Catholic bishops confined for years in dungeons; the ancient faith proscribed; the succession changed because she, the rightful heir, was a Catholic; an armed force resisting her authority; insurrections threatening her throne from the same party, and her religion insulted. She deemed it her obvious duty to order repressive measures to be enacted; but they were more general than particular, and not one instance can be produced against the Queen of persecution, properly so-called.

She was at this time, as we have said, suffering the extreme of ill health. Her head was swollen to an immense size; she often lay in a species of trance for hours, nay, for days, and was a prey to frequent attacks of violent hysteria. It is impossible that she could have taken any share in public business, and a great many of the executions for which her name has been branded with cruelty, took place, no doubt, without her knowledge or consent, and certainly without her royal signature, as the State papers can testify.

Bishop Gardiner has been ranked as next in "bloodthirsty cruelty" to the Queen. We shall content ourselves with again quoting a passage from Father Parsons, S. J., who gives his opinion of his character thus:

"Verily, I believe that if a man should ask any good-natured Protestant that lived in Queen Mary's time, and hath both wit to judge and indifferency to speak the truth without passion, he will confess that no one great man in that Government was further off from blood and bloodiness, or from cruelty and revenge, than Bishop Gardiner, who was known to be a most tender-hearted and mild man in that behalf, inasmuch that it was sometimes, and by some great personages, objected to him for no small fault to be overfull of compassion in the office and charge that he bore (he was

Lord Chancellor); yea, to him especially it was imputed that none of the greatest and most known Protestants in Queen Mary's reign were ever called to account or put to trouble for religion."

Lingard tells us, that having once presided at the trial of some heretics who were condemned to the stake, he (Gardiner) ever afterwards continued to be absent, transferring his disagreeable duty to Bonner, Bishop of London.

A word about the five bishops who suffered death in Queen Mary's reign. Protestant writers have lauded them to the skies as models of virtue and holiness; martyrs to the "faith that was in them," steadfast champions of the Reformation, which they declare restored religion and morality, which had ceased to exist in the ages of faith until they were revived by the agency of Luther, Henry VIII, Cranmer, the Duke of Somerset and Queen Elizabeth!

It is quite certain that the character of these men has been disguised in a most astonishing degree by historians. Can it be possible that Protestants do not know that John Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, was an apostate Cistercian monk who abandoned his religious vows and married? That Latimer, who is credited by his panegyrists with "perfect simplicity and honesty," dissembled his religion for twenty years, held the high office of bishop in a Church in which he did not believe, sent Catholics and Protestants alike to the stake for the opinions which he himself professed at different times, became the political tool of Seymour in bringing his brother, Lord Thomas, to the scaffold, and was guilty of high treason by taking part with Lady Jane Grey against the lawful sovereign, Queen Mary? It would be difficult to reconcile all this either with the virtue of a martyr, or the integrity of an ordinary Christian.

Ridley, when Bishop of Rochester, in the reign of Henry VIII and Bishop of London in that of Edward VI, was

himself a persecutor, sending Protestants and Anabaptists to the stake, and was zealous in the rebellion got up to interrupt the regular succession, and so also guilty of high treason.

Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, has been endowed with all the virtues by his Protestant admirers. The fact that he was guilty of bigamy is not to be denied. His first marriage took place when he was a fellow of Cambridge, contrary to the engagements of his admission. Afterwards, when a priest, he married a second wife in Germany. His daughter-in-law made known the means by which he brought her privately into England. To avoid scandal the poor lady was put into a large chest, which being landed at Gravesend was set on the wrong end when, to avoid having her neck broken, Mrs. Cranmer had to cry out and so revealed her presence. One wonders whether the Archbishop of Canterbury was present at the unpacking, and how his Grace's baggage was afterwards conveyed to Lambeth Palace!

Cranmer governed the English Church for fourteen years, ordaining priests, celebrating Mass, which in his opinion was "an idolatrous act of superstition." His action in the matter of the divorce of King Henry and Queen Katherine of Aragon; his part in the marriage of Anna Boleyn; his part in the third and the fourth—and six months afterwards, Cranmer was compliant enough to again dissolve the matrimonial tie in favor of a fifth partner for his royal master. The record is sickening, and this is the great Archbishop, "the chief agent of the Reformation," whose character is embellished by modern writers with every grace and beauty!

The ministry and the council of the Star Chamber have had much to answer for in the matter of persecutions, and yet they, who were probably actuated in many instances by cruelty and revenge,

have escaped reproach, while the innocent and gentle sovereign has been calumniated for no other reason than her staunch adherence to the Catholic faith.

Thirty-seven members of the House of Commons retired when they found it impossible to check the arbitrary cruelty of the Star Chamber. The leader of this band of Catholics and Protestants was the eminent English lawyer, Sergeant Plowden, a devoted Papist who refused the Chancellorship under Elizabeth, declaring that he would not give up his religion. They all suffered fine and imprisonment; but if an "edict" of persecution had been issued, it would have been the duty of the Government to have them all burnt at the stake. It is pleasant to know that their descendants have ever remained Catholic through all the changes of after days, and are still members of the grand old faith.

Mary spent the autumn at Greenwich, where Elizabeth remained to cheer her loneliness, joining with seeming devotion in the religious ceremonies of the Catholic Church. The Queen had bestowed Somerset House upon her as a town residence, but the stately building was not yet in order for her reception. One would scarcely care to dwell in such a house, for its very walls must have called to heaven for vengeance on those who with impious hands had made it what it was. It was raised by the Protector Somerset on the ruins of the deanery and close of Westminster, of the parish church of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of three episcopal houses. The cloisters of St. Paul's, the chapel of Barking, near the Tower, the parish church of St. Owen, within Newgate, the Collegiate Church of St. Martin-le-Grand, and the Church of St. Nicholas, were entirely pulled down to supply materials for this mansion, which has been appropriately called "a pile of sacrilege."

The memoirs of the Countess of Feria (Jane Dormer), one of the favorite at-

tendants of the Queen, give us a glimpse of the life of gentle charity she led at Croydon after Philip's departure.

This terrible Queen, whose name, even in the minds of Catholics, has come to be associated with devouring flames and bloodthirsty cruelties, tried to sanctify her lonely days by visits to the poor, to whom, while concealing her rank, she appeared an angel of goodness. She sat down in their poor homes, and listened to the story of their wants and trials; she petted the little children, of whom she was particularly fond, and provided for their instruction and future well-being.

After days spent in charity and simple feminine duties, the evening found her seated at her embroidery frame, surrounded by her ladies, of whom many were her early friends. We must not omit to mention that the mother of Lady Jane Grey was one of these, a convincing proof of the well-known gentle heart of the Queen towards that unhappy princess. Needlework seems to have been a royal taste in old times and was considered the most suitable occupation for ladies of whatever degree. An old writer, who has been called "the poet of the needle," tells us that Mary

"Held it no disreputation

To hold the needle in her royal hand,

Which was a good example to our nation

To banish idleness throughout the land

And thus the queen in wisdom thought it fit;

The work did please her, and she graced it."

It is remarkable that we never read of Elizabeth's needlework. We must conclude that her leisure hours must have been fully occupied in displaying her gorgeous toilettes, which soon effaced the memory of that "maiden shamefacedness of dress" so much admired by her Puritan friends before she became Queen; or in flirtation with her nobles; or, perhaps, in "tuning her pulpits," which was the phrase by which she expressed her determination — warned,

perhaps, by Mary's sufferings on that score—that nothing should emanate from the preachers of England during her reign save what seemed fitting and proper to her as head of the Church. Her clergy very soon began to understand that Queen Elizabeth would have a harmony, of which she herself was to be the keynote, and the slightest deviation from perfect concord was met with ludicrous, and sometimes with rather severe, punishment.

The whole year 1556 had been passed by the Cardinal Legate in the work of restoring ecclesiastic affairs to the condition in which they had been before the so-called "Reformers" had pulled down the whole fabric of the Catholic religion in England. It proved a herculean task, so many grave abuses had arisen in consequence of non-residence of clergy, pluralities and so on. Education, too, had come to be completely neglected, and the Queen did an incalculable amount of good by restoring and re-endowing the universities with the funds which had been unlawfully wrested from them in the two former reigns, and, at her own charges, rebuilding the schools which had been pulled down throughout the country.

The Provincial Synod called by the Legate continued its sittings without intermission for twelve months, meeting each day in the beautiful chapel of Henry VII at Westminster. The Queen was again ill this year, but revived marvellously when news reached her that Philip would be in England in March. Completely roused from her lonely melancholy, several princely entertainments and sisterly reunions passed between her and Elizabeth which agreeably filled up the interval before his arrival, and diverted the Queen's mind from the wearying effects of "hope deferred."

The messenger who brought the welcome news was Sir Robert Dudley, who had been pardoned and set free by the Queen for his part in the Northumber-

land rebellion; and who, in Elizabeth's reign, became Earl of Leicester. People have tried to account for the "glamourie" he seemed to exercise over Elizabeth in after years by the fact that he was born on the same day and at the same hour which gave birth to the Princess, and, according to the superstitious notions of the time, the same influences must have ruled their destinies. But it seems more likely that his great personal beauty, fascination of manner, and persevering flattery of Elizabeth—flattery to which she always lent a willing ear—did more towards gaining her good will than any mere coincidence of similarity in their horoscopes. He is described in an old diary as "riding from King Philip, beyond the sea, with letters for our Queen."

Philip's object in visiting England at this period was to influence Mary to join him in the war against France. He met with no opposition, for the Queen felt justly indignant at the secret understanding which the French ambassador, De Noailles, kept up with each malcontent party in England all through her reign; particularly in a very recent plot in which Elizabeth's name was again used, whether with or without her knowledge cannot now be decided.

At this time we first hear of Russian nobles visiting England. A few years previous to this Sebastian Cabot, Grand Pilot of England, as he was styled by Edward VI, who granted him a pension of £166 a year, had made a voyage to the North at the head of the company called "Merchant Adventurers," who opened a trade which gave rise to the Russian Company, and now from those Northern shores came Muscovite nobles who were entertained with princely magnificence by Philip and his Queen. A droll description is given in a contemporary diary of the appearance of one of these foreigners, who astonished all beholders by the enormous size of the pearls and other priceless gems he wore

in his nightcap. But as evening dresses in those past days were called "night clothes" it is probable the cap was proper part of a Russian gentleman's full dress. They witnessed a great procession of the Order of the Garter, and were present at the glorious Church of Westminster, where, on the feast of Corpus Christi, the King and Queen with all the brilliant court took part in the solemn ceremonies of the day.

And all too soon Philip's short visit was over; his military preparations, in which Mary took the deepest interest, were completed, and she accompanied him to Dover, whence he was to sail for Flanders, where his German and Spanish troops had already assembled. The Earl of Pembroke led the English contingent, and the command of the combined armies was given to Philip's friend, Philibert, Duke of Savoy, whom he destined to be the husband of his sister-in-law, Elizabeth, her refusal notwithstanding. We may not follow him and his plumed warriors into the red field of fight, for our duty keeps us beside the Queen, who has parted with Philip for the last time. And now her melancholy returns; she broods with a sort of patient sadness over the King's short visit, his active, busy, energy about war and conquest, while the world itself seemed receding from her grasp, fading from her eyes, which are dim with weeping. But Mary was too religious to forget the lesson of resignation; she had borne many griefs; she must not lose the merit of this aching sense of loneliness.

"Let me not call it solitude, if Thou,  
Light of the soul, be near! And if the storms  
Gather round me, and the water floods  
Roll o'er my soul, oh! let no envious clouds  
Hide from mine eyes that solitary star,  
Rising in loneliness beyond the storm.  
Oh! o'er the howling wilderness of waves  
Let not faith fail to bear me up! Be Thou  
My guardian—Thou my guide."

The year 1558 was a disastrous one in England, the continued rainy season having spread fever and famine over the land. The Queen became very ill with a low intermittent attack, which in the end proved fatal. Many circumstances contributed to add to the depression consequent upon her illness. Her husband's absence and too evident want of affection had given her, as we have seen, intense pain, to which an irrepressible feeling of jealousy was added when the Duchess of Lorraine (Christine of Denmark) came to England as ambassadress from Philip to urge the suit of the Duke of Savoy for the hand of the Queen's sister Elizabeth. This lady was one of the loveliest women of the day, the idol of the imperial court; and the Queen had heard it whispered that her cousin Philip loved her, and that his English marriage was one "de convenance." She knew that this fair widow, whose exquisite beauty shone in contrast with her own pale and haggard countenance, influenced the councils of her husband—for the Duchess was an active politician, and possessed great talents for government—and Mary felt that Philip should have selected his envoy with more consideration for his wife's feelings. The death of the Emperor, Charles V., was an added grief, and the illness of Cardinal Pole, who was suffering from the same low fever, deprived her of his advice and consolation. There was great mortality among the clergy of England that year, and we learn from Bishop Godwin that "of the episcopal rank alone, thirteen are reckoned to have died a little before or after the Queen." And all those vacant sees and deaths, besides, amongst the lesser clergy, must have materially assisted Elizabeth in establishing the Protestant faith throughout the land.

The last drop of bitterness was added to the anguish of the dying Queen when news reached her of the indignation of

her subjects at the loss of Calais. She knew they had been averse to the war with France, and now the strong place which for more than two centuries they had maintained at an expense equal to the fifth of the revenue of England, which was the key to France and the sole remnant of the splendid conquests of the Plantagenets, was lost to them forever. How the French would exult over them! And King Philip had warned the Queen to take precautions about the defences of the place, and had offered to give every assistance towards strengthening it. But the English, ever suspicious of "Spanish craft," believed Philip had some selfish motive connected with his own territories in the Netherlands, and his advice was disregarded. It was an unendurable, a national, disgrace; and so much was this felt that, after the war, when the Congress met in October, 1558, at the Abbey of Cercamps, near Cambray, and the preliminaries of a peace were being arranged, Philip and the English envoys insisted on the restoration of Calais. "If we return without the recovery of the town," said the latter, "we shall be stoned to death by the people." The negotiation had come to a dead-lock—the French would not give up a port so important to themselves, and Philip would not consent to peace on any other terms, as it would be dishonorable to abandon the cause of his wife and ally in the war. But all difficulties were removed by the death of one of the belligerent parties. Mary of England had breathed her last on the 17th of November. Philip, who had long been accustomed to Mary's ill health, had not believed her in any immediate danger, and, as will often happen in such cases, death came as a surprise. He had early in November dispatched the Count de Feria with affectionate letters to the Queen, which she had heard read with joy, but which she

was herself too ill to peruse. That untroubled peace which sometimes visits the dying after a long life of trial and sorrow now rested upon her spirit, and she waited for the coming of the angel of death, praying only that God would not at that last dread moment forsake the work of His own hands. She had been very anxious on the subject of the succession, and as doubts crossed her mind of the sincerity of Elizabeth's belief in the religion she had lived but to establish, she trembled to think that all might be again overthrown. The Princess, deeply grieved and hurt at her sister's suspicions, declared most earnestly that she was a true and conscientiously believing Catholic, and that she could do no more now than she had often done before, confirm her assertion by oath. She "prayed earnestly to God that the earth might open and swallow her down alive if she were not a true Roman Catholic." The Count de Feria was so convinced of the sincerity of the fair young Princess (the hidden depths of her character being completely unknown to him), that he removed the doubts of the dying Queen. Sending Elizabeth the casket containing her jewels, Mary besought her "to be good to her poor servants" when she should come to the throne; "to pay all the debts she had contracted on the Privy Seal" and "to keep religion as she found and practiced it."

And now the end came. It had seemed a race of death between the Queen and her kinsman, Cardinal Pole, and frequent messages passed between them. On the morning of the 17th, Mass was celebrated in her chamber, and at the Elevation the Queen was observed to raise her eyes to adore her Lord present on the altar. A few minutes before its conclusion, she peacefully breathed her last, in her forty-second year, having reigned but five.

The life of Mary Tudor had been one of bitter trial in every relation of life, and in no single instance can this be attributed to her own fault. While yet a child, her heart had been torn with affliction on account of her mother's wrongs. Her life as Princess had been one unbroken martyrdom for her faith; her marriage had been a loveless union on Philip's part, while her own heart had ached with wounded feeling and disappointed affection. Her sister, too, had, by her ingratitude and want of affection, added to the burden of her sorrows; and in all her sufferings she bore the cross with gentle patience, adorning her exalted station by the practice of the lowly virtues, "the thyme and sweet herbs which grow beneath the shadow of the life-giving tree." Though a Queen she was humble, patient, gentle and kind. In her daily life we find forbearance and indulgence to all, even to her active enemies, ready forgiveness, calmness, childlike simplicity, frankness and heartiness. It were cruel to judge Mary Tudor from the writings of her enemies, who, one after the other for centuries, have been retouching the picture, deepening the shades, and intensifying the lurid light, till they have made her image associate itself alone, even in the minds of Catholics, with the "red surges of persecution."

And now "it is not death, but plenitude of peace," as she lay at rest in the Royal Chapel of St. James' Palace, not clothed, as was the custom of English sovereigns, in royal state, but covered with the humble robe of St. Francis. Her ladies, as they knelt, gazed upon the wasted features, the eyes which had so long known weeping now gently closed in death, the hands folded over the quiet heart—they prayed to God that her pure soul might dwell forever in that kingdom "were the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

She was buried at Westminster, on the north side of Henry VII's chapel,

after a right royal funeral procession, in which the Queen's "helmet, sword, target and body armor" were borne before her as at the burial of a king—the etiquette of the melancholy ceremonial recognizing only the warlike and masculine character of the sovereign. She was interred with all the solemn and consoling rites of our holy Church. Feckenham, the mitred Abbot of Westminster, officiated at the Requiem Mass, and the Bishop of Westminster preached the funeral sermon. No storied monument or costly tomb has been raised to her memory, but in after years, when in Elizabeth's reign the Catholic altars in Westminster were pulled down, the consecrated stones upon which the Holy Sacrifice had been offered were collected by pious hands and placed over the grave of Mary Tudor—a fitting tribute to her who had restored the Catholic religion in England, which now again was driven out of the land and seemed to be buried with her out of sight. But the good seed nourished with the blood of martyrs is not dead. It has awakened from its long sleep; it already germinates, and over the length and breadth of England the fair blossoms of Catholicity are flourishing as in the beauty of the springtime, and the present century may see that fair realm restored once again to the bosom of Holy Church.

The altar-stones were removed in the reign of James I for the erection of a splendid monument to Elizabeth, the murderess of his mother, at the west base of which he inserted a small black tablet to mark the spot where Mary Tudor lies, "in spe resurrectionis."

At three o'clock on the morning following Mary Tudor's death Reginald Pole, Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury, gave up his soul to God. His remains, cased in lead, were interred in the cathedral church with the simple inscription, "Depositum Cardinalis Pole."

[THE END.]



## DE PROFUNDIS

By P. J. Coleman

*"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least thou, my friend; for the hand  
of the Lord hath touched me!"*

While, touched with red, November's leaf drops on the gale,  
Hark! o'er the dead a voice of grief doth loudly wail!  
Where, silent in the moonbeams cold, God's Acre lies,  
Bestrewn with Autumn's drifted gold, that plaint doth rise:  
"In chains I grieve! Thy mercy show, thy pity lend!  
My pains relieve and heal my woe, O thou, my friend!

"In bonds I lie, from heaven exiled by stain of sin,  
For bright its gates and nought defiled may enter in.  
Fulfilled of grace, from earthly lust and soil set free,  
His shining face the pure and just alone may see.  
But thou with pray'r canst plead above, God's heart to bend;  
Thy pity give me of thy love, O thou, my friend!

"Ah, say not, when the dead depart, they are forgot,  
And by affection's tender heart remembered not!  
But let me feel, where o'er my head the gold bees hum,  
Thy steps will steal, thy tears be shed, thy feet will come!  
Let sometimes there, by pity led, thy kind thoughts wend,  
Thy pray'r be murmured for the dead, O sweetest friend!"

While, bright with gold, the autumn leaf drifts on the gale,  
O'er wood and wold a voice of grief doth sadly wail:  
"The hand of love hath touched me sore to cleanse from stain!  
O, plead above at Heaven's door and ease my pain!  
In chains I grieve! Thy mercy show, thy pity lend!  
My want relieve and heal my woe, O thou, my friend!"

# Order No. 191

By MILTON E. SMITH

## I

### A SAD FAREWELL

**T**HE sun was going down in a blaze of glory; and before it sank into its watery bed, it sent across the western sky great streaks of gold and red, which were soon transformed into vast fields of blue and green, gradually deepening into grey and purple as night drew her mantle over the earth.

Alfred Wincome watched with a sad heart the gorgeous panorama that Nature was painting upon the canvas of space. He had been to Montrose to bid adieu to Helen Peyton before his departure with his regiment for Virginia. He had hoped that the sadness of his farewell would be lightened by a word of encouragement, for he had long loved the beautiful daughter of Colonel Peyton, the owner of Montrose. He believed that his affection was reciprocated, for Helen had never denied that she loved the handsome young attorney, although she said she must obey her father and marry Richard Taylor, to whom she had been promised without her consent.

Alfred had known Helen for many years; in fact, they had grown up together, he being the son of the proprietor of a small store near Montrose. When his father died and left him a few thousand dollars, he was able to go to college and then to the law school, and had just been admitted to the bar when the guns of Sumter announced to the world that a great war was to be waged between the North and South. He at once abandoned his profession and entered the Confederate army with the commission of lieutenant of cavalry.

Colonel Peyton had outlived the age of romance, for his life had been ren-

dered unhappy by an unfortunate marriage with a woman who had accepted him for his social position. When their only child was three years old she left her husband and returned to her home in New York, where she soon died. From the day when, telling him that she never had loved him, she went away from Montrose, the Colonel determined that his daughter, should she live, must marry the one selected for her and not be permitted to choose her own husband.

When Alfred Wincome asked permission to try to win the hand of Helen, her father politely but firmly informed him that she would within a few years become the wife of Richard Taylor, the son of his former law partner, to whom she had been promised for some years. Alfred had frequently begged Helen to refuse to form such an alliance, assuring her that it would prove a most unhappy one; but she always replied that she had been taught to obey her father in all things, and that she was willing to sacrifice her own happiness to please him. At their last interview, when he bade her farewell, she said:

"Alfred, you have shown your patriotism and your love for our noble mother, the State, by placing your life at her disposal, and you have sworn to obey implicitly those she may appoint to command you. Why then do you question my duty to obey my father, to whom I am indebted for so much? You have sacrificed your chances of success as a lawyer to show your love for your State. I must give up my preferences at the command of my father." Then, with eyes filled with unbidden tears, she added: "I have one consolation, the hope that my married life, should it prove unhappy, will be a short one, for I could not long wear chains that were

galling, or live in misery. Now, good-bye. We may never meet again, but, Alfred, remember, wherever you may be, or how great soever your danger, there is one sympathizing with you and praying for you. Before we part, I have one request to make, which I trust you will grant for the sake of our old friendship. It is that you never think of me as more than a friend, or a sister, if you will. When the war is over, seek the love of one who can appreciate your affection, one who will gladly walk with you down the path of life. Once more, good-bye."

Before Alfred could reply she had passed out of the room, and with a sad heart he took his departure. As he rode down the long avenue leading from Montrose to the public highway which led to the camp, he was forced to conclude that the one he so fondly loved, and for whose sake he had tried to prepare himself for an honorable profession, would be the wife of another before he returned from the army to resume the practice of law in Huntsville. He was almost tempted to resign his commission, that he might remain at home and try to induce Helen to change her decision; but he had been taught that one's first duty is to his State, and he felt called upon to respond to her demand for volunteers to meet the army coming to coerce her. With this determination he rode back to camp to give to the State, if required, not only his life but, what he valued much more, the last hope of winning the one he had loved long and devotedly.

\* \* \* \* \*

Richard Taylor had been educated in the North and after graduation had located in Boston, coming home once each year to visit his parents. During one of his visits his father said to him:

"Richard, I have succeeded in making a good arrangement for your future. I have long wished you to settle here, so I have secured the consent of Colonel

Peyton for you to form an alliance with his family by marrying his daughter. By this marriage you will inherit Montrose, and will, of course, step into his law practice. Are you pleased with my arrangement?"

"You have been very considerate, father," replied the young man, as he left his father's presence to start on a hunting expedition. Richard Taylor was a man of the world, devoid of sentiment, and thought of nothing but his own pleasure. To avoid an unpleasant discussion with his father, he did not inform him that he had no intention of marrying Helen Peyton, or that he was betrothed to a lady in Boston. He proposed to do as he pleased without regard to the wishes of his father, and knew that in the end the old gentleman would, as usual, be satisfied. For the present, he thought it well to let his father think he was pleased at the prospect of becoming the owner of Montrose.

Soon after Richard returned to Boston, President Lincoln issued his proclamation for seventy-five thousand volunteers. He at once offered his services to the Governor of Massachusetts and was appointed major of cavalry, being later advanced to a colonelcy.

When Helen was informed that the man she was expected to marry had entered the Union army, she hoped her father would cancel the engagement, but she was sadly disappointed; for the day Colonel Peyton was told of the action of his intended son-in-law, he sought his daughter and said, with his usual earnestness:

"My child, I have just been informed of a startling fact—that the man I had honored by selecting him for your husband has actually entered the army of our enemy. While this is a cause of deep regret, it will not, of course, interfere with our plans. As you must know, it has ever been my contention that every one must obey the promptings of

his own conscience. Now, I take it for granted that Mr. Taylor, having been educated in the North, where he has resided for some time, honestly believes it to be his duty to take sides with our enemies. I do not blame the young man; although his course will delay the fulfilment of our plans, it will not defeat them. As an honorable man, I cannot withdraw from the arrangement I made with the young man's father. The marriage will be necessarily postponed for a short time, but will be consummated when the war is over, which will be before the close of the year. As I intended to say to you, I shall insist upon Mr. Taylor settling at Montrose and maintaining the reputation of the place as I have done for years."

Colonel Peyton, like many others, was sadly disappointed that the war did not terminate after the battle of Bull Run. In spite of his age, he accepted a commission as colonel, and with his regiment of cavalry soon joined Lee in Virginia. For gallant service on the field at Cold Harbor he was made a brigadier general and, assigned to the command of a brigade which served with distinction until the close of the war. He was with Lee in the invasion of Maryland in 1862, and for nearly a week his brigade was in camp on the Georgetown turnpike, a few miles south of Frederick.

## II

### A HAZARDOUS MISSION

The movements of the Confederates were an insolvable mystery to General McClellan, and the question to be determined was whether Lee intended to attack the National Capital or move on to Pennsylvania. It was therefore of the utmost importance that he be advised of the design of the daring leader; why he came into Maryland with an army of less than fifty thousand ragged soldiers.

General McClellan had moved his headquarters beyond the limits of the District of Columbia. He was sitting one evening in his tent, pondering over the great problem he was expected to solve with an army that had lately been defeated in Virginia, and trying to determine what move to make to free Maryland of the Confederate army, when Colonel Taylor, of his staff, entered and after saluting, awaited the pleasure of the Commander-in-Chief. McClellan regarded him silently for a moment or two, then said:

"Colonel Taylor, only the Almighty knows whether we shall have a Union two weeks from this. Upon this army rests the future of this great Republic, and we are at sea as to the intention of the enemy. Some one of my staff, in whom I can place implicit confidence, must risk his life for the purpose of ascertaining what the designs of General Lee are. He is a skilled leader and would hardly risk his all upon a venture without a definite plan. I must know within forty-eight hours what that plan is." The general's voice grew sad as he added: "Will you undertake the great task of solving the mystery? If I am not mistaken, Lee's headquarters are in, or near, Frederick. Can you enter his lines—aye, more, go into his headquarters as—well, shall I use the word?—a spy, and bring me the information I must have, in less than two days? The task is perilous, but the Union has cost many valuable lives and it will cost many more, probably yours, but you can give it for no nobler cause. I shall not urge you to accept this assignment, but leave you free to do as you think best."

The color came into the face of the handsome young officer. He fully appreciated the confidence of his commander and the danger of the task he had been selected to execute. Without a moment's hesitation, he replied in a clear voice:

"General, I will secure for you the information, and with your permission I will start immediately for the Confederate lines. Before I go will you give me a pass for a Montgomery County farmer through your lines?—for I must put on my disguise before I enter the territory occupied by the enemy."

By the time the sun was peeping above the hills of Maryland the following morning, a young man wearing corduroy breeches, homespun jacket and a well-worn slouch hat was plodding along the Frederick turnpike, near Buckeyetown. When he had passed through the little village, he was stopped by a Confederate picket and carefully scrutinized, as his face and hands were not those of a man accustomed to work in the field. He was taken to the headquarters of the guard and was asked by the officer in charge:

"Your name, and where are you going?"

"Daniel Digg is my name, mister," drawled the prisoner, "I am jest going to town to get a little bacon and flour for the old woman. We got mighty little left, I tell you, and I must jog along pretty lively so as to git back before night. We's about cleaned out at home."

This was an unfortunate reply, for the officer had been to Frederick and knew that not a single store was open, or could open when the streets were filled with thousands of hungry soldiers. He also knew that no one would think of attempting to transport supplies over the roads lined with stragglers, and that it would be impossible for one to pass through the many pickets guarding the dozen miles of road to Frederick. He was about to have the man confined, when the latter said:

"Mister, I ain't got no time to stay here. The old woman will be mighty anxious about me; so if you want me to take the oath to support Old Abe, jest say so and I'll take it pretty quick. But

I'll tell you it won't change my 'pinion about the Yankees who are stealing our slaves. Of course I'll take the oath, for I can't go South with a wife and three children to feed and clothe. Jest bring out the book and I'll swear that I won't fight agin the Union. To tell the real truth, I'se no fighting man anyway, and when White's Rebs come over the Potomac I jest hide less some of the boys persuade me to go back with them. If I did, the old woman would flog me whenever she caught me, sure."

The Confederate was completely deceived, and he smiled as he asked:

"Are you a Southern sympathizer, young man?"

"I am not talking to-day, mister, nor saying what I am, for I don't want to go to the prison down in Washington, whar some of my friends have been all summer. I jest said I would take the oath."

"Well, my man, do you know who we are? Have you been asleep for the last week?"

"Of course I know you are Yankees from the North. For the past two weeks I have been laid up with the rumatiz I got cutting corn down in the bottom. Do you want to know anything else?—for I must be going."

"Let the fool go," ordered the officer, as his attention was directed to an orderly who rode up with orders for the guard.

Colonel Taylor considered himself very fortunate in escaping the guard so easily, but he concluded that it would be impossible to reach Frederick as a countryman. Deciding to assume the disguise of a rebel straggler, he soon found a discarded musket and belt, which enabled him to pass for a Southern soldier. To render his disguise more perfect he placed a small pebble in his boot, so that he would be forced to walk as though he were lame and thus be really taken for a Confederate straggler. He finally reached Frederick and ventured

near the headquarters of General Lee, but saw no chance of learning the plans of the commander of the Southern army. He now realized his great mistake in promising to furnish General McClellan with the needed information, for he knew nothing more of Lee's intentions than he did before he left the Union lines. He was discouraged, and at one time decided to try to retrace his steps, which would be more hazardous than it had been to come within the rebel lines.

Colonel Taylor was trying to make his way to the Federal army, and was slowly going down the Georgetown turnpike when he picked up a long, discolored yellow envelope. He glanced at it for a moment and, concluding that it was empty, threw it away; but at that moment a small laceration on his finger began to bleed and he again took it up to wrap around the wound. To his great surprise he found a document giving the plan of General Lee's campaign. This was the paper afterwards famous as "Order No. 191," addressed to General D. H. Hill, the finding of which by the Union forces proved so detrimental to the Southern army.

As he now possessed all that he had risked his life to secure, he regarded himself as the most fortunate man in McClellan's army. He hurried forward that he might enter the Union lines as soon as possible. A moment's reflection made him conclude that the lost order, if not found by the Confederates, would be the cause of an entire change in their plans. He was satisfied a search would be made for it at once, for fear it would be found by the advance of McClellan's army now on the way to Frederick. He also considered the possibility of the order getting into the hands of some enterprising newspaper man, in which case it would at once be given to the press; then his work would be of no avail. Getting over the fence, he sought shelter in an old quarry where he made an exact copy of the order, which he concealed

within the lining of his coat; then, retracing his steps, he placed the original in the road where he had found it. As is well known, it was found by some one in the advance of the Union army and sent to headquarters, thus placing General Lee in the power of his antagonist.

Colonel Taylor had not proceeded far down the turnpike before he was stopped by the Confederate cavalry and taken to the headquarters of General Peyton. The general, who was very busy having the stragglers gathered up before McClellan crossed the Monocacy River, paid but little attention to the supposed deserter. After asking a few questions that were answered satisfactorily, he ordered the release of the prisoner and directed that he be started on the road in the direction of Frederick, as there was but little chance of his escaping through the pickets guarding the road in the rear.

As the colonel was about to leave the tent, Colonel Wincome entered; Taylor at once recognized him, and his heart beat rapidly as the Confederate said:

"Before you go, I wish to speak with you in private."

"Well, sir, it's all right," drawled Taylor, in imitation of some of the illiterate soldiers that had come from the pine regions of North Carolina, "I ain't a deserter, mister, but I was jest gwine back to that bridge whar I hid some things as we come along, and I was too tired to carry them. That's all. If I wanted to desert I couldn't, for I wouldn't know which way to go. My regiment is in that town up thar and I must jog along pretty lively so as not to be missed, for our colonel is 'tarnal hard on stragglers."

"How long have you been within our lines, Mr. Taylor?" asked Colonel Wincome, without paying the least attention to what the man had said.

"You are sartenly mistaken," replied Taylor, in a voice indicating great fear. "I never heard of a man by the name of

Taylor, except our parson and he ain't a soldier. My name is Digg—Daniel Digg from old North Carolina. I've been in the army mor'n a year now. So I must go, as the boss yonder said, to that town up thar."

"It is useless, Mr. Taylor, to attempt to deceive me, nor will it be to your advantage to try to do so. I know you as well as you know me. You are a spy in the disguise of a Confederate soldier and my duty is to have you tried by a court martial and shot as you deserve. But my respect for the lady to whom you are betrothed and consideration for the feelings of General Peyton induce me to overlook your grave offence. If you will promise me on the honor of a soldier and a gentleman to leave our lines without making the least effort to discover our position or the number of our troops, I will permit you to go. Are you willing to make this promise without any mental reservation whatever, and to consider it as a solemn contract between two soldiers and gentlemen?"

Appreciating the uselessness of trying to deceive Colonel Wincome, Taylor replied:

"Colonel, I shall never forget your kindness. I most faithfully promise to leave your lines at the earliest moment and to comply with your agreement not to seek information while here. Should the fortunes of war ever enable me to reciprocate your kindness, I will do so with pleasure."

"You owe me nothing," rejoined Wincome a little haughtily; "only consideration for the feelings of others leads me to forget my duty as a soldier."

Without saying a word relative to the important dispatch he had found, Taylor at once disappeared down the turnpike in disregard of the orders of General Peyton that he must go with the army to Frederick. He congratulated himself on his escape, for he knew that Colonel Wincome would not have released him had the fact of the finding of

the order been known. He skilfully evaded the pickets, now being withdrawn as the advance of the Union army pressed hotly on Stuart's cavalry, guarding Lee's rear.

As soon as Taylor left General Peyton's headquarters, Wincome reflected seriously on what he had done in permitting a spy to escape. Had he known that that spy had in his possession a paper that was to determine in a measure the future of the Confederate army, he would not have excused himself for failing to perform his duty as a soldier without regard to the feelings of others. He was angry with himself for a short time, but calling to mind the disgrace that would have come upon the name of his superior had his intended son-in-law been hung as a spy, he felt relieved when he considered that he had spared the one he loved, though vainly, from the sorrow which would have come to her had her proud father been forced to execute the man he had selected for her husband.

### III

#### AFTER THE BATTLE

The great battle of Antietam had been fought and the ground was literally covered with the dead and the wounded. The two armies were resting, having exhausted their strength in the fearful struggle for mastery. Before withdrawing from the field of battle detachments were sent over the field to succor the wounded and gather the dead into a convenient place.

Night had drawn the curtain of darkness over the scene and silence reigned where but a few hours previously the air had been filled with the thunder of guns and the horrid shriek of shells. Colonel Wincome was in charge of a few Confederates engaged in the work of gathering the wounded into an improvised hospital when he noticed a Union officer, apparently dead, lying near a small stream. He was about to

pass on when he heard a cry for "Water!" coming from the one he had supposed to be lifeless. He paused and, stooping down, at once recognized Colonel Taylor. He prepared to have the colonel carried from the field, when the latter suddenly revived and in a feeble voice said:

"Colonel Wincome, I am dying, so it is useless to have me taken to the hospital. Give me a little water and let me die in peace. Look after those who can be helped—God knows there are enough of them. Before you go, I have one request to make. You will find a small package in my breast pocket. When I am dead, please try to send it to Boston. It is for the only woman I ever loved. While I have strength I want to say that I never intended to marry Miss Peyton, but I did not wish to tell my parents, who were so anxious to unite the two families, and I thought it could do no harm to pretend to agree to their plans. It is true my conscience troubled me, for I knew that the young lady reciprocated your affection and I should have given you a chance. After you treated me so generously I determined, as soon as this awful strife was over, to let the general know my intentions. I would have done this at once had I been able to communicate with him. I can say no more. Please take the package and try to have it sent to Boston. Good-bye."

"Colonel, your request shall be religiously carried out, but I shall not leave you to die alone. We do not intend to try to take the wounded, even of our own army, with us when you have the means of attending to them so much more humanely. But we are having them carried to a field hospital for immediate treatment by the surgeons. I shall take you there and to-morrow you will be in the hands of your own physicians."

A few days later Colonel Taylor and thousands of other wounded officers and

soldiers were taken in ambulances to Frederick, where all the schools, public buildings and churches, with a few exceptions, had been taken for hospitals. He was placed in the portion of the Jesuit novitiate used as a hospital and for a time seemed to improve, but his wound was fatal and only his great vitality kept him alive so long. He at one time expected, as he said, "to pull through," but he soon realized that he must die. He then began to think of his spiritual condition. He had no religious convictions but believed in the existence of God and in future reward and punishment.

One day a priest came to visit a dying man in the cot adjoining the one he occupied. The man seemed very unhappy and expressed his fear of death, declaring that he would be lost, as he had not been to his duties for years. The colonel wondered what the poor fellow meant by his duties, and was surprised when he heard him say, after the priest went away:

"Now, thank God, I can die in peace and have no fears."

The next day, when the priest came again to visit the dying man, the colonel stopped him as he passed his bed and said:

"May I ask what you gave that poor fellow to make him resigned to die? Before he talked with you he was the most wretched man I ever saw. Now he appears to be happy and says he is not afraid to die. I would give everything I possess to be able to feel as he does, so please tell me what you gave him."

"I brought him the Blessed Sacrament," replied the priest.

"What is that, pray," asked the colonel with deep interest.

"The Body and the Blood of Our Divine Lord, Who died for all of us."

"You are a Catholic priest, then! Well, if you succeeded in making that wretched man so resigned can you not



do something for me? I have been visited by Protestant clergymen and all they can do is to pray for me. Their visits have not made me feel as that man says he feels, ready to cross the river. Can't you help me?—for I have only a few days to be here."

In a few words—for there was no time to teach the colonel the catechism—the priest explained the cardinal doctrines of the Church, and when assured that the colonel believed in God and in the immortality of the soul, offered to baptize the sinking man. A few days later, after he had received the sacraments for the dying, he said: "I have no fears when my Saviour has come to shield me from harm."

While the bell in the tower of St. John's was summoning the faithful to honor the adorable mystery of the Incarnation, the soul of Richard Taylor went forth on the long journey bearing the seal of mother Church.

#### IV

##### A NEW UNION

The war was over and the armies of the South returned to their homes, many of which were in ruins, and the tired veterans had to enter on a struggle almost as hopeless as the one they had just given up in despair. The foes they were now to meet were the briars and brambles that in their absence had overrun the plantations, rendering the work of cultivation almost as laborious as were the long marches and battles of the four sanguinary years spent in the field.

General Peyton found Montrose a veritable wilderness and his fortune gone, with the exception of the large estate, which he could not have cultivated for the want of laborers. He was old and despondent and did not feel that he could resume the practice of law successfully. His daughter had experi-

enced many hardships during the war but felt that she was especially blessed when her father came home after passing unharmed through so many dangers. In the four years of active life in the field, the general had forgotten that he had placed a mortgage on his home to secure money to equip his regiment. He had expected the State to pay it as soon as the legislature convened. His surprise cannot be imagined when he received a notice from a Mobile banker that the mortgage, with the accumulated interest, was unpaid and that the estate would be sold within three months.

It was useless to try to cancel the debt when the general did not possess money for his current expenses. It was painful to notice the signs of distress that were so plainly to be seen in his face and which increased as the time approached for the sale of Montrose, which had been the property of his ancestors for nearly a century. Before the day when it was to pass into the possession of another he became ill, and it was a week after the sale that the old servant was permitted to inform his master that the new owner of Montrose had arrived and wished to see him.

It was a bright and clear morning and the general, in spite of his financial losses, was cheerful; for, thanks to the kindness of a missionary priest, he and his daughter, who in all their trials had remained true to their faith, had had the happiness of hearing Mass and receiving Holy Communion in their little chapel. While they were at breakfast the purchaser of their loved home was shown into the general's study. In a short time the old veteran, after saying a little prayer that he might endure the trying ordeal, entered the room, and to his surprise met Alfred Wincome. He at once forgot his infirmities and advanced to meet his visitor, saying: "I am delighted to see you, Alfred, and your coming at this time seems to be providential, as I

am about to endure the ordeal of an interview with the man who has purchased my home. It will be exceedingly painful, but I shall show him that I am still a soldier and a gentleman. I expected to find him here, but I suppose he is in the drawing-room. Please be seated and I will send for him, for I wish you to remain until the unwelcome visitor has departed."

"My dear general," replied the mystified Alfred, "I do not fully comprehend your words. Do you mean to say that I am an unwelcome visitor, after our experience in the field?"

"Of course not, my boy, but explain yourself. Was your hearing impaired in the army? You certainly did not hear what I said. It is true my enunciation is not perfect since my sickness."

"I thought you knew that I am the purchaser of Montrose," rejoined Alfred quickly. "I have come to-day to explain my plans and to ask a great favor of you."

"Thank God," exclaimed the astonished general, as he rose to his feet, "that Montrose will continue to remain in the possession of a gentleman and a true soldier. But this is a mystery! Tell me how you secured the money to purchase the property."

"I am here, general," replied Alfred, "to ask forgiveness for something that has troubled me for some time, a failure to do my duty as a soldier. Do you remember that while we were near the town of Frederick, Maryland, a prisoner was brought to headquarters charged with being a deserter? I suppose not, as it was a daily occurrence. Well, the man was Colonel Richard Taylor, disguised as a Confederate soldier. I recognized him at once and permitted him to escape that he might not be shot as a spy. After the battle of Antietam, finding him mortally wounded on the field, I had him cared for. He recognized me and entrusted to me a package to be

forwarded to his fiancée in Boston. As soon as the war was over the father of the young lady looked me up, and when I, of course, declined to accept a present from him, he offered to appoint me general agent for the South for the insurance company of which he is president; so I am his Southern agent, with an office at Richmond, and I have succeeded in building up a large and lucrative business. I can easily pay for Montrose in a few years, and I shall make many improvements rendered necessary by the neglect of war times. The favor I ask is that you remain here permanently as my agent, and that you give a little attention to the work of making Montrose the paradise that it was before you left for the field of battle."

The general did not hesitate to accept the liberal offer of the young man, and when the arrangements had been settled to the satisfaction of both, Alfred, with considerable embarrassment, said:

"Now, my dear general, I have one more favor to ask, the greatest in your power to grant. May I try to win the hand of your daughter, whom I have loved for years? It was my love for her that overshadowed my duty as a soldier."

"Young man," replied the general thoughtfully, "it is fortunate or unfortunate, as time must determine, that you have asked this favor on this day. Without considering whether your request is reasonable or unreasonable, I grant you permission to make the attempt. Should you fail, as I apprehend you may, you must be as resigned as we are that we were not successful in the field. I will only add, my boy," continued the old man feelingly, as he tenderly placed his hand upon Alfred's shoulder, "that I hope you will be more successful in forming a new union than we were in dissolving the old one."

## THE GARDEN BENCH

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**A**ND it's oh, for an echoless silence! When I was younger than I am now," went on the Business Woman, "I started a scrapbook composed chiefly of newspaper verse. Among the poems chosen was one beginning with that quotation; and though I liked it, I could not then agree with the sentiment expressed. Silence! Fresh from the convent school where the goddess Silence sat grandly enthroned with the many obsequious hours to pay her homage, back to the farmhouse in the heart of the great country where silence was supreme ruler,—no, at that time, I could find nothing in silence to make me desire an 'echoless' one. But now—"

The Business Woman sank on the garden bench, and closed her eyes. Thinking she had come to seek the silence she had once disregarded, I said nothing. Anyhow my mind was filled with other things, as you would readily have supposed, could you have beheld the garden that special day.

"But now," resumed she, after a long moment, "the silence that was before the first act of creation, alone, at times, would be satisfying. It is not my work that is wearing me to a frizzle, for work is the best gift to humanity, and my work is in every way agreeable to me. It is the noises that exhaust, not the work. And of all noises, I here solemnly declare the most disagreeable is the noise of human voices. Clatter, clatter, clatter! I think of the monkeys at the Zoo, and am ready to embrace Darwinism!"

"It is too bad!" I exclaimed, in my softest tone, trusting my voice was not suggestive of what was proving such a source of discomfort.

"Bad! It's awful!" she answered in a hollow voice. "And there is no escap-

ing it—that is the worst part of it—unless I grow deaf, and then I should have to quit my business. The severest trial is on the street cars, where I must spend three-quarters of an hour every morning and night. At the corner the little group is chattering—and you know in the trees around the robins are essaying their short flights of song—if only one could listen to them! Then into that crowded car, with its voices, male and female, low and high—mostly high—nasal, guttural, twanging, dictatorial, harsh, voluminous—and the last is of all the most disagreeable. Its tones pour over you like a sheet of hail. There is no escaping it. Effort is useless, and you sit there in your mute agony until the end of the journey is reached.

"I take a book along, not that I desire to read that early, for does not the clever Elizabeth of the 'German Garden' say the soul is not fully awake before ten o'clock? But the words of my author are at least words of sense and wit, in both of which qualities the words to which I must perforce listen are lacking. I sweep the car with my eyes on entering, and if selection is possible, I choose a seat by one similarly provided with reading matter. At least, I promise myself, this noise, which I dread as well as detest, will not beat directly on my ears. The next stopping brings my precaution to naught, as a giddy girl enters and, taking a place before us, orders my companion to close her book and talk; and as upon my defenseless brain beats their jargon, I ask myself why speech was invented. This is the beginning of the all-day torture, ending with the three-quarters of an hour in the street car which repeats the racket of the morning.

"If the conversation were in any particular way of benefit to the parties en-

gaged in it, I should 'grin and bear it,' as the boys say, for, whatever the cost to myself, I hope I should never want selfishly to come between good to my fellow creature. But it isn't, you know. On the contrary, more often than not it is harmful, either to health or morals. Gossip always injures three persons: the one whom it concerns, the one who hears and the one who speaks; and gossip makes up a goodly portion of the talk heard in a street car—and its majority of passengers is not feminine, you must know. Who makes gossip a purely womanly occupation shows woeful ignorance of the conduct of man. After much experience I am convinced that while the gossip of woman is more frequent, that of man is more injurious. When a woman hits a fellow creature her intuitive knowledge of human frailty tempers the blow with sympathy; but a man strikes to kill every time.

"But even when the talk is morally harmless, it is physically hurtful, for it is that much vital energy needlessly wasted. The girl who chatters all the way to work takes to her work less strength than the girl who maintains silence, always provided, of course, the latter's thoughts are not of a kind destructive to spiritual power, for thoughts are as forceful as words for good or ill. In the conversation something may have come up to furnish her with disturbing thoughts for the entire day, and the one who tries to work with a mind in conflict, one train of thoughts tending to the occupation, another driving in the opposite direction, is more speedily exhausted than the one who does harder work, but who employs mind as well as hands. Or words may have been spoken to wound the heart of the hearer, causing anger to come into being, and words to be spoken which sow a fruitful crop of regret. All these things, and more, may happen, and the persons are the sufferers thereby in ways other than

that which results from work inefficiently done.

"Nor is that all the harm I have noticed resulting from this constant talking and laughter. There is still another—the great injury one does to one's good looks. Watch a young woman talking and laughing, and note the elevation of the brows, the frowning, the screwing up of the eyes, the lines made around the mouth, and calculate the effect this proceeding, carried on each day for ten successive years, will have on that countenance. It isn't necessary to work every muscle of the face with the muscles of the tongue, and it is insane to laugh with every second sentence; and the one who does these things—and how few do not do them?—is laying up for herself hours of future anguish of soul, and hours of labor before the looking-glass with cold cream and a book of massage treatment for her guide.

"There are, of course, other noises, and as unnecessary as those of human voices," concluded the distressed Business Woman, dolefully, "and were I to begin to enumerate them, you would flee from me and your garden. We are a noisy people, but I see hopeful signs of an improvement in that direction, in that some thinking men and women are beginning to utter public protests against them. I read somewhere that the teachers of public schools are drawing attention to the trial the noises of the streets are to the children, whose minds are distracted by them, and whose nerves are on the rack because of this distraction, and the fear of what must result from their unconscious inattention. Perhaps we shall have an Anti-noise Society, but I want it first to be put in operation against needless speech where working people assemble."

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The story that has been going the rounds of the press of the lack of friendliness shown the woman representative

of a certain magazine, sent abroad for the purpose of ascertaining the treatment accorded the stranger within the gates by the various Protestant churches, is not without its lesson for those places of worship not included by the young woman in her itinerary. It was interesting to note the editorial comment of some of the religious papers, especially the non-Catholic ones. They seemed to feel that they had been spied upon, and resented it, while one was honest enough to say such a thing could not have happened in Catholic churches, for people went there to pray, not to engage in social intercourse.

One of the things that must always strike one as strange is the appearance a Protestant church presents at the close of the services. It suggests more a theatre, when the show is over, than anything else, with the late worshippers talking and laughing, shaking hands and giving introductions. And yet, when you come to think of it, is not the spectacle our own city churches present toward the close of Mass infinitely worse? There are many people who seem to think they have fulfilled the obligation of hearing Mass on Sunday and holidays if they remain until the Consecration. There are a great many more who seem to think the rising of the people who intend to communicate is the signal for the close of the service, while the majority hold the last Gospel and the prayers said afterward are intended solely for the priest and the altar-boys. The sight and sound of our city churches at the early Masses are not edifying by any means, and one wonders what sort of consciences those people have. If it is considered an indication of bad manners to leave one's seat in the theatre until at least the curtain begins to fall, what shall we call this exit from the House of God during a time so solemn as the giving of Communion? It does appear that if one can spare the time to spend twenty-five minutes in

the church, one could wait another five or ten minutes longer—that the priest, to say nothing of the religious aspect of the case, is entitled to as much respect as is given to the star actor or actress. Often noting this outrush from the church, I have wondered what could be the pressing business that interfered with the manners, not less than the sacred duty, of these people. When I, too, reached the outside I beheld it, seeing the men lined up along the curbstone, the women waiting below the steps.

That these are wasted words, I realize keenly, having had to witness the efforts heroically made by a certain pastor to prevent the engrafting of city behavior on his carefully tended flock, and weekly beholding the dismal failure attending them. If people will go out of the church at Communion or the benediction, they will do it, and nothing short of a cordon of police at the door will prevent it; and it is not likely that pastors will resort to that measure to teach reverence and politeness.

Realizing the uselessness of this, let us talk of something else, and which the experience of the young woman sent by the magazine suggested. While it is true, as the editor of the religious paper observed, Catholics go to church to pray and not to form social ties, it should also be remembered religion has its social side also, received directly from the Founder Himself. We cannot think of the Lord Jesus without the little company of devout men and women who immediately recognized His sacred mission; and if the Gospel shows us the Master teaching in the synagogue or by the seashore, it follows up the picture with the Guest at the dinner prepared for Him, or the Friend resting under a hospitable roof.

Can we honestly declare that this other feature of the Church in its inception characterizes it to-day? In country places it may exist, but in the larger

towns, in the city parishes, do the people holding seats in the same pew know one another? Do they make an effort to do so? They may be among the oldest members of the congregation or the latest arrived, for aught we know or care. So they are orderly during the twenty minutes or half hour we kneel or sit with them is all we ask. But, you say, it would be impossible to know every one in the parish. But, really, would it, if every other one wanted to know you likewise? There is nothing in the world easier than to get acquainted with people when both are willing. But it would not be desirable, you add. Exactly! I was waiting for that. It is not the impossibility of it. And you call yourself a follower of Christ, who object to knowing a fellow follower? There were "undesirables" in the day of Christ, you remember, and yet, singularly enough, it was those very ones He went out of His way to know, even to looking for them in the branches of the sycamore tree. And the Pharisees complained to His disciples that their Master ate with the publicans and sinners; but it is not recorded that Christ ever pointed to the publican and sinners with the warning cry, "Woe to you!"

O fellow Christians! we have so little of Christ in us!

But the dwellers in the parish, whether they be long settled there or newly arrived, are not such great objects of concern when they are united in the bond of the family. Their friends are somewhere in the city, and even if they are actual strangers in it, the companionship to be found under the roof-tree is a saving anchor. It is those without such close associates, the boy and girl, the young man and woman, and those in their declining days, whose condition should make us pause. I have known of men and women going month after month to a church, and not so

large a one either, without meeting so much as a glance of recognition from the other members of the congregation. They were strangers not only in the parish but in the city, with their social life no less than their fortune to make. If the young man were invited to the Y. M. C. A. can you blame him so greatly that he went, when the officers of the church society were too engrossed with the petty business of its government to seek out the stranger and give him a brotherly welcome? Unless very unobservant, any member of the parish who attends services regularly for one year recognizes the stranger when he appears; and plainly enough it is that stranger who should become the object of solicitude. He may be worthy of it, in which case the congregation has acquired another valuable member; if otherwise, who shall say what this friendliness of his fellow worshipper may not effect?

There is so much loneliness in the city, a loneliness far crueller than that known in the most deserted places of the country. In the country you do not expect that the birds and the wild animals shall forsake their natural ways to keep you company; but when in the midst of your fellow men you receive only silence and the glance of coldness,—ah, then you drink the cup of loneliness to its dregs! And, I daresay, if we could but read hearts as God reads them, we should see the first letters of the sin we deplore, the crime we shudder at, traced by the fingers of loneliness. A man must have great resources within himself to be able to meet this loneliness and not finally be conquered by it.

As you sit to-night in the happiness of your family or in the pleasant society of your friends, think of the men and women in the cheerless, lonely lodging-houses. They are separated by miles, perhaps by an ocean, from their loved ones and the friends of their youth.

Strangers they are in the land of the stranger. Not theirs the duty to make the first advance toward relieving the ghastliness of their situation, but yours, to whom these streets and people and that church yonder, where you and this stranger worship side by side, are the associations of a lifetime. It is not asked of you to open the door of your own social world to that unknown person until you have tested his worthiness, for we owe something to our own protection; but it is asked of you to accord him the treatment due a fellow being, and not that allowable in dealing with a creature of a different order from our own.

And yet I sometimes wonder if that very prudence which those who claim to be so wise caution us to exercise in our dealings with those who fail to carry with them a gilt-edged letter of recommendation, is not rather the policy of fools. If it had guided the actions of the Lord Jesus would He have sought the strange man, small of stature, amid the foliage of the sycamore tree, and bade him to hasten down as He must sup in his house that day? Would He have called unknown and rude fishermen to leave their nets and become catchers of men, or propounded the deepest of His doctrines to the Samaritan woman by Jacob's well? Nay, by every law of prudence that we follow, these were not the people to be selected. But, you may object, Christ was the All-Wise. He knew. O my

friend! was it not rather that Christ trusted? Did He not trust that the desire which prompted Simon to run ahead and climb the tree under which the new Teacher must pass struck deeper than curiosity, and thus He met that awakening soul with swift recognition? that He sought for love and loyalty behind the rude exterior of the Galilean fishermen, and the truth that lay below the deceptive appearance of the woman at the well? Always, always, you find Christ trusting those with whom He came in contact. Was not Judas to the very last admitted to the Upper Chamber?

That is the trouble with us Christians; we mistrust our fellow Christians. We have not gotten over the feeling that made our forefathers invent the loving cup, which the guest must grasp with both hands, to show he carried no dagger for us behind his back; the feeling that was born when Cain lifted his hand against Abel, and which will remain with us so long as we continue to cherish it. If all the sin that curses this earth were reduced to its first cause, it would spell distrust. Be cautious, man, of thy brother, is the warning whispered into every ear, and though we may not obey it to the letter, the echo of it never dies in our heart. The result—we are those islands Matthew Arnold beautifully compares us to, speaking to one another across the water, conscious all the time of the knowledge that we were once parts of a great content.

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## The Lighthouse

By J. M. Fitzgerald

Build on thy sins, but rise thou far  
 Above the rock of mortal shame.  
 Guard in thy heart the warning flame  
 Of wisdom. Shine, the peril-star,  
 Which others in the night astray,  
 May see, in fear, and—sail away.

# CURRENT COMMENT

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## Anarchy

The Catholic Sentinel

Socialists are constantly protesting against being classified with anarchists. Socialism and anarchy, they explain, have exactly opposite ends in view. An all-powerful government is the ideal of the one, and no government at all, the ideal of the other.

Such a distinction is very well in the abstract, but when it comes to everyday life, anarchists and socialists seem sadly mixed at times. A case in point is furnished by French socialism. A large wing of the party is frankly engaged in an effort to make governmental authority ineffective in France. This wing of the party preaches anarchy to the army and professes its willingness to destroy the government of the Republic rather than see France engaged in a foreign war.

Mr. Jean Jaures, who is looked upon as the official mouthpiece of French socialism, in a speech in Paris on September 8, voiced the sentiments of the anarchists of his party. He asked for a court of international arbitration of the widest scope and declared that if France refused arbitration with another nation "instead of marching to the frontier it would be the duty of the proletariat to revolt and throw down that government of crime by force of arms."

At the International Socialist Congress in Stuttgart a few weeks before, Mr. Jaures and his followers embodied their anarchistic views in a resolution and tried to have it passed, but the German socialists overwhelmingly defeated the proposal. It will be seen, therefore, that a man can be an anarchist while calling himself a socialist.

It is sufficient commentary on the professions of French freethinkers that Mr. Jaures, a high priest of French free

thought, should preach that it is a crime to disagree with him, a crime worthy of death.

## The Real Foes of Science

The Catholic Standard and Times

In shattering the pretense now being industriously promulgated by the enemies of the Catholic Church that the present Pope has created an unbridgeable chasm between the Church and Science, the facile pen of Dr. James J. Walsh, of this city and Fordham University, is doing yeoman service. Dr. Walsh is in himself a living example that that pretense is just a pretense, and nothing else. He is an indefatigable seeker after the bottom truths in many sciences, as well as a lucid and diligent chronicler of results and the lives of the Catholic scientists who achieved them. He has abundantly demonstrated the absurdity of the assertion made by that lively New York luminary which took the name of "The Sun" to itself, that the designation "Catholic scientist" must be henceforth, after the Papal Syllabus of Errors, only a contradiction in terms. Now he has turned his artillery on President Andrew D. White's book on "The Warfare of Science With Theology." This book is widely read, and it was lately quoted by the Evening Post as showing that the Church has been the persistent enemy and persecutor of Science and its votaries. It was a comparatively easy task to demolish Professor White's case, because the man deemed good enough to be the head of an American university seemed to be ignorant of the very rudiments of the subject he had the temerity to start. He quoted a Decretal of Pope Boniface VIII as issued against dissection, and says that this document made the practice of dissection a sin against the Holy Ghost. Dr. Walsh makes it plain that President White knows no



more about Papal Infallibility, which he quotes, that he does about the meaning of the Decretal he was discussing. He wrote to the Evening Post editor:

"President White asserts that there is a Papal bull forbidding dissection. The bull he quotes does not forbid dissection, but prohibits a practice—that of cutting up the bodies of the dead and boiling them in order to transport them to long distances—which any modern sanitary authority would at once condemn. Four centuries and a half after the issuance of that bull, one of the Popes, Benedict XIV, was asked if it applied to dissection, and he pronounced that it did not. In the meantime there had been a Papal medical school at Rome for over four centuries, and for two centuries of that time the greatest teachers in anatomy that ever lived did their work at this Papal medical school. The list of professors of anatomy at Rome includes such names as Eustachius Varolius, Columbus, Caesalpinus, Aranzi, Malpighi and Lancisi. With the exception of Vesalius and Harvey these are the greatest names in the history of anatomy. They did their work at Rome, yet President White says that 'dissection was a sin against the Holy Ghost.'

"President White quotes a bull which is supposed to forbid chemistry, the text of which shows that what it really forbade was the fraud of pretending to make gold and silver which was the gold brick industry of the Middle Ages. The Pope (John XXII) who issued this bull founded three medical schools and required that the course in them should be seven years, three for preparatory study and four for professional work."

It was unfortunate for the president of Columbia that he selected the period of Pope Boniface VIII for his assault on the truth. It enabled his antagonist to "get his head in chancery" and keep it there till he had punished him to his liking. Dr. Walsh wrote, in a subsequent letter to the Post, this clincher:

"The curious thing is that the date of this bull is almost exactly the date of the first medico-legal dissection of which there is any record. Bodies had been dissected for at least a century at Salerno, but immediately after the date of this bull the evidence for the frequency of dissection accumulates. Before twenty years had passed there were prosecutions for body snatching in Italy, because students were too ardent in their search for material.

\* \* \* "At the very time when President White says Vesalius was practicing dissection at the risk of his life because of ecclesiastical opposition, Columbus, his great rival, was making as many as fourteen dissections in one year at Rome, and his public demonstrations in anatomy were attended by as many as four hundred persons, including at times cardinals and other high ecclesiastics."

Dr. Walsh dismisses President White's history as absurd, though amusing:

"He even makes an amusing misuse of the word infallibility in order to make the Pope responsible for the prohibition of dissection. Pope Boniface VIII as an infallible teacher should have had a foresight of the consequences. He uses the word infallibility in the sense in which no properly taught schoolboy should use it, entirely contrary to its real meaning, in order to fix the responsibility for the prohibition of anatomy on this Pope."

The first requisite in the solution of any equation is a clear perception of the meaning and value of its terms. In President White's case his bigotry evidently interposed an insuperable obstacle to the realization of that essential condition in his very remarkable "history."

Dr. Walsh deserves the thanks of the Catholic public for his masterly handling of this latest bogey and fraud. It is as neatly and effectively done as the finishing stroke of a star matador in the arena.

## WITH THE EDITOR

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We are assured by Holy Writ that "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead." During November, the month of the Holy Souls, Masses and prayers without number will be offered up for the repose of the faithful souls departed, and the great and generous heart of Christianity will go out to the suffering souls who are awaiting helplessly in keenest sorrow and suffering the fulfillment of God's justice in their regard. Surely there is no charity that appeals more strongly to Christian souls than suffrages for their dear departed dead and for those countless souls who have no friends to pray for them.

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The notable success of the Eucharistic Congress recently held in Pittsburg is most gratifying and significant. The dominant note of the age is scepticism, disbelief in the supernatural. "Blessed are they that have not seen, and have believed," said the Saviour to the doubting disciple—and through him He speaks to the doubting, materialistic world of to-day. The Blessed Eucharist is the sum of the Church's doctrine, the tabernacle is the earthly dwelling place of Christ, the Son of the living God, really, truly and substantially present. We perceive our Eucharistic God with the eyes of faith, and faith is the antithesis of doubt, and its remedy. The Congress was a grand object lesson of faith, and a condemnation of doubt and unbelief.

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Tardy justice is in a fair way of being done in his native city to the memory of Father Tom Burke, O. P. At a meeting of the County Galway social club in Boston recently it was unanimously agreed to erect, in the near future, a monument to the memory of the illustri-

ous Dominican so well beloved of the Irish people. Father Burke reflected credit alike upon his religion, his country and his Order; and his distinguished services in the cause of God and truth, and his masterly defence and vindication of his country and his race against the brutal and malicious assaults of Froude, deserve well of substantial recognition by his grateful countrymen in every land.

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At the instance of a popular magazine a young woman recently visited a number of Protestant churches in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Charleston, Richmond and Philadelphia. The results of this visitation are set forth in the pages of this enterprising journal, and are at once interesting and instructive. In her summing up the writer says: "In one hundred and fifty churches thirteen pastors had spoken to me, and only seven voluntarily! \* \* \* I was left to find my own seat in sixty-nine churches, \* \* \* fifty-four persons in all had spoken a word to me, and that only in thirty-one churches! In one hundred and nineteen churches I had been practically ignored!" These facts gleaned from thorough investigation in representative churches of various denominations in the leading cities of the East, South and West are doubtless sorely disappointing to those who believe so strongly in "sociability" as an element of Protestant influence and strength. The plain truth is that the spirit of exclusiveness so manifest in Protestant churches, and especially in the larger and wealthier ones, repels strangers and the poor, and the boasted democracy of Protestantism is the merest shadow and pretense. Interest and

value would have been added to the article had the lady indicated the attendance at the churches visited. However, it is an accepted fact that Protestant church membership is fast decreasing and there is unquestionable testimony in abundance to the further fact that church attendance is rapidly falling off. The elements of disintegration inhere in Protestantism and merely human devices and makeshifts can not long conserve it. Sociability, the greeting of friends before and after "services," the "welcome" of strangers, the pulpit discussion of "topics of the hour" can never take the place of truth and the pure Gospel of Christ, and no substitute can be supplied by human ingenuity for the Real Presence on God's altar.

Writing in "The Nineteenth Century and After" Mr. Frank Foxcroft has this to say on the influence of the Sunday newspaper on American life:

"What influence does the Sunday newspaper exert upon American life and thought? For one thing, it undoubtedly promotes the increasing secularization of Sunday. The natural man is inclined to sleep late on Sunday, and by the time that he has completed his toilet and his breakfast, the church bells are ringing. Will he heed their call? Perhaps. But there on his doorstep lies the Sunday paper, with its flaunting comic supplement and its fifty to one hundred pages of miscellaneous material. It offers itself with jaunty assurance as a substitute for church-going. It prints a picture of the ideal American family—the father tilted back in his chair, reading the news of the stock market report; the mother absorbed in the fashions and bargain sales; the older children busy with the fiction, society gossip, theatrical news, and answers to correspondents, and the little boy or girl revelling in the comic supplement, puzzle page, or "cut-out" inset from which, with the aid of a pair of scissors, can be evolved ingenious card-board constructions, squads of soldiers, or hideous masks. The picture is not exaggerated. It might be reproduced photographically in hundreds of thousands of American homes. Its counterpart may be seen in remote villages as well as in the cities and larger towns. A family which has saturated itself with the Sunday newspaper is in no mood

for church-going, nor for any serious occupation. It is fit for nothing but amusement or sheer idleness. In some sections of the country a baseball game offers itself for the afternoon, and the theatre—possibly under the guise of a "sacred concert" out of deference to some obsolete statute—for the evening. Or, in sections where the restraints of law or decorum forbid such diversions, social visiting employs what energy remains. It is not surprising that religious conventions discuss the problem of the "evening service," and that many churches solve it by giving up the service altogether, and others by arranging special musical attractions and announcing sermons on topics calculated to pique curiosity. American preachers who are charged with sensationalism are not so blameworthy as they seem. They are engaged in a desperate competition. To a man who wants to preach to full seats the first essential is to catch his congregation. He cannot offer comic supplements or portraits of stage beauties, and he has no prize coupons to distribute, but he may do something by advertising sensational subjects. So the pulpit competes after its fashion with the Sunday newspaper by such topics as these: 'The New Woman,' 'Popular Vices,' 'Missing His Chance,' 'Prize Winners,' etc."

Happily, Catholics are not influenced by the Sunday paper to the extent indicated by the foregoing. No intelligent Catholic with a knowledge of his supreme obligation of assisting at Mass would deliberately absent himself from the Divine Sacrifice through so trivial a reason as interest in the morning paper. But, unfortunately, many Catholics devote too much time and attention to the Sunday and daily paper—and there are not a few Catholic families whose entire reading matter is supplied by the secular press. They are strangers alike to Catholic paper and magazine, and consequently are out of touch with current Catholic thought and events and are misinformed generally on things Catholic, accepting unquestionably as Catholic "news" the most absurd reports and speculations concerning the Church and her world-wide interests and policies. Truly, such Catholics are proper subjects of commiseration—and their name, alas, is legion.

## BOOKS

We have received the advance sheets of the second volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia, and we take pleasure in adding our mite of praise to that which the work has already received. There was a real need for just such a work. The editors merit the honor and thanks of all English-speaking Catholics. It was not, however, along an unblazed trail that they started, for the French and German Catholics had already set the example. There is abundant ground for the fond hope that this publication will prove a real missionary power in making Catholic truth better understood by outsiders.

Now, in taking exceptions to anything found in its contents, or in running counter to any statements that have its authority, we hope that no one will gain the impression that we are prone to carp or to be captious. It is really the cry of justice that calls us from silence. The article we have particularly in mind is that on Atahualpa, the last Inca in Peru. The space devoted to him must give pleasure to all who have ever studied the most romantic of all histories, that of the great people who by their own efforts rose from savagery to a high state of culture. In general, the contributor gives entire satisfaction. Where we must protest is when he discusses Fray Vicente de Valverde, the Dominican who accompanied the Spanish invaders. This same poor monk is one of the greatest figures in the early history of South America. He was first named Bishop of Panama and then of Peru—in which office he died. When the motley crew that made up Pizarro's party met the Inca and his hosts at Cajamarca, Valverde went forward with an interpreter to tell him of the evangelical motive of the white men's presence. As the story goes, Valverde, after a brief parley, rushed back to the Spaniards crying out for vengeance, calling on the Spaniards to kill

the pagans who had the audacity to throw his breviary on the ground. The gifted ones among the historians add that he absolved them all. The Catholic Encyclopedia, through its contributor, practically accepts the bulk of this story. The writer says, however, that Valverde only did his imperative duty. We disagree with this dictum. If duty entered into the scene it was to spare the unoffending ruler. The imperative duty of missionaries is to save, not to slay. Any apology of such an action as the above will limp. The bibliography following the article is thorough enough, and can be referred to as the real source of information. The eye-witnesses say not a word about all this trumpery, and the really serious authorities put a very different phase on the story. Valverde's cries were not to encite the Spaniards but to deter them. His course instead of being criminal was really Christian. At another time we will go more at length into the history of this great man, and essay a humble criticism of the motives underlying the divergent accounts. Suffice it to say that acquaintance with the eye-witnesses and early historians clears the great Dominican bishop from the serious charges against him. The author of the article says that the execution of Atahualpa was not unjustifiable. Therefore it was justifiable. And in making this statement he stands practically alone, for contemporary and later historians, of whatever nationality, agree that only greed and treachery can explain the cruel deed.

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NICK ROBY: THE STORY OF HIS CHILDHOOD. By David Bearne, S. J. Benziger Bros. 12mo. pp. 148.

Father Bearne is well-known as the author of the "Golden Stair Ridingdale Stories," etc., in all of which he has given us books to delight the young

hearts of Catholic readers. In this, his latest work, he tells in that delightful manner so peculiarly his own, the story of Nick Roby's childhood. We fancy that Nick Roby is none other than the author himself. But be that as it may, the story of Nick Roby's childhood is well worth reading, even though it be, as the title page suggests, "a story unenriched with strange events." It is true to nature and will delight the young and bring back to sear and yellow hearts some of the freshness of the budding spring.

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**SIMPLE CONFERENCES ON THE GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN.** By Sister Mary Teresa, O. S. B. (of Princethorpe Priory). Benziger Bros. 12mo. pp. 116. 75 cents.

These Conferences on the Gospel of St. John are clear, simple and full of good lessons. The meaning of them is easily understood because of their simplicity and directness. They were written expressly for children, but they are not beneath the notice of adults.

The Abbot of Ampleforth writes a preface in which he says:

"The Christian child cannot begin too early to study the life of Our Lord and to assimilate the lesson of that life. It is by appreciation of the value of the example that the soul is led to approach to the perfection of the life manifested by Our Lord. To waken this appreciation in the child's mind is the object of these simple conferences. The authoress has concerned herself for the most part with the homely virtues taught by word and example by Our Lord, and it is well that she has done so, for these are the virtues which are specially dear to the Sacred Heart."

The persistent practice of the little virtues of daily life will give a strength and thoroughness to the life of the soul. These simple conferences will, we hope, help many to attain that constant reli-

ance on Our Lord in all circumstances which cannot but be a great stay when the soul has to face any real difficulty in life. They will appeal to many children and it is not too much to hope that they will not be without use to those who in the world have preserved their simplicity of heart into middle life. May they have the success they deserve.

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**MADAME LOUISE DE FRANCE.** By Leon De La Briere. Translated by Meta and Mary Brown. Benziger Bros. 8vo. pp. 209. \$2.00 net.

We borrow the words of the translators' preface to throw a strong light on the work under present consideration:

"In the midst of the heartless, godless frivolity in the very Palace of Versailles, was a little group who lived untainted by a single breath of the corruption around them. This group consisted of the neglected Queen, Marie Leczinska, and her daughters. The book which we have translated for English readers tells the life story of one of these daughters and gives a glimpse of this tiny court within a court, where history had no time to linger. It throws a curious light on the private life of Louis XV, and perhaps some will be surprised to see flashes of virtue which might have made Louis a great and good man.

"We may remark as a characteristic of French life, and no doubt of life in other Southern Catholic countries, that even where the practice of faith is altogether neglected, and faith itself seems hardly existent, there is yet an undercurrent which at supreme moments will come to the surface. Centuries have rooted the faith so deeply that it is in their very blood."

One of the daughters of Louis XV was Madame Louise; she it was who sickened of the pomp and splendor with which she was surrounded at the bril-

liant court of Versailles and, turning her back upon the world, became a poor Carmelite, entering a monastery of that Order in which the Teresian rule was observed in all its strictness—the monastery of St. Denis. Louise was always a sweet and engaging child. On her return from the Benedictine Convent of Fontevrault, where she received her early education, her mother wrote of her:

"I have never seen so sweet, so touching a face as the little one's, though it is pinched with sadness. There is something moving, gentle and spiritual about her."

Of herself she wrote to the Carmelites in later years, in terms which we must not take too seriously:

"Your servant is very small, she has a large head, big forehead, black eyebrows, eyes of any color, blue, grey or brown, a great hooked nose and a puckered chin; she is round as a ball and hunchbacked."

The term "hunchback," which in self-abasement Mme. Louise used, was not the correct one, for she was not hunchbacked, her right shoulder being somewhat higher than the left—the result of a fall which she sustained when a child; but Mme. Louise, even when in the world, had the spirit of a Carmelite, and strove always to make herself the least of all. Nevertheless she was obliged to keep up a certain state befitting the daughter of a King of France. She had a court of her own, consisting of the following ladies: One tire-woman, or mistress of the robes, ten ladies-in-waiting, and a lady to read aloud. Over this little court presided a maid of honor. From this sort of life Madame Louise turned to the austerity of Carmel. She came to St. Denis' in a plain travelling carriage, unaccompanied by pages or escort. She wore a simple dress and a hood with a bow, and her

request was for a cell, the same in every particular as that of any other nun.

Let us see what a Carmelite cell is like. A straw-seated chair, a little bench of white wood, used as a table for devotional books, a holy water font, a cross, three paper pictures, a candlestick, an earthenware pitcher, a heather broom, a sandglass to measure the time, and a pallet, and the cell is furnished.

How happy she was at Carmel we glean from one of her letters:

"I am so happy in this holy house, that the whole year seems to me like one long feast day. Yes, everything smiles at Carmel, even the walls of its enclosure."

Thus lived Mme. Louise for sixteen years, when death came to release her soul and send it to heaven for an eternal reward. The cause of her death, according to one account, was poison. The account says that a packet was brought to the Prioress (Mme. Louise being then in that office). The packet bore the inscription, "Holy Relics." Mme. Louise opened the packet. The second wrapping bore the words, "Relics of the Eternal Father." It contained a lock of hair covered with a whitish powder. She felt an immediate uneasiness which suggested to her the idea of poison. But, wishing to give no trouble, she spoke no word, but went to the infirmary and flung the whole thing in the fire. She immediately became alarmingly swollen and felt very sharp pains. She died a few days later, uttering the words: "I could never have believed it was so sweet to die."

Such is the life story of Mme. Louise de France. The story is beautiful and charged with many lessons especially suited to the temper of our times. Her life was so holy that we may yet see her raised to our altars, for on the 14th of June 1873, Pope Pius IX proclaimed Madame Louise de France—known in religion as Mother Teresa of St. Augustine—Venerable.

## CONFRATERNITY OF THE ROSARY

**A**MONG the numerous desires that may govern our prayers, we discern, with a little reflection, that not infrequently we are guilty of being prompted by a certain selfishness. Interested in great measure only in the imaginary needs of self, it often happens that our prayers are of too individual a character. It is a strange thought that selfishness can qualify a heart's prayer to the all-bountiful and all-generous God. It also seems impossible that such a prayer should meet with favor from Him Who loves only the cheerful giver. Certainly it is incompatible to suppose that it meets with the same favor as the outpourings of a generous heart.

Prayer is commanded of us by God. Some prayer for self is absolutely necessary. It is not, however, the laudable regard for self that is condemned, only the excessive prayer for self to the exclusion of the needs and necessities of others deprived of our privileges. There is no more powerful method of practicing practical charity, that charity of which Our Lord speaks when He says: "Be ye charitable one to another," than by our prayers. When we pray for others our deed of charity not only wins for us the rewards we ourselves desire but it helps to incline the Heavenly King to look with mercy upon others of His subjects. The spirit of Holy Mother Church is one of universal prayer, praying for her children and her children praying for her, each one helping the other.

The exercise of this mutual charity does not cease with one's death. The souls of the faithful departed, suffering in purgatory, are crying out for our assistance, and as faithful children of our holy religion it is our bounden duty to help them. In their helpless condition they must await the mercy of God and

depend upon the prayers of the faithful. It is we who are their liberators, who can alleviate their sufferings, who possess, as it were, the key that opens to them the gates of heaven.

Once a year the Church sets apart a day to pay homage to all the saints in heaven, as it is impossible to honor all yearly with a special feast. For the souls in purgatory a like feast is assigned each year on which the entire Church unites to pray for them all, so that the poor souls that are unknown or forgotten by relatives and friends share the benefit of the Church's prayer. While from the Church's very beginning there has been an almost constant series of prayers offered every day, every hour, of all the long years of her existence for the repose of the faithful departed, it is especially on the feast of All Souls that the entire service of the Church is occupied with those waiting for their final reward.

This beautiful custom of uniting on one day of the year for the remembrance of the dead had its origin in the monastery of Cluny in 998, when the Abbot St. Odilo appointed the day after the feast of All Saints for its observance. On this day the monks refrained from all labor and attended solely to reciting prayers for the dead. Later the Church adopted this happy custom, which spread to all parts of Christendom and was welcomed each succeeding year with more feeling and contentment.

But the feast of All Souls is not the only special time for remembering the departed, for the entire month of November is dedicated to them. Every Catholic should make some extraordinary effort to join with the spirit of the Church this month to do what he can for the alleviation of the torments of purgatory. Our intercession for the suffering now will enlist their interest-

sion in our behalf from their place in heaven hereafter. Truly may we say that in a manner the souls in purgatory are our captives, for their release in a great measure devolves on us. We may liken them to Lazarus begging crumbs from the rich man's table; they are imploring our aid, so let us in our generosity and from the charity of our hearts lend them every possible assistance. Of the various forms of prayer, kinds of mortification, and acts of piety that may be performed for the atonement of the sins of the suffering, no prayer or deed can be more salutary, at once more simple or more effective, than the beautiful prayer adaptable to all necessities, the prayer of the Rosary.

Rosarians, through the application of their indulgences, can greatly assist the souls in purgatory. By applying their indulgences to the departed members of their family or to friends and the souls in general, they are performing a spiritual work of mercy besides laying up for themselves treasures in heaven. Our Blessed Mother will surely reward their generosity, their lives shall be blessed upon earth, abundance will be in their homes, and, greater than all, when their time of suffering is at hand Rosarians and the blessed in heaven will beseech our Blessed Lady to intercede for them.

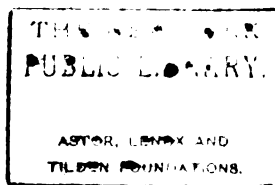
The Rosary, the mark of loyalty in life, fulfils the same office in death. Thus we behold the lovely practice of placing Rosary beads in the hands of the dead, burying them with the corpse, a symbol of love indicating that soul's faith and devotion. This is indeed a worthy passport to bear on the final journey, and happy the soul who knows its full meaning, who has learned from practice the fund of heavenly knowledge it contains. This soul who so honored our Blessed Lady will experience the reward of a mother's love, an intercession that will insure his eternal salvation.

Another beautiful custom of Rosarians which the Church heartily exhorts

us to continue, is the gathering of Rosarians at the home of a dead associate and there publicly reciting the Rosary for the welfare of the departed soul. This is indeed an outward expression of charity governed by our Lord Himself, for He says: "Where there are two or three gathered in My name, there am I in the midst of them." To pray for the dead is itself a duty and obligation, but very sweet ones. There is a certain heartfelt gratitude and consolation experienced from its performance, the solace arising from a deed well done.

Rosarians, with great treasures of indulgences at their command, ought in justice to be zealous during the month of November to aid the souls languishing in the state of trial. And that the severe conditions necessary to gain a plenary indulgence may not affright them, they should know that most theologians teach that God does not demand as complete a fulfillment of the conditions when it is the case of a soul in purgatory. To gain a plenary indulgence for one's self demands not only sorrow for mortal sin, but as well detestation of all venial sin, and freedom from all affection to anything however slightly sinful. A plenary indulgence is so rich a gift, so wonderful a blessing, that it would be a contradiction in terms to say that one could gain one and still be at the same time in a state of sin. But to help our dead relatives or friends, the generosity that prompts us despite a certain sinfulness to worry over the spiritual welfare of those who can do nothing for themselves, stands in God's sight in the stead of detachment from light and tiny sin. Mary should have the disposal of at least some of our prayers, that some poor neglected soul may be bettered. And we may feel sure that though the world knows not gratitude those in purgatory and heaven do, and when we need help most, they will requite us well for our good offices towards them.







IMMACULATE CONCEPTION—MURILLO

# THE ROSARY MAGAZINE

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## Beautiful Bermuda

By THOMAS O'HAGAN, M. A., PH. D.

**T**HIS charming little island or, more properly speaking, group of islands, warmed by the Mexican Gulf Stream and kissed by semi-tropical suns, is a veritable haven of beauty and delight to the tourist, who, fleeing the cold wrath of Northern climes, seeks rest and recuperation in wintertide in its kindly bosom.

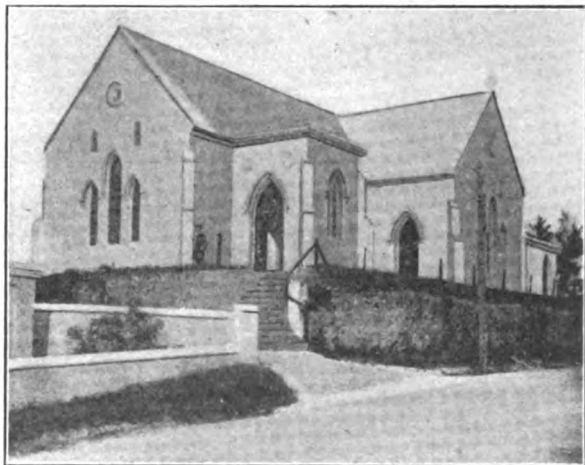
It scarcely seems credible that an island but two days' sail from New York, where the sovereignty of ice and snow holds sway sometimes for three or four months with a rigid sceptre, should be a veritable paradise of sunshine and flowers.

There are four chief islands: St. George's, Boaz Island, Ireland Island and Bermuda Island, the latter giving its name to the group. The general opinion is that the ancient Bermudas were of much greater extent than they now are, and this is confirmed by the subsidence or other disappearance of islets since the early records were written.

Lying, as the Bermudas do, isolated in the Atlantic, they suggest the idea of a succession of mountain peaks, the relics of some prehistoric continent; peaks which although submerged were yet near enough to the surface to allow

the coral to work year after year. Forced upwards by successive upheavals, and again submerged, fresh layers of coral were gradually formed over the decomposed strata of previous growth, and thus the surface increased.

Bermuda is described by a writer as "a land of shelving cedar and sloping hillsides, green with verdure and shimmering under a Southern sun, with a misty haze of violet hovering over all;



ST. EDWARD'S CHURCH

for the horizon there is a sea of emerald hue, shading at times to turquoise-blue, with purple patches marking the shoals and ever and anon the white sails of fishing boats flashing in the sunlight. Under its cliffs the waves have worn

out roomy caves and hollows, decorated by Nature's handiwork with stalactites, with alternate low-pitched and vaulted roof—veritable Neptune's grottoes."

Bermuda presents many points of interest to the tourist. It is quite a distinct little world in itself, and not the least feature of attraction is the fact that it is a naval station, being the rendezvous of the North Atlantic fleet of Great Britain. There is also always quartered here an English regiment, so that the

of Assembly. The Governor is the general commanding the imperial forces on the island. The Executive Council at present consists of the senior military officers in Bermuda, the Colonial Secretary, Attorney General, Receiver General and two other members—six in all: the number of unofficial members, however, is not limited. The Legislative Council consists of the Chief Justice (President), the Colonial Secretary, Receiver General and six other members—nine in all.

The Councils are filled by members appointed by the Crown. The House of Assembly (representing the people of the colony) is elected every seven years, as in England. The last general election took place in 1904; this House has thirty-six members—four from each parish. The electoral power is very limited, being restricted to persons holding real



air may be said to be full of military microbes, which are very catching and fetching, especially in social circles.

What impresses the tourist at once as he sets foot upon the island is that the colony is very English, though there are those among the Bermudians who believe and maintain that it would be better for the progress and welfare of the island did it form a part of the neighboring Republic. But so important is Bermuda from a naval and strategical standpoint that England could never afford to barter it off.

The government of the Bermudas is vested in a Governor, an Executive Council, Legislative Council and House

estate valued at £60. Members of the House must own real estate valued at £250.

The Governor receives about \$15,000 a year, part of which is paid by the Home Government of England and part by that of the island. The duties of the Governor are not very onerous. To preside at functions of State, keep an eye on the battleships and the regiment quartered there, and sign official documents in a little island which has but about 17,000 inhabitants, of whom two-thirds are colored, is a berth which might well be coveted even in a land where the population could be computed by millions and not by thousands.



A NATIVE BERMUDIAN

The city of Hamilton, the capital of the Islands, obtains its name from Henry Hamilton, who was Governor at the time the seat of Government was transferred from St. George in 1815.

It presents quite a charming appearance from the water as the boat steams in. There is no building approaching massiveness within its gates, the two handsomest being the House of Assembly and the postoffice. The Episcopal cathedral now in course of erection is a substantial structure and when completed will add architecturally to the city.

St. Edward's Church (Roman Catholic), a modest but pretty structure, dates back to 1858, when its corner stone was laid by the late Bishop Rogers of Chatham, New Brunswick. The late Bishop Bellord was parish priest of Hamilton in 1874 and returned to Ber-

muda as a military chaplain in 1889. The progress of Catholicity in Hamilton has been quite marked during the past decade of years. Father Comeau, of Nova Scotia, a kinsman of Senator Comeau, has been in charge of St. Edward's during the past five years but has recently been assigned an important parish in his native province. It is not necessary to mention that Bermuda, though far removed, is a part of the Archdiocese of Halifax, N. S.

In 1890 the Sisters of Charity, whose good work in the Catholic educational field is so well known in the maritime provinces, established a convent in Hamilton. Mother Cleophas, the present superior, is one of the original band of four who opened the first Catholic school on the island, the little academy being the handsome residence once occupied by Miles Keon, the one-time Colonial Secretary of Bermuda and au-



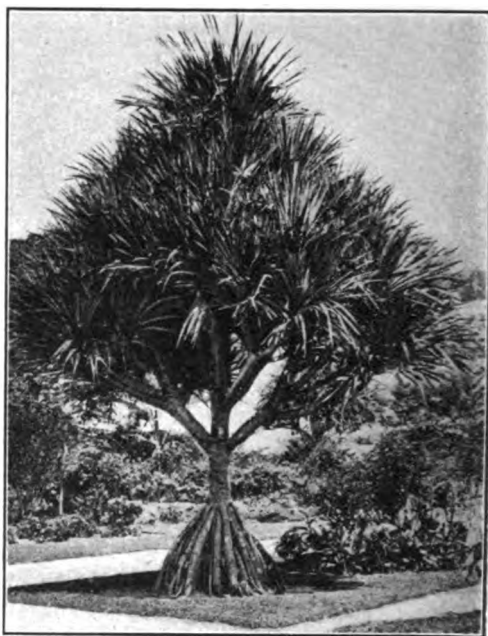
A BERMUDIAN GIRL

thor of that well-known work, "Dian and the Sibyls." Keon was a protege of Bulwer Lytton, and it was through the latter's influence that he received his appointment. His remains repose in Pembroke Cemetery.

The little educational seedling cast into the soil of Bermuda by the hands of the good Sisters of Mt. St. Vincent, Halifax, has increased a hundredfold, and Mt. St. Agnes Academy, Hamilton, is patronized and supported by all who desire to secure for their daughters a refined education to equip them for the duties of a Christian home.

Two years ago Sir Robert Macgregor Stewart, K. C. B., and Lady Stewart presided at the annual Commencement of Mt. St. Agnes and warmly complimented the Sisters on the good work which is being done, adding that a course at Mt. St. Agnes was an excellent corrective of two present-day evils in the education or training of girls—that of awkwardness of gait and the use of slipshod language.

I have already spoken of the excellent work being done by the Sisters of Charity. Of course the colored children, who form about two-thirds of the school population of the island, have schools of their own, and of these the Berkeley Institute in



SCREW PALM TREE

Hamilton is, perhaps, the most prominent. In the colony of Jamaica, the white and colored children attend the same school, and I was assured by the principal of the Berkeley Institute, who is a Jamaican, that the colored population of Jamaica is better educated than is the colored population of Bermuda.

The Whitney Institute, at the Flats, and the Saltus Grammar School at Woodlands, near Hamilton, are the principal schools in the Islands. There is also the Bermuda High School for girls, which is doing good work.

I was very much impressed by the courtesy and law-abiding character of the colored population of the Islands. It is somewhat humorous to hear these colored people address you in an accent that recalls London rather than New York, employing not infrequently the exact word to convey to you their idea, showing that they



RUBBER TREE





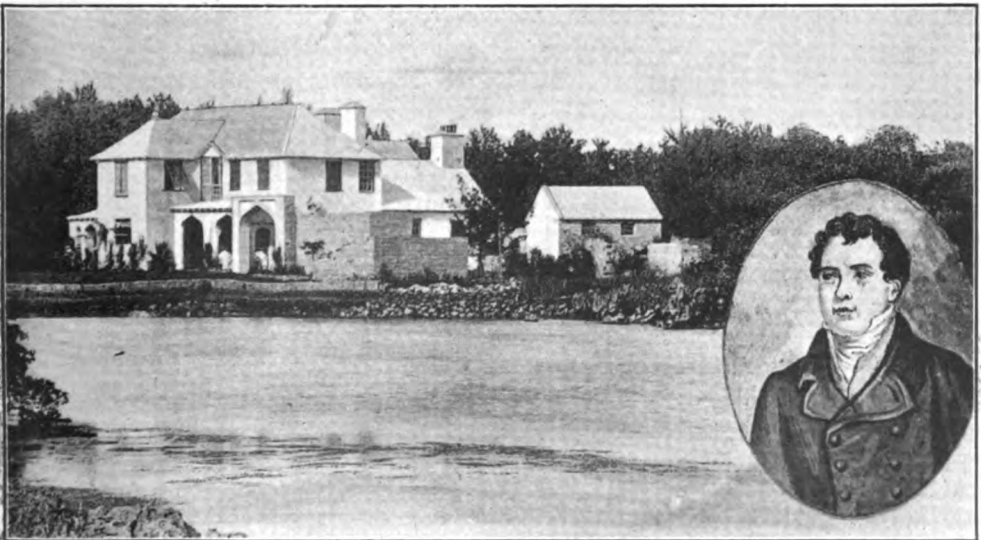
ST. AGNES CONVENT

have profited, at all events, from their intercourse with the educated people of the island.

The city library is well worth visiting, not that it is by any means up to date, but because you will come across

rare editions of books that were the vogue two centuries ago.

There are two journals published in Hamilton, the *Colonist* and the *Gazette*. I had the pleasure of meeting the editor of the *Bermuda Colonist*, Mr. S. S.



TOM MOORE AND HIS BERMUDA RESIDENCE

Toddings, B. A. The Colonist was established in 1866 and Mr. Toddings became connected with the paper in 1874. He is a convert to the Catholic faith, his parents being members of the Church of England. It may be interesting to note that it was while reading Lingard's "History of England" that Mr. Toddings was led to make a study of the Catholic Church.

But Bermuda has a special interest to the lover of Tom Moore. It was here that the gifted Irish bard spent some months as Registrar of the Court of Vice Admiralty. He had just gone to London, at the age of twenty, fresh from Trinity College, Dublin, to publish his translation of "Anacreon" and through the influence of the Earl of Moira received his appointment in Bermuda. He arrived in Norfolk, Virginia, in November, 1803, after a stormy voyage; thence he reached Bermuda and took up his residence at Walsingham House, which occupies a neck of land traversed by the highway from Hamilton to St. George. It stands between two mangrove-bordered lakes, its walls and roof alike being of white-washed limestone, while the inside is of

native cedar. Here is found, in the ground adjoining, the calabash tree of which Moore so beautifully wrote to his friend, Joseph Atkinson:

"The daylight is gone—but, before we depart,  
One cup shall go round to the friend of my heart,  
To the kindest, the dearest—oh! judge by the tear,  
That I shed while I name him, how kind and how dear!

"'Twas thus, by the shade of a calabash tree,  
With a few who could feel and remember like me,  
The charm, that to sweeten my goblet I threw,  
Was a tear to the past and a blessing on you!"

It was here that Moore met Hesther Louise Tucker, "Nea," who inspired in his warm Celtic soul so much of poetry. But Miss Tucker was soon betrothed to another, who, it is said, was very jealous of the chivalrous young Irishman. Some years afterwards, when Moore published his "Irish Melodies," he sent a copy to "Nea;" and her granddaughter, a pretty young Bermudian girl, bears the classical name which the genius of Ireland's sweetest singer has enshrined in literature.

## An Aria From "Lucia"

(A True Story)

By ELEANOR C. DONNELLY

**S**HE was a little French artist, living in an old-fashioned, picturesque mansion in a suburb of one of our great cities. Delicate and refined as some dainty, transparent bit of porcelain, her skin was of the tint of old ivory, and her hair like that of silver, for she was no longer young, save with the everlasting youth

of a pure and joyous spirit. She had studied abroad under the finest masters; and in her quaint reception room hung many works of her gifted hand—vivid, speaking pictures of the highest type of realistic art. Her "chef-d'oeuvre," a great canvas unframed, displayed, in the best of lights, the unfortunate Charlotte Corday selecting from



the stores of a French cutler the weapon wherewith she wrought the destruction of the hated tyrant Marat. It was a unique and daring conception. The Corday was not portrayed as a brunette (her accustomed type), but as a warm-tinted blonde of generous proportions; and my little friend told me that, in this deviation from convention, she was simply using an artistic privilege, unconstrained by any definite tradition. After her picture was completed, she learned, to her surprise, from a visitor whose family for generations had been near neighbors of the Cordays, that all the women of Charlotte's race had been just such glowing, richly-developed blondes as her brush had delineated.

Passing by a striking head of an Italian peasant, and a charming study of his little niece, and pausing for a few moments before two luminous portraits—one of a merry-faced old farmer seated at an open window, enjoying his smoke and his after-dinner reverie; the other, that of a French abbe with a sweet, serious face, who had been Mam'selle's Old World confessor—I came upon a picture in a corner, which at once arrested my fancy. It depicted two barefooted boys, plainly strolling musicians, one of whom, in an easy standing position, was playing upon a concertina, his companion being seated on a grassy bank at his side. In response to my question, Mam'selle's face brightened, as she exclaimed: "Ah! yes, that is the portrait of my poor boy, Lorenzo!"—explaining that the same boy had posed for her portrayal of both the young musicians.

And then she told me his little story. Lorenzo Pace was a Piedmontese, a friendless orphan of some twelve years, who had frequently served as one of her models. He was a frank, bright, lovable little fellow, singularly devoted to Mam'selle, whose bounty he enjoyed

and whose studio in old Lyons he delighted to visit. He played admirably upon his concertina; and among other operatic selections of his choice was one from Donizetti's "Lucia" into which Mam'selle introduced some graceful little touches of her own which gave a new and distinctive beauty to the tender melody.

The boy was very fond of playing this aria for his gentle benefactress; but, at last, he came one day to tell her that he must now depart from Lyons—that he must start forth afresh upon his wanderings and earn his bread in other and more remunerative quarters. He added, however, that he could never forget her or her kindness to him; that he would return again, even if after the lapse of years. And, when he came once more to Lyons, he assured her he would travel from street to street searching for her, playing always her arrangement of the air from "Lucia," so that she might hear and, recognizing it, come to her window, and look out upon her faithful Lorenzo.

With this they parted; and years rolled away without Mam'selle's receiving any word or token from her little troubadour.

Some ten years later, the gentle artist was seated at table in Lyons, eating dinner with her good mother, when from the street below stole up the old familiar rendition of the aria from "Lucia." Mam'selle sprang to her feet in joyful excitement. Despite her mother's suggestions that it would be wiser to finish her dinner leisurely, she ran to the window and looked down into the street beneath. There below her lattice, to her intense surprise, stood a great, broad-shouldered Piedmontese playing her favorite melody upon his concertina. The little model of the studio had developed into a stalwart

man of twenty-two—a bearded giant, fully six feet high. No trace remained of the original little Lorenzo save the concertina and the old-time aria. However, the big, handsome fellow soon made good his claim upon Mam'selle, who led him in to her mother's presence and joyfully supplied him with a good dinner.

He then told the ladies that he was about to recommence his journeyings afar; that he would wander from place to place, always playing the melody from "Lucia." Even if Mam'selle concluded to leave her native land, he declared that he would follow her wherever she might be and play for her the aria they both loved so well.

With this curious compact, parted from them the faithful Piedmontese, whose gratitude for past kindnesses was something phenomenal.

In the course of time, after many inevitable changes, Mam'selle closed her studio in Lyons, bade adieu to her beloved France and came to the United States.

She purchased the property in a suburban spot in the South where I first visited her, and the fine old mansion became her home. Here she dwelt with a saintly companion—a noble-hearted woman of her own race; and in their close and happy union of prayer and good works for God's holy Church and His blessed poor, the years sped rapidly and profitably away.

One day, as Mam'selle was sitting alone in her pleasant room, surrounded by her heirlooms and old-time treasures, her delicate hands busy with some lovely work of art, the silence of the apartment was broken by the sound of a concertina just outside her window. Her heart was thrilled by tender emotions, sweet memories of the past rushed back upon her spirit, as she heard once again, borne towards her on the breeze of a foreign land, her own

unmistakable arrangement of the aria from "Lucia."

Lorenzo must be close at hand!

She ran out upon the rustic veranda and looked about for her Old World protegee. There was no one to be seen. The spot was utterly vacant and silent, save for the rustling trees and the chirping sparrows. She returned to her apartment, puzzled and singularly anxious. Again, through a window on the opposite side of the room, distinctly floated in Donizetti's tender and pleading melody. Again the little artist flew to the grounds outside, and sped to and fro, searching round and round the house for her devoted troubadour of the past. But all in vain. The weird music of the viewless player had died away into an ominous silence.

Nevermore on earth was she to behold her faithful Lorenzo. Never again was she to hear from his humble instrument the beloved aria from "Lucia di Lammermoor."

\* \* \* \* \*

A few days later, Mam'selle picked up a newspaper which some one had brought into her room wrapped about a chance parcel. Her eye fell upon a tragic item:

"Yesterday at — o'clock a strolling musician named Lorenzo Pace was struck by an automobile at the corner of Blank and Dash Streets and instantly killed. The concertina he carried, and certain papers upon his person, gave the clue to his name and avocation."

Mam'selle turned quickly to the headlines of the newspaper. The date of its "yesterday," corresponded, as did its hour, with the day and hour of the mysterious music outside her window.

"Usque ad mortem!" she murmured, almost blinded by her tears. "My poor Lorenzo, thou wert indeed faithful even unto death! May thy loyal spirit rest in peace, and may the everlasting light of heaven shine upon thee!"

The page is framed by a decorative border. At the top, a banner is held by two books. The border itself is composed of stylized leaves and branches. The text is centered within a rectangular frame.

## Venite Adoramus

By Samuel Sage

'TIS said that beasts forsake their jungle  
lair,  
From which they creep, glow-eyed, with  
footfall sure,  
And seek green fields sun-lit; by nature's  
lure  
Beguiled to frolic in the open air.  
On Judah's hills rude shepherds woke to  
share  
In angel song, triumphant, sweet and pure;  
Sought Mary's Child, World-joy in min-  
iature,  
And found at Bethlehem the Vision fair.

Unheard, false Tempter, do you urge a  
claim;  
Not gain, not wealth nor honor gives that  
peace  
In which a crime-touched mortal may  
rejoice  
As one ordained by chance to lasting fame.  
Won o'er by Love that bids all sorrow  
cease,  
With hearts exultant, we proclaim our  
choice.

# The Fall of a Citadel

## Some Yellow Leaves From the Archives of Newfoundland

By MAJOR DUDLEY COSTELLO

**T**HIS is not merely a story of decline and fall; it is one of noble courage and self-sacrifice, of an invincible faith that glowed bright and brighter in the blast of persecution.

It is a memory of the bad old times, yet it invigorates us like the ozonic-ocean breeze that sweeps the gray fogs from off the Grand Banks.

From the troubled Old World, tormented by the demons of political and sectarian strife, the unholy spirit of intolerance once spread his black wings across the sea and planted his cloven hoofs firmly on the soil of Newfoundland, and here for many miserable years he maintained his chief citadel in North America. He was powerful, sinister, merciless, and at times the glow of his fiery breath might be seen far across the sea.

He was a long time coming, but a longer time staying. It was in the summer of 1494 that the aborigines for the first time in many centuries—perhaps since the passing of the vessels of St. Brendan, Lief and Madoc—beheld an European ship. It was that of John Cabot, a Venetian, but a citizen of Bristol, sent out by King Henry VII, of England. Cabot landed on the feast of St. John the Baptist, June 24, 1494, on an island (in the Gulf of St. Lawrence) which he called St. John's in honor of the festival. Partly exploring along the coast, he found the sea fishful, the natives gentle, though clad in bearskins

and armed with bows and arrows, wooden clubs, pikes, darts and slings. He sailed back through the fogs and the icebergs and reported his discovery to the King, who granted patent March 5, 1495, to him and his three sons, Sebastian, Ludovic and Sancto, authorizing them to sail with five ships, allowing them the full property of the countries they should discover, on condition they returned to Bristol and paid him one-fifth of their profits, they to have exclusive rights of all countries discovered belonging to the heathen and which were previously unknown to all Christians, and no other English subjects to trade there without their license.

Cabot senior died before the start of the expedition. His son Sebastian sailed in May, 1497, steered along the continent to Florida, then back to Newfoundland. The first land that was spied thereabouts he called Terra Nova—the location of which is uncertain. The run of codfish struck him as being so abundant that he named the place in general Baccalaos, a Basque name for cod—still preserved in that of the bird-covered isle of Baccalieu. Then Captain Sebastian sailed back home, and the miserly first Tudor King thought so much of the discovery of the first of the future British colonies that he made the sailor who had espied the land the munificent present of \$50. Later, some English vessels made what seemed unprofitable visits to Newfoundland, they bringing home only hawks, wildcats and popinjays.

In 1534 emerged from the fogs of the coast the azure flag and golden lilies of France, as Jacques Cartier, who later met his coadjutor Roberval in the roadstead of St. John's, rounded the island on his way to the discovery of Canada.

In April, 1536, sailed from England one of the first of those disastrous expeditions that caused navigators and would-be colonists to regard desolate Newfoundland with horror and dread. A London merchant named Hore fitted out an expedition, taking with him one hundred and twenty men, including "thirty persons of character." In two months they arrived at Cape Breton. They sailed round Newfoundland to Penguin Island and landed on the western coast, where, on the bleak inhospitable shore, their distress and sufferings became terrible. Frantic with starvation and despair they had recourse to cannibalism, killing some of their number in the woods, roasting and eating the flesh. At length came a French ship, which the famished survivors of the unfortunate expedition seized and utilized to carry them to England, where they landed at St. Ives in Cornwall, "so much altered that their nearest relatives did not know them." The French owners of the vessel came after it and entered complaint, and Henry VIII satisfied their demands and exonerated the refugees.

Captain Martin Frobisher, advocate and attempter of the northwest passage, visited Labrador in pursuit of his design. Two years later, so famous had the fishery grown, there were no fewer than four hundred fishing vessels, mainly French, Spanish and Portuguese, bobbing on the banks. These vessels sailed home with rich takes of fish when the season was over and wintered in the ports of their respective countries.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert had, like Frobisher, a strong idea that there existed

a northwest passage to the East Indies. Queen Elizabeth granted him a patent to colonize such parts of America as were not already colonized by her allies, also sent him a token of "an anchor guided by a lady," and he obtained the cooperation of his half-brother, Sir Walter Raleigh, scholar, courtier and buccaneer. Misfortune hovered over the expedition from its origin. Raleigh was unable to come on account of a contagious disorder breaking out on his ship. Gilbert reached the land of doom August, 1583, with four vessels, bringing a disorderly rabble of sailors, masons, carpenters and musicians, and erected a pillar of wood bearing the arms of England. Then he sailed south in search of other lands, but only to meet trouble by discontent, mutiny and disease, and finally death by drowning.

His cupidity aroused by accounts of the wealth obtainable on the banks—which Francis Bacon declared contained a richer treasure than the mines of Mexico and Peru—Sir Francis Drake came over on a plundering expedition, seized several of the foreign fishing vessels laden with fish and oil, and took them away as prizes. But no further attempt on the part of England was made to colonize the place or develop its industries till about half a century later, when the illustrious Sir George Calvert of Yorkshire, champion and promoter of religious liberty in the Western Continent, obtained for himself and his heirs from James I, in 1623, a charter of the Province of Avalon, with a grant of all islands lying within ten leagues of the eastern shores, "together with the fishing of all kinds of fish, saving to the English the free liberty of fishing, salting and drying of fish."

Disgusted at the bigotry and intolerance that prevailed at the time in England and promised to long continue, Calvert had the idea of establishing in

America a colony where his co-religionists would be allowed to practice their religion unmolested. He sent out a large number of persons under his agent, Captain Edward Wynne, who was appointed Governor of the settlement and who built a fine house at Ferryland, on the eastern coast, about forty miles north of Cape Race. Viscount Falkland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, probably to make room for the English and Scotch settlers who were now pouring into that country and settling on the confiscated Irish clanlands, sent out a number of emigrants from that country. At Ferryland a fort was built for the protection of the new colony. Sir George Calvert, now Lord Baltimore (so titled, not from Baltimore, in the south of Ireland, but from some place, not now identifiable, in the County Longford, central in the green isle), came out with his family and settled here, spent £25,000 in improvements, defeated three French men of war that were harassing the fishermen, and infused activity, vitality and confidence into the community. Abundance of stores and implements was provided, the soil was broken and agriculture started with good results. Everything looked of good augury for what was the largest and most flourishing Catholic colony and abode of religious liberty in North America.

Suddenly there came an important change, one that presaged no good. The colony lost its spirited, broad-minded, efficient head. Some said that Lord Baltimore had grown weary of the annoyance given by the French, others that his family yearned for a cheerier climate than the fogs and damps of Newfoundland. Anyhow, he returned to England, and, King James being dead, he obtained from King Charles, in 1632, a grant of the territory now comprising the States of Maryland and Delaware, whither he transferred his

family and means, brought out some more shiploads of Catholics from England and first implanted Christian Liberty in what is now the United States. And in that same year he died.

Sad and dark was it for the Catholic settlers of Newfoundland when Baltimore transferred his personality and sphere of influence elsewhere. Of bad omen was it for the colony generally. Backed in their policy by the English Government, the English merchants who owned the fishing boats, the fishing stages, flakes, etc., and who had control of the "fishing admirals," aimed only at the protection and extension of the fishery, not of the colony. Therefore colonization was discouraged; owners of fishing boats were prohibited from carrying in their vessels any other persons than those actually employed in the fishery and the officers of His Majesty's Customs—the presence of the latter indicating a laying of Government duty on the produce of the sea. No fisherman was allowed to remain behind in Newfoundland after the season was over—and, indeed, there was little to induce him to remain on that ice-bound shore during the dreary winter—and masters of fishing boats were ordered to give bond to mayors of west-of-England seaports that they would bring back all persons they took out with them.

Nevertheless, despite these iron-bound regulations, large numbers of Irish Catholics, anxious to escape the grinding oppression of the penal laws, not only managed to make their way to Newfoundland but to stay there. In their native land the rigors of persecution were relaxed by a warned and intimidated Government in 1745, when the bayonets of the Irish Brigade in the service of France avenged the wrongs and sufferings of the Irish at home by the glorious victory of Fontenoy. "Cursed be the laws that deprive me of such subjects!" exclaimed King George; and

the courtly Earl of Chesterfield was sent over to govern the green isle on partly liberal ideas, to call off the sordid priest-hunters and conciliate the Catholics by allowing them to go to Mass. But in wretched Newfoundland the poor Irish refugee now found the print of the ugly hoof of sectarian bigotry more distinct than Robinson Crusoe did that of the South Sea savage.

In neighboring Nova Scotia the same miserable condition prevailed. In 1759 the general assembly of that British colony passed an act establishing the Church of England, giving free liberty of conscience to Protestant Dissenters, but banishing "Popish priests" under penalty of imprisonment, etc., and providing that any person harboring or concealing any such priest should be fined £50, be set in the pillory and compelled to find security for "good behavior."

In Newfoundland, as a main plank in the platform of persecution, Catholics were absolutely debarred from public office, and Government officials were required to take the following oath: "We, the undernamed justices of the peace, judges, and sheriff, do declare, that we do believe that there is not any transubstantiation in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever."

Governor Richard Dorrell made a strenuous order for the exclusion of Roman Catholics, Governor Webb laid an unjust and arbitrary tax upon them, which tax Governor Graves, in 1762, thus ordered the justices to enforce: "You are likewise to continue in due force the tax laid against Roman Catholics per late Governor Webb, and to make a return to me of what money has been collected on that account."

So did sullen, gloomy, hollow-eyed bigotry display itself, even as an unwholesome emanation of the soaking soil, under the cheerless leaden skies of that island Siberia.

Soon the spies and priest-hunters were sent forth. In 1755 Dorrell wrote thus to the magistrates of Harbor Grace:

"Whereas I am informed that a Roman Catholic priest is at Harbor Grace, and that he publicly read Mass, which is contrary to law, and against the peace of our sovereign lord the King, you are hereby required and directed on the receipt of this, to cause the said priest to be taken into custody and sent round to this place. In this you are not to fail."

Apparently the magistrate addressed did not like the dirty work allotted to him by the truculent Governor, to whom his plausible letter of evasion reads:

"As concerning the Roman priest of whom you were informed that he read public Mass at Harbor Grace, it was misrepresented; it was at a place called Caplin Cove, somewhat below the Harbor; for if he read it in the Harbor I should have known it and would have secured him. After he was informed that I had intelligence of him, immediately (he) left the place, and yesterday I was informed he was gone to Harbor Main."

Thus did the justice astutely pass on the responsibility of capturing the priest to some of his more zealous brethren. It does not appear that the hunted clergyman in question was captured, after all. But he was tracked by the tools of the infamous law in his celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, and those Catholics who were found to have assisted thereat were punished with a vindictive sentence of ruin and exile. Thus was it that Thomas Burnett, deputy to the ruthless Dorrell, issued for execution to a magistrate the following warrant, probably unparalleled of its atrocious kind in that year and period:

"At a court held before me at Harbor Main the 20th of September, 1755, at which you, Charles Garland, was present, at which time Michael Katem did appear before us, and by his own confession did admit a Roman priest to celebrate public Mass according to the Church of Rome, in one of his fish-rooms or storehouses, and he, being present himself, which is contrary to law,

and against our sovereign lord the King, we think proper to fine him the sum of fifty pounds, and to demolish the said fish-room or storehouse where Mass was said, and I do otherwise order the said Michael Katem to sell all the possessions he has or holds in this harbor, on or before the 25th day of November ensuing.

"At the same day appeared before us Michael Landrican, who was guilty of said crimes, for which we think proper to fine him the sum of twenty pounds, to burn his house and stage down to the ground, and he to quit the said harbor by the 25th of November ensuing.

"At the same time appeared before us Darby Costley, Robert Finn, Michael Mooring and Renold McDonald, which by their own confession are Roman Catholics and inhabitants of this place, which is contrary to law that they should hold any property in this island. We therefore think proper to fine the said Darby Costley ten pounds, Robert Finn ten pounds, Michael Mooring the sum of eight pounds, and Renold McDonald the sum of two pounds ten shillings, all the said fines in sterling money of Great Britain, and all the said persons to quit the said island by the 25th of November ensuing.

"T. BURNETT."

In Harbor Main there were sixteen other Catholics, charged with having taken part in the practices of their religion, visited with similar penalties. There were also large numbers of victims hunted down and persecuted at Carbonier and Harbor Grace and several other fishing villages. The torch of bigotry was sent forth in the hands of ruffians protected by the law, and the little villages flamed with the burning homes and stores of poor fishermen, thus inhumanly punished for their devotion to the faith of their fathers. Every place where the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was said to have been celebrated was ruthlessly given to the flames and burnt to the ground by the command of some bigot in authority. Literally, never was there a greater hotbed of religious persecution than Newfoundland seen on the Continent of America.

The Catholics do not appear to have taken persecution tamely or to have exhibited much intimidation, judging from the fearless and defiant attitude of stout George Tobin, master of the St. Patrick brig, lying at Harbor Grace. In the midst of the intolerant annoyance and threats to which his kind were subjected, Captain Tobin proudly wore Irish colors, hoisted them to his ensign-staff, with the English ensign hung as in contemptuous inferiority at his jack-staff, and shouted Irish defiance and taunts to the sneers of the English and Jersey sailors in the neighboring boats. For this the aforesaid Burnett fined him ten pounds; but whether George paid it is another matter.

The martinet Governors, Sir Hugh Palliser, Byron and Shuldham exerted themselves in succession to oppress and expel the detested "Papists," who were now strongly suspected of being in sympathy with the insurrectionary American colonists. The first-named ordered the pulling down of the huts and houses of Catholics, who were furthermore prevented from putting up fishing posts and stages in order to follow the chief local industry. It was also ordered: "That not more than two Papist men shall dwell in one house during the winter, except such as have Protestant masters;" "that all children of Roman Catholics born in this country be baptized according to law" (i. e., by a Protestant minister) and "that the masters of Irish servants do pay for their passage home."

These galling severities and insults practiced in the name of religion had at length a result desired by the persecutors. They drove some of the oppressed people into resistance and riot, which occurred at Harbor Grace in 1762. Some of the participants were arrested and vindictively punished, their sentence providing:

"That Dennis Neal shall receive three dozen lashes on his bare back with a cat-of-nine-tails, at the admiral's stage at St. John's,



on the 20th inst., and three dozen at the admiral's stage at Harbor Grace, on or before the 25th inst., and all the other defendants (except Mr. Felix McCarty) shall receive at the same time, at the last-mentioned place, one dozen each."

Mr. Felix McCarty was sentenced to pay a fine of £30 and all the charges of the court.

By and by came around the formidable American Revolution, and the guilt-haunted intolerants of the "desolate island" became nervous at the prospect of an invasion headed by fighting Irishmen intent on satisfaction for oppression and wrong. However, following the surrender of the English army under Cornwallis, at Yorktown, with the Independent States of America solidly established, the further continuance of religious intolerance and persecution in Newfoundland was considered inadvisable and perilous. Therefore, in 1784, Vice-Admiral John Campbell, Governor, issued to the magistrates the order, painfully tardy, amusingly monitory and grudging:

"Pursuant to the King's instructions to me, you are to allow all persons inhabiting this island to have full liberty of conscience, and the free exercise of all such modes of religious worship as are not prohibited by law, provided they be contented with a quiet and peaceable enjoyment of the same, not giving offence to the Government."

Originally, early in the seventeenth century, along with the English clergymen brought over by Calvert, the Recollet French Franciscans, who supplied chaplains to the navy of King Louis, gave priests to Newfoundland. Bishop De St. Vallier of Quebec established a convent for Franciscans in Placentia. The names of the hunted Irish "soggarths" who traveled and ministered in the island in the penal days are unknown; they came mainly from Waterford and seem to have left no registers of baptisms or marriages. In

1784 Pope Pius VI sent out as prefect apostolic the Rev. James O'Donnell, a Franciscan, native of Knocklofty, County of Tipperary, Ireland. He took up his residence in St. John's, where, with the permission of the local authorities, he built a chapel. He was consecrated bishop in 1796, at Quebec, with the title of Thyatira, "in partibus infidelium." In 1807 Bishop O'Donnell left the island and returned to his native Waterford, where he died in 1811, aged seventy-four.

By degrees the embers of the fires of religious animosity and race prejudice in Newfoundland grew low and dim, until, in 1832, Bishop Michael Anthony Fleming, who hailed from Carrick-on-Suir, was enabled to say at a public banquet: "Should I, in this enlightened period of mankind, meet with a bigot of any denomination, whether clergyman or layman, the best remedy I would prescribe to heal so odious a disease would be to invite him to St. John's, and point out to him its thousands of wealthy and enlightened inhabitants, forgetting all distinctions of party and of creed, but agreeing in that one precept which is the life, the soul of religion, 'Love one another,' and never contending unless for the mastery in benevolence and mutual affection."

And now, from the most elevated ground in the capital of Newfoundland, a stately Catholic cathedral looks down upon what was once the most noted stronghold of sectarian bigotry in America, where liberty of conscience was barred and forbidden, where the fires of persecution glowed and the smoke of burning homes and stores drifted dismally out to mingle with the gray fog of the fishing banks.

So, to the cheery but peremptory summons of the trumpet of human fraternity and progress, capitulated the once noted stronghold of intolerance and persecution.

# THE GENTLE LEGEND OF THE GIANT SAINT

By HENRY AUSTIN

"Christophori Sancti speciem quicumque tuetur  
Illo namque die nullo languore tenetur."

In Canaan's olden and once golden land  
Was born of lowly loins a peasant grand  
Full fifteen vanished centuries ago:  
Some called him Phoros, others Offero:  
Similar nicknames these, that signify  
the burden-bearer!

Offero grew so high,  
He seemed a giant to the common throng  
On whom he never wrought the slightest  
wrong.

Unlike most Samsons that are famed in song,  
His heart was gentler than his thews were  
strong.

Yet mightv proud of his vast bulk was he  
And of his easy strength; but Poverty  
And Ignorance—those tyrants of the race—  
Compelled and held him in a servant's place.

Still Offero, though he deemed this no dis-  
grace

And worked about with simple-smiling face,  
Felt his gift wasted and his heart forlorn  
To dwell in that small town where he was  
born.

So forth he fared, to seek—ah! servant  
wise!—

A mighty master suited to his size.  
"Earth's greatest king alone is fit to be,"  
Thought Offero, "the lord of one like me."

So, after many days of wandering  
He found him in the courtyard of a king,  
Believed in power all others to transcend.  
"To thee, O King, my service I commend,"  
Quoth Offero. "Since thou be'st the might-  
iest king,

Men say, and I the mightiest underling,  
'Tis fit I serve thee, if thou so desire.  
Set, then, my wage! Work love I more than  
hire."

Right glad the monarch was of such a prize,  
And, marvelling at his muscles, height and  
size,  
Straight clinched the bargain with a piece of  
gold,  
And in his guard the giant was enrolled.

Now Offero knew nothing of the power  
Of Christ or Satan. Hence, for many an  
hour

Of easy, golden, tropic days he deemed  
His King earth's greatest, as in sooth it  
seemed.

But, whiles he stood one day beside the  
King,

Listing with stupid ear a minstrel sing,  
It happened that the singer frequently  
Used the word, Satan; and, so oft as he  
Pronounced that curious, mysterious name,  
The mighty monarch's color went and came  
And he with trembling finger crossed himself.  
Ceased the strange lay; the poet got his pelf  
And stole away; and silence reigned around  
The monarch silent in a muse profound.

Then Offero, who was bold in everything,  
The meaning of all this did ask the King,  
Who answered not, save with a pensive sigh,  
Till Offero said: "If thou dost not reply  
And tell me why, I leave thee."

"Right is thine."

The King rejoined. "Know, then, I made  
that sign

Across my breast that Satan over me  
May have no power; for wicked as can be  
And mighty in his wickedness is he."

The giant felt himself deceived and said:  
"Since there is one thou fearest, him, instead,  
I go to seek and serve. My proper lord  
Must have a courage keener than a sword,  
Must feel a fear of none beneath the sun—  
Of no one and no thing!"

Ere day was done

(For Satan sought is never far to seek)  
The giant, plodding o'er a desert bleak,  
'Mid storms of sand that well-nigh blinded  
him,  
Beheld a monstrous apparition grim,  
Who marched at head of an armed legion  
vast.

The least was taller than the shadow cast  
By a lone pine athwart a sunny hill.

At sight of Offero the throng stood still  
As towers on which a thunder-cloud takes  
rest,  
And the Chief Shape the plodder thus ad-  
dressed,  
Not seeming e'en to mark the man's great  
size  
Which had so often caused mankind surprise.  
Authority spake loud from voice and brow:  
"Peasant, where goest, and what seekest thou  
In this my realm?"

Quoth Offero, unabashed,  
Though from the regal eyes weird lightnings  
flashed  
As rolled the words of thunder: "Sir, I seek

The King, hight Satan, him that men be-  
speak  
As the most powerful of all the earth,  
Him would I have as master."

Touched with mirth—  
That hideous mirth that seems to wreath a  
fire

Wrecking a home or writhing up the spire  
Of a still church within a sleeping town,  
For the Fiend's smile was dreader than his  
frown—

Satan rejoined: "Leave search! Lo. I am  
he;

And not for nothing do men follow me.  
Easy and pleasant shall thy service be."

Offero, louting, joined the cloudy throng,  
Proud of a lord so affable, though so strong.  
But, when they journeyed on a little while,  
Yet every moment covering many a mile—  
Or so it seemed—behold, before them set  
A little wayside cross where four roads met—  
Perchance a token left by loving care  
That a true brother of the Faith slept there.

At glimpse of this the Devil and all his crew  
In sudden haste and seeming fear withdrew,  
Making a wide detour, as if to 'scape  
From the mere vision of that wooden shape.  
Whereat spake Offero: "Master, why this  
flight?

What means that cross? Why shunnest thou  
the sight?"

And, as the Fiend kept still, continued he:  
"Unless thou say, I stay no more by thee."

Thus to compulsion put, the Fiend replied:  
"I shun the cross, for on it Jesus died,  
And when I see it, I must fly or hide,  
Lest He should overpower me."

"Coward lord,

Further to serve thee I cannot afford.  
Tell me who is this King? And where is He?  
Since Him thou fearest, mightier must  
He be;

And Him, Him only, would I seek and  
serve."

From this keen thrust the Shape of Gloom  
did swerve

With all his rout, heaving a hugeous groan;  
And the strong man in the desert was alone,  
Marvelling mightily that a cross of wood  
By such an army could not be withstood;  
And at the way they vanished, like a dream  
When the sweet dawn sets all the flowers  
a-gleam

With dew-drops, and the myriad little birds  
A-singing, sweeter than a lover's words.  
Then, since for him only the best sufficed,  
He wandered many days in search of Christ;  
But alas! found Him not.

At last he came  
Unto a lonely man, devoid of blame,  
A hermit, dwelling in a solemn wood;

Who in the warring world had wrought much  
good  
And had received much wrong for his re-  
ward.

"Tell me, I beg, where bides that mightiest  
Lord,  
Jesus, the Christ? Oh! where can He be  
found?

For I have journeyed now, meseems, half  
round

This weary world, seeking and finding not.  
Yet for to serve Him still my heart is hot."

The hermit, seeing how simple and sincere  
The giant was, began with accents clear  
To teach him of the Saviour of mankind  
And said: "Thou art most right, though  
dwarfed of mind

By nature, in believing this one thing:  
The Christ thou seekest is the greatest King  
And worthiest of service; for His power  
Is bounded not by this life's fleeting hour.  
O'er heaven and earth His might of right  
extends;

Throughout eternity it never ends;  
Not ends, but ever grows. Yet learn of me  
Thou canst not serve Him lightly—and if He  
Accepts thee, burdens He on thee will cast;  
Will stint thy sleep and often bid thee fast,  
So thou mayst ken how keen is hunger's  
power,  
And thou must pray for strength of soul each  
hour."

"Nay, nay, good sir, I know not how to  
pray,"

Said the proud giant. "'Tis not in my way,  
Nor will I learn. Service like that may be  
For weaklings well enough; but not for me.  
Nor will I fast or stint myself of sleep,  
Since 'tis by bed and food my strength I  
keep.

Why should I waste it, like a spendthrift,  
when

'Tis all I have?"

The hermit answered then

To this most simple of all strenuous men,  
Smiling a little sadly: "If thou would  
Use thy great strength, that sure was meant  
for good,

Since given by God, know'st thou a river  
deep

The rain swells wide and which doth often  
sweep

Those who perforce must cross it clean away  
In its fierce current from the light of day?"

"Ay, ay," quoth Offero, "such a stream I  
know."

"Then," said the hermit, "straightway thither  
go!

Live on its banks, and those who dare its  
wave

Aid them—for some be little ones—and save

Their tossing bodies from that rushing grave.

This is good work; and if that Christ, our Lord,

Will have thee for that service, thy reward  
Shall surely come; for verily, some day. He  
Will let thee know He hath accepted thee."

Most glad was Offero a task to find  
Suited his powers nor overtaxed his mind.  
He hied him to the stream and out of boughs  
Beside it made himself a clumsy house,  
And aided all who came and many bore  
On his big shoulders to the other shore.

Ah! never fell he weary day or night;  
The more he toiled, the greater grew his  
might;

And after he his life-work thus began  
That savage water swallowed up no man;  
And for a staff, his towering height to suit,  
A palm-tree did he pluck up by the root  
To steady him 'gainst the current, as he  
stept;

And through his toil his heart with gentlest  
laughter leapt.

Now the Lord Christ, seeing that strenuous  
life

Devote to goodly deeds and not to strife,  
Was pleased with Offero, who had found a  
way,

Though he could neither fast nor easy pray,  
To serve Him; and, when years had flown,  
at length,

As age began to steal that giant strength,  
Little by little, while within his hut

Lay Offero, his eyes for slumber shut,  
One pitchy night with rising tempest wild

A voice came, like the voice of a weak child:

"O Offero, wilt thou carry me across?"

Out went he, but he stood there at a loss,  
For nothing could he see. So back he went,  
Deeming he dreamed that voice and quite  
content

To lay him down again for rest.

Once more

That cry the tempest to his hearing bore;  
And yet once more.

At the third call he caught  
His lanthorn up and palmtree staff and  
sought,

In the deep darkness by the roaring flood,  
To find the sound.

Sudden beside him stood

A child so small it seemed a baby slight,  
Fit for a cradle warm, not such a night  
Of darkness, icy waves and piercing gales.

"Take me across, unless thy courage fails  
This night of storm, of blackness and of  
cold!"

Then Offero, the burden-bearer old,  
But stalwart still, and by his kindness bold,  
On one broad shoulder perched the little  
child

Who, all unseen, in starry beauty smiled,  
As into the wild stream with easy wade  
He by the gentle giant was conveyed.

Sudden the winds blew wilder, wilder still,  
Like to a thousand fiends, forespeaking ill;  
And higher swelled the waves, to billows  
grown,

Till Offero feared he might be overthrown.  
And the roar of the waters waxed as loud  
As when, against a mountain, cloud on cloud  
Hurls itself loose in thunder—and the child  
On the broad shoulder, who so strangely  
smiled,

Grew heavy; heavier; grew the heaviest load  
The giant felt he e'er had understrode;  
And for a moment, ere the worst was  
crossed,

Feared he might sink and both of them be  
lost.

But by the steadying of his staff, at length,  
And the forth-putting of his final strength,  
He gained the other bank and softly laid  
His burden down. Then, wonderstruck, he  
said:

"Whom have I borne? Hadst thou the  
whole world been,  
Thou hadst not been more heavy."

With a mien

Unspeakably gentle, yet that seemed to light  
With radiance majestic the night,  
And soothe the storm to music and bring on  
Over the ancient hills ineffable dawn:

"Me thou wast fain to serve, and thou hast  
won

Thy wish and art accepted. Thou hast done  
Good work and on thy peasant shoulders  
borne

Not only the whole world, weak and forlorn,  
But Him who made it—and who now, for  
sign

Of thy acceptance by thy King Divine,  
Bids thee affix thy staff into the sod  
And it shall grow—and for the glory of God,  
Shown in thy work, it shall bear fruit once  
more."

Offero set the staff; and lo! it bore  
Leaves in a moment, and in clusters rich  
The dates invited him.

Beholding which,  
Offero turned, with eyes that dewily shone,  
To speak his wonder.

But the Child was gone.

Then Offero knew it was, indeed, the Lord  
Whom he had borne and who in sweet ac-  
cord  
Vouchsafed this miracle for his reward;  
And he fell down and worshipped.

Then he rose

To work still more for Christ against man's  
foes,  
And soon to die for Christ and earn a saint's  
repose.

# The New Nevada

By MARY RICHARDS GRAY

**T**HE New Nevada. What is the New Nevada? The Old Nevada once more come to life, to give fulfillment to her promises of the decade from 1860-70 when she looked forward to being the most important State in the Union. Her fabulously rich mines were then pouring forth their millions, which unfortunately for her were not spent upon her development. A great opportunity was hers but she did not grasp it. In the '80's,

Some of it went to lay the foundations of the fortunes of California millionaires; some for the upbuilding, not only of San Francisco, but also of the whole State of California; more to construct transcontinental lines, cable and telegraph systems. At the time of the discovery of the Comstock the cream of California's placer mines had been skimmed, and the great panic of 1857 had impoverished the entire Pacific Coast. The bonanzas of Nevada vital-



when the price of silver slumped, the mining and speculating fever died and the camps began to decline. Storey County, in which the Comstock is located, in 1880 had 15,000 inhabitants; in 1900 there were but 3600. Virginia City, once so prosperous, settled down to a small mining camp of perhaps 2500. The \$650,000,000 taken from the Comstock Lode and the \$250,000,000 from the other mines scattered about through the State were used for many purposes.

ized the business of the sister State and gave new courage to her people just at a critical time. The wealth of these mines was to California what the discovery of gold was in 1849. But Nevada reaped little profit for herself from all these treasures, and the fourth State in the Union in size, instead of becoming a great commonwealth, sank into a lethargy. Seven years ago she had but two inhabitants to each of the 112,090 square miles of her territory. The Nevada of



THE LAST TWENTY-HORSE TEAM

promise was asleep. Not even the roar of the trains on the great transcontinental lines which she had built, racing across her desert wastes carrying prosperity to her sister States, roused her. Now, lo, an awakening!

The Old Nevada has aroused. Her twentieth-century history is the belated story of the discovery and development of wonderful mineral deposits, the pushing of great railroads through miles of desert, the reclamation of thousands of acres of land by means of irrigation—in short, the realization of the opportunities of the '80s.

Up to 1900 the great tract of land extending from Utah through to Inyo and San Bernardino Counties in California was practically uninhabited. On either side were scattered villages, but the mining camps, once the scene of such activity, were dead. The howling wilderness, the haunt of "rattlers" and venomous insects, did not attract men, though common report told of lost and deserted mines and vast treasures in various parts. The time was not ripe. The experience of "Stingy Bill," the

man who found copper deposits in Death Valley, is a typical one. He made a great discovery but could not interest capital, so, marking the location of his mine, he bided the awakening that has been long in coming. Now capital is only too anxious to follow in the wake of the prospector. From the north and the south, the east and the west, and beyond the confines of the State in California resound the ring of the prospector's pick, the clang of hammer and drill, the shriek of locomotives and whistles, the chug of autos, the throbbing and creaking of machinery. Greater by far than the fabled wealth of ancient kings is the mineral wealth of Nevada. Its finding is a tale of the Arabian Nights, only the magic wand revealing the presence of untold treasures was a burro's leg. The kick of a burro, the patient, long-suffering companion of every prospector, marked the turning point in the history of Nevada and opened the way for the numerous camps of the desert.

Boom, excitement, "wildcatting," speculating, labor troubles—these ex-

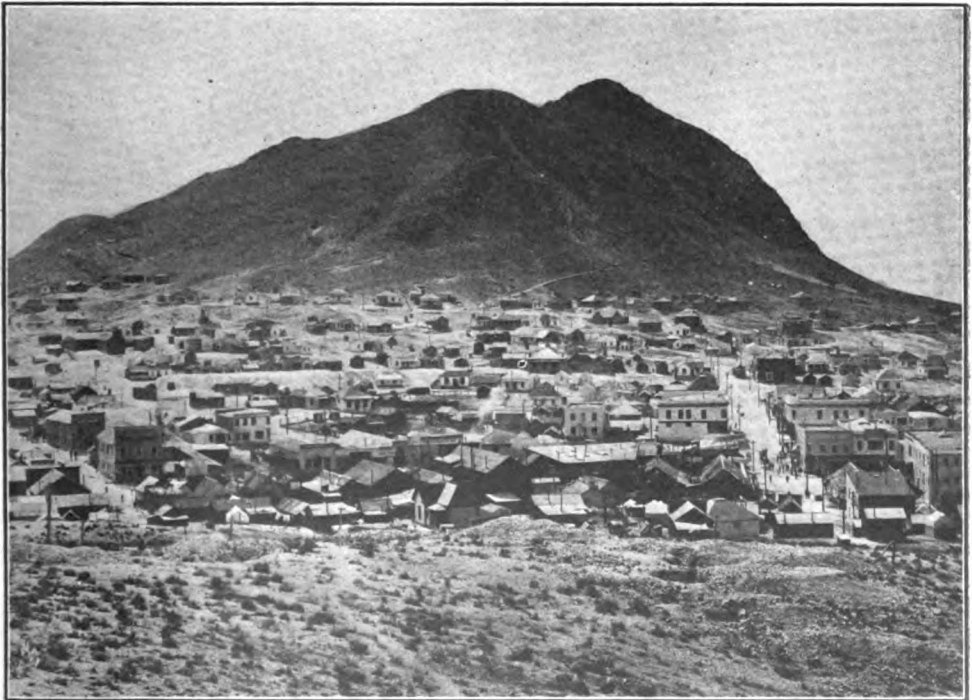
periences characterize all the Nevada camps, which are now feeling the effects of the so-called "millionaire's panic," the fuel famine of the past winter, and the labor troubles. The experience was not pleasant, yet it had the result of hastening the day of putting business on a substantial and legitimate basis. Which district in the great mineralized belt, found to embrace a large part of the State, will prove the richest remains to be seen. With feverish energy men are seeking for hidden wealth, believing that only a beginning has been made.

Boosting, promoting, manipulating the stock market, false reports sent out for various reasons, make outsiders doubt the greatness of the mineral wealth of the State.

Early in the year George E. Roberts, Director of the Mint, predicted an output of \$25,000,000 for the State of Nevada for 1907. Recent develop-

ments, however, indicate that this estimate will prove far too conservative, for a single mine has been producing \$1,000,000 a month.

Transportation, power, supplies of various kinds—these are the necessities of the camps, the problems with which Nevadans are struggling. From one end of the State to the other the construction of railroads commands attention. Once—and for years—the only railroad in the State was the transcontinental line dragging itself through the dreary wastes to the north. Then commerce sought a new way to the Coast from Salt Lake City, and the San Pedro, Los Angeles, and Salt Lake City was constructed in eighteen months to fill a much needed want. This threw open for settlement a vast unoccupied territory, the last of any extent within the confines of the United States, except in Alaska. Long before the stations were completed or any regular service



TONOPAH

possible, men crowded on the work-trains with prospecting outfits hoping to repeat the experience of Jim Butler, who realized \$336,000 on his claim. Many a man gave up his life on the burning sands; many a man sleeps in an unmarked grave, lured to death in the quest for gold.

The first railroad built into the desert to develop mineral resources was the Tonopah or Brock Road. When the Southern Pacific refused to run a branch south from Mina, the Brock Syndicate built a narrow-gauge into Tonopah, which was immediately re-gauged. That

that from Bullie to Tonopah Junction. The Brock Syndicate has purchased the Bodie, or "wood road," extending twelve miles beyond the State line into California, where there are immense reserves of timber, and has made a survey for connections with Tonopah Junction. Placing an unlimited amount of wood within easy access of the camps will preclude any danger of either a fuel or lumber famine such as was experienced last winter.

A short cut from Hazen, on the Southern Pacific, to Los Angeles goes by way of Mina and Sodaville and util-



A MINER'S CABIN, TIN CAN FENCE

was in 1904. Since then the road has paid for itself every seven months. Next, the road was extended into Goldfield, and very recently south to connect with the Las Vegas and Tonopah leading out of Beatty to Los Angeles and giving direct communication to the Coast and a north and south trunk line from Hazen, on the Southern Pacific, to Las Vegas on the San Pedro.

A shorter road, yet one of great importance to the camps of the desert, is

izes the branch between Sodaville and Keeler known as the Carson and Colorado, a narrow-gauge which is to be broad-gauged.

The Monterey, Fresno, and Eastern Railroad Company now have a line under way from Monterey and Watsonville due east to Fresno and on into Goldfield. San Francisco capitalists are back of the project.

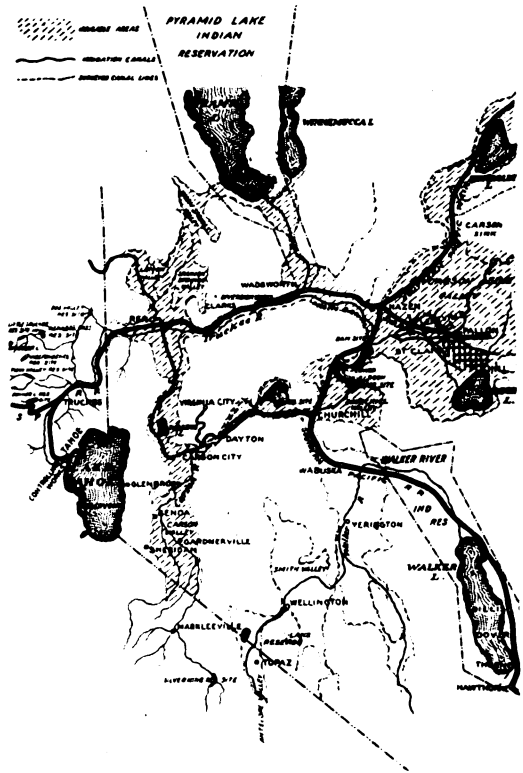
F. M. Smith, better known as "Borax Smith," and several Oakland capitalists



are building the Tonopah and Tidewater Railroad, which runs northeasterly from Ludlow, a station on the Santa Fe in California, one hundred and sixty-eight miles to Bullfrog, making Death Valley accessible and furnishing transportation for the products of the borax mines, the largest in the world. This route is shorter by sixty miles than any of the other routes from the desert to Los Angeles.

On the Western Pacific, the Gould Road connecting Salt Lake City with Oakland, on which work began two years ago, much remains to be done. September 1, 1908, is the time set for the completion of the stupendous task. The first daily freights and passenger trains began running some time in August between Salt Lake City and Steptoe, a station on the Nevada Northern, a distance of one hundred and fifty-six miles. Between Steptoe and Oakland seven thousand graders and five thousand teams are at work battling with the problem of a roadbed over plains and desert wastes and through mountains, which, when finished, will be the lowest of any of the transcontinental lines. At Oakland, Marysville, Winnemucca and Wells quantities of rails and ties are being stored in order to expedite as much as possible the laying of the tracks when once the machines are put in operation. The six-thousand-foot tunnel through Goshute Mountain is such an undertaking that temporary rails are to be laid over the range. This, the third great transcontinental line to cross Nevada, will have as perfect a roadbed as it is possible to construct and an equipment unequaled by any road in the country. Railroads do not make mining camps but are a necessity to their development. According to the present plans the State of Nevada will be a network of tracks, for each one of the many camps is arranging for transportation that will give direct communication with the outside world.

Hand in hand with the development of the mineral resources of Nevada goes the equally important one of supplies, of making her streams and soil yield food for her people. It is the opinion of a scientist of note, that every stream and lake of the State is ideal for trout. The varieties known as Eastern brook, Mackinaw and rainbow are being secured as fast as possible from the hatcheries at Carson. Nevada is not an agricultural State, and yet



along her rivers and in her mountain parks and deserts there are millions of acres of land suitable for grazing purposes or the growing of crops, when provided with water. The inter-mountain country has no finer ranges than those in the north given over to cattle and those of the south largely to sheep. Owing to the persistent efforts of the present Government Nevada cattle have gained a wonderful reputation for breed

and quality. The business of stock raising is one which will later grow to great proportions.

Though no great rivers pass through Nevada, the chief streams from the mountains losing themselves in inland lakes or desert wastes, when it comes to a question of water, there is not a State in the Union which has more as far as mere quantity goes. It is a question first of saving it and then of getting it to the places where it is needed. Nevada, with all her stretches of desert covered with sage-brush, has rich soil—for sage-brush does not grow on poor soil—and only needs water to produce the finest cereals and vegetables. Now, the first of the great Government projects for reclamation is being worked out in the Carson Sink, the bed of an old lake in the very heart of the State. By turning the swift waters of the Truckee, a mountain river that comes down from Lake Tahoe in the high Sierras, into the Car-

son by means of dams and ditches, 350,000 acres of arid land are to be made habitable and productive. At present only 100,000 are under irrigation. The greatest drawback to the whole scheme has been the difficulty in securing day laborers; only three hundred are at work and four hundred and fifty more are needed. The Government offers settlers the land for \$26 an acre—\$2.26 annually for ten years, with no interest upon deferred payments. At the end of the ten years the settler owns the irrigation ditches and water rights.

Another tremendous project of this sort which the Government has in view is that of reclaiming 600,000 acres on the Humboldt River; but as the science of irrigation is still in its infancy the work progresses slowly.

In this connection comes the question of "dry" or "arid" farming. Scientific arid farming has reached such a point



GOLDFIELD'S SCHOOLHOUSE



MISPAH MINE

that it is no longer an experiment but an exact science which has yielded wonderful results in Utah, where it has been tried most successfully. It has been found that irrigation is not a necessity for the production of some kinds of crops. By scientific culture enough moisture can be conserved in the soil to produce all kinds of grains and some of the grasses if not a drop of water falls upon them during the warm weather. The cause of the lack of moisture in the soil on the sage-brush-covered plains is the formation of capillary tubes which pass down from the bushes into the soil, forming an outlet for the moisture gained during the winter when snow and rain are prevalent. Breaking these tubes by deep ploughing and constant tillage during an entire summer prevents their formation a second season. Crops planted in the pulverized soil yield bountifully, and are said to contain quite double the amount of nutriment of those produced on irrigated farms. With arid farming, however, the land cannot be used season after season.

Nevada offers a wide field for agriculture, and with the numerous camps of the desert has a market at hand for all that she can produce.

With another of the imperative needs of the State, that of power for lighting the various camps and operating the mills and mines, private corporations and the Government are busy. The first company formed was the Nevada and California Mining and Milling Power Company, which put in its plant on Bishop Creek, California, about two years ago at an initial cost of \$3,300,000. This creek is one of the finest mountain streams in the West for power purposes. It is high up in the Sierras a hundred miles from Goldfield, ten thousand feet above sea level, and is fed by the melting snows from a glacier buried between two high peaks at the very top of the range. When the reservoir now in process of construction is finished, it will extend back from the dam—one of the great engineering feats of the day—for a mile, and embrace two natural lakes. Its capacity will be three hundred mil-

lion gallons of water. On the stream below the dam are three large generating plants. The first, eleven miles down, has twenty-six thousand horse-power; the second, two miles farther on, sixteen thousand; and the third, four thousand. From these plants miles upon miles of copper and aluminum cable go to Bullfrog, Silver Peak, Tonopah, Miller's Station, and Manhattan to run the machinery of mills and mines and light the camps. Thousands of men are working like bees dragging this heavy machinery across the great desert stretches, up wild mountain heights and putting it into place. The company that is installing this seven-million-dollar plant is one of the big enterprises of the State and is doing a business commensurate with the mining operations and reclamation projects under way.

A second similar project has Government support. Business men from Fallon and Reno have just closed a contract for a five-thousand-horse-power electric plant to be constructed where the Truckee empties into the Carson with a fall of sixty feet, giving plenty of power. When finished, this plant is to

operate an electric road between Wonder and Fallon, besides furnishing light and power for the mines and camps.

Still a third, The Nevada-California Electric Power Company, is planning to furnish all the northern camps with power and has gone so far as to provide for a capitalization of fifteen million dollars. However, it is not expected that the plant will be in running order for several years to come.

In the development of her vast resources of phenomenal value Nevada has gathered together a wonderfully strange and interesting collection of men; engineers rich in technical skill and knowledge, capitalists, laborers and proprietors full of brawn and brain, all with a heritage of energy, push and courage; and lastly, in goodly array, the riff-raff from everywhere and nowhere. Together they are solving the problems of making habitable and productive the waste places of earth; of finding and wresting from the earth her treasures. The New Nevada, the poor man's paradise, the rich man's opportunity, is coming into her own; the land of promise has awakened.



A NEVADA STAGECOACH

# The Story of Anthony

By ANNA C. MINOQUE

## VI

**W**HEN, however, the next morning found Anthony without his new playmate, and strangers all about him, whose words he could not understand and who were likewise ignorant of his, the grief of the day previous returned, and wildly he cried for his parents and his own home. The man tried vainly to quiet him by a promise of beautiful gifts, a visit to Inez, and a new boat of his own in which to cross the river to her new house. For a time the prospect of possessing treasures dear to his boyish heart and hitherto denied, quieted him; but presently his sorrow would break forth anew.

"What became of the carriage, sir?" asked Tony, after an outburst of tears.

"What carriage, Anthony?" asked the man, patiently.

"Why, our carriage—the one we drove down to the hotel in. Don't you remember?" asked Tony, in surprise. "You know you got in and told Ben to drive to the hotel, where you said my father was waiting for us. If the carriage is standing there all this time the horses will be very tired, and my mother will be worried. Oh, where is my mother? and where am I? Oh, please, sir, take me back to my mother! She is crying for me, I know she is, and my father always told me never to make my pretty mother cry. I never did, and if she's crying now, what will my father think!"

The man's face had assumed the greyish tint that always came into it when Tony talked of home and his parents, while something like a sob broke in his throat. Presently he reached out his arms toward the child, and said, in the

winning voice that always drew the heart of the boy straight to him:

"Anthony, would you like to hear a story?"

His old love for stories flickered back into a semblance of life at the words, and he went to the man, saying wistfully:

"Yes, sir!"

The man took him upon his knee and folded his arms around the slim little figure, and said:

"Once upon a time there was a man who was very sad. He had not been happy as a boy, for a hard-hearted woman had first turned his father from him, and then taught the little brother whom he loved to hate him. The man was very rich, or would be when his father died, and the woman, who had married his father, knew this and plotted against his life, because if he were dead the property would fall to his brother, who was her son. So, to save his life, he had left home when he was quite young and had wandered through many strange lands because he was homesick and hungry for the sight of his own people."

To Tony the story somehow seemed familiar, although he could not recall ever having heard it, and he listened attentively, while the man continued:

"But once when he was in England a strange thing befell this young man. I want you always to remember what I am going to tell you now, Anthony, for it is very strange, and yet it is so true that I could stake my life on it. This is not a story like other stories you have heard. It is so horribly true that my heart hurts to repeat it to you, and I would not do it—could not do it—only I want you to know how strange are the things that happen to men and boys in this world.

"As I said, the young man was in England. It was spring, and sometime, Anthony, when you are old enough, I am going to take you to England, in order that you may see that country in the Maytime of the year. I have traveled much, I have seen many beautiful countries, but never any one to compare with England when the spring paints her landscape with its tender beauty. This young man felt exactly as I do about it, and he wandered far into the country, drunk with the beauty of the land.

"One evening, just at sundown, he came into a little white village nestling at the feet of a range of low hills. There was a quaint old inn there, and he asked for lodging for the night. The inn-keeper was a queer looking old man, with two of the bluest eyes that ever were set in a human head, and his round cheeks were as red and glossy as an autumn apple. Looking the young man over carefully, and appearing to be satisfied with his appearance, the inn-keeper told him he thought he could accommodate him, although the place was rather crowded. So the young man was shown to his room.

"It was a good-sized, white-walled, sweet-smelling room, and the bed was restful to his weary limbs, for he had walked many miles that day. He read a while, after having eaten his supper, and then feeling sleepy he lay down. Just before he went to sleep, he heard in the garden below his window the sweet voice of a woman, singing an old love song.

"With the song in his ears the young man fell asleep, and before he awoke he had a dream. It is the dream I want to tell you of, Anthony.

"He dreamed that he slept all the night, sweetly, soundly, with the notes of the old song, as sung by the unseen woman, running through his dreams. When morning came—ah, such a morning as it was, a May morning in old

England!—when morning came, his first waking thought was of the singer and her song. He understood English perfectly, and knowing the song, he began to hum it while he dressed. As he was humming it, again the song came up to him from the garden, and he stepped to the window, and from behind the curtain looked down upon the singer. Utterly unconscious that she was being observed, the girl, for such the singer was, walked in the garden, gathering daffodils. When the bouquet was large enough, she paused and, lifting her face, met the admiring eyes of the man above bent upon her. A flush that rivaled the rose tint in the sky behind her overspread her lovely face as she gathered up her skirts and walked quickly from the spot.

"The forehead of the man also felt uncomfortably warm. He had not intended to stand there so long, but the beauty of the maiden, and the exquisite charm of her presence, had made him oblivious of time. What did she think of him? he kept asking himself, as he made ready to go down-stairs. Above all the persons he knew, he wanted her to think well of him; and yet if her thought were unfavorable, how, he asked himself, should he be able to drive it from her mind? He did not know her, and as he was a stranger here there was no one to introduce them. She must always carry that unfavorable thought of him in her mind—she must always recall him as a spy upon the privacy of her garden.

"And yet it was not her garden, he remembered, but the inn-keeper's; and unless she were his daughter, she was only taking a privilege any other guest might claim. That she was not the inn-keeper's daughter he felt assured. She was not even an Englishwoman. She probably was an American and belonging to the higher walks of life.

"By the time the young man had all this settled in his own mind he was

down the stairs and in the dining-room, where breakfast was being served. As he entered, his eyes swept the apartment, searching for the young lady. But she was not there, and the disappointment took something from his relish of the substantial fare. As he was about to rise from his place, again the door opened and his heart gave a leap as he caught the sheen of her grey dress behind the black of the tall, elderly woman who was entering. The elderly woman went straight to her place, which was directly opposite where the man was sitting, and the girl followed. He might have been invisible as far as the woman was concerned, for, it appeared to the man, she looked through him to the wall opposite while waiting for her order.

"But not so with the girl, who had demurely seated herself by her companion's side. As she took her place she lifted her long lashes, and seeing the man before her, the rosy color again dyed her cheeks. The man dropped his eyes to his plate and never once looked up until he had finished his breakfast. But as he rose, for one moment he permitted himself to look at the girl, and meeting her tender blue eyes, he silently besought her pardon for the act of the morning. He fancied he saw the shadow of a little smile dart across the lovely face, but it might have been only a fancy; for instantly her eyes were withdrawn and her attention was bestowed upon her companion.

It had been the intention of the young man to remain only a day at that village, but when the day was over he found himself unwilling to go, for the girl was still there. He told himself all he wanted was an opportunity to tell her his offense of the morning was unintentional; this accomplished, he would continue his journey. Two days passed, then fate played the one moment into his hands. As he came in from a long walk, he found the girl standing before

the inn-keeper, her little hands locked and her lovely face white with misery.

"'It's too bad, Miss Webster!' he was saying. 'I don't know what we'll do, for the next nearest doctor is ten miles away, and I've no means of getting word to him.'

"The girl's appearance and the inn-keeper's words filled the young man with fear. When she retired he asked the inn-keeper if anything had gone wrong with his guests. At his question the man laughed.

"'The old lady's got one of her spells again, that's all,' he answered. 'She woke us all up in the dead of night about a week ago, and as she can frighten that little niece of hers out of her wits, I thought the old lady's end was drawing near. So I routed up one of the boys and sent him hot-footed after the doctor. Now the doctor had just gotten to bed after having been several miles up the country. Of course he came, but though he got a good fee he was mad as a hatter. He said there was nothing the matter with her—she was as well as he was. Now she thinks she is sick again, and has sent down her niece to have the doctor summoned immediately. The doctor is not at home, and as there is none nearer than the next village, the old lady will have to get well without a doctor. I tell you, sir,' continued the old man, 'I feel sorry for the young lady. You see the old one owns the money, though she intends to give it to the young one when she is gone. In the meantime, she is making her earn it. They have been here a month now. The old lady likes this place because few people come here to remain any length of time. The young girl cannot be enjoying herself very much, for people don't stay long enough for her to get acquainted with them.'

"The young man finally succeeded in stopping the inn-keeper's flow of conversation, and expressed his opinion that it was not right not to make an

effort to secure the physician for the lady. She might be more ill than they imagined, and it would be a dreadful thing if anything were to happen to her through their negligence. The inn-keeper declared that he could not spare a servant to send for the physician as a large party of tourists was expected that evening; whereupon the young man offered to go himself. The inn-keeper, of course, had no objections, and straightway ordered a horse for his guest. As rapidly as he could the young man returned with the doctor, who found the patient's condition not at all serious, although he was wise enough not to express that opinion.

"During the absence of the young man the inn-keeper had told the ladies of the chivalrous act of the Cuban gentleman, who on hearing of the absence of the village doctor had immediately gone in search of medical aid. The elderly lady was touched by his kindness, and when she was well again sent for him to thank him. She introduced herself and then presented her niece, and the young man spent the happiest hour of his whole life. During the evening, he found an opportunity to apologize to the girl for his seeming intrusion, and her pardon was laughingly given, with the acknowledgment that since then she had not gone into the garden.

"'But you will go to-morrow morning, will you not?' he asked.

"'Perhaps,' said the girl.

"'And if some one should also like to walk in the garden at the same time, you will not be offended?' he asked.

"'It is not my garden,' she said, shyly.

"And this was how it happened that the next morning and many another morning found the young man and the girl in the garden together. The month of May passed and still he lingered there, just for the sake of those few minutes with her in the garden each morn-

ing. That was all he saw of her, for after her aunt arose she was never permitted to leave her side. One morning he wiled from her the promise to meet him in the garden that evening. When she came she told him she could not linger long, for her aunt was wakeful and might need her. It angered him to think she should be the veritable slave of the whimsical old woman, and he expressed his indignation in strong words. Then she told him he must not think harshly of her aunt. She had lost her own children, then her husband. Naturally this had changed her, but she was kind to her niece. It was at the request of the young girl the trip abroad had been taken, for when people are old, said the girl, they do not like to tempt the dangers of the ocean and endure the hardships of travel. When the young man asked what pleasure she was deriving from spending the vacation time in a little English village, she silenced him sweetly, and said she was happy there—and what more could any one require?

"He was a very modest young man, still he wondered if their romantic friendship added anything to her enjoyment of the place. When he asked her, she said 'No,' and laughed and ran away from him. He thought the laugh might have been caused by his vanity, but her haste to leave him caused him to suspect that she had not meant what she said and he had misinterpreted her laugh. Because of the thought he did not sleep at all that night, and before daybreak he was in the garden waiting for her. When she saw him she blushed, and the blush seemed to convince him he had reasoned correctly.

"She was not wholly indifferent to him. Perhaps she loved him, not as he loved her—that were impossible—but sufficiently well to become his wife, to permit him to take her from her hard life, under the frown of a selfish relative. He went to meet her, and they stood by a tall rose-bush, its green leaves almost



hidden by red roses. There he told her of his love and tremulously she confessed hers for him. When he asked her if she thought her aunt would object to him as a suitor, she expressed the belief that her aunt would never try to interfere with the happiness of her niece. The young man, however, had his doubts, knowing more of human nature than the girl, being older.

"Now it happened that that morning the aunt awoke earlier than usual, and not finding her niece waiting for her, she grew alarmed. She dressed hastily, and stepped out on the balcony to see if by any chance she could be there. Below the balcony was the garden, and there she beheld her niece, in close conversation with the strange young man. She forgot her former sentiments of gratitude to him and ordered the maid to call her niece. The maid obeyed, and the outburst of wrath that met the girl on entering her aunt's presence both surprised and angered her. Without further word, the girl quietly informed her aunt that she was the promised wife of the young man she found so objectionable. The announcement was a great shock to the aunt, and she forbade the marriage. When she found her niece denied her right to give or withhold her consent on the matter, she threatened to disinherit the girl. The girl thereupon stated that if it were a question of twice the wealth her aunt possessed and her love, she would take the latter, though he were penniless. Finding her immovable, the unkind aunt ordered her out of her presence.

"That day the young man sought an interview with the old lady, but she refused to see him. He heard from the inn-keeper that she was getting ready to leave but was making no arrangements for her niece. She must not be left there alone. He sent an urgent message to the girl, and after telling her what he had learned, he besought her to marry him immediately before her aunt

had departed. In her innocence and affection for her relative she declared there must be a mistake—her aunt was angry but she would not treat her so unkindly. He bade her find her aunt and learn the truth of his words. She left him and ran to her aunt's apartments, but when the maid opened the door, she said her mistress did not want to see any one. She thrust the maid aside and stood before her aunt, demanding to know the truth.

"'Yes,' said her aunt, 'I and my maid are leaving to-night. You are no longer a niece of mine.'

"The girl made no answer, but going back to her lover told him his words were true, and that she was ready to marry him. In a little while all was ready. They then returned together to the stony-hearted old woman and the young man told her they were about to start for the village church, where the marriage ceremony would be performed. She had driven them into marriage sooner than they expected but not sooner than he desired. He told her he had wealth sufficient to support his wife, and though she withheld her blessing from them, he should never cease to bless her for the opportunity which her illness had afforded him of becoming acquainted with her lovely niece. They were married.

"Some years of happiness followed. A child was born to them, a lovely girl, whose sole disappointment to her father was that she resembled him in form and feature instead of her mother, whom he adored. They traveled a great deal, for the man had gypsy blood in his veins and the woman seemed to be restless. The man could not understand this, and he was constantly thinking about it. At length it seemed to him that she did not entirely trust her husband, that she felt there might be something in his past of which she knew nothing.

"It was the little rift in the lute, of which the poet tells us. Her seeming

distrust in him awakened real distrust in his mind of her, and the little rift widened until again the music was mute. If they had spoken out their thoughts to each other all the sorrow might have been avoided. This they did not do, but held them in their hearts, brooding upon them. Finally the man, being a fool, thought to put his wife to the test. So he wrote her a letter, enclosing a large sum of money and saying he was going away to stay, he could not say how long. If, he reasoned, she love me and trust me, she either will discredit my words and wait for me, or, believing them, will still, in hope of my return, remain here. He traveled a day's journey, then came to his senses and hurried back to beg his wife's forgiveness. When he reached the town the innkeeper told him the lady and child had left at noon the day before, and had given no address. Frantically the man started out in pursuit of them, and, not finding them the first day, the demon of doubt assailed him anew. What better assurance of his wife's distrust and lack of love could he desire than that her departure gave?—it asked him. Had she trusted and loved him she would never have done this thing. 'His doubt paralyzed all his effort and he ceased trying to overtake them. What time passed he never exactly knew. Perhaps he was mad for a while.

"When he came to his senses it was to find himself again in the inn in the English village. Here he awoke one morning, and understood what had happened was only a dream."

"Only a dream?" repeated Tony, gazing into the pain-wrung dark eyes. "The lovely young lady, the old aunt, the little girl, and all the pleasant times—was it all a dream?"

"All a dream," said the man.

"And were you," said Tony slowly, as a light began to break on his young mind, "were you the man who dreamed the dream?"

"I am the man," said he, as slowly. "And now," continued the man, "I will tell you another story. "There once was a little boy who had no one to love him or care for him. One day the little boy had a dream. He dreamed that he lived in a pretty home with his mother and his father. His father worked in a bank in the city, and sometimes he used to drive down in the carriage with his mother to bring his father home. One day his mother had company and she said the little boy might go by himself. And the little boy dreamed that he was dressed in a pretty suit and sat back in the carriage, as it rolled down the street to the bank where his father worked. And the carriage stopped at the bank and the little boy waited, but his father never came. For you see the little boy had been sick a long time and he dreamed all this was true.

"Now the man who had dreamed, too, came along and saw the poor little boy with no one to love him, dreaming that he had a father and a mother and a pretty home and nice clothes, and straightway he felt sorry for the little boy, and a great love for him came into his heart. And he said to himself, 'I have plenty of money and a heart full of love, and I will take this little boy to my home and he shall be my son, and I will be father and mother to him. I will give him good food and pretty clothes and all manner of toys, and when I am dead he shall inherit my estate as he shall bear my name. And the man took the little boy away with him.'"

"Am I that little boy?" asked Tony, and the man's eyes fell before the anguish of the little face.

"Yes, you are that little boy," he answered.

"And was it all a dream, too, like the man's?" he asked, and the little voice was sharp with grief.

"It was all a dream, my son," said the man, and then he held against his breast the sobbing child.

Long, long did Tony weep, the while he battled against disbelief. When, finally, he raised his wet face and saw the tender face of the man bending over him, the dark eyes dim with unshed tears, something in his young heart awoke; he reached out his little arms and, enclasping the man's neck, bent the bearded lips down to his kiss.

It surprised even Senor Menez to see the great love for him that had sprung up in the child's heart. Often, in the weeks that followed, he would hear the child saying, out of a long silence, when his face was full of wistfulness for the home he had lost, "But it was only a dream." Whereupon he would turn to his newly-found friend and fling himself upon his breast in a passion of tenderness, crying, "Oh, father I am so glad you found me!"

"You must not, Anthony," warned the man, "let any one hear you saying those words. Remember, you are my son, my very own son. Because you are my son, you have cruel enemies. They are your enemies because you have my love, as you shall inherit my wealth, and they would deprive you of both if it were in their power. And that would kill me, Anthony! Now do you want to kill the one who loves you?"

"No, oh, no!" cried Tony, sorely distressed.

"Then you must always remember that I am your father, have always been your father. You must forget your dream, will you?" Tony promised to obey, and singularly enough, in time he accomplished the difficult task.

## VII

Truly, whatever could be done to cause forgetfulness, that Senor Menez did for Tony. All the pleasures that wealth could secure were lavished upon the child, and the man himself became his slave. For in his lonely heart had sprung up a profound love for the boy

he had stolen, and, finding it freely responded to by the affectionate young nature, he felt that in thwarting the enemies he hated he had, at the same time, snatched a blessing for his life.

On the large plantation Tony had many little playmates. Through frequent association with them he speedily acquired use of the Spanish language, and soon his mother tongue was neglected and gradually forgotten. Among these playmates the one dearest to him was Inez, who at certain intervals, attended by her nurse, crossed the river to see her little cousin. And sometimes, as he watched them playing on the shaded piazza, the man closed his tired eyes to dwell upon a picture of the future, ever growing clearer on the canvas of his mind.

There were others who also appeared to catch a glimpse of the scene that so pleased his fancy, and the mother of Inez asked herself if it might not yet be possible that the coveted wealth should be equally shared by the descendants of the two brothers, and the family feud be healed by the marriage of the children. For, on being banished from the home that they had so long considered their own, the animosity of the mother and son against the rightful owner of the place and his heir appeared to increase with each passing day. This saddened the soul of the younger woman, and one day, hoping to assuage her bitterness of feeling, she said to her mother-in-law:

"Perhaps, mother, we may one day regain the home which you love so well."

"How?" asked she, anxiously scanning the face of her daughter-in-law, whose philosophic indifference to the loss of the plantation was a source of exasperation to the greedy soul.

"Through little Inez," she said, hesitatingly. "She and Anthony are fond of each other, and why should not that sentiment grow with their growth?"

"And if it did?" asked the older woman, in a voice like ice.

"Well, if it did, and they should marry, Inez would be mistress of the plantation—"

"And who would be its master?" asked the mother.

"Why, Anthony, naturally," she rejoined, with a little laugh.

"Yes, Anthony!" cried the old woman. "Anthony—the child of that hated man, while Alfonso, the child of my son—what will he be master of? A miserable tract of land, an old house falling to ruins, and an income scarcely sufficient for a peasant to live upon. A dutiful mother you, who can turn from your son, the inheritor of his father's name, to find comfort in the brilliant prospect for an insignificant daughter! I tell you, I care not whether Inez be rich or poor, the wife of a prince or of a peasant—what I want is his grandfather's estate for my grandson, and I will get it."

She clenched her hand as she spoke the last words, and her countenance became so black that the younger woman turned away from the spectacle of vindictive hate seated upon the wrinkled brow of age. Again a fear shook her soul that such hate would be stopped by nothing to accomplish its purpose, and the future of Anthony showed gloomy to her in that hour.

She rose from her place near the window, and going to her mother-in-law, laid her hand on her shoulder, asking:

"How do you intend to get it, mother?"

"That is my affair, daughter!" she retorted, ironically.

The tears sprang to her eyes, for she was of the sensitive nature to whom such words are like blows of a whip. Her voice trembled a little as she said:

"I do not know what has turned you from me, mother. You used not so to treat me. We used to live happily together, and you used to be to me as my

own dear mother. But now it is different, and I cannot see the reason why. It is not my fault that we have lost the plantation—"

"Did I ever intimate that it was?" demanded she. "But can you say that you feel toward the intruder as do your husband and I?—that you resent, as we do, the impoverishment of your children?"

"No, I cannot say that I do," said the younger woman, truthfully. "The place belonged to Senor Menez by every human right. While he lived we could not lay claim legally to it. Is it not better he should appear now to claim his own than come when, perhaps, we were dead, and our children would be thrust out poorer than they now shall be? Now, knowing that they have no claim to the property, we shall strive to increase our wealth. We can do this and leave them far beyond the fear of want. I would not wish them to have what belonged rightfully to another, and so I am glad, since he was living, that the owner has returned. And really, mother, the view you take of his future is not at all shared by Alfonso. When he was last home I sounded him on the subject, and he appears to be quite pleased that he has been relieved of the necessity of holding the plantation. He told me plainly that he has no love for a life such as his forefathers lived, seeking wealth in the earth. The commercial spirit that has come in with the Americans has possession of him, and it is to Havana his eyes are turned. The master of men he would be, not the tiller of acres. And, since this is the direction of his genius, I see in the return of his uncle the hand of Divine Providence, for besides bringing little Anthony into his own, it gives Alfonso freedom to follow the bent of his mind."

"Ha! those Americans!" exclaimed the elder woman, grinding her teeth, "Black for us was the day they set foot on our shores! They are corrupting our youth—"

"They brought us freedom, mother!" said the young woman, gently.

"Freedom!" she sneered. "Who wanted freedom but a set of revolutionists who had nothing else to do but fight! And what is the result of that freedom? See it in your own son! Think you in the old days a son would have dared to say to his mother that the sacred laws of a family older than the history of this island, as it is renowned in the history of the motherland, were not binding upon him, and he would guide his life by laws he himself had made? A precious thing your freedom, if the first thing it does is to set children against their parents."

"Alfonso is not against his parents," said the mother, a dangerous light coming into her beautiful soft eyes. "In proposing to direct his life to suit his inclinations, which I recognize are our truest guides, he will meet with no opposition from his parents."

"You mean his mother!" she sneered.

"I mean what I said—his parents," she replied, quietly. "His father will no more oppose him than shall I."

"You appear to forget that his father is my son," she said, turning angrily upon the younger woman.

"But my husband," she answered, firmly.

"Do you mean to tell me that I have no voice in what concerns the son of my son?" she cried.

"As the mother of his father, you are entitled to the reverence, love and respect of Alfonso; he owes obedience only to his father and mother," said the younger woman, who added quickly: "Enough of such cruel talk! We only wound each other needlessly. The past is past, the future belongs to God, and He alone will and can direct us."

"Yes, we wound each other, as you well say," cried the mother bitterly. "Never before have such words as these passed between us. Not content with driving us from our home, that most

miserable of men has flung the seeds of discord into our family. Already they have borne a rich harvest, and God only knows what is in store for us if that disturber continues to live."

Seeing further argument was unavailing, the younger woman turned and sadly quitted the apartment. She went to the little oratory and long knelt in prayer for the conversion of her mother-in-law from the wickedness of heart that threatened to destroy her own peace and the harmony of the household.

Prayer, however, appeared to have little avail, for following the conversation with her daughter-in-law Madame Menez began to drop her words of poison into the ears of her son. She secretly accused his wife of being the friend of his brother, and said that in order to prevent any future conflict between the two cousins, she was prevailing upon Alfonso to abandon agricultural for commercial pursuits. She would make a slave of his son, for the only free man was the lord of the soil, declared the aged woman vindictively. Finally, she succeeded in arousing the bad spirit in her son, and he in turn vented its wrath upon the defenseless head of his wife. The younger woman possessed the fiery spirit of a race of Spanish cavaliers, and the conflict would assuredly have wrought havoc in the home had she not also been imbued with the patience of a longer line of heroic women. She recognized the evil influence that was at work and knew that it must be circumvented. Her happiness and the happiness of her husband and children should not be ruined, she vowed. It was of far more importance than wealth or honor, and should be guarded accordingly. Silence, she knew, was her best weapon and love her best shield; thus equipped, she entered upon the defense of her treasure.

Against such armor, of course, the malice of the mother and the suspicions of the son were powerless, and when

they found they could not conquer her they let her pass. But while she fought for her own she was not indifferent to others, and the thought of the little boy who stood between these two and the object of their ambition was frequently in her mind. They had not, as she anticipated, forbidden Inez to visit Anthony. She would have felt better satisfied had they done so, for in this apparent friendliness of the families she, being so clear-sighted, saw a blind they would yet put upon the eyes of the public.

Senor Menez was himself partially deceived by it, and, viewing the growing affection of the children for each other, he half wished that he had been less harsh with his brother. His quiet life afforded him ample time for reflection, untinted now by the bitterness that too often dwells in the heart of the defrauded, for Tony was filling his life, and he saw that his brother had been punished in excess of his crime against him. Left to the dictates of his heart, Senor Menez was coming to believe that the brother he had so fondly loved in boyhood would have responded to his affection and been loyal to it throughout his life. But the young mind had been warped by his mother, whose ambition had sapped all the sweetness of his nature.

And had he done right, he asked himself, forever to thrust his brother from him? Would it not have been better to have tried to win him back, even at this late day? He had seen Alfonso, and in his admiration for his manliness had understood the feelings of the father on beholding this son thrust from the property he had been reared to regard as his own. But, above all, the beautiful character of his brother's wife appealed to him. Never in all his travels, he thought, had he known a woman who came so near to the ideal of perfect womanhood. Occasionally she came across the little river with Inez to visit

him and Tony, and from words she inadvertently had dropped he was given the key to the situation she was meeting and conquering in her home; and through it all he beheld her sweet, tender and forgiving. What would it not be to him to have that beautiful presence continually in his house, he often asked himself, as he sat alone of an evening when Tony was asleep. The ache, the unfaith, the woman who was his wife had brought into his young heart had never ceased, but often he felt that if he could tell this young sister-in-law of it she would find a remedy for its healing.

"Tell her!" he repeated one night. "What would that mean? The exposure of my terrible crime against the child I call my son and his parents; the re-installation of her husband and his mother in my house, if not immediately, when I am no more; the frustration of all my plans. But are these plans so satisfactory now?" he asked himself, and the great doubt that shook his soul made him bury his face in his hands.

He had sinned — gravely, terribly sinned! What must not the parents be suffering through these two years that had elapsed since the fateful day he had beheld the little face at the carriage window! Two years! 'How swiftly they had passed for him and the child, but how leaden-footed they must have been for the father and mother! The papers appearing after his departure with the child told him all he did not know of the parents of Tony. As he sat here alone in the gloom, the frantic young mother, as described by the reporters, seemed to rise before him, showing him her ruined life, blighted happiness, darkened home. And he had done this! And for what purpose? Revenge. He had employed the sword of the Lord, and he found that it had recoiled upon himself.

His own child being dead—for when the first madness passed he had found

trace of them, and it led them to the shores of the English Channel, in which the ship that was to carry them to England had sunk in one of the disastrous gales that sweep across that body of water—his child being dead, did not this property belong, after his death, to these children of his brother? What did it matter, when he was gone, who owned the broad acres? Generations had claimed them before he was born, generations would inherit them when he was no more—what did it matter to him to whom those future owners owed their being? Would he not be well pleased enough that the manly son and lovely daughter of this glorious woman who was his brother's wife should have taken his place here? And to disinherit these children, the rightful heirs, he had torn this boy from his parents and native land, crushed in his young mind all remembrance of them and their love, and enthroned himself, the robber, in the loving little heart.

A wave of great horror of himself swept over him. He sprang to his feet, crying out that the man who had done this was not, could not be, he, Carlos Menez! He could not have fallen to such an abyss of infamy as that! There came to him the deep breathing of the child on the couch in the next room, and he sank back on his chair and hid his face in his hands. When he raised his face, it looked aged in the light and the eyes staring out of it were dim and lifeless. He would restore the child and let Alfonso and Inez come into their own. Restore the child—part with little Anthony—tear this young life out of his—

"God!" he cried, "how could I do it!"

Anthony loved him, too. He had forgotten mother and father, and now knew no love other than that he entertained for the man he called his father. It would be like being born anew for the boy to go back to his own home. And what would become of him when

he had put away the child? He might live on for years, and what would life be like? Inez and her mother—but could they compensate him for the loss of the boy? Yet, right to the boy and his parents, right to Inez and her brother, demanded his sacrifice. 'He would go away and take the boy with him. When he came back alone he would tell them the child was dead. They would be glad enough, except Inez—yes, and her mother. Then he would bring them back to their home. Perhaps the old woman would put him out of her way; she was capable of it, but he did not care. He would be glad enough to go, parted from Anthony.

His musing was broken across by the quick tap of fingers on the window-pane. Starting to his feet, he beheld the dark form of a woman standing outside. He flung it open, and was shocked to see his sister-in-law.

"Marie! what has happened?" he cried, hastily unbarring the door.

Under the light, now pouring upon it, he saw that her face was ghastly in its whiteness, while her dark eyes were wild with fear.

"O brother!" she cried, "my brain is reeling! Am I indeed Marie Menez, or some wicked, wicked creature cursed by the good God?"

"Marie, my dear sister! do not talk like that!" he cried, forcing her to a chair. "Tell me what has happened. Your husband—your children—has anything befallen them?"

"No! no!" she cried, "they are safe. God grant they may never be as unhappy as I am to-night. For I am bearing a burden to-night—a burden of shame and sorrow that I never, never may lay down. For she is the mother of my husband, of the father of my children. Will God punish them for her wickedness?—tell me, do you think He will?"

"Marie, compose yourself!" he said, quietly. "I do not know what has happened, so I cannot fathom your words,

but if they allude to your mother-in-law, believe me nothing you can tell me of her will surprise me. She is one who has lost conscience, and such an one we know is dead. And whatever she has done, or may do, no one shall answer for but herself. God could not punish your children for deed of hers, for your life of benediction stands between."

He spoken in his softest tones and their effect on the half-crazed woman was soon experienced. The wild look left her eyes and the color came back to her face. Presently she spoke.

"I must tell you, Carlos," she began, "what I believe you have partially guessed. Since my mother-in-law found she must relinquish all claim to this place she has not been like herself—or it may be that she has begun to show herself in her true character. Because I cannot view your coming back to your own in the light of a great wrong done to us, her former love for me has turned to positive dislike, which she makes no attempt at concealing. She even tried to influence my husband against me. But in that, thank God, she failed.

"But, though she did not succeed in that wicked design, she has left nothing undone to make his hatred of you equal to her own. Constantly she is denouncing you to him, constantly pointing out what he has lost because of you, or, rather, your child. More than you, if such a thing could be, she hates poor little Anthony, who will inherit your estate. Often I have heard her mutter, when she thought I was not near, 'If he were only out of the way!' Just one little life, you see, stands between her and the regaining of what she had grown to consider her own, and—ah, Carlos, you spoke truly when you said one without a conscience is dead!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the man. "This is the meaning of your visit — to warn me?"

"Yes," she moaned. "Pity me, who must come to you under the cover of

the night, confronting more dangers than you dream of, to tell you that tomorrow—to-morrow, do you hear?—she has planned to poison your little son!"

She bowed her face on her hands and he leaned back in his chair, his face white as the handkerchief he vainly tried to raise to his wet brow. A silence like death followed. Through it there came to them the regular breathing of the boy in the room adjoining. She threw up her head, as a deer hearing the faint call of its young.

"Anthony?" she questioned.

He bowed his head, and the sound of her low weeping followed.

"Little Anthony!" she whispered. "And he all you have! My God, how can one of Your creatures be so cruel?"

"And I never did her any harm in all my life, Marie," he said, in failing voice. "She knew I was here when she married my father, and being the oldest son would inherit the estate. Why did she hate me for what I could not help?"

He seemed spent, broken, and the woman turned her surprised eyes upon him. She had ever seen him so self-contained and self-reliant that the change filled her with inexpressible fears. Suppose he were to be taken ill, or were to die—she shuddered at the thought of the fate of the sleeping child.

To get away from the thought, she plunged into her interrupted story of projected crime.

"I wondered often why she permitted Inez to come here to play with Anthony. Now I perceive it was a part of a deep-laid and long concocted plot against the child's life. She waited for your vigilance to relax. Scarcely in all this time, as far as she has been able to find out—and she has kept herself well informed concerning you—have you let the child leave your side. Even when Inez came, they played in your presence. Once or twice, of late—so she has learned from the nurse—you have dozed, and on one



occasion they wandered quite a distance from the house. This she has learned from the nurse, whom I have seen her questioning closely and secretly every time she returned.

"This fact aroused my suspicions, and I have been on the alert. To-day I was suffering from a headache and went to my room to rest. But I could not content myself. Fear was weighing heavily upon me, a fear as nameless as it was heavy. I thought my mother-in-law was taking her siesta, and stole down from my room in order that I should not disturb her. As I was passing the dining-room, I heard her voice speaking Anthony's name. It made me pause, and then—and then—I heard her instructions to the nurse. She had made some sweet cakes for Inez to take with her to-morrow when she visits Anthony. In one, which had a corner broken off, she had put the poison, and this one the maid was instructed to see that Anthony should get when first the box was opened. It would not make him sick, she said, until late at night, and he would not die immediately from its effects. No one would associate his death with the visit of Inez, and so, she told the girl, she would be safe. As a reward, the poor girl would be given money enough to go to Havana, where her parents are, and set up a bakery."

As the voice died in the silence, a mighty volume of wrath surged up from the heart of her hearer. A curse upon the plotter broke from his lips. At it the woman turned her weary face away, while a sob shook her slender frame. He knew her thoughts, and said, gently:

"And he is my brother, Marie!"

The acknowledgment of the closeness of the tie that bound him also to the wicked old woman, made her turn quickly to him.

"Ah, Carlos!" she whispered, "how you always understand!"

"I have known suffering, Marie," he said, simply.

"And I am entering on the same knowledge," she said.

"What will you do?" she asked, after a pause.

"Nothing," he answered, "to arouse her suspicion that I have been warned. She must never know I have such a friend as you by her side. Is there no danger of their discovering your absence to-night?"

"One of the women on the plantation is sick. They think I am down with her, where I shall be after leaving here," she said. "And I must be going. They might send a servant down for me, and if my absence were discovered—" she shivered involuntarily at the thought.

"You are chilled!" he cried anxiously, and he hastened to the dining-room to get her a glass of wine. "Drink this, Marie, for I can see your strength is sorely tested."

"It has been a day the mark of which will never pass from my life," she said. "When I read of such things happening to others, I half doubted the truth of the story. Now I have learned these terrible crimes are true—learned it from my own family!"

Then she rose and drew up her long cloak around her, tying her veil under her chin.

"Where are you going?" she asked, as he also took his cloak.

"To row you across the river," he answered.

"You must not!" she exclaimed. "Some one might see us. If I am seen on the water alone nothing would be thought of it, as I often do that. If you were seen with me—there would be nothing left for me to do but to tell what I overheard, and then she would deny it. I see now she is a woman to be feared."

"She is," he answered, "and while I dread seeing you go out alone, I believe it is more prudent that you should. Whatever comes, her wrath must never

fall upon you, my little sister. What you have done for me to-night makes me your debtor forever."

"You must not feel that way," she hastened to say. "Don't you know I love him dearly? May I not see him before I go?"

He led the way to the room where Tony lay asleep. She bent over him and kissed the flushed little cheek. At the

touch of her lips, Tony stirred, and muttered drowsily in English:

"Good-night, mother!"

The man staggered from the room, and the woman followed, swift pity sending a gush of tears to her dark eyes. Without a word she took his hand in a gentle clasp, then, opening the door, slipped back into the night.

(To be continued.)

## The Penitent of Uttoxeter

Alice S. Deletombe

In St. Mary's Square, Lichfield, England, is a statue of the celebrated Dr. Johnson, one of the bas-reliefs of which represents him doing penance for having refused his father to keep the bookstall in the market-place during the latter's illness one day. Remorse led him fifty years after to visit the place and take his stand in the very stall his father used to keep and thus relieve himself of the burden of unkindness he had borne for half a century.

In fair Uttoxeter one day was seen,  
When the wintry wind was cold and keen,  
A man of dignity, whose face  
Was strange to all in the market-place.  
The rude crowd jostled and passed him by  
With jeers and scorn, oft-questioning why  
He stood so long with uncovered head  
In the chilly air; but no word he said.  
Cared he for the idle populace  
That round him surged in the market-place?  
Duty had called two score years or more;  
Pride had rebelled, but now, conquered, he bore  
The taunts that reached him, while bowing low  
The wind tossed the grey locks o'er his brow  
In wild disorder, like thoughts quick sped  
Through his troubled mind of the cherished dead.  
Word and wind swept on; but sharper the grief  
That led him in age to find relief  
Standing, at last, in his father's place,  
An empty stall in the market-space.  
Through fame and triumph he could not forget,  
A pang of conscience was torturing yet;  
So he stood, despite the world and weather,  
Life and the year grown old together,  
Determined and humble, altho' so late,  
His act unfilial to expiate!  
The scoffing and scorn of the busy town  
He little dreamed would bring renown,  
Tho' often the gossips, on market day,  
Would smile, remembering, on the way,  
His penance there had brought no shame,  
But crowned with honor his great name.

# Blessed Henry Suso on Love of Neighbor

By FATHER THUENTE, O. P.

**A**LMOST constant and painful suffering separated the pure and tender heart of Blessed Henry Suso from worldly love and affection, while devout and frequent prayer lifted that heart up to God and filled and enflamed it with divine charity.

True love of God leads the soul to a pure, self-sacrificing love of neighbor. St. Catherine of Siena explains this well in one of her beautiful letters:

"God is Love. God has loved us without being loved but we love Him because we are loved. We cannot be of any profit to Him, nor love Him with this first love. Yet God demands of us that as He has loved us without any second thoughts, so He should be loved by us. In what way can we do this, then, since He demands it of us and we can not give it to Him? I tell you: through a means which He has established by which we can love Him freely, and without the least regard to any profit of ours; we can be useful, not to Him, which is impossible, but to our neighbor. \* \* \* To show the love we have to Him we ought to serve and love every rational creature."

In these few words the seraphic saint gives us the pure source and motive for loving our neighbor as ourselves. We see that God loves us, and therefore we must love Him that is the source. We see the image of God, Whom we love, in every rational creature who stands in need of our assistance. Therefore we must love and serve him: "Whatsoever you do to the least of Mine, you do unto Me."

Blessed Henry Suso excelled in practical Christian charity. He was the friend of the poor, weeping with the sorrowful, rejoicing with the happy. His love was universal. He imitated Jesus, Who said: "Come all ye who suffer and are heavily burdened and I will refresh you," Who, hanging on the cross, prayed, suffered and died for all.

A beautiful picture which one of the devout penitents of the saint had in a vision reveals to us the extent of the work of this priest for the salvation of souls. She beheld him on a high mountain saying Mass, and, with the Blessed Sacrament in his hands, praying fervently for a vast multitude of children, who surrounded him and clung to his vestments. God explained the vision by saying that the multitude of children represented the great number of souls whom Blessed Henry was leading and helping, by word and example, by suffering and prayer, to ascend the mountains of perfection to the Eternal Home.

It was to them that he daily said: "Sursum Corda,"—lift up your hearts; and their hearts were lifted up to God. "My sole desire," he tells us, "was to love God with my whole heart and to teach others the sweetness of this love."

Among those whom Blessed Henry led to heaven, there were some who came to him from afar to confess their sins and to receive spiritual advice and consolation; others there were whom he followed and brought to the fold, even as the Good Shepherd seeks the lost sheep and carries it home on His shoulder; there were some whom he met ac-

cidentally, or rather providentially, on his journeys. We will mention one example of each of these three classes to illustrate the tenderness and solicitude, the courage and perseverance, the effectiveness and success, of his unlimited and undying love for the temporal and eternal happiness of his neighbor.

Elizabeth Staglin, as we have seen in the introduction, was a cloistered Dominican nun in Switzerland. She had an angelic soul, led an exemplary life, and was the mirror of all virtues for her companions. She longed for and sought spiritual food by studying and observing the lives of saintly religious, even as the bee flies from flower to flower to gather the sweet honey. Hearing of the life of Blessed Henry Suso, she wrote to him and asked for enlightenment. "Do me one favor," she wrote; "I need not only direction but also encouragement in my trials. It is said that the pelican feeds her young with the blood of her breast. Feed me, your hungry child, with the spiritual food of doctrine taken from your personal experience. The more personal that experience, the greater will be its effect on me."

The saint complied with her wish, and as a result we have the history of the inner life of Blessed Henry. Charity—the desire to help an earnest, God-seeking soul—induced him to reveal the most secret thoughts of his soul, the most sacred longings of his heart.

When he told the good nun that he began his spiritual life with a sincere general confession, she immediately wrote the confession of her whole life and sent it to the saint, not, indeed, to receive absolution, but to make herself known to him. She ends her confession with the words: "Good master, I, a poor sinner, kneel down at your feet, begging you to lead me to the Sacred Heart with your loving heart, so that I may be called your child now and forever."

The simplicity and sincerity of this child touched the heart of the saint;

still, the responsibility and difficulty of the request made him fear and hesitate. But his charity conquered. He turned to God and said: "Merciful God, what answer shall your servant give? Shall I turn her away? But I could not treat a little dog in that way. Perhaps it will not please You if I yield, for she seeks the wealth of the Master in me, His servant. Behold, Good Master, I kneel down with her and beg You to hear her prayers. Say to her: 'Be of good heart, daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole.'"

These words show the great and noble heart of the saint. He could not refuse anything to a dog, much less to a soul consecrated to God. He gave her all he had to give. Gratuitously he had received his marvelous gifts from God, gratuitously he gave them to others. Having given all, he knelt down and prayed for those whom the God-Father had given to him. In spirit he took them to the altar every morning, and offered up the holy sacrifice of the Mass with them and for them.

His charity provided not only for such as came to him. His compassionate heart went forth to the lost sheep of his Master's flock. To seek and bring back the lost sheep is a very important work of charity. Many of those who have gone astray are disheartened and discouraged. Having left God, they become weak and feeble. They cannot walk, they must be carried back. To seek them and bring them home is the privilege of not only God's priests, but of every Christian. All must be good Samaritans and must help the spiritually wounded and dying, those lying by the wayside, and bring them to the heavenly Jerusalem. Let us learn from Blessed Henry Suso how to perform this apostolic work.

A lost sheep was his sister. She was a religious and lived in a convent very near his own. Unfortunately, the convent

rules were not strictly observed, and with religious discipline the religious spirit was lost. To enter such a convent is always dangerous and often disastrous. While her saintly brother was absent on a long journey, the lukewarm sister went out frequently, fell into bad company, committed sin, and, being filled with shame and remorse, left the convent and wandered about in the world.

On his return Blessed Henry Suso heard some vague rumors which alarmed him. Finally, a kind brother found courage to tell him the whole story. It wounded and almost broke his heart, for this sister had been the particular joy of his life from childhood days. To behold her disgraced before God and man was more terrible than death to him.

When he asked where she was, no one could tell him. When he asked what to do, no one could advise him. He felt himself disgraced and abandoned. But the thought of her soul filled him with new courage. Putting aside all human respect, he offered up his disgrace to God. "I will cast myself into the depths of her degradation," he cried, "and save her." And he started out at once to save her. Blushing with shame, he inquired everywhere for his lost sister. After many a discouraging answer, he received some definite information. It was the feast of St. Agnes. It was intensely cold. As heavy rains had fallen, Blessed Henry was compelled to cross a brook which, swollen by the heavy downpour, was very deep. Weak, exhausted, excited, he fell into the water. But nothing could stay his ardor. He arose; the burning pain in his heart was too great to let him realize his bodily suffering. He went on his way and found his sister.

How did he meet her? What did he say to her? His bleeding heart spoke out clearly and softened her cold, hardened heart. Her misery was his misery; her misfortune his misfortune. Charity made him descend to her. "My God,

why hast thou abandoned me?" he cried out, and then fainted away. When he recovered, he exclaimed: "My sister, much have I suffered for you!"

His suffering, his tears, his prayers, his kindness, his love, won her heart. It opened her eyes. In the light and goodness of his heart she saw the darkness and wickedness of her own. Like Mary Magdalene, she shed bitter tears of repentance at the feet of her brother. Humbly and tenderly she implored his mercy and pardon. "Brother," she cried, "saviour of my soul, take me back, oh, take me back with thy heart. Be like unto God and receive me, a wretched sinner. Have pity upon me. Honor God by helping me." The saint lifted her up, embraced her, and said: "As I hope that God will some day receive me, a poor wretched sinner, into His arms of mercy and love, so do I receive you now. Freely do I forgive you the pain and sorrow you have caused me. Gladly will I help you to atone for your sins in the eyes of God and men."

Once again the sister entered a convent, observed the austere rule most strictly, led a penitent life and died a saintly death. What untold joy filled the heart of Blessed Henry! Gratefully he cried out, "We know that for them that love God all things work together unto good."

Thus the saint, according to his own words, converted many men and many women.

The goodness of his heart was always the secret of his power and success. He often converted sinners without directly intending it. The most remarkable conversion was that of a criminal who lived in the dark forests along the Rhine, and who made his living by robbing and killing people.

One day as Blessed Henry Suso was passing through the forest he was greatly alarmed upon seeing a man who carried a lance and a long knife approaching him—for though a saint he

remained perfectly human and still feared death like a child. Coming close to him, the outlaw began to tell him of his many wicked deeds, and finally ended his story by boasting that with that very knife he carried he had killed a priest, and had thrown the body into the river.

Blessed Henry trembled, cold sweat stood out on his brow. At the sight of this fear the murderer's heart was touched, even as the penitent robber's on the cross at the sight of Christ's Passion. "Pray for me," he cried, "that God may have mercy upon my soul." Blessed Henry learned later from God that that soul had been saved.

The charity of Blessed Henry Suso was universal. He tried to console and save every human soul. He was also self-sacrificing. To sacrifice one's self is the new law of Christ's Church. "I give you a new commandment," He said, "that you love one another as I have loved you." Having given the commandment, He illustrated how He loved us. He sacrificed Himself on the cross for friend and foe. • Thus we must love one another.

Our mystic saint is a true model for us in this respect. Writing to a penitent who was discouraged because of many temptations and who feared the sacrifice of a Christian life, he says: "Would to God I could take your place in this struggle and suffer for you the blows that wound your heart." When he received the sad news that one of his spiritual children was dying, he wrote her a most sympathetic and consoling letter, beginning with the words of David: "My son Absalom, Absalom, my son: who would grant me that I might die for thee."

This desire of the saint to suffer and die for others became, practically, a sad reality. In a long chapter he tells us how he had to sacrifice his friends, his honor, his reputation,—everything for charity's sake.

We shall give the substance of this saddest incident in his beautiful life to show how heroically charity fought and conquered: A prominent woman tried to conceal her private, scandalous life under the cloak of religion by going to confession to this saintly priest. When he detected her want of sincerity and contrition, he denied her absolution and refused to see her. This wounded her pride and filled her heart with hatred.

Inspired by the evil spirit, she threatened the innocent priest to accuse him before the world of the vilest crime if he would not permit her to continue her sacrilegious practices. The saint understood the greatness of the danger, but remained firm. "It is better to lose one's name," he answered, "than to offend God and one's own soul."

Immediately the woman began her diabolical work. Going to the priests and prominent laymen of the neighborhood she calumniated Blessed Henry, substantiating her slander, in a most clever, deceiving way, by apparent proofs. Many believed her story; for the evil said of God's ministers is easily believed and spreads fast. Since Blessed Henry Suso's reputation was great, the scandal was doubly great.

Keenly the saint suffered. His soul in the eyes of the people was robbed of its greatest treasure—angelic virtue. Disgrace was brought down upon the convent and the Order. Sadly he went to his two most intimate religious friends and found to his great consternation that they, too, misjudged him. More than that, his superiors doubted his innocence. Then he realized the meaning of the words: "The tribulations of the just are many, they come from all sides."

Heartbroken, he sought refuge in God. Childlike, he complained of his suffering. But God questioned him and said: "Where now is your holy indifference, your total resignation?" "I asked for mercy," pleaded the saint. God

pointed out Christ, calumniated, betrayed, forsaken. "I would not complain," continued Blessed Henry in his grief, "if, O Lord, Thou hadst sent me one Judas, but Thou hast sent me so many." Then came the great final answer: "To Christ, Judas seemed no Judas; he was, and remained My friend." "*Fiat voluntas tua*," cried Blessed Henry. He understood the divine message. From now on he answered all false charges, like Christ, with powerful religious silence. His charity conquered and triumphed. He loved his enemies, he prayed for them, he did good unto them that persecuted him.

One day one of his friends came to him and expressed his full determination to kill the woman who had slandered the saint. But Blessed Henry was again the disciple of love. Sweetly he soothed the avenger, and did not rest till he had removed every trace of the hatred and lifted a loving heart to God, Who alone can judge.

Marvelous and truly characteristic of the saint was the manner in which he converted a woman who, enraged by the scandalous abuse of the innocence of the holy priest, lost her good judgment, and resolved to kill or hide the little abandoned child of the unnatural mother. Then for the first time the gentle saint arose, like Christ, in holy anger, and reprimanded the woman severely. Seeing that his words did not have the desired effect, he bade her bring the child to him, although he fully realized that his action would only help to confirm the evil report. Yet in his charity he forgot himself and sacrificed himself for the good of others. When the child was brought to him, he took it into his arms, caressed it affectionately, and with tears in his eyes said: "You poor little child, image of my God, bought with the precious blood of Jesus, you are abandoned by your parents, but you are innocent. God has given you to

me. As long as I have a piece of bread I shall share it with you. For the glory of God, I shall suffer patiently whatever I may have to suffer for your sake."

These words and tears softened the heart of the woman. She pitied the child and wept bitterly. When the saint saw her repentance, he gave the child back to her, blessed it, begged the angels to protect it, and asked the woman to rear it and provide for it at his expense.

Thus we see how charity finally conquers the most hardened sinners, and how it pleases God. Patiently God had awaited the return and repentance of the evil detractors of the saint. The time of His mercy was at an end. His right hand of justice began to strike hard. The woman who had started the black calumny, together with many of her associates, died suddenly, and entirely unprepared. The faithful people understood the meaning of the punishment inflicted. Once more the innocence of Blessed Henry Suso was established, and he was loved and venerated as a saint.

Such sad experiences are apt to discourage the proud and selfish, and to end forever their personal interest in the poor and needy. But the humble and truly charitable are strengthened and purified by these disappointments and detractions, for love is stronger than death. Others are discouraged in the great work of charity by apparent failure. It is difficult to tell when we fail. And when we succeed, the fruit of the good seed we sow is often reaped when we are no more. When Jesus was dying on the cross His whole mission of love seemed to be lost, and yet it was the beginning and cause of the holy universal Church.

Blessed Henry Suso had similar sad experiences. He tells us with how much trouble and suffering he converted twelve women, yet of these twelve only

two persevered. Blessed Henry himself adds that an angel appeared to him and said: "God is with you and will never abandon you; therefore, do not be discouraged, but continue to draw souls from the love of the world to the love of God." And our saint persevered in good works to the end of his life.

His hardships were great, but his consolations were infinitely greater. The unspeakable joy which he experienced at the conversion of a sinner is plainly manifest in a letter written to a vain, worldly woman after her conversion. The whole letter is one great canticle of joy, which reminds us much of the "Te Deum Laudamus," sung by the great St. Ambrose after he had baptized St. Augustine.

Blessed Henry had prayed to the Blessed Mother for the conversion of this woman. After her conversion, he

calls upon the nine choirs of angels to praise this bright Morning Star which brought the first rays of heavenly light to the blinded soul. Then he calls upon the heavens and the hearts of all the just to sing to God: "Gloria tibi Domine" ("Glory be to thee, O Lord"), "for He alone can work such a great miracle in the sinful, helpless human heart; He alone can bring back the prodigal child; He alone can cause him, who but yesterday perverted the hearts of men, to preach His sweet love to-day." Thus Blessed Henry Suso, with a heart burning with the love of God, attracted and captivated the hearts of men and led a vast multitude to the top of the mountain of perfection, to the courts of heaven, there to sing forever the canticle of joy begun on earth.

May he assist us to imitate him and to be with him eternally. Amen.

## The Master of St. Nathy's

VIII

### Deep and Dark Waters—The Story of a Poet's Love

By P. J. COLEMAN

**T**HEY lived on a beautiful lake, he on the north shore, she on the south. The lake of Eden he called it, because it led to love and rapture; but other men called it by its old name of Gara.

When he was born his mother was glad, although his chivalrous father had fallen leading a wild charge of bayonets at the Alma. Her Ulic, her hope, her pride, her joy, the pulse of her heart, the light of her life, would revive the ancient glories of his house.

That house had gone down in the universal ruin of things Celtic. It was even as a dream of the Celt—beautiful, but

brief and transitory. Its fortunes had been linked with those of the last Stuart king, and since the fall of that king had been cast largely with the lilies of France. Costellos had written their names in lustre on the annals of Europe, written them with Celtic valor at Land-n and Neerwinden, at Ramillies and Cremona and Fontenoy. And now the latest of his knightly race lay dead on a Crimean battlefield, and in little Ulic lay the hope of his race.

They dwelt in an old tower, all that was left of an ancient castle, a tower with modern additions and embellishments, built around and added to until



it stood like a patriarch of old among children of the prosaic present, like a haughty patrician among a crowd of parvenus. Green lawns sloped gently to the lake, and a hoary orchard, with mossed and gnarled boughs, stood between. Through its leafy arabesques and from the deep grass that hid the roots of its ancient trees the dreaming boy loved to watch the "unnumbered laughter" of the waves, the innumerable twinkling of their silvery ripples.

He loved the lake. It held him with strange fascination, spoke to him of some strange joy in store for him. Its green banks, its white beaches, its capes and promontories, its verdant islets, were his enchanted land wherein he roamed and dreamed and filled his soul with beauty.

But there was one mystery to him unsolved. Far away across its dimpling breast lay a long line of trees backed by a blue ridge of hills. Those trees—what was the magic of their attraction? Those hills—how they drew him! What secret did they hold? What world was it that lay beyond them? Would he ever reach and climb and cross those blue acclivities, and, if so, what strange wizardry would he come upon? What land of delight, what Elysium more beautiful than the Tir-na-Nog of his old nurse's fairy tales? Ah, too soon should he know. Too soon should that alluring land deliver up its delightful secret. Too soon should he walk emparadised among the lilies and asphodels of the land of love.

Anxiously, eagerly, his mother watched the transition from babyhood to boyhood, from boyhood to youth. All too soon went those happy days, like the flight of a bird in their passage, brief and sweet as a bird's song. Gradually and with secret joy she saw him assume the look of his father—tall and slim and dark with his father's beauty. Dreamy, too, like his father, and already

a knight at heart, flawless of honor and pulsating with high hopes and holy ambitions.

But through his boyhood and into his soulful youth 'twas Ireland that drew him, her story that appealed to him, her tragedy that moved him, her future that inspired him. For was not his house inseparably linked to her fortunes? Had it not shared her glory and partaken of her grief? Indeed, his house but epitomized Ireland's history. For Ireland then he would live, for Ireland he would work and strive and plot and dream. To lift her up, to exalt her to her pristine estate, to loose the chains of her captivity, to dry the tears of her sorrow—to this he would dedicate his manhood, as he had already dedicated his youth. In the legends of his nurse, in the traditions of his family, in the story of the ruined castles and abbeys all about him, in the ancient tower and by the blue lake he found his inspiration.

When he went to Saint Nathy's, at Derreen, his mind well stored under his mother's tutelage, he was good to look upon, and the Master of that venerable school quickly came to love him. He was gentle, as became one gently born. He was candid and fearless and sympathetic. He revelled in the classics. They unfolded a new world of beauty to his eager mind—a world of lofty thoughts, of brave deeds, of heroic sacrifice. And, while he went forward rapidly, he was ever willing to help a laggard brother. He coveted no distinction save that of being pure and fearless and truthful. He had no envy of those who passed him in the scholastic race.

A few such students, under a conscientious Master, make the atmosphere of a school. They mold it unconsciously by their example, for boys are hero-worshippers and easily fall into the ways of their idols. To emulate their hero became the fad of the boys, and that emulation in time elevated the

tone of the whole school; so that it was with a sense of personal bereavement and a serious loss to the school that the Master saw the end of his course in the old hall among the moldering tombs.

But to the gray tower by the lake and the sweet face therein he always turned with loving anticipation when June brought him vacation. And when, finally, he came back, ere he passed to the study of medicine at the University, he was a man well grown, with fine taste in literature and a mind matured in beauty by the study of classic masterpieces. And the mystery of nature appealed to him with greater charm. To the lake he turned with affection, with awe. He knew and loved it as a child knows and loves its mother. Its every phase was dear to him—its blue repose, its dimpling levels, its calm expanses when it shone like molten silver and the cloudy shadows passed from its surface, as the breath you blow upon a mirror clouds it a moment and vanishes instantly.

It spoke to him out of the past of the shadowy generations that had moved, ghost-like, by its margins, of old tragedies and romances, old loves and hates. Its history symbolized his country's history. Strange dramas had moved upon it. Men had loved beside it. Beautiful women had been imaged in its pools, patriots had breasted its waves, battles for truth and right had been fought and lost along it.

Fought and lost? Would it be ever thus? Always the dream disappointed, the vision fading, the hope deferred, the holy aspirations obscured in failure? Always the evanescent, the unattainable, the aerial, but the unutterably alluring by their sweetness and beauty, alluring even unto doom—the doom of brave men, of heart-broken visionaries, of women queenly enough to inspire knightly emprise, pure enough to be wooed even by angels, lovely enough to

allure to death? And so the soul of the lake called to his soul, woke the poet within him and evoked the music slumbering in his sensitive nature. And he sang of

#### THE LAKE

The west wind blows the willows gray;  
All silver-green the poplars shake;  
The black rocks whiten into spray,  
With foam is fringed the lake.

Dark shadows o'er the water rush;  
The splendor grows—the gloom is gone;  
To fluted rapture of the thrush  
Laughs out the sun anon.

Thy moods are nature's moods, old land!  
Thy skies alternate gloom and gleam!  
And smiles and tears flit hand in hand  
Across thy centuried dream!

But the lake was more to him than a voice of the past. It was also to him an image of life, an allegory of life's hopes and dreams, its sweetnesss and sorrows. Like it life had

#### DEEP AND DARK WATERS

The waters of love are deep—  
Oh, well for the lover's keel!  
Oh, well for his fortunate sails that keep  
Their course to the land of weal!

The waters of grief are dark  
And cruel as the grave.  
Ah, welladay for the mourner's bark  
That saileth its Stygian wave!

But fate was calling to him—calling to deliver up the sweet secret she had so long kept sealed in the green grove on the south shore of the lake, and one August afternoon, with rod and net, Ulic crossed the lake in his boat. The wood came down to the water's edge and, after beaching his boat on a strip of silver sand, he struck into its verdurous gloom, emerging presently on a wide stretch of meadowland, broken by whitethorn hedges and dotted with clumps of beech and elm. In the distance a wreath of blue smoke above a belt of firs told of a house, but the house itself he could not see.

He had paused, uncertain whether to go forward or retreat, when he was aware of a clear, sweet voice, slender and silvery, singing an old folk-song—a tragedy of the lake—the voice dying tremulously away on the words:

“There is deep and dark water in the lake of Cool-fin.”

Clearly the voice of a young girl, and Ulic was not surprised when, a moment later, he saw approaching the stile in the hedge by which he stood, a slim figure gowned in white, a red rose bound in a strand of the hair that fell rippling around her shoulders. She sang as she walked through the deep grass, a milk pail in either hand, her eyes on the ground. Only when she reached the stile, her cheeks aflush from the exertion of carrying the foaming pails, did she pause with a start, the color suffusing her face from throat to brow. A beautiful face, fresh and flowerlike, thought Ulic in admiration.

“Oh!” she exclaimed, setting down her pails, surprise and bashfulness in her voice. Eyes of deepest blue grew large in wonder when she looked at Ulic, while her cheeks burned like rose-leaves—cheeks of the texture, purity, and delicate veining of a rose.

“Pardon me!” said Ulic; “I fear I startled you. But I did not mean to intrude. I just beached my boat on the strand below—”

“Then you live on the lake?” smiled the girl, recovering her composure.

“Yes, I am not quite a stranger,” said Ulic, turning and pointing through an opening in the trees. “Do you see that wood yonder, low down by the shore across the lake? Well, I live there.”

“Oh! How strange!” exclaimed the girl. “That wood has always had an inexplicable fascination for me. I have often wondered who lived there, and wanted to cross in my boat, but I never was bold enough to do so—”

“There’s nothing dreadful there, I assure you,” smiled the youth. “Neither dragon nor witch nor ‘phooka.’ Nothing more dreadful than my mother—you would like her if you knew her, the sweetest of mothers—and myself and my old nurse, all alone in an old tower. But isn’t it strange that I, too, have always had a great curiosity about this wood here?”

“You’re welcome to my wood, and I hope you’ll find it no more startling than your own,” smiled the girl. “There are no monsters here. Nothing more formidable than—”

“Than fairies, and I have found their queen,” broke in Ulic.

The girl blushed, with downcast eyes, a dainty foot toying with the clover in the grass.

“But, permit me,” said Ulic, crossing the stile and taking up the pails. “These are too heavy for you, and you will allow me to carry them?”

The girl protested prettily. “I like to milk,” she smiled, “and Mary—that’s my maid—promised to come and help; but she has forgotten, or is otherwise busy, I suppose.”

“I will take Mary’s place and thank her for the privilege of doing so,” said Ulic.

“You are too kind,” hesitated the girl, shyly, looking towards the house in the firs; “but I cannot permit you.”

“But I insist, part way at least,” pleaded Ulic.

“Then if you must, I suppose I shall have to give in,” said the girl, with a faint semblance of protest.

Side by side they walked through the meadow, Ulic carrying the pails, the girl silent beside him, her young bosom fluttering with strange, unwonted emotion, half pleasure, half pain.

“Pardon me now,” said she, when they reached a turn in the path, whence the house was visible over velvety lawns,

set with clusters of laurel, rhododendron and gorgeous flower-beds, "but I must go the rest of the way alone. My father is a terrible old hobgoblin and might eat you up if he found you here."

"Ah, no," smiled Ulic. "The father of one so sweet and gentle must needs be sweet and gentle himself."

"Oh, you don't know him, sir," expostulated the girl, a light of mischief in her roguish eye, "But some day, perhaps, you may."

"I should be delighted. I know I should never regret it," said Ulic fervently.

"How nice of you," smiled the girl. "but, really, I must go. No, I shall not be tired, I assure you. My arms are strong from rowing." Ulic looked smilingly on the slender, young figure.

"Then, if you must, I suppose I shall have to give in," he laughed, repeating her own words of a few minutes before.

The girl laughed, too, ripples of silvery mirth on lips of coral.

"How can I thank you? You are so kind, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Costello, Ulic Costello," added the handsome youth.

"Oh! Ulic Costello!"

Again came the wonder in the girl's voice and wide, blue eyes. "I have often heard the fishermen from the islands speak of you—praise you, and the women who cross the lake with butter and eggs. You saved a child from drowning once?"

"'Twas nothing," smiled Ulic.

"'Twas very brave and noble of you," insisted the girl. "The child's mother prays for you ever since."

"A good woman's prayers are worth having," murmured Ulic.

"You deserve them, I am sure. You risked your life to save the child's."

"Oh, any one would have done the same."

"But the current is deep and dangerous and rapid, and full of ugly whirl-

pools at Clochaun Aracht," protested the girl. "No, not every one would venture in there. You are a brave man, Mr. Costello, and I am very pleased to know you," she added with a pretty blush, her voice softening to a whisper, her eyes falling away from the undisguised admiration of his.

Ulic heart leaped in his breast.

"You know me, Miss—"

"Oh, yes, I forgot. I did not tell you my name. I am Miss French—Deirdre French," she explained.

"Oh! Deirdre! What a beautiful name!" burst out Ulic rapturously. "Then I have, indeed, come into the enchanted land, like—"

"Like Naisi" laughed the girl nervously, but delightedly. Then she paled suddenly. "But not like Naisi to have a sad end," she smiled wistfully, referring to the tragic bardic tale of "The Sons of Usnach."

"Ah, I hope not," smiled Ulic, whose heart was beating wildly. "There is no wicked King Conor here."

"No," laughed the girl.

"Then Naisi will hunt again in the enchanted land," laughed the youth, half pleading for the permission by the suggestion.

"There is no bad king to forbid you," smiled the girl. "My father lives yonder and will be wondering where I am. He is an invalid, since one day long ago, when he was thrown from his horse while out with the Roscommon stag-hounds. And I am his nurse, his attendant, his everything."

"Happy, happy father!" murmured Ulic to himself.

"So, I must really go," said the girl.

"Then, good-bye—Deirdre," stammered Ulic, cap in hand, as he watched her trip away with her pails.

"Good-bye," she called over her shoulder. "Good-bye — Naisi," she added, daringly and blushing, though unheard by Ulic.

As he went back through the golden sunset, the violet of the encircling hills deepening to purple, the lake was a blaze of glory. He, too, was glorified, exalted, transfigured by the love that had come suddenly into his life. And, as he rowed mechanically, joyfully, he sang aloud in the golden solitude:

"Like rubies flake on flake  
Drips from the drifting oar.  
The golden ripples break  
Upon a golden shore.  
A golden moon above,  
And golden stars that shine,  
And in thine eyes the light of love,  
A golden world is mine."

Yes, he was in a golden world, a world evoked by the magic of love, a world that had grown suddenly, strangely, poignantly beautiful to him. A world in which he walked, a new man, as it were, his soul stirred to hitherto unsuspected depths of delicate, rapturous, holy emotion, having Deirdre as its centre. Emotion that was a kind of religious ecstasy, a spiritual awe, tender, virginal, reverential, with Deirdre as its idol, etherialized, exalted above things gross and earthly by the intensity of his devotion.

When he came down to dinner his mother noticed the change, the buoyancy of his step, the exhilaration of voice, his face aglow—from an inner light, as it were.

"You look as if you had seen a vision," she smiled, banteringly.

"I have, mother," he smiled. "I have seen Deirdre French."

"Ah, Deirdre French? She must be a beautiful girl, if she favors her poor dead mother."

"She is very beautiful, mother mine, and—and—I love her."

"Foolish boy! You were ever sentimental," she teased him. But in her heart she thanked God for that declaration of the boy she adored; for well she knew that nothing better can happen to a man, no greater blessing can be be-

stowed on him by God, than the love of a good woman. "But does she love you?" teased the delighted mother.

"I do not know," sighed Ulic. "Time will tell. For my part I shall do everything possible to be worthy of her."

"If she is like her mother, she deserves it. Her mother and I were dear friends in the old days."

She sighed, as she went back reminiscently to the happy past. "But I see no one of late—just shut up here like a recluse in this old tower. Some day I hope to see Deirdre."

"You will love her when you see her," assured the boy.

As he sat that night in his room overlooking the moonlit lake his rapture took shape and set itself to music. Thereafter, dwelling in tender retrospect on that first joyous meeting in the meadow, he made this song about

#### MILKING TIME

I saw her leave her father's door

At milking time, with pail in hand,

And take the winding path before,

And thrid the sweet, enchanted land.

In music, natural as the birds',

A quaint old song of love and sweet

She sang; her heart was in the words,

And all my soul was at her feet.

To peep at her the marigold

Tip-toed upon the marish edge;

A honeysuckle, flushed and bold,

Came clambering o'er the blossomed hedge.

The crimson clover drooneth down

Along the footpath, velvet-grassed,

Just where it leaned to kiss the gown

That brushed it when my darling passed.

Somehow the languid winds that stir

The petals of the dreaming rose

Are odorous because of her;

With richer bloom the meadow blows.

The very flowers she paused to cull,

Gold buttercups and marguerite,

Than others are more beautiful,

By reason of her passing feet.

Thereafter he crossed the lake frequently, on the pretty pretense of trying

this fly or that tackle in the Roscommon waters, but always to seek Deirdre in the green wood or dewy meadows. Sometimes he found her, sometimes he did not, and on such occasions he went home filled with a tender melancholy, his heart aching with delicious pain.

And the girl came in turn to look for his coming. Often she would sit under the trees by the water looking out longingly, yearningly, over its blue expanse, scanning its surface eagerly for flash of oar or rise of glittering bow. And if he came not, she, too, was sad and melancholy and went dreamily about her dainty household duties, musing on that first rapturous meeting in the meadow on that golden afternoon.

Sometimes she dissembled her real joy under seeming coldness or indifference; and if, on such occasions, she caught the sadness in Ulic's tone or the despair in his face, she would hide herself in the solitude of her room and fling herself down in a passion of reproachful tears. It was the maiden within her, longing for the voice, the face, the smile she loved, yet stubbornly and with virgin pride resisting surrender.

But she could not resist forever nor repress the tender avowal, hide the sweet secret, she whispered and admitted tremblingly in her heart.

"Oh, Naisi, Naisi! why will you not come?" she would sob by the plashy beach, where the little waves broke in foam at her feet.

And when he came, she might receive him coldly or with undisguised joy, and send him away delighted or depressed, according to the mood that was on her; for outwardly she was capricious and changeable as the lake, given to sudden splendors of joy or cloudy obscurations of gloom; although beneath the surface lay crystalline depths of love and tenderness and devotion. Indeed, did she once put aside her maiden reserve and allow the veil to be torn from her soul, she might have truly reciprocated

the beautiful sentiment Ulic had written of her:

As is the moon unto the sea,  
Thy spirit's splendor is to me.  
The tides of all my being go  
With thee in endless ebb and flow.

For in her gentle, romantic nature she had loved him long before she met him—loved the brave, generous, handsome, courteous youth, whom the fishermen and market-women who came to her were never tired of praising. She had often longed to meet him, to know him as those women knew him. And when, at last, she did meet him by the caprice of fate, that meeting did but confirm the estimate she had formed of him from the tales of the country folk and mature the romantic love she had woven about an unrealized ideal. And even as in his, so in her heart that love had grown up full-blossomed, burst to richest efflorescence at the first breath of reality.

One day in late September he found her in the wood, the gold leaves dropping about her. He was sad and she was quick to notice it.

"You aren't yourself to-day," she said.

"I am going to leave you," he answered.

"Going to leave me?" she said with a catch in her throat. She did not look at him, but she paled and her heart beat thickly and she was like to cry.

"I am going away."

"Away?" She dared not trust her thoughts to speech, lest her voice betray her emotion, so she let him speak on.

"Yes, I am going to Dublin to study medicine. One cannot live for one's self alone. We are here to do what little good we can for our fellows. And how can one do better than by fighting sickness and pain and helping relieve want and sorrow? It is Christ's own work. He went about healing the sick and raising the dead. The priest and the

doctor are Christ's especial ministers. One cures the soul, the other the body. And so I am going away to fit me for my life's work. At first, when I was younger, I thought I should be a soldier, like my father, but of late I have decided that my work is here at home among my own people. But are you sorry, Deirdre?"

"Sorry?" she queried, raising her eyes to him.

"Yes. Sorry I'm going away?"

"Why do you ask me?" she whispered.

"Because, Deirdre," he said, taking her hands unresisting in his, "because I love you, and I shall miss you."

There was no longer any reluctance, any repression, any denial of the sweet avowal.

"And I love you—oh, Naisi, I love you," she said softly, simply and unaffectedly.

"Oh, my darling," he smiled, drawing her to himself. "How happy you make me at last! You crown me a-king this day. I know now that I cannot fail. You shall be my inspiration to noble things. With you to live for, you to work for, you to dream for, there is no height to which I cannot aspire, no ambition I cannot attain, no purpose I cannot achieve. We will work together, Deirdre, for God and Ireland. Oh, Ireland, Ireland, I have found you at last! I have found her whom my soul loves and I will not let her go!"

It was true, for Deirdre and Ireland were one in his dreams. The girl seemed to him the incarnation of that Erin who had hitherto existed, beautiful but intangible, in his exalted fancy. But now that Erin had taken visible and lovely form. She lived and breathed in palpitant flesh, bodied forth in the maiden grace of the young girl he adored.

"God and country," he went on, "what higher motive could inspire a man? Who loves his God loves his country,

and by serving his countrymen he best serves God. Oh, Deirdre, my own, there is noble work before us, here in this holy Ireland of ours. I see her now as she shall yet be seen—as she shall yet shine forth, bright and clothed with her ancient glory, a queen among the nations. Oh, yes, she shall arise again, shall yet break the cerements of death, burst the chains of her bondage and come forth in splendid resurrection."

Then he went on in poetic rhapsody prophesying of his

#### IRELAND

"Once of old, in beauty royal, ruled she o'er  
the western wave,

Queen of hearts and subjects royal, empress  
of the true and brave.

Kings and princes wooed and sought her,  
knelt in homage at her feet—

Freedom's best beloved daughter, virginal  
and pure and sweet.

Chiefs and warriors undaunted for her smile  
drew sword and died;

Golden harps her praises chanted; minstrels  
sang her fame with pride.

And the vestal lamp of learning, flaming  
star-like in her hand,

Like a beacon, brightly burning, 'kindled  
Europe's darkened land,

Now she sitteth wan and hoary, with her  
tresses in the dust,

And departed is her glory, and her sword  
consumed with rust.

Darling! with the sea for cincture and the  
mantle in whose green

April set the royal tincture that doth robe  
her like a queen,

Tho' her enemies disrowned her, broke the  
sceptre of her power,

In the bonds of hatred bound her, robbed  
her of her ancient dower,

Yet shall Peace and Freedom find her in the  
plenitude of time;

And a brighter crown shall bind her from  
the hand of God sublime.

And a richer dawn shall kindle round her in  
that hour supreme,

When the shadows melt and dwindle in her  
noon's resplendent beam."

"Beautiful," she sighed, when his voice had fallen to a whisper. "Oh,

Naisi, beautiful! And I shall be the bride of a patriot!"

"Ah," said he, "the patriot's path is often beset with thorns. It is in Ireland a 'Via Dolorosa,' a road that too often leads to Calvary and the Cross."

"I will walk it with you, even to crucifixion," smiled the brave girl. "I will be one of the holy women."

"My own! My own," he smiled, stroking the fair head on his breast. "But now I must say good-bye, for I leave to-morrow and I must pass this evening with my mother."

In a little while he was gone and Deirdre was weeping in the wood, the gold leaves dropping about her in the deepening twilight.

He did not see her again until Christmas, and then he met her, radiant and lovely, at the annual Christmas ball given by Colonel Plunkett.

"This is Deirdre, mother," he said, presenting the blushing girl to the grave, sweet-faced woman in a corner of the drawing-room, where the candles made a rosy twilight under their silken shades.

"My dear, I am delighted to see you," beamed the good heart, affectionately kissing the girl. "Dear me! How like your mother, God rest her soul! How the years do slip by! You are just as she was on her wedding-day. It seems such a little while since; but ah, there have been such changes since! And to think that all this time we have been looking at each other across the lake, yet never seeing each other! But Deirdre, my darling, we must be more neighborly in the future. You must come and spend a day with us in our old tower. It needs brightening up sadly, my dear, and your young smile will banish the cobwebs. And here is your father," as Colonel French entered. "Dear me, it seems like old times again! How are you, Colonel?"

"Katherine Costello! Why 'tis a sight for sore eyes to see you," rumbled

Deirdre's father under his grizzled mustache, bowing low and kissing her hand in his courtly way. "And you're not a day older than when last I saw you. Yet we must be aging, judging by the way the young folks are shooting up. You must lend the light of your presence to Kingsland," he went on, "for Eily's sake. Ah me! the good old days!" And he sighed reminiscently, thinking of his dear Eily. "You must bring the boy with you. Dear, oh dear, how he grows! More and more like his father! His very image! Are you going to make a soldier of him?"

"No, he prefers medicine," smiled the fond mother.

"Ah, I thought he might wear the uniform. But perhaps 'tis better—less hazardous for certain than the service. But epaulettes would become him—become him vastly, and I know he'd honor them, like his brave father."

"Youth will have its way," smiled the mother, proud of her manly son. "For me, I've had enough of the service," she sighed.

"Poor Edmond! Poor Edmond!" mused the Colonel, referring to her husband. "He was a dashing soldier and a gallant gentleman."

And so they rambled on, these two seared hearts who had so much in common of pathetic reminiscence; while their children, building their dreams of love, went forward in fancy to the golden future that fate had in store for them. For hope is the heritage of youth, while memory is the solace of age.

So sped the happy Christmas days, Ulic and Deirdre visiting at each other's homes and meeting each other in ravishing commune at the various country houses to which, in common with their circle, they were invited. All too soon for the lovers they sped, and then Ulic went back to his studies at the capital.

(To be continued.)



# Christmas and the Poets

By WILLIAM J. FISCHER

**O**F the many great and joyous festivals of the year that of Christmas awakens the strongest and tenderest associations. To the soul of mankind it comes as a blessing just at a time when the old, battle-scarred year is drawing to a close and one's thoughts are travelling the old familiar byways, lingering for a moment in the meadows where wind and bird sing their sweetest lays and flower and brook look their loveliest. The very air is charged with music; the chiming Christmas bells in the high church towers sound their tender notes over the roof-tops of the busy world in pleasant jubilee, carrying our thoughts far across the Judean hills to the stable of Bethlehem, where, centuries ago, was born the humble Prince of Peace. The beautiful story of the Shepherd-King fills our vibrant hearts with hope and love. The touching pastoral scenes, the far-off blue mountains and their grazing flocks, the midnight prayers of the shepherds, grown eager with longing, the march of the hopes which their glorious dream was to bring them—all these come to us, who are tired of life's ceaseless "Sturm und Drang." Our wavering spirits grow strong in the faith which was brought to a weary and discontented world nearly two thousand years ago when the angels sang their simple message of peace and good will into the hearts of the children of men.

"There is something in the very season of the year," writes one, "that gives charm to the festivity of Christmas. At other times we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the mere beauties of nature. Our feelings sally forth and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape and we live 'abroad and

everywhere.' The song of the bird, the murmur of the stream, the breathing fragrance of spring, the soft voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn; earth, with its mantle of refreshing green, and heaven, with its deep delicious blue and its cloudy magnificence—all fill us with mute but exquisite delight, and we revel in the luxury of mere sensation. But in the depth of winter, when nature lies despoiled of every charm and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. The dreariness and desolation of the landscape, the short, gloomy days and darksome nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings also from rambling abroad and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasures of the social circle. Our thoughts are more concentrated; our friendly sympathies more aroused."

Sings the poet:

"It is Christmas in the forest where the  
softly falling snow  
Seems to touch with benediction the waiting  
earth below.  
The long, slim fingers of the wind upon the  
barren trees  
Play Nature's Alleluia in a multitude of keys.  
And bird and beast they wake alike to join  
a common note,  
And swell the reverend carol that wells up  
from Nature's throat.  
There is music in the woods, though the  
paths be yet untrod,  
When all the world goes singing at the  
birthday of its God."

The old yule-log, too, is blazing in the traditional fireplace, and a kind of artificial summer pervades the room, filling it with warmth and brightness. Heart calls unto heart, and love sunshines the

merry faces of the little children grouped around listening to the reminiscent tales of grandfather or grandmother, recalling those dear Christmasses of old :

"Christmas, like it used to be!  
That's the kind would gladden me,  
Kith and kin from far and near  
Joining in the Christmas cheer.  
Oh, the laughing girls and boys!  
Oh, the feasting and the joys!  
Wouldn't it be good to see  
Christmas, like it used to be?"

"Christmas, like it used to be—  
Snow a-bending bush and tree,  
Bells a-jingling down the lane;  
Cousins John and Jim and Jane,  
Sue and Kate and all the rest,  
Dressed up in their Sunday best,  
Coming to that world of glee—  
Christmas, like it used to be.

"Christmas, like it used to be;  
Been a long, long time since we  
Wished (when Santa Claus should come)  
You a doll and I a drum,  
You a book and I a sled  
Strong and swift and painted red;  
Oh, that day of jubilee!  
Christmas, like it used to be.

"Christmas, like it used to be.  
It is still as glad and free  
And as fair and full of truth  
To the clearer eyes of youth.  
Could we gladly glimpse it through  
Eyes our children's children do,  
In their joy time we would see  
Christmas, like it used to be."

The yule-log, dating back to old English times, is still much in evidence even at this late day. Every squire's house had its fireplace, decorated with helmets, bucklers and lances, and at Christmas the yule-log was lit with great ceremony. While it was burning, songs were sung, tales were told and wine flowed freely. The yule-log was destined to burn all night. If it went out, it was considered by the family an omen of some impending calamity. Then, too, if a squinting or barefoot person came to the house while it was blazing, it was considered a sign of ill luck.

Herrick, in one of his stanzas, refers to the ancient custom :

"Come, bring with noise,  
My merrie, merrie boys,  
The Christmas log to the firing,  
While my good dame, she  
Bids ye all be free  
And drink to your heart's desiring."

It is in the heart of home that Christmas finds its truest welcome. Where does the face of hospitality wear a grander, nobler look? Where do the voices of the children ring clearer than in that land of enchantment, where the little candles on the trees burn like so many dawning hopes which their youthful hearts have not yet experienced? Where is the smile of love more sweetly eloquent, more beautifully tender, than on the face of the devoted mother gazing at her babe in her arms? All her life she has taken Mary—the sweetest and purest of mothers—as her model. Ah! life has brought many a Christmas to her mother-heart, and again she joys in the pleasures of her children. The sound of their voices brings heaven very near. It is like the murmur of a brook breaking in laughter over the sunny ledges. Her soul, perhaps, has known many an hour of sorrow but the world knows not of them. God has been kind in giving her these priceless children, and at Christmas, when each little head is sweetly resting in its mass of curls and the little stockings are hanging round the fireplace, she whispers to herself the prayer that God may take them all back to Him some day with souls just as white and pure as when they came. Some day! Ah! how her mother-soul hopes that that "some day" may still be afar off, wrapped up in the golden future which she has fashioned for herself and her children! Perhaps even now, there in the silent city of the dead, marked by an humble white cross, is a grave that has caused her heart tragic suffering. Perhaps, too, on this happy Christmas day a beloved child,

far from home, is missing at the festive board—his absence the only discord in the otherwise perfect melody played upon the lyre of Love. Of "Christmas at Home," Michael Corbett sings tenderly:

"Tis gladly we meet in the cold Christmas  
eve

When crackle the log-fires, with friends to  
receive;

And hearts bounding highly and brimful of  
bliss

Step under the mistletoe, happy to kiss.

"Our dearest of pleasures 'tis here we en-  
joy—

No rivals assail us, no sorrows annoy;

There's father and mother and brother and  
sis—

All under the mistletoe, waiting their kiss.

"Our loved from the prairies and over the  
sea

Are fondly embracing each under the 'tree,'  
For nowhere are greetings more heartful  
than this—

Just under the mistletoe, sealed with a kiss.

"And one little creature, more precious than  
all,

We coax from the sofa that sets by the wall,  
While others are talking of that and of this  
Steal under the mistletoe, just for a kiss.

"Oh! the yule-tide log and the mistletoe  
tree—

The blithest reflections that time brings me,  
Wherever our stars cause our footsteps to  
roam,

Our sweetest of pleasures is Christmas at  
home."

"It is a beautiful arrangement derived from days of yore," writes one, "that this festival, which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season for the gathering together of family connections and drawing closer again those bonds of kindred hearts which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose; of calling back the children of a family, who have launched forth in life and wandered widely asunder, once more to as-

semble about the paternal hearth, that rallying place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again under the endearing mementos of childhood."

Charles J. O'Malley voices tender thoughts in his beautifully translated "Weinnachtslied," from the German of Franz von Heldmann:

"The lights upon the fir tree gleam,

Sweet laughter rings around the hearth;  
The Christmas bells, in golden stream,

Pour gladness o'er the happy earth.

At home I know the candles burn

With radiance soft as close of day,

But O, my lonely heart must mourn,

For I, alas! am far away.

"I see the happy faces glow

With pleasure round the Christmas board;

I hear young voices murmur low

In gladness, while the ale is poured.

I see the aged grandsire kneel

And in his humble cottage pray;

But I—who knows the pangs I feel?—

Alone I wander far away.

"The wretched in their lowly cot

Their fir-bough have 'this holy night,

But, all unpitied in my lot,

My own beloved are far from sight.

O Christ Child, Who on straw was born,

Seest Thou how desolate I stray?

Thou hadst Thy loved ones; I, forlorn,

In silence weep far, far away."

Looking at the scene enacted centuries ago, one cannot but feel impressed with the sacredness of motherhood, with Mary—the most perfect woman on earth—the central figure, in her arms her cherished charge, the sleeping Royal Babe, the little King that was to govern all the Christian nations. Mothers of to-day! You who have suffered and who know the love and cares of little children, on this happy Christmas day turn your eyes to the stable at Bethlehem, and let your hearts swell with pride and satisfaction as you gaze into the eyes of Mary, your model, and whisper: "Oh, would that we could become perfect as thou, sweet Mother!" And you whose hearts are cold, and who turn

away from the love of innocent little babes, you who frustrate the God-given boon of motherhood, turn your eyes for a moment to that lonely stable in which the opening scene of Life's greatest drama is being enacted, so that in your souls may awaken nobler thoughts, nobler purposes and more lofty ideals!

There is an air of old-time loveliness about Christmas. We seem to take her hand as we would that of an old friend. She always wears the same generous smile, and her voice is ever tuned to the kindest utterances. A grateful feeling prevails at the festive board when she is near—eyes sparkle with the old-time memories and hearts expand in the fullness of newly found love. Evergreens glisten everywhere, with holly and mistletoe entwined, to welcome her coming. She is the greatest high priestess of the festivals of the year and she brings with her a regeneration of spirit at once corrective and hopeful. She is a stranger to no one. Whether you meet her on the rockbound fastnesses of Russia, on the sunny fields of Spain or on the wide deserts of Asia, she is always your friend. The pressure of her warm, motherly hand is just as sincere and the sound of her strong voice as tender. She enters the house of the pauper as willingly as the mansion of the king. In her heart of hearts she treasures her place of birth—the lone stable at Bethlehem—above all else. And she calls it home—her home. In that very place she heard a Child stir in a strawy manger, saw His eyes give forth their first glad welcome to His Mother, and listened to the music of His tender baby voice—the living, eternal voice of the Child Jesus.

To none has the great feast of Christmas appealed more strongly than to the poets, those prophets and priests of nature, who sit daily in the House of Life probing its mysteries, sounding a note of warning, of courage and hope and love to their fellow men. To them the Infant King has always been a source of great

and noble inspiration. In Him they divined love and hope and pity all in one. In Him was the divine essence of perfection and goodness. All the pleasures of this life and of the next were a direct expression to humanity of His great kindness of heart. All glory, all greatness, unless founded on the love of the King of Bethlehem, would never endure. All would pass away; that alone would remain which made for the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom upon earth. The poet has expressed this truth beautifully in his lines:

"Strange, we so toil to fashion for our unseen ends

The splendors that the tarnish of this world doth mar,—

Such palaces that crumble to a ruined age,  
Such garbled memories upon Fame's fragile page,—

When all the lasting glory of our life depends

Upon a little Child, a stable, and a star."

Let us, then, open some of the caskets of love which the poets have laid at the feet of the little Christ-King and take therefrom the beautiful jewels of expression which their hearts have inspired. Kingdoms and empires will be swept away but the tributes of the singers of songs will live so long as the world is full of the children of men. Their tuneful voices will keep on singing of the dawns and twilights of faith just so long as there are ears longing to hear the cheery messages that fill men's hearts with peace and consolation in these strenuous days, when the thirst for gold and power is such an alluring temptation. And no lines seem to express more appropriately the condition of the anxious, struggling world than "The Eve of Christmas." It was among the last messages which Pope Leo, the great beloved, sent from his humble room in the Vatican to his faithful children the world over. The late Pontiff wrote many touching lines, but none seem to rise to the greatness of this poem. It

was the heart-cry of his own noble manhood—a prayer for the regeneration of the whole human race. How lovingly he calls upon the “holy Child” to pity the fallen world:

“Cometh the yearly feast, the wondrous holy night,  
Worthy of sacred hymn and solemn rite.  
“No harbingers of joy the olden message sing  
Nor gifts of peace, to waiting mortals bring.

“Circle with splendors old the brow of Faith divine;  
Let her full glory on the nations shine.  
“Nerve her to battlings new; palsy her foes with dread;  
Place the victorious laurel on her head.  
“Be Error’s mist dissolved and ancient feuds repressed,  
Till Earth at last find quietude and rest.  
“O gentle Peace, return, nor evermore depart;  
And link us hand in hand and heart to heart.”



“THREE MONARCHS SWEEP BEFORE THEM, FIXED AND PROUD”

“Alone the thronging hosts of evil men I hear,  
And see the anxious brow and falling tear.  
“The Age will bear no yoke; forgets the God above,  
Nor duteous payment yields to parents’ love.  
“Suspicion’s Discord rends the peaceful State in twain,  
And busy Murder follows in her train.  
“Gone are the loyal faith, the rights revered of old,  
Reigns but a blind and cruel lust of Gold!  
“O come, Thou holy Child! Pity the fallen world,  
Lest it should perish into darkness hurled.  
“Out of the laboring Night grant it a newer birth,  
And a New Age to bloom o’er all the earth.

Charles J. O’Malley, than whom there is no sweeter or purer singer in the two continents, is probably one of the most prolific. To him singing is as natural as gurgling is to a brook, and what a blessing that he has not frozen up over winter, otherwise we would never have enjoyed his enchanting winter sonnets and glorious gray dawns and his following delightful “Hymn at Christmas.” Some one has compared him to a “brown sparrow singing at twilight among the elm boughs,” and how sweet and exquisite have been his songs! He has sung to us

of dim cathedral aisles, silent, gazing saints and far-off Kentucky fields repeatedly, but the songs which ring most true are those which paint the glory of the living Church, the majesty of Rome and the strong, abiding love of Christ, the Redeemer. His singing has always been essentially Catholic; there has been no secularizing tendency in his voice. It was a happy Christmas when the poet addressed these lines to the Child at Bethlehem:

**"Thou, Who wast born 'mid pitying beasts  
and laid**

**On coarse, rough straw, of old in Bethlehem—**

**Thou, Who of poverty wast unafraid**

**But lifelong wore it as a diadem—**

**Christ, Son of God, Who walked among the poor,**

**All-Piteous, seeing what their lives endure,**

**Return, return! For, now, in this Thy day,**

**Adoring Mammon, nations go astray,**

**And greed, new-throned on mountain-tops,  
doth trim**

**Blasphemous lamps to Dis and Baalim!**

**Lo, night's approaching peril comes apace!  
Sounds of whet swords are heard in every place,**

**And restless clashings of sharp javelins!**

**Soon shall fierce trumpets stop the violins,  
And shrieking tyrants plead a moment's grace**

**Ere hellward shuddering blown in tempest  
for their sins!**

**"Thou, Thou Who dost give Life, do Thou deliver,**

**With Thy white Truth, that streams like a strong river,**

**The hour of all its swords and blighting perils!**

**Lo! the eternal Dawn's uprisen beryls**

**And depths of rose, and Thou high-throned,  
Thou One**

**Who shall give Light forever, God's white Son!**

**Before Thy Face can infamies make stand?  
Or hypocrites lift hand?**

**Before the God-hood in Thy piercing eyes  
Can blasphemies arise,**

**Fiend-shaped? Or can there be**

**Oppressions bringing forth black anarchy?**

**Beyond the tumult of the storm at bay**

**The splendor of Thy justice shall make Day;  
And in that day perpetual shall bide**

**Thy Holiest, Whom the world hath scourged  
and crucified."**

Arthur Barry O'Neill, the sweet Marian singer whose voice has been heard through several continents, brings back to us the glories of "The First Christmas" in his exquisite lines:

**"Wintry Night has spread her mantle**

**O'er a fair Judean town,**

**On deserted streets and highways**

**Moon and stars look calmly down.**

**Wealthy nobles, poor plebeians,**

**Merry youths and grandsires old—**

**All repose in peaceful slumber**

**Sheltered from the bitter cold.**

**"All, except some lowly shepherds,**

**Men of simple moods and wills,**

**Who, inured to cold and hardships,**

**Watch their flocks upon the hills.**

**Only these, and in a stable,**

**Bleak and lonely, rude and bare,**

**Two expectant, humble strangers,**

**Both absorbed in silent prayer.**

**"Midnight steals upon the mountain,**

**Lo, the shepherds start with fear.**

**What betides this radiant vision?**

**What, this song divine they hear?**

**Yes; these must be forms angelic**

**Winging downward from the sky,**

**And a thousand hosts are singing:**

**'Glory be to God on high!'**

**"Midnight lingers o'er the stable—**

**Spouse mature and maiden mild**

**Gaze with speechless admiration**

**On a lowly, new-born Child,**

**Myriad spirits hover round them**

**Eager all that Babe to scan;**

**For 'tis He Whom God has promised,**

**Christ the Saviour born to man.**

**"Sing, ye Stars, a song of gladness;**

**Echo, Earth, the blest refrain;**

**Banish, fallen man, thy sadness,**

**Let each heart repeat the strain.**

**'Alleluia! Alleluia!**

**Ever joyous be this morn,**

**God hath sent our blest Redeemer,**

**Christ is here—our Saviour's born!"**

A tenderer, sweeter poem has never been written than "The Babe of Bethlehem." Conde B. Pallen has infused into the lines a freshness and a spontaneity that can hardly be surpassed. It deserves an honored place among the world's sweetest Christmas poems:

**"O cruel manger, how bleak how bleak!**

**For the limbs of the Babe, my God;**

**Soft little limbs on the cold, cold straw;**

**Weep, O eyes, for thy God.**

"Bitter ye winds in the frosty night  
Upon the Babe, my God.  
Piercing the torn and broken thatch;  
Lament, O heart, for thy God.

"Bare is the floor, how bare, how bare  
For the Babe's sweet Mother, my God;  
Only a stable for Mother and Babe,  
How cruel thy world, my God!

"Waxen touches on Mother's heart,  
Fingers of the Babe, my God;  
Dear baby lips to her virgin breast,  
The Virgin Mother of God.

"The shepherds have come from the hills to adore  
The Babe in the manger, my God;  
Mary and Joseph welcome them there;  
Worship, O soul, thy God!



"WHAT BETIDES THIS RADIANT VISION? WHAT, THIS SONG DIVINE THEY HEAR?"

"Cast out, cast out by His brother men,  
Unknown the Babe, my God;  
The ox and the ass alone are there,  
Soften, O heart, for thy God!

"Dear little arms and sweet little hands,  
That stretch for Thy Mother, my God;  
Soft baby eyes to the Mother's eyes;  
Melt, O heart, for thy God!

"But I alone may not come near  
The Babe in the manger, my God.  
Weep for thy sins, O heart, and plead  
With Mary, the Mother of God!

"May I not come, oh, just to the door,  
To see the Babe, my God?  
There will I stop, and kneel, and adore,  
And weep for my sins, O God!

"But Mary smiles, and rising up,  
In her arms the Babe, my God;  
She comes to the door and bends her down,  
With the Babe in her arms, my God!

"Her sinless arms in my sinful arms  
Place the Babe, my God;  
'He has come to take thy sins away,'  
Break, O heart, for thy God!"

Listen to this glad voice—that of a woman who writes artistically and well. Caroline D. Swan has brought gracious tribute to "The Royal Babe" in her graceful lines:

"O blue-black sky, alive with stars!  
O patient expectation past!  
O earth, forget thy battle scars,—  
Thy King is come at last.

"A tiny hand, a rose-leaf touch,  
A Babe, Whose silence is Divine;  
Thou who hast sinned and suffered much  
That hand is laid on thine.

"It crowns, it pardons. Grieve no more!  
It lies divinely on thy heart.  
Arise and shine! His grace adore,  
Whose heritage thou art!

"He comes in love. His infant smile  
Its primal blossoming reveals;  
His Blessed Mother kneels the while  
Its sweetness o'er her steals.

"O Bud of Heav'n, unfold Thy rare,  
Ensanguined petals to the light!  
Bright Babe of Bethlehem, how fair  
Thou dawnest on our sight!

"The world is in Thy little grasp,  
Still lingering with delicious thrill;  
Oh, keep it in Thy tender clasp,  
And mould it to Thy will!"

Harriet M. Skidmore, whose untimely death was so universally regretted in the kingdom of Catholic letters, where she was a poet with a future, has woven a beautiful Irish legend into "The Grace of the Christmas Candle:"

"Oh, the Celtic children of faith believe  
(Sweet, I ween, are their fancies all)  
That when the bless'd candles, on Christmas  
Eve,

Are lighted in cabin and hall,  
The dear Child Jesus with tenderest smile  
In the noon of that night sublime  
Doth visit each home of their favored isle  
While the Mass-bells merrily chime;  
And where'er He seeth the hallowed light  
Of the tapers so tall and fair,

He entereth in through the casement bright  
And leaveth His benison there.  
And oh, till He crowneth again the year  
With the glory of Christmas-tide  
Shall blessing so sweet of the Christ-Child  
dear

With the children of grace abide.  
Their crops shall thrive and their stores in-  
crease,  
For never a shadow of ill  
Can dim the light of the heavenly peace  
He bringeth to 'men of good will!'"

Thomas Walsh, the clever Brooklyn poet, who has endeared himself to Catholic readers wherever the English language is spoken, also comes to the Christmas feast to sing his charming "The Coming of the Magi:"

"O Judah, Judah, on your hills afar  
Beneath the glow of that mysterious Star  
You slept, nor heard the swarthy Magi come  
Rending the night with heathen gong and drum!  
Lo! unto Bethlehem their caravan  
Wound like a serpent in the moonlight's span;

And many an idol strange and fierce was  
seen  
To glitter in the niche and palanquin  
The slaves and sacred camels had in care.  
Beating of hands and ritual moan were there,  
Assyrian cap and vesture, scroll and rod  
Of hieroglyph; yea, many an Ethiop god  
With ibis, dog and bullock deified  
Amid the clinking censers every side,  
Taunting the night with flashing jewels' pride.

"Chaste Star of God, your silver radiance fell  
On mirrors raised with every darksome spell,  
While circling 'rhombus' and Chaldaic globe,  
Secret of ages, unto Thee would probe!  
Hark, with their litanies of Powers unblest  
They cried to Thee, our God, and smote  
their breast!  
And see, afar, where like a tempest cloud  
Three monarchs swept before them fixed  
and proud!  
With eyes ablaze to guide their camels' flight.

Their beards like comets streaming on the  
night!  
Lo! the strange tributes they have learnt  
to bring—  
The world's grim wisdom and its sorrow-  
ing,—  
To find but in a crib at Bethlehem their  
King!"



From Alice Meynell's "Later Poems," published a few years ago, we cull "Unto Us a Child Is Given." The charming piece seems to be especially appropriate for the festival season:

"Given, not lent.  
And not withdrawn—once sent—  
This Infant of mankind, this One,  
Is still the welcome little Son.

"New every year,  
New-born and newly dear,  
He comes with tidings and a song.  
The ages long, the ages long.

Amadeus, the gentle Franciscan, who appears frequently in print. From an old book we take her "Christmas Plea:"

"O Mother, by thy joy to-day,  
A joy that driveth far away  
The vision that upon thy sight  
Might conjure up dark Calvary's height,—  
Bring cheer to those who know it not,—  
Whose hearts are burdened with their lot;  
Whose eyes shall not be giv'n to see  
Such bliss as now belongs to thee;  
Whose hands Love's service ne'er shall know,  
Nor, all for Love, sweet-wearied grow;  
Whose feet may not in gladness speed,



"SPOUSE MATURE AND MAIDEN MILD, \* \* \* GAZE UPON A NEW-BORN CHILD"

"Even as the cold,  
Keen winter grows not old;  
As childhood is so fresh, foreseen,  
And spring in the familiar green;

"Sudden as sweet  
Come the expected feet.  
All joy is young and new all art,  
And He, too, Whom we have by heart."

To-day we have many true poets residing in the convents throughout the land. Touching, tender voices, they are tuned to the purest singing. Probably the best known amongst them is Sister

"Responsive to a dear one's need;  
Whose lives and thoughts may not be set  
On one bright hope like thine. Oh, let  
These lonely hearts thy gladness share,  
And help them life's repulse to bear;  
Thou hadst thy cross, O Mother mine,  
But joy, yes, joy untold, was thine  
When in thine arms, a Babe, there lay  
Thine only Son, on Christmas Day!  
By this high Gift I ask that thou  
All saddened lives will brighten now!"

In parting, let us turn to the beloved and great Eleanor Donnelly. No poet

has sung oftener of the Infant King than this gentle woman from Philadelphia—the poet of the pure soul, who carries in her heart much love for God and His Church. It will be a sad day for America when Eleanor Donnelly's voice ceases its singing. Think of the millions she has brought to a better understanding of the higher life! Think of the hearts she has strengthened, the

"In Bethlehem, on Christmas morn,  
While angels sang in choir sublime,  
Redemption's solemn sacrifice  
Was offered for the first sweet time.

"First priestess of the Christian law,  
The Virgin knelt beside the stall;  
The rock her primal altar-stone,  
The Crib, Christ's tabernacle small.

"In her pure bosom had been made  
The First Communion, moons before;  
She first received and first enshrined  
The Flesh and Blood we all adore.



"TO FIND BUT IN A CRIB AT BETHLEHEM THEIR KING!"

souls she has comforted and the sorrows her voice has eased! She has been a noble, loving mother to the frail children of men and the world has been made better and brighter through her kindly poet-ministrations. Miss Donnelly's tributes to the great feast of Christmas are among her best, and gladly we quote "The First Christ-Mass." It is a noble effort, full of artistic imagery and gracious expression:

"Her sinless hands were first to touch  
That Blessed Body, fair and fine;  
The swaddling bands she wrapp'd Him in  
Were His first corporals divine.

"And through the darkness and the cold  
The Mother saw with trembling awe,  
Golgotha's Sacrifice foretold  
In th' rough manger, lance-like straw;

"Yea, lifting up her Victim-Babe,  
She hailed on altars reared afar  
(Where through earth's coming ages shine),  
His Host—His Grail—His Christmas Star!"

# The Love-Gift

By GEORGINA PELL CURTIS

I

**T**HE warm December sun shone full on the long, low white hacienda that stood on a broad slope of land half way up the hill. There were still some late flowers out in the garden, enclosed in its barbed wire fence, where Louisita was dancing and singing.

The house door stood open and the sound of her voice came floating on the air, clear and sweet, as she sang:

"A la rorro, nino,  
A la rorro, ro  
Duermete, bien mio,  
Duermete, mi amor."

Old Carolina, the fat negress in the kitchen, heard her, and nodded her head. To-morrow would be the sixteenth of December, when the nine days' "poseda" would begin. Evidently Louisita's thoughts had leaped ahead of time and she was anticipating. Presently the song ceased and the child started toward the house. When near a long, low window that opened into the "sala," she espied a brilliant green lizard, and dropping on her knees, reached out an eager little hand to grasp it. But the lizard was elusive, and darted between some stones out of sight. Carefully Louisita inserted one small fat hand in the crevice; but without success, and she was about to abandon her search when she heard the sound of her father's voice, and the lizard and everything else was forgotten. Here was an old worry that had already brought a pucker to her forehead. Was she never to hear the last of it?

"What a voice!" the "padre" was saying. "What strength and energy and daring the child has, and what resourcefulness! If only she had been a boy, 'madre!'"

"But she is a girl, Alfonso, and the gift of the good God. If you keep on with these regrets some sorrow may come that will make things worse than they are."

"But think of the money involved," he said. "Millions if I had a son, and without a son nothing, or next to nothing."

"Not nothing, Alfonso," was the answer. "You have a fair competence. Are not there other sorrows that press heavily, without letting this regret poison your life?"

Softly, very softly, Louisita wandered away. In her passionate, loving little heart was a great pain. Her good grandmother was satisfied with her; but her handsome father! To him she was only a girl. Oh! why had she been made so? Louisita pulled fiercely at her black curls and gave a twist to her white skirt. Did any other girl ever feel such agony and shame? Pretty soon she saw her dark-eyed Mexican nurse coming toward her, and a soft sigh escaped through her parted lips. Marta would surely have some consolation to offer.

The nurse's soft eyes flashed as she listened to the child, and judging it best to try and divert her, she began talking about the novena, or "poseda," that was to commence to-morrow and end on Christmas Eve. Uncles, aunts and cousins, from ranches near and far, were coming for it, and for perhaps the tenth time since their thoughts had turned to Christmas, Louisita listened to Marta's account of each day's "fiesta."

A long corridor in the hacienda had been prepared for the event. Louisita and her Cousin Ramon were to take the parts of Joseph and Mary. Night after night they would walk down the corridor, each carrying a figure of the blessed saint they represented, while behind

them would come the other children, in line, singing a Christmas hymn.

At each door they would knock and ask for admission, the young Joseph pleading the cold, and the fatigue of Mary, as a reason why they should find shelter for the night. But in sadness they would turn away from the constantly reiterated refusal.

"This," said Marta, "is called asking 'poseda,' or resting-place."

On Christmas Eve, called "La Noche Buena," or the Beautiful Night, the little procession stops at a door which is opened to them, and they enter. Within is a cave, or grotto, and through some trees that have been set up in the room shines a soft light which rests on the manger where lies the "Nacimiento," or new-born Babe, with His Mother kneeling beside Him.

"And I am to be that Mother!" said Louisita.

"With Ramon for the blessed Saint Joseph," continued Marta, "and some of the other children dressed as angels and shepherds will accompany you. It will be a pretty scene, carina."

"And then the 'pinata,'" sighed Louisita, "and in the evening the 'fuegos de bengal' and 'cohetes' (sky-rockets)! Will the time ever come, Marta?"

"It is coming fast enough," said the nurse good-naturedly. "Now come in the house, cara. Hark! there is the 'abuela' calling us."

\* \* \* \* \*

"And so, carissima, you understand that 'El Nino Dios' is a Love-Gift to men. You must remember that when you play 'poseda,'"

"Si, si, cara abuela," answered the child.

"Now run out, carina," said the grandmother. "I shall have to keep Marta this afternoon to help me get the rooms ready for the aunts and cousins who come to-night; but you can play by yourself—only be a good child."

Louisita ran past her father's study, pausing for a moment to peep in the door through her curls. But the handsome man who sat at his table, writing, glanced at her for a moment and then resumed his work. He heard the child come out on the wide gallery with careless, dancing feet, heard her spring down the steps to the hard clay walk below, and then scamper away.

"She is a butterfly," he said, and knew not that the heart of his little daughter was near to breaking.

"If only I could be a love-gift," she thought, "then, perhaps, 'el padre' would love me."

## II

Down by the river, the beautiful Guadalupe, was a path that led northward over the hills to where an abandoned and partly ruined adobe house stood at the entrance to a stone quarry.

It was a favorite walk with Louisita, and as the river was shallow, easily forded, and perfectly safe, she was allowed to wander along its banks at will. No one would harm the child, so when Marta was busy her charge roamed the country, free as a bird, and, save when the one cloud on her horizon pressed heavily, happy and care-free. This afternoon she was not happy. Her gentle grandmother was good to her, Marta was always kind; but her father! How cold he was, how indifferent—and she worshipped him so. She longed so for his love and caresses, such as she had seen her cousins Juanita and Elena receive from their fathers.

Her mother—where was she? "She must be up in heaven," sighed Louisita. "If she was here would she love me, or would she be cold because I am not a boy?"

Somewhere, tucked away in her little brain, was the memory of a fair face bending over her crib, of tender hands smoothing her hair; but that was so long ago—and the remembrance was so

dim and fleeting. If she tried to think, the face would fade, and instead she would see the gentle old 'abuela,' her father's mother, with her dark face framed in its snowy hair. Perhaps that other vision was the Blessed "Madre," who sometimes comes down to earth to comfort little motherless children, so Marta said.

Presently the child was running along the path above the river, and in a few moments more she had come in sight of the little adobe cabin that usually ended her walk, her grandmother having forbidden her to enter the quarry for fear she would fall into one of the excavations.

Louisita paused in astonishment. Smoke was curling up from the chimney of the little cabin, and a handsome fair-haired boy of about sixteen sat in front of the house, engaged in the world-old occupation of whittling.

Louisita hardly dared to move. Who was he, and what was he doing here? Presently the boy arose, and without glancing in her direction, he started down the hill toward the quarry and was soon lost to sight.

The coast being clear, Louisita advanced to the open door of the cabin, but again her steps were arrested. This time it was a voice—the sweetest voice—singing the dear cradle-song, "El Rorro."

"A la rorro, nino,  
A la rorro, ro,  
Duermete, bien mio,  
Duermete, mi amor."

Mystified, fascinated, the child drew nearer and nearer, till she stood in the doorway. The song ceased, and she was in time to see a fair, beautiful woman carry a sleeping child toward a low bed that stood in a corner of the room, and gently lay it down. Drawing some light covering over the child, the stranger turned toward the door.

"Victor," she called, softly, "Victor!" and then her eye fell on Louisita, stand-

ing motionless just without the door, and she paused.

Was she turned to stone, this beautiful lady, and who was she?

Louisita scarcely dared to breathe, as the stranger gazed at her without uttering a sound. Was it always to be thus, thought the child. Her father had just looked at her with cold, unmeaning eyes and now this lovely vision, who might be the Blessed "Madre" for all she knew, just looked and looked, and would not speak.

The tension was too great, and in another moment she had cast herself upon the ground and burst into tears. But she was lifted up. Soft arms were encircling her, and the tenderest voice was whispering words of love and comfort. If this was the Blessed "Madre," no wonder that "El Nino" loved her so.

"Your name, carissima?"

"Louisita Martinez, senora."

"Ah! I thought so," and again she was wrapped in a soft caress. "Tell me, little one, have you a mother?"

"No," said Louisita. The question brought back all her sorrow. "No, senora, and my father does not love me."

"How is that, little one?"

"Because I am only a girl," answered the child, "and if 'el padre' had a son he would be rich—oh, very rich indeed! How I wish I could be changed into a boy!"

"Do not cry any more, carissima. Christmas is coming, and perhaps the angels will bring some love-gift to make your father happy. Now, let us go out into the sunshine and think of something else."

Hand in hand the two went outside the cabin and sat down on the bench which the boy called Victor had vacated. How friendly the lovely lady was, how many questions she asked her! Presently Louisita's tongue was going very fast and she forgot all about the sorrows of being a girl. The senora was interested in everything, most of all in hear-

ing about the "poseda," and the part Louisita was to take in it. They were deep in conversation when a clear whistle sounded from the direction of the quarry, and the next moment the fair-haired boy came in sight.

"This is my brother, Victor," said the senora, and rising quickly, she went to meet the boy and said a few words to him that Louisita could not hear. The child gazed shyly at the tall youth, who speedily made friends with her, so that soon she was chatting as gaily to him as she had been doing to his sister.

There was a slight sound from the interior of the house, and the senora arose and disappeared, in a few moments coming out again holding in her arms a bundle wrapped in a white wool blanket.

"Come here, carissima," she said; "I have something to show you."

Louisita moved toward the wide gallery, that was almost as large as the cabin itself, and stood, eager, expectant, while the senora turned down the blanket that enveloped the small bundle on her lap, revealing to the child's delighted eyes the most adorable baby.

"Oh, the darling!" said Louisita, "how beautiful! "It might be 'El Nino' Himself, that is, if it is a boy, senora?"

"Yes, carissima, it is a boy—my little son. He was born last Christmas, so he is nearly a year old, and his name is Jose Cristiano."

Louisita was down on her knees examining the pink toes and tightly closed fists of little Jose, caressing his dark, curly head, and smiling into his laughing blue eyes. How dear he was! How soft and warm, and flushed with sleep! The dainty mouth was parted with a roguish smile. Clearly Jose Cristiano was not in the least afraid of her. She began to talk to him, receiving in reply soft gurgling sounds that enchanted her; so she did not hear the lovely senora say to her brother in a low voice:

"You see the likeness, Victor?"

"Wonderful," he answered. "It will make everything come right, 'hermana, mia.'"

As if in confirmation of his uncle's assertion, Jose Cristiano laughed aloud. It was fully half an hour later before Louisita could tear herself away, but she finally left, promising to come again.

\* \* \* \* \*

The grandmother listened to her story—marking the flushed, sparkling little face. The adobe house she knew was sometimes occupied by wanderers from one city to another. These were some travelling Mexicans, probably, and would soon be gone. Her mind was occupied with her expected guests, so she paid less heed than usual to Louisita's prattle, and presently the child, noticing the divided attention she was receiving, ceased her tale.

### III

"The 'pinata!' Ramon, the 'pinata!'"

"This way," said the boy. "This way, Louisita, down the back stairs, and we will get there before the others."

The youthful Joseph and Mary, who had just made their nightly pilgrimage of asking "poseda," coming at last to the empty room that had been prepared for "El Nino," or the little Christ Child, on the morrow, now fled down the back stairs to the lower "patio," or hall, where, as they expected, they were the first comers.

Hanging in the centre of the hall was the "pinata," which to-night was a harlequin, covered with bells. It hung suspended by a stout rope from the ceiling.

"There is just one more day," said Louisita, "and to-morrow night, Ramon, there will be 'El Nino' in the manger that has been empty all these eight nights, and every one—all the grown-ups—are coming to see it."

"And there will be the best 'pinata' of all to-morrow," said Ramon. "I know, for old Carolina told me. It is to be a

fat 'negrito,' the image of old Pancho, her husband."

"Splendid," cried Louisita. "Oh, here they come, Ramon! Now for the fun!"

The door at the end of the 'patio' burst open, and in trooped the young friends and cousins. Arming themselves with sticks, one child after another was blindfolded and proceeded to bombard the "pinata," giving it vigorous blows, or missing it altogether, while peals of laughter resounded through the hall.

The painted harlequin swung this way and that as sometimes a youthful boy or girl hit it a more than commonly hard blow. One after another essayed his or her skill until it was Ramon's turn again, and this time the expected happened. His stick came down on the china jar inside the clown, breaking it into a thousand pieces, and out came a shower of dulces, bon-bons and fruits. In the wild scramble that followed little boys and girls went under, and emerged breathless and triumphant with hands and pockets stuffed full of sweets.

The tall Juanita, who had seen a Christmas-tree in the North, voted that the nine days' Mexican Christmas far surpassed it.

"There is nothing like it," she said to Louisita, whose mouth, full of "confites," or small sugar-plums, was pursed up like a button. "And, then, think of tomorrow, when 'El Nino' will be in the manger, and we will all play being in Bethlehem."

"And the presents," said Louisita. "I have something for everybody."

"And each present is a secret," said Juanita. "The only thing that is not a secret is 'El Nino'—the Love-Gift. That is for the whole world, Louisita."

#### IV

"Where can they be?" said Louisita aloud. "No one here but Jose, and I have called and called. The senora never leaves 'el nino' alone."

She stood in perplexity, a little pucker on her forehead, and considered.

A most beautiful idea had come into her mind when she listened to the words of her Cousin Juanita, the previous night. God had given "El Nino" to the world as His Love-Gift to men; but she, Louisita, could give a love-gift to her father, and what better than Jose Cristiano, with his laughing eyes? Happy little Jose, who was a boy and not a girl! Who knows but that her father might accept him as a son, and then peace would reign!

The lovely senora would surely consent. The wide, low hacienda was so much better a place for "el nino" to live in than the adobe cabin up on the hill. Full of her idea, the child had sped up the mountain trail on her quest, late on the afternoon of the 24th of December, all her eager little heart intent on her plan. But surprises awaited her. Jose Cristiano was there, lying on his bed of straw in one corner of the room; but there was no sight or sound of his mother or uncle, though Louisita called and called.

What should she do? It was growing late, and it devolved on her and Ramon to have the room representing the stable ready for the final "poseda," which was to be at seven o'clock. To be sure, there was the wax "Nino" for the manger, but Louisita had set her heart on having a living one. What a surprise it would be for her father!

Jose Cristiano settled the question. Laughing aloud, he held out his arms to Louisita. "You want to go with me, you darling?" she said. And with many happy sounds he made known that he did. To carry him alone would be impossible, but the youthful Joseph was not far away. Quickly Louisita ran to the top of the hill where began the descent of the mountain trail.

"Ramon," she called, "Ramon!"

The boy emerged from behind a tree, and answered her call with rapid, swing-

ing steps. In another moment he was by her side.

"The senora is not here," said Louisita, "but I am going to take 'el nino,' for I know she won't mind. But you must write a note, Ramon, and tell her we have taken Jose Cristiano to the 'poseda' to be a love-gift."

Arrived at the adobe, with much labor on the boy's part, and many instructions from Louisita, the note was written and pinned to the wooden wall over the low trundle-bed; then Ramon lifted the heavy baby in his strong arms, and the little cavalcade began the descent of the hill.

"Isn't it exciting?" said Louisita. "I feel just as if we were really the Blessed 'Madre' and St. Joseph, with 'El Nino Dios,' don't you, Ramon?"

"Hadn't thought of it," answered the boy, "but I wish we had brought your burro, Louisita, so you and 'el nino' could ride. He's a pretty heavy one to carry."

"It's not far," said the little "madre," consolingly. "And we only give love-gifts once a year, Ramon."

Jose Cristiano was getting sleepy, and presently his head dropped on Ramon's shoulder and he was in the land of dreams.

Softly the pair stole up to the back of of the hacienda. Old Carolina, in the kitchen, caught sight of them in the fast waning light, and marked a white bundle in Ramon's arms; but they encountered no one else, and presently they were safely in the house and speeding down the corridor. Now they were in the room set apart and decorated for the festivities, and as Louisita removed the wax Christ Child from the manger, the youthful Joseph laid the love-gift in the spot left vacant, relaxing his tired arms of their burden. 'El nino' was in a profound sleep, and softly Louisita covered him with the little white blanket she had taken care to bring with her—then the boy and girl left the room, and

locking the door after them, the head of the little family put the key in his pocket and the two scampered away to get ready for the "poseda." They were back in twenty minutes, dressed "en costume," and lighting the candles in the room, they took their places by the manger and awaited the advent of the shepherds, and the visitors who always came in their train.

\* \* \* \* \*

Down the corridor came a long line of young people, singing the Christmas hymn. At the head of the procession walked Juanita and her brother Roberto, while at the end of the line came the master of the house, his gentle old mother, and their guests. Beyond these appeared all the household servants, ending up with the fat Carolina and her husband, Pancho.

Every one was dressed for the great "fiesta," the winding up of the nine days' "poseda," and every one was anxious to see the grotto; for had not Louisita thrown out hints that there was to be a wonderful surprise!

Now they were at the door at last; in answer to their knock it flew open as if by magic; and in another moment all had filed in and placed themselves around the room, some here, some there, all talking in subdued tones and admiring the artistic appearance of the scene.

Very pretty was the arrangement of the manger, the dresses of the youthful Mary and Joseph, the soft light from the candles, and the lifelike figures of the sheep surrounding the stall. Clear and sweet rose the voices of the children as they commenced the cradle-song to "El Nino." It was the last act before the fun and merriment began.

"A la rorro, Nino," they sang and then suddenly a hush fell on the crowd; for oh! wonder of wonders, the white blanket that covered the little "Nino" began to move, one naked little arm flew out, followed by a pink foot and sturdy



leg, and from the depths of the manger came a series of soft, enchanting sounds. Jose Cristiano was showing his appreciation of the wonderful scene!

With her white hood falling over her dark curls, and an expression of rapture and joy on her eager, brilliant little face, the young "Madre" arose, and lifting the little "Nacimiento" in her arms, carried him across the room and held him out to her astonished father.

"My Christmas present to you, 'padre,'" she said. "He is the love-gift. See how beautiful he is, and 'El bueno Dios' means him to be your son. With this love-gift, 'padre,' you will have all that money you could not have with me."

The crowd seemed struck dumb as the clear child voice floated through the room—all but Jose Cristiano. Those twinkling lights and gold and silver bells that hung just above his head enchanted him—and then he knew he was safe in those strong little arms that held him so tight, so he laughed aloud, and hearing that rippling laughter, a low murmur ran through the crowd.

Only for a moment. There was a noise in the corridor, a sound of voices, and the door was flung open to admit Louisita's Uncle Raphael, and behind him was the senora, very pale and wild, and keeping close to her, her young brother, Victor.

Of course the senora would come—Louisita had expected that. But she was not prepared for what followed. It was "el padre," her own father, who, with a cry, sprang forward and knelt at the lovely senora's feet.

"Marguerita," he was saying, "you have come back. Can you forgive me now?"

In a second the kind Uncle Rafael had cleared the room of every one but herself and "el nino," and this strange father and the beautiful senora; and then—and then—it was all most wonderful—they were weeping in each

other's arms and talking about strange things.

The senora was saying how she and Victor heard a cry for help from the quarry, where an old Mexican had fallen and had been badly hurt. She had only left "el nino" for about half an hour; but when she got back he was gone. She had found Ramon's note, and had come at once for her child. Now she would go away and leave "el padre" in peace. But the "padre," with a light shining in his eyes such as Louisita had never seen, said that now he could never let her go, and that everything was all his fault, and then "el nino's" mother said it was all hers.

"I was proud," she said. "I could not bear the sting of knowing I had not given you what you wanted; and then I lived in such dread of a second disappointment, that I went away, and our little son was born under my father's roof."

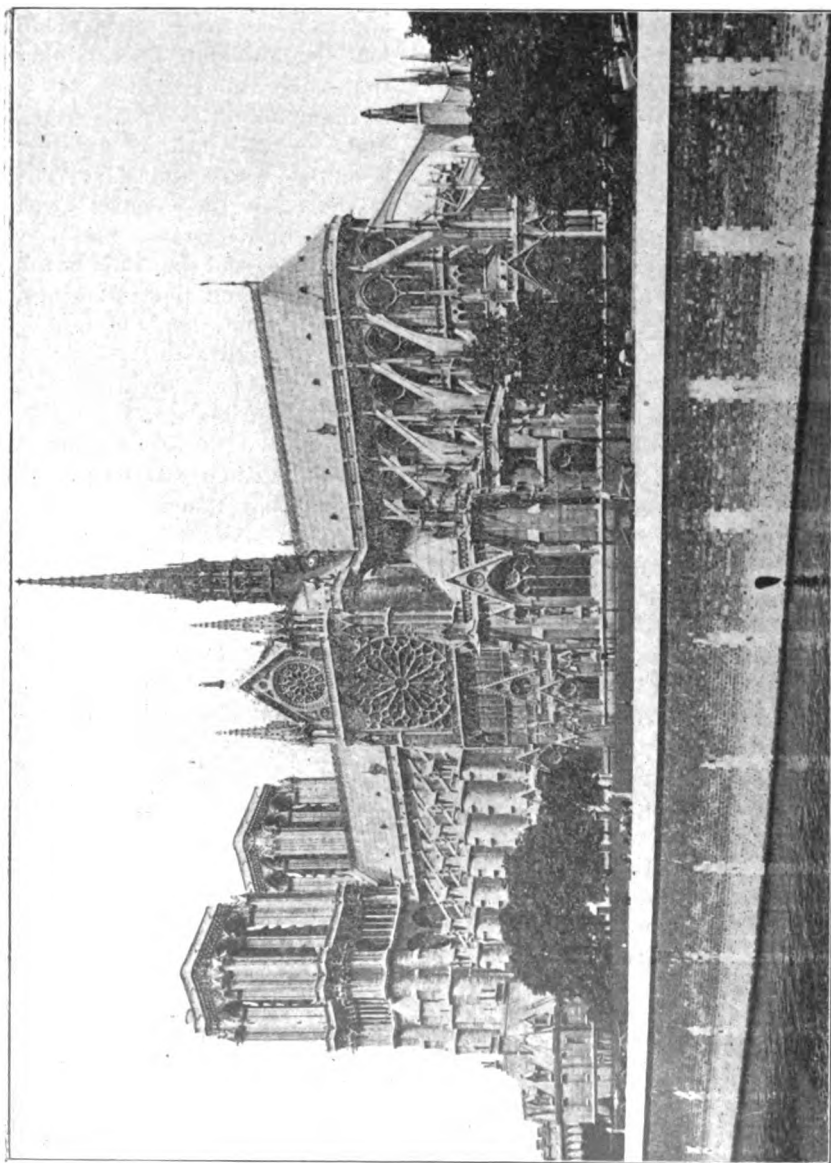
"On Christmas day," whispered Louisita to little Jose Cristiano. "El nino" nodded and looked wise. Indeed, it was very wonderful; but after all only a part of that vast cloud country in which he lived, where all was new and strange.

But suddenly the father and mother remembered their children, and smiling through her tears, the lovely senora came toward them, and lifting little Jose in her arms, held him up to his delighted father.

"Our love-gift," she said. "Louisita's and mine. Take him, Alfonso."

Was it through a mist of tears that Louisita saw "el nino" in her father's arms? Here was the end of all worry and trouble about being a girl! And now tender arms were encircling her, and the sweetest voice spoke her name.

"Carissima," it said, "my brave little girl! It is you who have made our Christmas happy—you who have given us our love-gift. You must love me now, my child, my little daughter; for I am your mother."



CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, PARIS

# Notre Dame

By THE COUNTESS DE COURSON

**A**MONG the Gothic cathedrals bequeathed to France by the Middle Ages, that of Notre Dame of Paris does not, either in point of size or beauty, take a foremost place. Amiens, Chartres, Rheims, and even some of the Norman churches, like St. Ouen at Rouen, have an equal claim to our admiration, and had that strange, unfinished fragment, the Cathedral of Beauvais, been completed, it might possibly, at any rate in point of size, have outshone the rest.

But as regards historical and romantic associations, no church in France can compete with this one, whose destiny has been, for the last eight hundred years, closely interwoven with that of the gay, restless city over which its twin towers still keep guard. All the political events that since medieval times have shaken the capital of France to its very foundations have been echoed within this stately pile. It has witnessed the pomps of the ancient French monarchy and the sudden and dazzling splendors of Napoleon's victorious reign, royal baptisms and imperial marriages, but, strange to say, a pathetic element mingles with these historical reminiscences, and over each splendid pageant hangs a foreboding of coming sorrow.

The princely children baptized within the walls of Notre Dame have, one and all, died in exile; the English king who was crowned there in past times was among the most unfortunate of sovereigns, and we know how the two Napoleons' dream of power ended in defeat and humiliation. No wonder that the words of the Psalmist, "Vanitas Vanitatum," haunt us as we pace the solemn aisles and recall the scenes that once

filled the now silent church with brightness, color and sound.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame was begun in 1163 under the government of Bishop Maurice de Sully, who by birth a peasant, was an exemplary pastor, a wise and generous ruler. It was built on the island, which may be regarded as the cradle and heart of ancient Paris. It is difficult for the twentieth-century tourist who sees the Notre Dame of to-day, standing in true majesty on its spacious "parvis," to imagine the aspect of the island eight hundred years ago, when on a comparatively narrow space were crowded together seven churches, ten streets, a hospital, a multitude of houses, schools that were famous and the episcopal palace of the Bishop of Paris. Two churches, St. Stephen and an older Notre Dame, were thrown down to make room for the new cathedral, the first stone of which was laid by Pope Alexander III, who was then an exile in France. The work that Maurice de Sully began was continued by his successors, and in the course of less than two centuries the cathedral was, to all intents and purposes, completed. We know that the chief doorway was achieved in 1223, that the side chapels were built in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and that the citizens of Paris generously contributed to the decoration of their basilica. Thus the wealthy corporation of the goldsmiths was accustomed to present Notre Dame with an annual gift of value—generally a picture or a piece of church plate. At a much later date, in the eighteenth century, several important changes were made in the decoration of the church, but as a rule, those who di-

rected them displayed a sad lack of artistic taste and also of respect for the past. A painter on glass, Pierre Leveil, systematically destroyed the old stained windows of the nave and choir, some of which belonged to the twelfth century, and replaced them by plain white glass with a border of fleur-de-lis. The tombstones that paved the church, many of which marked the graves of illustrious persons, were ruthlessly torn up and a commonplace pavement was laid down, more symmetrical to the eye, but wanting in historical interest.

Worse was yet to come: in 1793, the stone figures over the doorways were partly destroyed by the Revolutionists and the despoiled and desecrated cathedral became the temple of the Goddess of Reason.

Only in 1845 did the French Government take in hand the restoration of the time-honored shrine, whose past history was so closely linked with the destinies of France. It was an epoch when the writings of M. de Montalembert and his friend, M. Rio, brought about an awakening of artistic and religious feeling among educated Frenchmen. Gothic cathedrals were no longer considered, as they had been a century before, to be the barbarous outcome of the dark ages of history. The work was, therefore, carried on in a safer spirit and on happier lines than the tasteless restorations for which the eighteenth century is responsible. It was begun under Louis Philippe and completed under Napoleon III by Viollet le Duc, and though certain details, like the paintings of the chapels, are open to criticism, as a whole the restoration may be considered to have been successfully accomplished.

Notre Dame has the shape of a Latin cross; it possesses two square towers, six doorways, of unequal richness, thirty-seven chapels and one hundred and thirteen windows. Its front covers

a space of forty metres and its entire length is one hundred and thirty metres.

The central doorway is a thing of beauty. Its majestic proportions are no less striking than the delicacy of its ornaments and the ingenious and graceful arrangement of the thousand details that combine to form a perfect picture. "There are few finer bits of architecture than this \* \* \* symphony in stone," says Victor Hugo, and an eminent French archeologist who, some forty years ago, was an undisputed authority on such matters, the Baron de Guilhermy, tells us that "this splendid doorway was evidently conceived and executed by the same man"—an assertion that is abundantly proved by the unity of the design and ornamentation. Who was the mortal whose genius bequeathed so noble a work to his country? His name is unknown, like those of most of the medieval builders. These devout, earnest, disinterested artists cared nothing for human applause; the simple faith that filled their hearts found expression in the glorious works of their hands, but no thought of mundane honor haunted their minds as, slowly and lovingly, with prayerful hearts, they accomplished their lifelong task.

The leading subject of the central doorway is the Last Judgment. On either side of the central figure of Christ are the Christian virtues, accompanied, as a contrast, by the opposite vices. Many of the latter figures display the quaint humor that characterizes the medieval artists, and the groups representing the demons and the lost souls have a tragical power of expression.

On the contrary, the martyrs, saints and virgins are calmly majestic in their somewhat stiff serenity. In former days, these figures were, it appears, colored and gilded. An Armenian bishop who visited Paris at the end of the fifteenth century gives an enthusiastic description of Notre Dame; he speaks of the

"golden throne" on which is seated the Saviour, and of the "painting" that decorates the figure of Mary.

On each side of the principal entrance are two doorways, less important but scarcely less interesting. The one to the north, "Porte Notre Dame," has a wonderfully delicate and poetical ornamentation; the carvings of the other doorway, "Porte Ste. Anne," are older and probably belong to the twelfth century.

Above this triple entrance is the "Gallery of Kings," consisting of twenty-eight niches, each of which contains a crowned figure. These were probably meant to represent the kings of Israel, although the people of Paris fondly believe them to be the kings of France. It was perhaps for this reason that the Revolutionists of 1793 attacked them with spiteful fury; they were hopelessly mutilated and had to be replaced, almost entirely, in the last century.

Above the Gallery of Kings is, in the centre, a glorious rose window, filled with ancient glass, that fortunately escaped destruction; higher still, a light and beautiful gallery, whose delicate pillars support the massive platform whence rise the two square towers that form a distinctive landmark. The whole is strangely impressive, and the "symphony in stone," as Victor Hugo calls it, even apart from its historical associations, appeals strongly to our sense of admiration. The side doorways of the cathedral, "la Porte du Cloître" and "la Porte St. Marcel," with their sculptured saints and angels and a dignified and graceful statue of the Mother of God, are scarcely less interesting than the main entrance. The "Porte St. Marcel," moreover, has a distinctive feature; for once the medieval builder has signed his work, and a rough inscription informs us that "Jehan de Chelles" began this doorway in 1257. The visitor who ascends the towers of the cathedral will

be struck by the strange and curious figures, demons and monsters, that are perched here and there, on the edge of the parapet, within the crevices, on the pointed roofs and galleries. The medieval sculptors gave full scope to their imagination when they created the uncanny, fantastic beings, who, with an almost human expression of quaint irony on their countenances, are philosophically gazing over the parapets at the busy city below.

On first entering Notre Dame the visitor is struck by the darkness of the church; its heavy Norman columns, upon which rise the slight Gothic pillars, give it a general aspect of solid magnificence rather than of elegance. But, by degrees, the tourist who has leisure to linger under the solemn aisles will become familiar with many charming bits of architecture; delicately sculptured pieces of foliage, curious heads, half human, half animal, replete with quaint humor, such as the old artists loved. He will be struck, too, by the splendid rose windows of the transept, rare specimens of medieval excellence.

The choir of Notre Dame was richly ornamented by Louis XIV, in memory of the vow by which his father consecrated his kingdom to the Mother of God. Much of the artistic work has disappeared, but there still remain the kneeling figures of the two kings and a large group representing Our Lady holding the dead body of her Son, the work of the seventeenth-century sculptor, Guillaume Coustou. The delicate wood-carvings of the choir belong to the same period.

If the grey stones of the great basilica could speak, what stirring memories would they not recall! The historical recollections of Notre Dame are so closely linked, not only with the history of Paris, but with the history of France

that, even more than its artistic features, they give the cathedral a place apart.

In 1430 it witnessed the coronation of the frail boy king of England, Henry VI, who, by right of his mother, Catherine de Valois, assumed, or was made to assume, the title of King of France, a fleeting and disputable title that was, ere long, restored to Charles VII by the victorious sword of Joan of Arc. Then, more than a century later, on August 18, 1572, Henry King of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV, was married at Notre Dame to Marguerite de Valois, the erratic "Reine Margot." This royal alliance was almost as unstable as little Henry's career as King of France; it was, at the end of a few years, annulled by the Holy See.

In 1793, when the Revolutionists took possession of the cathedral, strange scenes were enacted under the stately Gothic arches: an embankment, made of earth and moss, was built up within the choir, and upon it was enthroned the Goddess of Reason, a young woman in white, wearing a Phrygian cap, around whom the demented people sang the "Hymn to Reason."

Only eight years later, on Easter Sunday, 1802, Notre Dame witnessed a splendid religious pageant, organized by Napoleon to celebrate the signature of the "Concordat." The reign of the Goddess of Reason had been short lived, and only two years after the proclamation of the Concordat, the Corsican soldier, in whose all-powerful grasp were the destinies of France, was crowned at Notre Dame by Pope Pius VII.

If this ceremony sanctioned Napoleon's assumption of sovereign power, the birth of his son and heir, the King of Rome, seemed to set a seal upon his political schemes and to transform his dreams of universal dominion into a reality. The imperial babe was baptized on June 9, 1811, and the memoirs of the time describe how the gay June sunshine played on the flags and draperies

that adorned the streets. The little King was carried by his governess, the Countess de Montesquieu; on each side walked the imperial princes who represented his Austrian relatives, then "Madame Mere," the widow of an obscure Corsican lawyer, now mother of an Emperor. She was followed by the Bonaparte princesses, who in their enjoyment of their high position, had long forgotten bygone days of poverty and sordid struggles. Under a canopy carried by the canons walked the Empress, the "daughter of the Caesars," fair, tranquil and insipid, then the man on whom all eyes were centred, and who seemed that day to have attained the highest summit of human greatness!

When the ceremony was over, Napoleon took his son into his arms and triumphantly held the tiny white bundle, all lace and ermine, high up, in sight of the illustrious assembly.

Alas, for the frailty of human dreams! Five years later, the mighty Emperor was a lifelong captive and if less dramatic, the destiny of his only son is full of pathos. He lived out his short career at the Austrian Court, a State prisoner in all but in name, haunted through the twenty years of his life by the contrast between the splendid heritage to which he was born and the obscurity and insignificance to which he was condemned. Even his name was gone from him: Napoleon, King of Rome, became Francis, Duke of Reichstadt and, as such, rests in the Capuchin crypt at Vienna with his Austrian kindred.

The story of Notre Dame is truly an epitome of the history of France. In no other spot can we trace more closely the political upheavals that, for the last century and more, have shaken the country to its very foundations and whose frequent recurrence has developed that spirit of unrest, one of the curses of modern France. Whereas the royal pageants of Westminster and St.

Paul's are the visible expression of a deep-seated principle of hereditary monarchy, the ceremonies that have taken place at Notre Dame within the last hundred years symbolize, in a striking manner, the rapidly changing politics of France. Only five years after the baptism of the King of Rome, an event that seemed the solemn consecration of his imperial father's power, we read of the wedding of the Duke de Berry, the sole heir of that elder line of kings whom the downfall of Napoleon had restored to the French throne. The Countess of Hardwicke, who was just then on a visit to her daughter, the English ambassador, Lady Stuart de Rothesay, writes of the ceremony to her friends across the Channel: "The decorations of the church were perfectly noble and the superb dresses of the officers of State and the multitude of attendants, each in his allotted place, made as fine a sight as it was possible to imagine. We heard the distant shouts of the people outside, which, drawing nearer and nearer, announced the arrival of the royal family. A total stillness succeeded as they walked up the church, and very interesting the young, fair, timid creature looked, when kneeling in the open space before the altar. \* \* \* The Duke de Berry, in a white satin embroidered dress à la Henri IV, contrived to look very tolerably well, and the solemnity of the place had infused some dignity into his vulgar face, so that he did not spoil the scene."

The marriage of the heir of the Bourbons seemed, after so many reverses and such long years of obscurity and exile, to open fresh vistas of renewed life and vigor to his ancient line. Yet, five years later, on May 1, 1821, when the great cathedral once more put on its festive garb, it was in honor of the fatherless babe of the murdered duke, and beneath the joyful exclamations of an enthusiastic people ran an undercurrent of disquietude and alarm. With

questionable taste, the stone pillars were veiled in gold and silver gauze and the ancient building presented a brilliant aspect when the royal procession entered. After the baby, "Henri Dieu-donne," the figure that attracted most attention was that of his mother, the "young, fair, timid" bride of 1816, now a widow. The Duchess de Goutant, State governess to the little prince, tells us in her memoirs with what nervous apprehension she carried her precious charge from the Tuileries to Notre Dame, haunted by the remembrance of his father's tragic fate, and by the mysterious warnings she had received that the infant's life was threatened by the enemies of his race.

Like the King of Rome, the Duke de Bordeaux was, after his baptism, "presented to France," amid the deafening exclamations of those present and, like Napoleon's son, he was eventually rejected by the fickle people whose shouts of allegiance echoed through the streets on that memorable May day.

Very similar was the destiny of his rival, the Comte de Paris, Louis Philippe's eldest grandson, who on May 2, 1841, was baptized at Notre Dame and, seven years later, driven into exile, and that of the young Prince Imperial, the last princely infant christened in the time-honored Cathedral of Paris. The tragic fate of the latter is still fresh in the memory of our contemporaries; it goes far to confirm our statement that a mournful interest is attached to all the royal children whose names rise before us as we pace the dimly lighted aisles and muse on the fragility of the things that men prize most highly: success, popularity, military glory, the adoring applause of an enthusiastic people!

But royal and imperial pageants are not the only memories connected with Notre Dame; the venerable Paris Cathedral is haunted by other recollections that appeal even more strongly to Catholic hearts. Within its walls have

echoed the most eloquent voices of religious France; it was here that in 1835 Henri Dominique Lacordaire began the Lenten conferences that have continued, with more or less success, to the present day. The impression that Lacordaire made upon his audience, from his very first appearance, has often been described by his contemporaries. He broke through the somewhat stiff and superannuated traditions of religious oratory and with impassioned eloquence addressed himself to the minds and hearts of his hearers. His keen comprehension of and pitying sympathy for the mental difficulties that kept many of his countrymen far from the Church, gained their confidence; his reasoning powers and his strong convictions, so eloquently expressed, annihilated the false doctrines that poisoned the minds of men throughout France since the eighteenth century. These were glorious days for Notre Dame, and whereas the regal pomps we have described leave behind them but a fleeting and empty memory, Lacordaire's conferences opened new vistas of truth and light to many souls and created a lasting impression on the intellectual world of his day.

After Pere Lacordaire, the work was taken up by the Jesuit Pere de Ravignan; his gifts were different from those of his predecessor, but his influence for good no less powerful. At the present time it is Pere Janvier who occupies the post that for nearly seventy years has been filled by the most brilliant speakers and soundest theologians in France, but, alas, in a country where the word liberty is written up at every corner, he is no longer permitted to wear the white habit that his great predecessor made so popular!

An Easter Sunday morning at Notre Dame is a sight not to be forgotten. The men who have followed the Lenten station and its closing retreat assemble for the last time, and often, when watch-

ing these earnest worshippers pour forth through the wide-open doors into the sunny "parvis," have we thought that, whatever may be the crimes and follies of modern France, here, at least, are more than ten just men whose brave profession of faith must plead before the throne of God for their erring country.

The tombs that in former days filled the cathedral were mostly destroyed in 1793; only a few modern ones remain, and among them the monuments erected to the three archbishops of Paris who, in the course of the nineteenth century, died violent deaths: Mgr. Affre perished on the barricades; Mgr. Sibour was stabbed by a mad priest, and Mgr. Darboy, only thirty-three years ago, was shot by the Communards!

In the "Tresor" of the cathedral are kept the church plate and relics that have happily escaped plunder, but, alas, the greater portion of the religious and art treasures that through many centuries accumulated at Notre Dame were destroyed in 1793. Before that fatal date, the "Tresor" was, we are told, one of the richest in the kingdom. One of the most precious relics in possession of the ancient basilica is, however, still to be seen; this is the Crown of Thorns, with which, if we may believe an ancient tradition, Our Saviour was crowned during His Passion.

Our readers know how difficult, nay how impossible it is, to prove the authenticity of the relics of the Passion; it seems, at any rate, absolutely certain that this particular crown of thorns is the identical one that was brought from the Holy Land by St. Louis, who built the Ste. Chapelle as a fitting reliquary for his treasure. During the Revolution, it was taken to the "Bibliotheque nationale" and in 1804, restored by the Government to the Cardinal de Belloy, Archbishop of Paris. It is a circle of closely plaited rushes, into which were stuck branches of the prickly plant



called "Zizyphus spina Christi," the thorns of which are long and very sharp. The crown is kept in a crystal tube that fits into an artistically worked reliquary; on all the Fridays in Lent it is publicly exposed, together with a large piece of the true Cross that was given to St. Louis by Baldwin, Emperor of Constantinople in 1239.

God grant that, although the political horizon is dark and threatening, no fresh tempest may scatter the treasures that past revolutions have so woefully diminished! Notre Dame has weathered many storms; its grey towers have

looked down upon Paris in tempest and in sunshine, ever solemn in their silence and their strength, while at their feet the restless, fickle city quivered with joy or pain. They have witnessed days as dark as the present ones, and the quarrels and rebellion of men have not, so far, shaken their immovable majesty. To us, children of the Church, these strong grey towers are but the visible symbol of that supernatural and invisible Power that, amid human vicissitudes and political changes, remains untouched and unaltered, the Power of God manifested in His Church, our Queen and Mother.

## A Christmas Idyl

By ANNA T. SADLIER

### I

**S**OME one next door was playing the "Adeste Fideles," that old hymn of many memories, which wakes the smile and the tear in every heart. The solo was being sung, with true dramatic instinct, in the high, pure, voice of a young girl. To this was presently joined some other voices, producing a delightful harmony. It was an actual treat to the listener's cultured ear; but it was more, it was a reminder of other Christmases in other scenes, evoking sharp and poignant memories. Suddenly the hymn changed to that other, dear to French Canadians:

"Redit ce chant glorieux  
Redit ce chant de nos montagnes,  
Et l'Echo, gloria, Et l'Echo de nos  
campagnes."

It was light, careless, gay, in true carol fashion, and it brought the listener back to the present. There, out under his window, the snow was lying in great

piles, the icicles hanging from the roofs, the sleigh-bells jingling merrily.

It was Christmas Eve in Montreal, the Queen City of the North, and the stranger realized that he was alone, and likely to be so over Christmas Day. He wondered how it would be possible to make the acquaintance of the people next door, who were evidently co-religionists, at least. He heard the glee in the young voices, to which his heart—not so very old, having beat for just thirty years—responded.

All at once voices came up to him from the sidewalk, and Barney Haldane rushed to the window. He scraped the frost from the panes and looked out at the group on the narrow path. He saw there a tall girl with a delicate, spirituelle face and eyes of a warm hazel. He felt sure it was the singer. She was smiling at a boy who reached precisely up to her shoulder, and holding out her hand to some one else, helping the latter down from a slippery step. This was a short, rotund girl of rosy complexion, who, laughing, showed a set of re-

markedly white teeth. The trio passed on their way, laughing and nodding to some one in the window.

The young man began to pace his room. If only there were any way to know these people! The glimpse of that pale, spirituelle face, the upward glance of the eyes, warmed the vague wish into a longing. It was Christmas Eve. Every one was out buying the last Christmas presents, which were to brighten the morrow. And he had no one for whom to buy—no one, at least, who was not hundreds of miles away. Just as he was growing more and more despondent, he heard a ring at the bell. It was answered by his landlady, who presently knocked at the door with a card and an intimation that the "gentleman is waiting." Barney glanced at the card and his heart leaped, though the name in itself conveyed nothing in particular.

"Monsieur A. de Repentigny"

What if it should be! He did not, however, waste time in surmises, but hurried down-stairs. He found his visitor in the lodging-house parlor; a tall man with iron-grey hair, black eyes and delicately cut face.

"Mr. Haldane," he said, "let me introduce myself; I am Monsieur Albert de Repentigny, your neighbor."

Barney's heart beat loud and fast.

"I have seen you very often at High Mass in Notre Dame Church. Monsieur le Cure has spoken of you also. So I have come."

"It's extremely kind of you," cried Barney, with true Celtic cordiality, "and I'm very glad to meet you."

"The pleasure is mutual, and, my good sir, I am going to ask a favor of you. I hear you are a stranger in the city and therefore you have no engagements. Come with us to-night to Midnight Mass. We can give you a seat in our pew, and we shall have a little supper afterwards at our house."

Barney was in ecstasies.

"I shall be only too delighted," he responded genially.

"Good, and, then, you will do me a still greater pleasure. You will take dinner with us at two o'clock and remain to spend the evening. We do not celebrate Christmas, perhaps, as you do. With us it is more of a religious festival, but I can promise you a slice of turkey and a taste of plum-pudding."

## II

Precisely at half-past eleven the party set forth from the neighboring house. How cold it was!—stars glittering overhead like diamonds in deep azure, the streets covered with heavy snow, beaten into a hard crust, sleighs flying by, conveying their passengers to the various churches, or carts carrying home belated purchases. Suddenly a sound overpowered all other sounds—the light talk, the laughter and the jingle of the sleigh-bells. It was the "Great Bourdon," the huge bell of Notre Dame, with half a score of others following, calling the faithful to "come and adore." It sent a thrill through the heart of the stranger and made him realize the Mystery of the Incarnation proclaimed by that brazen-throated herald. M. de Repentigny and his son raised their hats.

"It is grand," exclaimed the former. "It makes one feel as if he might weep, did he not rather laugh."

And Barney, who was infected with the others' enthusiasm, caught just then a glance from the eyes of the girl beside him that gave him a glimpse, as it were, into her pure and fervent soul. Suddenly, the merrier girl broke silence.

"Noel!" she cried, "'Voici le Redempteur!'"

The boy instantly repeated the words after her, tossing his cap into the air.

"Noel! Noel!" Some of the passers-by, a man on a cart, and others in the sleighs caught up the words:

"Noel!" they cried, waving their hands to the pedestrians, while still others called simultaneously:

"Merry Christmas; Merry Christmas!"

The sound was in the air, infectious, exhilarating. It fairly pervaded the atmosphere. Barney Haldane always remembered the look of the great Gothic church as he entered; the innumerable lights on the altar, the Christmas decorations in green, and the crib, over which were the letters, "Venite Adoremus," "Come let us Adore Him."

He heard the splendid choir thundering out the Christmas canticles, one after the other, and they lingered with him when he had come out again and was going homewards with those pleasant new acquaintances, and a few friends who had joined them on the way:

"Monsieur," said the tall girl, when they had descended the steps and reached the pavement, "I wish you a very merry Christmas."

Her English was enchanting, so sweet, so liquid, so halting, and the little hand, which she withdrew from her muff to offer, sent a thrill to Barney's soul.

"And many of them," said her merrier sister—"is not that the way to say it?"

"Yes, yes," answered Barney, "many of them, many of them."

### III

The informal repast to which he was then introduced, and which made him acquainted with so many new dishes, as well as new acquaintances, was to him so much nectar and ambrosia. After the haunting sense of loneliness which had oppressed him almost any companionship would have been welcome, and here he had a dozen, at least, of genial and sympathetic people, unaffectedly religious, kindly, hospitable. There were, moreover, a blazing fire and good cheer—both fully appreciated after the coldness of the atmosphere without—

and there was, above all, the consciousness of something that was not love, but the prophetic hint of that mysterious passion. It had seized upon him at the first glimpse of the girl's face, perhaps even at the sound of her voice, singing the old hymns with impassioned fervor, and it lent a strange charm to his novel surroundings.

Before separating, the entire party assembled at the piano and sang yet another Christmas song—"Minnuit Chretien." Then there were good wishes and plans for the morrow and much handshaking. Monsieur de Repentigny accompanied his guest to the door, saying:

"Till to-morrow, monsieur, till to-morrow."

Barney returned to his lodgings, looking forward to that to-morrow as he had hardly ever looked forward to anything in his life.

### IV

That certainly was a very merry Christmas to Barney Haldane. He went home from Midnight Mass, his imagination haunted by that exquisite face and the lovely, upward glance of the hazel eyes. It was, therefore, with joyful anticipations that he sounded the double knocker at the adjoining door next afternoon. For many a long day that interior, as he then saw it, remained in his memory. The square room with its massive furniture, the quaint vases upon the mantle, the huge horsehair sofas, one of which was drawn up invitingly to a blazing fire of wood. From its depths rose the taller girl, who evidently acted as hostess. She advanced with her graceful, willowy movement and a bend of her long neck. She extended her hand cordially:

"Monsieur Haldane," she said, "I wish you a very happy festival."

"And you also, mademoiselle," he answered, bowing over her hand.

"A merry Christmas," exclaimed a voice in his ear, "and many more." It was the short sister.

"We are most glad to have you with us," added the head of the house, offering a cordial handshake.

"And I am delighted to be here," Barney responded sincerely.

"It is such dreary weather outside," observed the tall girl with a shiver, for, in fact, it was snowing hard, the flakes settling everywhere, as could be seen through the panes.

"It forms a perfect antithesis," Barney murmured.

The girl, whom he had learned to know as Mademoiselle Jeanette, looked at him inquiringly.

"Antith—!" she began, ending with a laugh, "it is too hard, but what is its meaning?"

"A contrast."

"Oh," she answered, "you are right, it is a contrast. Some day I shall learn English well and understand every word."

She spoke thus with a slight blush and droop of the eyelids; the words thrilled Barney, and for a moment he wondered if the girl were a coquette, and what might be her possible meaning. The eyes that met his next moment, however, were as simple and direct as those of a child.

"I cannot be sufficiently thankful," he said, "that M. de Repentigny took pity on me."

"We all did," laughed the shorter girl, who was called Marie, "but especially Jeanette."

Jeanette smiled again entrancingly, and Barney felt as if he could have fallen at her feet.

"There is no one that I am so sorry for as a stranger in a strange land," she declared, "especially on a feast day, and, then, Monsieur le Cure spoke so very warmly of you."

"He was very kind," murmured Barney dreamily.

"Oh, he is always kind, dear old man," cried Jeanette.

"I shall feel forever grateful to him," replied Barney, with such fervor that Marie laughed.

"Forever is a long word," said she.

"And for such a little thing," added Jeanette.

"Is it such a little thing to be here?" Barney protested—"when I might have been—oh, in that lodging-house!"

The fervor of his tone, perhaps, unconsciously, of his glance, which was fixed on Jeanette, caused her to look down, while she toyed with a vinaigrette that hung at her side. Barney was not particularly conscious of most of the others who were in the room during that memorable afternoon; not of M. de Repentigny, who talked with one or another of the guests, nor of the lively sister, who chatted away gaily in French to a young man whom he surmised might be an admirer, nor of the slim boy, who hovered about himself with a boyish fancy for the visitor. All these things he remembered afterwards in detail. But he was intensely conscious of the presence of Jeanette; of every movement of her slender figure and the varying expressions of her mobile face. Each time he looked at her he felt a fresh pang at the thought that he was to leave Montreal in a fortnight.

About dusk the entire company assembled around the piano to sing, by the glow of the firelight, the carols and quaint French hymns that had been sung by the ancestors of these people, when Montreal was Villemarie and Canada a province of France. His own voice blended very well with hers in several of the concerted pieces, and the others remarked upon the circumstance. Gradually the two were left alone at the instrument, and as Jeanette played a soft prelude, Barney suddenly said:

"Oh, I hope I shall be able to spend many another Christmas in Montreal."

"Yes," said the girl, raising her eyes to his face, "I hope the same thing, monsieur. Montreal is a dear old place. Christmas would never be the same anywhere else."

He wondered a little at the words, but M. de Repentigny just then approached.

"Jeanette, 'ma chérie,'" he said, "supper is announced." And turning to his guest, he added in explanation: "She is mistress of the house since Providence took from us her good mother."

At dinner Barney raised his glass of French wine to his lips with the toast:

"May we all spend many another Christmas in Montreal, in as pleasant company."

"With all my heart," answered Jeanette, "and may they all be as happy as this one."

"'Ma foi,'" cried M. de Repentigny, "why not say a great deal happier!"

Somehow it seemed to the guest that the gayety of his tone was a trifle forced, and as he glanced at the merrier sister, he perceived that her eyes were filled with tears. In those of her sister had also crept a shadow. When it was time to take his leave, Barney, bowing over Jeanette's hand, said:

"It has been a perfect day."

"I am glad," the young hostess answered with a smile, "that you have passed a pleasant festival."

"More than that," was Barney's quick reply, "it has been a very happy one."

As he put on his coat in the hall, assisted by M. de Repentigny, he glanced into the drawing-room and saw Jeanette standing at the fire, her white arm resting on the mantle. Their eyes met; she smiled a farewell. The young brother volunteered to escort the visitor home, though it was only next door, and stood laughing and chatting with him. Then the spell of enchantment was rudely broken, as if a wizard's wand had touched it.

"You see," the boy declared, "next Christmas will not be so pleasant,

though we shall have with us my other sister, who is a widow. She will keep house."

Barney laughed.

"Will that spoil the pleasure?" he inquired.

"No, of course not," replied the boy. "But one of my sisters goes next month to the convent as a novice."

Barney started; a chill struck his heart.

"Mademoiselle Jeanette!" he stammered.

"No, oh, no!" cried the lad, "it is Marie."

Barney's heart bounded with relief.

And then the informant added: "Jeanette may be gone, too."

"Gone," echoed Barney, dismally.

"She is expecting her betrothed to arrive this week. On New Year's Day the engagement is to be announced to the family—that is, to all our relatives—and as she is marrying an American, perhaps he will take her away, unless she can persuade him to stay here."

After that Barney found the boy's chatter wearisome and the steps cold. He said "Good-night" and got rid of his guide. Then he stood a moment and looked, as though he would impress the scene upon his memory. The snow had ceased to fall, and the stars were burning in a deep blue, the towers of Notre Dame were outlined against the clear sky. Barney sighed deeply.

"I was very near falling in love," he muttered. Then he sighed again. "Well, after all, it has been a very happy Christmas, like those a fellow might spend in a dream."

He felt glad, though, that he was leaving Montreal just then, so that nothing might spoil that delightful impression. As he put his latch-key in the door, he fancied he heard Jeanette's voice, saying: "It has been a very happy festival, monsieur," and again his heart answered, "Yes."



"WE SAW THE LORD OF LIFE AND DEATH LAID IN THE MANGER'S **STRAW.**"

# THE SHEPHERDS' TIDINGS

By P. J. Coleman

God save ye, gentle shepherd folk!  
What is the news ye bring?  
"Oh, wondrous, wondrous is the news  
We bear of Christ the King.  
Last night, last night God's angels bright  
With splendor filled the sky;  
We heard them sing of Christ the King  
And praise the Lord on high!"

God save ye, gentle shepherd folk!  
What mean those looks of awe?  
"Yestreen, at midnight's sable hour,  
An awful sight we saw!  
There flamed afar a blazing star,  
Its glory glittered near;  
The trembling flocks amid the rocks  
Did huddle close in fear!"

Now, pray ye, gentle shepherd folk,  
What other sight ye saw?  
"We saw the Lord of life and death  
Laid in the manger's straw.  
An old man and a maiden mild  
Knelt in the stable cold,  
And 'twixt the twain a little Child  
Divinely aureoled!"

Now bless ye for the tidings glad!  
The long dark night is past;  
The Prophet's words are all fulfilled  
And peace hath come at last.  
Let Israel exult and raise  
In canticles her voice,  
And all the ransom'd world in praise  
Of Christ the King rejoice!

# Irish Yuletide Customs

By G. M. O'REILLY

**A**T the first glance it must seem strange that in Ireland there are practically no national Christmas customs; but the wonder ceases when we remember that the Irish are the most conservative of people, and that even Christianity is modern when compared with most Irish customs, which date back to the ages when the Sun-god reigned and Bel-tane, the time of his coming, and Samhain, when he sank to sleep, were the great festivals.

In the big towns the old order is passing away, but in the country parts the people still cling to the ancient customs and every month has its lucky and unlucky days, its own charms and superstitions, some more, some less, but few seasons are so devoid of genuinely Irish customs as Christmas. Many of these customs were introduced from foreign countries, such as the English yule-log, which lives in the West of Ireland; in the bog deal, which is used for the Christmas fire, and the mummers, who in some parts of Munster go from house to house dancing and singing in character, acting such English parts as Robin Hood and Maid Marion. But these imported customs have never become general, for they are alien to the Irish race and traditions, and they are only found in places that are tainted by Anglicization or among the descendants of Cromwellian settlers.

Of the genuinely Irish Christmas customs the "Christmas Candle" is the most widespread. Even in Protestant Ulster and Anglicized Leinster there are none so poor that they cannot have the white wax candle lighted in the window to tell the passerby that Christ,

the Light of the world, has come; while in Connaught the house door is set open and the candle lit before an altar, that the Blessed Mother may know that here the doors would not be shut against her, as in Bethlehem the first Christmas night. In Munster, the candle is steadied in a large bowl full of holly, with wreaths of ivy, and set on the table. In most places it is the custom to light the candle at sunset on Christmas Eve and leave it lighted till Christmas day dawns, when it is put out, to be lit again each night the whole Christmas season; in some parts, however, the candle once lit, must be left to burn out and no one would dare to quench the light.

Another very general custom is the hunting of the wren on St. Stephen's day, but it is a mystery why the poor little dreoilin\* should be singled out for persecution. There are three legends told to account for this strange method of honoring the protomartyr by stoning the little bird. One tells us how, once on a time, the birds assembled to elect a king, and after much dispute it was left to the decision of the owl. The bird of wisdom thought it over and finally declared that he who could fly highest should be king. Up, up, went all the birds, higher and higher, till all save the eagle sank exhausted to the earth. Then when his mighty wings failed there rose still higher a tiny speck that was quickly lost to sight. It was the dreoilin, who had hidden in the eagle's feathers and thus was carried to the highest before making any effort. So the wren gained the kingship by trickery, and every year,

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\* Pronounced "droleen"—the Irish for a wren.



in punishment, is hunted through field and moor with sticks and stones till captured and killed.

Another reason for the hunt is that the wren is the Judas among birds. When the soldiers were searching for Our Lord in the Garden of Olives, they say the dreoilín sat on a bush and cried: "He is here, here, here!" till he led them to the spot; but others date his treachery no farther back than the time of Cromwell. One night, the story goes, the Irish troops hid on the side of a mountain waiting to fall on Cromwell's men as they passed through the ravine. Just as they came within hearing, a wren hopped on the Irish drum and with his beak rapped out a sharp alarm, thus betraying the Irish ambush.

Still, when all the evidence is brought against him, it seems a cruel thing to hunt the wee birdie every year, and it is a pity the saying, introduced into the North by the Highland Gaels,

"Do not hurt the robin or the wren,  
They are God Almighty's cock and hen."

has not been carried out in other parts of the country. As it is, each 26th of December sees the wren boys, dressed in all kinds of tattered finery, with ribbons and greenery, carrying the poor dreoilín from door to door, singing some doggerel verse, with this refrain:

"The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,  
On St. Stephen's day was caught in the furze,  
Although he is little, his family's great.  
So come, gentle lady, and give us a trate."

From the wren to the robin is a short step, but there is a long difference in their treatment. Woe betide the boy who throws a stone at the redbreast. Not many days will have passed before an angry, red sore breaks out on his hand, because the robin is God's own bird, the bird that had pity on the suffering Christ, and in trying to pluck the thorns from His sacred Head got his breast stained with the Precious Blood.

It brings luck to your house if a robin comes in, but ill luck will follow you if you keep him in a cage.

Christmas is a time for good luck if you are careful to do the right thing in the right way. A horse's or ass' shoe is always good to find, but if you chance on one at Christmas time there will be no end to your good fortune, because on the first Christmas night the ass and the horse warmed the stable with their breath and "kept the life" in Christ and His Blessed Mother.

It is in memory of that night that the ass goes down on his two knees at midnight each Christmas to adore the Infant Saviour, and if you can only get your hand on the cross on his back before he gets up, you are sure to get the wish of your heart.

'Tis bad to lie abed on a Christmas morning. Be up and get your three Masses before dawn for you will have luck for the year if you breakfast by candle-light, and "luck is better than riches or talent."

Be sure to pay no money on New Year's Day, but you can give as freely as you will, for there is a blessing on the giving hand and no one is the poorer for giving. Then, when the New Year has come, watch well for the first full moon and, going into a clear space, look up into the sky and say:

"Moon, moon, tell unto me  
When my true love I shall see?  
What fine clothes am I to wear?  
How many children shall I bear?  
For if my love comes not to me  
Dark and dismal my life will be."

Then cut three pieces of clay from the sod on which you are standing, but mind that your knife has a black handle or your charm is broken. Having gone home, go straight to your room without speaking to any one, take off your left stocking, and while it is still warm, wrap the clay up in it, tying all with your right garter, put it under your pillow, and

then, if you have faithfully worked the spell, your future husband will stand before you in a dream.

These are the most general customs and superstitions, though different countries have their local traditions; but as all are more or less variations on the same customs, there is nothing left except to give you a Christmas wish—one that is known as a "charm against enemies:"

"Three things are of God, and these three are what Mary told to her Son, for she heard them in heaven:

"The merciful word,

The singing word (i. e., the joyful word)

And the good word."

May the power of these three holy things be on all the men and women of Erin for evermore." Amen.

## The Test that Proves

By W. BARTLETT

**A**T the entrance of a large suburban mansion, a man, with drawn and haggard face, was leaning against a pillar, gazing vacantly into the moonlit Christmas night. Suddenly out of the stillness came the voice of a passing child, crying: "My Christmas present! My Christmas present!"

"Oh, God!" gasped the startled dreamer by the gate, "her last words!—and I had already forgotten them! Monica, my darling, your wish shall be sacred!" and with a stifled sob he entered the house.

There were few men better known or more envied in the great city, whose lights twinkled faintly in the distance, than the millionaire banker, Theodore Osgoode. Providence had been kind to him and up to the present time he had hardly known the shadow of a sorrow. His parents had both died within a year of his birth, but their place had been so well filled by a bachelor uncle that he had never realized the greatness of his loss. When he was fifteen, another ward came to share his guardian's care. She was a small, blue-eyed child of ten, Monica Barry by name, the daughter of General Osgoode's lifelong friend. From the first "Ted" and she were com-

rades, and it surprised no one when, nine years later, they became man and wife, notwithstanding their difference of religious belief; for her guardian had faithfully complied with her dead father's wish, and Monica had been reared a Catholic.

"What shall I bring you for Christmas, mignonne?" said Theodore gaily, as he kissed his wife good-bye before starting on a hurried business trip to New York.

"Oh, Ted! she exclaimed, "will you really give me whatever I ask for?"

"Do I usually refuse your requests?"

"No, but this is not a usual one. I want—I wish—to send Constance to a convent after the holidays. That will give me more pleasure than any present I know of. You see," without looking up, or giving him time to answer, "she is eleven now and so impression—"

"Monica," he interrupted, "you may let that subject drop forever. Have whomever else you will to educate her, but never again ask me to send a child of mine among the most narrow-minded followers of your narrow creed."

Without another word he left the room, and a moment later, the house. It was the first time in his life that he had alluded insultingly to his wife's re-

ligion; the first time, also, that he had refused her a favor, and she could hardly believe her ears. She had foreseen that he might be displeased, but to be so angry, and to leave her so abruptly, was cruel and pained her beyond expression.

A heavy snow storm delayed his train twelve hours and Mr. Osgoode did not reach home as soon as he had anticipated. He felt sorry for his angry words, and was impatient to tell Monica so. Not that he would yield to her request! No, prejudices latent till now made that impossible.

On entering the house he went directly to his wife's apartments. He would present to her the magnificent necklace which he had bought in New York, and the sight of its beautiful jewels would appeal to her woman's heart and promptly dispel the righteous indignation under which she was smarting. He had advanced on tiptoe half-way across the dimly lighted room when he heard a moaning sound in the direction of the heavily frosted window. Turning up the gas, he saw his wife resting heavily in the great armchair with hair disheveled and death's pallor on her fair face. "Monica!" he gasped as he sprang to her side. She tried to rise to meet his embrace, but sank back fainting into the chair.

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The setting sun flooded the luxurious apartments of the broken-hearted millionaire and lighted up the inexpressibly sad face of the young wife as she lay on her bed of death. She keenly realized that her weak heart had sustained an irreparable shock, and that her end was near. But, fortified with the saving graces of the sacraments, she was not afraid to die. Too late she realized the fatal mistake she had made in marrying a man who, though naturally kind-hearted, was utterly irreligious and therefore wholly wanting in that sympathy which means so much to the lov-

ing and deeply religious heart of a wife and mother. But she forgave him all even as the Master forgave those who wronged Him. As the sun sank to rest and darkness fell over the city, the pure soul of Monica took its flight to God.

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The honors have been awarded, the valedictory read, trunks packed, and for the pupils of St. Cecilia's vacation is at hand.

At the end of a long corridor are standing a nun and a young girl. The latter is talking excitedly and her eyes flash as she exclaims:

"Sister, I just hate to go home! Don't be shocked. But home is not home at all without mamma. Mrs. Stanton is so—"

"Charity, child—remember charity! and do try to be sensible. You have your father and that dear little Barry left to love you. You have admitted yourself that Mrs. Stanton is good-natured, so try to be thankful, and resigned to God's holy will. Enjoy your vacation, and come back to us ready for hard study."

"It is useless for you to say 'enjoy your vacation,' Sister, when mamma and dear uncle have both left us; and now that I am going away from you, I almost wish I were dead!"

"Be calm, Constance! You should not talk so. You may write to us, and come to see us, also, if you like, and you will always be welcome. You will find that two months are not such an eternity as you imagine—"

"Pardon me, Sister," says a gentle-voiced religious who has approached unheeded, "Miss Osgoode's father is waiting for her."

A few hurried farewells, a parting word of advice, and Constance Osgoode's brief convent life has ended—forever.

Her father tells her during their homeward journey, they are to go to the

country; not to their own summer residence, too filled with sad memories, but to a large farmhouse in a pretty village amongst the hills. As he describes it, Constance grows interested and shares the eagerness of four-year-old Barry to be off.

"We will be at Buryton by noon," Mr. Osgoode remarks, drawing out his watch. "It is ten minutes to twelve now."

These were his last words, for at that instant occurred a terrible head-on collision. His charred and mangled body was found with scores of others beneath the wreckage. Among the few passengers who escaped with their lives were Constance and Mrs. Stanton, but both were badly shaken up and painfully bruised.

When Constance regained consciousness the shock of finding herself practically bereft of kindred threatened to destroy her reason. All feeling seemed to have left her; the excitable, quick-tempered girl had become an emotionless creature whose sad eyes haunted all who saw her. The doctors ordered an immediate change of climate, and Mrs. Stanton, the distant relative to whose care she was confided by her father's will, decided on a trip to Europe. In vain Constance, slightly aroused from her impassivity, pleaded to return to St. Cecilia's.

"You would become a victim of melancholia within a month," said her cousin. "Don't speak of it, dear. I would never feel free from anxiety again if I left you in a convent. Anything might happen and I would be responsible. Besides, Doctor Hardy said you were much too weak to think of studying."

So across the ocean they went, and for eight years Italy was their home. Under the clear blue sky of that favored land all the latent artistic faculties of Constance blossomed and came to fruitage. At twenty she was already known as one of the most promising artists of

the new generation, and every day added to her fame. She had never recovered the vivacity that had distinguished her as a child. Indeed, many of her acquaintances pronounced her reserved and cold and haughty in manner. Her entire being seemed centred in her art, and few even of her intimate friends dreamed of the loneliness and sorrow that tortured her heart. She had never ceased to correspond with Sister Roberta, and the loving words of counsel of this nun, who had ever been a mother to her, were a source of joy and consolation to her that none could realize. Her non-Catholic friends regarded her profession of Catholicity as one of the eccentricities of genius. "How odd!" they would say, "her father was an unbeliever, her mother died before he did, and Mrs. Stanton is an acknowledged freethinker. It is really very strange that Constance is a Romanist."

From Italy they went to Paris, and in that gay and beautiful capital Constance met Gerald d'Altaire, a man whose charmingly careless exterior concealed a depth of mind little suspected by his casual acquaintances. He was known far and near as a bold and brilliant infidel, and his remarkable powers of oratory had proven to many veritable rocks which brought shipwreck to their faith.

From the first he loved Constance, and she yielded, half unconsciously, to the fascination he exercised over her. All thought of the ultimate result of their pleasant friendship she drove resolutely from her mind. For once she would live in the present and enjoy it while she might.

But the day came when the truth had to be fairly faced. He had asked her to be his wife. As she thought of that significant and painful interview, she marvelled at the strength that had enabled her to appear so unmoved. To-morrow night, she said, he would have his answer. She had come to the parting of the ways—she was forced to choose be-

tween her lover and her God. Her faith, hitherto her strength and consolation, seemed now but a cruel taskmaster. She would yield to worldly prospects and happiness—she would marry Gerald d'Altaire.

"A priest to see you, mademoiselle," said the maid from the threshold. Constance started at the simple words and nervously replied:

"I cannot—I will not—see him;" and then, controlling herself, she said: "What name? Who is it?"

"He gave no name, mademoiselle. He seemed pleased when I said you were at home."

"Very well. I will go down in a moment."

Five minutes later she was in the drawing-room, confronting an elderly clergyman, at whom she gazed for an instant, then exclaimed:

"Is it possible! Father Chaplain—I mean Father Clifton! This is a surprise, indeed."

"Ah! you recognize me. I had to look twice to assure myself that this was really our little Constance of olden time."

"Have I changed so much?" she said, trying to avoid his searching glance, and without waiting for an answer she continued: "When did you reach Europe, and how is every one at dear St. Cecilia's?"

"I landed at Havre a month ago. As for St. Cecilia's, I have not been chaplain there for nearly a year, so I can give you little news. Tell me of yourself. We often hear of our great American artist, but newspapers do not say whether she is happy or not."

Constance tried to speak, but the sight of that kindly face had brought up too many memories, and her self-command failed her. "Oh, Father!" she said—and could go no further.

"Constance, you are in trouble and you are trying to conceal it from me. Do you think I have grown too old to

understand the pain and sorrow of life? You have no parents in whom you can confide; let me take their place for the time being. Do you not remember that it was to me you made your first confession? It was from my hands you first received Our Lord. Surely you can trust me with this secret."

He paused, and for an instant Constance hesitated; then a glance at his face, full of sympathy and fatherly interest, gave her courage and she told him all. He did not answer immediately, and when he did, his voice was so hoarse and changed that Constance looked up in affright.

"Thirty years ago," he said, "a soul was face to face with the same temptation that besets you to-day. No need to give details; she loved an avowed freethinker and she wedded him. A twelve-month after their marriage he died, and that girl, whose faith had long since fled, bereft of the object of her wild passion put a bullet through her brain. She was my twin sister. In the first fervor of my sacred calling I prayed for her as I never prayed before nor since, and her awful death cast a shadow over my life that will never be lifted. It is more than chance that has brought me here to-day. I feel that I am sent as the instrument of God to save you from the demon of unbelief. Of yourself you will never resist this awful temptation. But, child, pray to the Infinite Strength. Ask grace to suffer a temporal separation from the soul that you love that you may enjoy eternal union with God."

She lifted her head and on her face he saw agony, and a resolution that nothing could shake. He dreaded her answer, and a great wave of thankfulness swept over him as he heard it.

"I will be true to my faith and my God!"

That night a companion remarked on the unusual seriousness of Father Clifton.

"I have seen the commencement of a martyrdom to-day," the priest replied, "and I am thinking of it."

Two hours after Father Clifton left Mrs. Stanton's salon, Gerald d'Altaire entered it.

"I have come for my answer," he said eagerly to Constance, but before she opened her lips he knew what her answer would be.

"I owe you an apology," she said, tremblingly, "for not having answered you at once. I can never be the wife of an atheist. I ask your pardon if I have ever given you reason to think otherwise. Please do not argue the question, for my decision is unalterable."

For a moment he was silent, then he said, slowly: "You are right, it will do no good to plead further. You are a thousand times too good for me, and I was a fool not to see it."

He was gone, and Constance, in the darkness of her own room, threw herself at the feet of Him Who once "went forth to the place which is called Calvary."

\* \* \* \* \*

Ten years later, two men were breakfasting in a bright Parisian morning-room.

"Just a year to-day since Miss Osgoode died," the younger of the two remarked. "How terribly sudden her death was!"

"Ah, yes! and what a strange will she made!"

"She left her fortune to some charity or other, did she not?"

"My dear Count, it all went to a convent in America, on condition that the nuns there would, every year, give six months' free instruction to some poor child; and the reason she gave was that that amount of religious training had been the indirect means of saving her faith."

"What a saint she was! I always expected she would become a religious herself. Speaking of saints, do you know Gerald d'Altaire?"

"Certainly; but I do not follow your train of thought; he is a clever fellow, but hardly a subject for canonization."

"He may be some day—he entered the Dominican novitiate last week."

## Love After Death

By Charles J. O'Malley

When, far hence, I shall rise in the white dawn of God, O Beloved!  
Shall I not find thee arisen, waiting my coming, expectant?  
Soul of my innermost soul, then shall I not run to thee, clasp thee,  
Knowing thee utterly mine—God-given unto me forever,  
And gladder than morning awake, thrilled to her ultimate margins?

Oh, deep in the splendor of dawn shall I not meet thee and know thee,  
Beloved, O my Beloved? and shalt thou not draw me and hold me,  
While thy lips murmur my name softly as odors of roses?  
Ah, shimmering light on the pools, the light of thine eyes upon me,  
Self of myself, while I hear again thy awakening heart-beats,  
Virginal, vocable, shy, sweet answering mine as I clasp thee!  
For I know I shall meet thee, Beloved—I know I shall find thee  
Somewhere by margins of morn set under the whispering larches,

Or where penetrant spikes of gold kindle the fronds of the cypress,  
And there shall our feet keep rhythm together by glad streams forever.

Wilt thou not rejoice at my coming, Beloved, O, my Beloved?  
Wilt thou have joy as of old? The sound of my voice will it thrill thee,  
As at night the passionate southwind stirs the luminous dewdrops?  
In the dawns that are dead I remember, O love, I remember  
How I shook at thy white approach as grass in April is shaken;  
In the morns that are past thou wert as dew on my thirsty spirit;  
In the noons a goblet of joy cooling my murmurous heart-beats;  
And deep in the dusk I heard thy voice like a jubilant flute-tone,  
Odorous, melodic, sweet, thy rosebud mouth breathing perfume;  
And knowledges white wert thine, and visions of eras far-waiting,  
And ideals lofty as thoughts by cherubim held in His presence.

No dream had I, O Beloved! but thou, too, dreamed it beside me;  
No hope had I in the dusk but deep within thy heart it murmured,  
And wing upon wing with my soul flew thy soul, conscious, exultant,  
Swift thro' wide tempests and glooms, and down vast sea-bases together,  
And back to youthfulest Time, when God moulded form for His creatures.  
Together have we beheld the rising of races and nations;  
Together have we beheld the marvels decreed for the future;  
Side by side have we breasted the infinite billows of music;  
Side by side have pursued musk fragrance of anther and calyx,  
Dwelling in haunts of delight and seeking for beauty elusive.

Now, deep in the desolate night, the wild streams cry to thy footprints;  
The gray clouds moan, She is gone; the little leaves sigh, She is absent;  
Slow melodies sing with thy voice; brown dusks are thy eyes upon me.  
In the white of the dawn I seek and find thee in odors of lilies;  
Thy face I behold in brooks that mirror the fleece-clouds of April;  
Thou ledest my feet after thy feet invisibly upward,  
Till I know thee in every fair truth and perceive thee in Beauty,  
And ever shall follow till Night dissolves in Morning Eternal,  
And holiest Life is conferred on all the purified races,  
And purified Love walks with God amid the tents of the living.

So when, far hence, I arise in the white dawn of God, O Beloved!  
I feel I shall find thee again—shall straightway find thee and know thee;  
And there in perpetual day our love shall lengthen immortal.  
Forever with thee shall I be, Beloved, O my Beloved!  
Forever united in soul, with nought to annoy or disturb us;  
And eternally there shall we find beauty and perfecter beauty—  
Eternally there shall our lives grow higher, and straighter and whiter,  
And visions on earth indistinct revealed shall be in their fulness—  
When we arise, Beloved, and dwell in His presence together,  
Hearing glad melodies pour, like brooks, through the meadows eternal.

# St. Thomas of Canterbury

By FLORENCE GILMORE

**A** PART from the deep veneration which we as loyal Catholics feel for all those whom the Church has placed upon her altars, there is a special love and tenderness in our reverence for particular saints. When in spite of their human frailties, so like what we recognize in our own souls, they rise to the height of sanctity, to true, all-absorbing love of God and complete abnegation of self, we are instructed by the great lesson of their lives and are inspired, by their example, to follow them along the difficult road that leads to perfection. We see St. Peter, for instance, refusing to allow the Master to wash his feet; but when he is told that not only his feet but his hands and his head also must be cleansed, he impetuously begs for that privilege. But he soon denies his loving Lord. Then follow his long years of atonement, of toil and hardships cheerfully borne and crowned at last by a cruel and ignominious death.

Or perhaps we are won by the holiness of the boy missionary of our own day, Venerable Theophane Venard, called to leave his friends and family, whom he dearly loves, for the foreign missions. But he longed to die for the Master: "I have only," he said, "to lay my head quietly on the block under the axe of the executioner and at once I shall find myself in the presence of Our Lord, saying, 'Here am I, O Lord, Thy little martyr.'"

St. Thomas of Canterbury, more familiarly known as Thomas a'Becket, the subject of our sketch, is another whose life's history is fascinating and whose life was a marvelous manifestation of the power of grace.

His father, Gilbert a'Becket, a prominent citizen of London, joined the first Crusade and was taken prisoner by the Saracens. A Syrian girl who had fallen in love with him helped him to make his escape and he at once returned home. She followed him to London and, having been baptized, they were married. Thomas, their only son, who was born in 1118, was a bright and attractive child, and like his mother, was tall and graceful and handsome. The Canons of Merton were his first teachers. Later he studied at Oxford, Auxerre, and finally at the University of Paris, then the most celebrated seat of learning in the world, and such good use did he make of his opportunities and splendid gifts that he returned to England with the reputation of being one of the finest scholars in Europe.

After the death of his father he was received into the household of Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was high in the King's favor and had been exiled for his devotion to the cause of the Plantagenets. It was he who negotiated the treaty with Stephen which secured the crown to Henry at his death. Henry showed his gratitude by showing him many marks of personal esteem and giving him an important place in his council until old age incapacitated him. The amiable character of the young A'Becket endeared him to the holy Archbishop, who became his staunch friend and, recognizing his unusual ability, sent him to Bologna to study canon law under Gratian. So high did he rate his judgment that he sought his advice in all important matters and twice sent him as his representative to the Papal Court. Nor was he



slow in bringing him to the notice of the King, who soon recognized his merit and made him, in 1155, Chancellor of the realm, an office not only of great honor, but one which gave him almost unbounded power and influence and fabulous wealth. It was considered the next step to a bishopric and so, to avoid the impediment of simony, was almost the only place not purchaseable. For a time the royal favorite lived at the apex of human prosperity. Honors were showered upon him, hundreds of knights placed at his service and he lived in royal magnificence. He went to France as the King's representative and wherever he travelled was preceded by "two hundred and fifty singing boys, then his hounds in couples; then eight wagons with all his furniture and the vestments for saying Mass; then his horses, led; then the squires of his gentlemen leading their master's horses; then the gentlemen's sons who were brought up in his household, clergymen, knights, officers and falconers, all riding two and two, according to their rank; lastly, came the Chancellor himself with his own friends." Little wonder that the French, marvelling at all this pomp, said, as he passed: "What kind of man must the King of England be, if his Chancellor rides in such state!" Almost every wise ordinance of the early years of Henry's reign has been attributed, with some degree of truth, to the statesmanship of his illustrious counsellor. Troubles arising with France, he joined the army, taking with him seven hundred knights, and he proved himself as good a soldier as diplomat.

To understand the difficulties which later beset the path of the Chancellor it is necessary to have some insight into the character of his sovereign, Henry II, the first of the Plantagenets. He was the son of Count Goeffrey of Anjou and grandson of Henry I and was one of

the most powerful monarchs of his day, possessing not only England, but Scotland, a large portion of France, and later in his reign, Ireland. He was well educated and delighted in the society of learned men; but though pleasing and attractive in manner he lacked all true nobility of character. He was jealous of all authority he thought conflicted with his own, and was an implacable enemy, as the sad fate of St. Thomas well illustrated. He was strong in time of adversity but utterly unable to restrain his temper, and his outbursts of anger were fearful to witness. He was notoriously untruthful. Cardinal Vivian said of him: "Never did I meet this man's equal in lying."

After the death of Theobald, in 1161, Henry allowed the See of Canterbury to remain vacant for thirteen months, during which time the revenues fell to him. He then made known his intention of having Thomas a'Becket, then only a deacon, consecrated archbishop and made Theobald's successor. In the first centuries of the Church, after the death of a bishop, the canons, priests and people met and chose the man best fitted to fill the place. Later, kings claimed the privilege of naming the bishops, and in time even of investing them with the insignia of their office—a most dangerous custom, as it opened the way for many abuses and often gave the episcopal power into unworthy hands. It was in accordance with this practice that Henry selected St. Thomas for the See of Canterbury.

When he first broached the subject the Chancellor replied that he knew four poor priests better fitted for the office than he was; and looking at his elegant apparel, laughingly remarked that he did not look like an archbishop. When he understood that the King was in earnest he implored him not to thrust the dignity upon him. He knew that if he became a worthy archbishop and not

a mere tool he would inevitably be brought in conflict with the King, as ecclesiastical troubles were brewing and Henry was not one to respect even the sacred rights and authority of the Church. "If I become Archbishop we shall soon cease to be friends," he predicted. At last, however, he yielded and was soon after ordained and consecrated in the King's chapel at Westminster. The courtiers, knowing the will of their sovereign, were loud in their congratulations, but one austere and holy bishop said sadly that the King had truly worked a miracle and "changed a soldier into a priest, a layman into an archbishop."

Whatever St. Thomas did, he did with his whole heart and soul. As he had been of the world worldly, so, after fasting and prayer, he resolved to serve God's interests as faithfully as he had those of the King, and at once devoted his great gifts, with the added influence his sanctity soon gave him, to his new and heavy responsibilities. To the chagrin of Henry, he resigned the Chancellorship. Instead of hundreds of knights, he lived in community with a few humble monks; instead of a sumptuously furnished palace, his apartments were the plainest; instead of lavish expenditure in the entertainment of nobles and ambassadors, God's poor were his only guests and the supplying of their needs his only indulgence. Hours which he had passed at court functions or at the chase were devoted to meditation and prayer and the recitation of the Divine Office. He wore a hair shirt and shabby cassock and fasted much. Surely God's ways are wonderful!

He regained possession of lands which had been alienated from his see and endeavored to reform the clergy. Before the death of Theobald there had been rivalry and dissension between the secular and ecclesiastical courts, and in his last days he wrote to the King to plead for the liberties of the Church.

From the early days of Christianity the clergy had been judged by the bishops in ecclesiastical courts for, as Constantine said, the failings of those especially consecrated to the service of God and His holy Church should be protected from the critical eye of the public. The clergy were obliged and the laity allowed to appeal to these tribunals. The common people preferred the ecclesiastical courts and took their cases to them, feeling that their laws, sanctioned as they were by the wisdom and experience of ages, were more just and the judges more impartial than in the secular tribunals. This caused jealousy, which in St. Thomas' day deepened into open hostility on the part of the King and barons against the bishops and priests, for fees, fines and honors were at stake.

Henry resolved to close the bishops' courts and oblige even the priests to be tried before his judges. His suspicions having been aroused against the Archbishop by the misrepresentations of the sycophants of the court, Henry's love for him turned to hatred by his resignation of the Chancellorship and his opposition to an unjust royal tax; it distressed the King to realize that his late favorite would be the principal and perhaps an unsurmountable obstacle to the accomplishment of his wicked designs. When the project was first broached the bishops unanimously protested against it, and Henry dropped the subject, asking each of them if he were willing to obey "the ancient customs of the realm." St. Thomas, fearing a ruse, cautiously answered: "Yes, saving the honor of God and the holy Church," and all but one of the others said likewise. Henry, furiously angry, resorted to threats and declared that they were leagued against him and despised the royal authority. He vented his wrath especially on St. Thomas, who was deprived of the Castle of Berkhamstead. It was evident to all that, cloaked

under the ambiguous term of customs, the King meditated an attack on the privileges of the clergy. That they were bound to uphold their rights was evident, but how much they ought to insist on was a matter of perplexity to many. Some wanted to yield and then resume the contest when the King's anger had cooled, but St. Thomas scorned so weak a subterfuge. At length, however, moved by the entreaties of the terrified bishops, the views of his friends and the pretended advice of the Pope, he agreed to make the promise without the troublesome clause. Henry called a council at Clarendon, and as from the first it was apparent that he was bent on robbing the clergy of their immunities, St. Thomas declared that he must revoke his promise. Henry threatened him with exile or death and vowed that he would spare none of the bishops if St. Thomas remained obstinate. Against his better judgment, but fearing to draw destruction on his fellow prelates, he at length said he would observe all the customs and demanded that they be made known. The principal articles were:

I. "That the revenues of all vacant sees should be held by the King and the bishop appointed by his writ." This opened the way to serious abuses, for a needy or avaricious king could keep sees vacant indefinitely while the flocks suffered for want of shepherds.

II. "That the clergy should be tried in secular courts and by secular judges."

III. "That none of the King's officers should be excommunicated or their lands laid under an interdict without first making an application to the King." The Church suffered much from the rapacity of the feudal barons, and its only but powerful weapon was to levy an excommunication against those who sacrilegiously robbed it. No one was allowed to have any intercourse with the excommunicated, which often incon-

veniented kings and deprived them of the service of their vassals—hence this article, which was one of many attempts to curtail the Church's exercise of this prerogative.

IV. "That no archbishop or bishop should go beyond the seas without the King's leave." This was to make appeals to the Pope impossible.

Such were the most important of the so called "ancient customs" which had been introduced by the Norman kings within the preceding hundred years, and at least one of which had been solemnly renounced by Henry I, Stephen, and even by Henry II himself. St. Thomas did not positively refuse to sign but asked a delay. No sooner had he quitted the presence of the King than he repented of his weakness, wrote an account of the affair to the Holy Father, begged for absolution and in the meantime interdicted himself from the exercise of his episcopal duties. Henry's rage knew no bounds, and putting aside all else he devoted himself to the sole purpose of ruining his former friend and advisor. "Either I shall be King no longer or this man ceases to be Archbishop," he exclaimed.

St. Thomas was summoned to appear before him at Northampton to answer the charge of having shown contempt of the royal authority. The King himself acted as prosecutor and for this alleged contempt imposed enormous fines, which St. Thomas agreed to pay, saying that gold should never come between him and his King. It was evident, however, that nothing but his utter ruin would satisfy Henry. The following morning, having said the Mass of St. Stephen, the first martyr, the Archbishop went once more to the court. Awed by his quiet dignity, Henry and his friends hastily left the apartment and the terrified bishops followed. St. Thomas sat motionless at one end of the the great hall, alone except for his clerks,

while in an upper room his enemies plotted his destruction. One bishop, making his way back to the saint, fell on his knees before him and implored him to have pity on himself and on his fellow bishops, as the King had threatened death to any one who ventured to speak in his favor. St. Thomas answered: "Flee, then; thou understandest not the things of God."

At last all returned to the court room, the bishops to say to him: "You were our primate, but by opposing the royal customs have broken fealty to the King. A perjured archbishop has no claim to our obedience. From you, then, we appeal to the Pope and summon you to answer us before him." "I hear," was his only reply. Then the Earl of Leicester, St. Thomas' intimate friend, prepared, not without shame, to read his sentence. St. Thomas rose and protested that he had served the King faithfully, but said they were all his children and had no right to judge their father and that he would lay his case before the Pope. "To him I appeal, and shall now, under the protection of the Catholic Church and the Apostolic See, depart." As he calmly and majestically left the hall one of the courtiers threw after him bunches of straw from the floor and another hissed "traitor." At that word St. Thomas turned, saying with noble dignity, "Were it not that my order forbids me, that coward should repent of his insolence." The people, moved to tears, flocked about him, but he realized that his life was in jeopardy in spite of their love and loyalty. Dressed as a simple monk, he escaped during the night and after three weeks of hardship made his way to France where he at once paid his respects to the King, who received him graciously. He then went to Sens, where the Pope lived, as Rome was in possession of Victor IV, an anti-pope, the creature of Frederic Barbarossa.

The English bishops and barons had preceded him there and were endeavor-

ing to win the Pope to their view of the controversy and to rouse his indignation against the valiant Archbishop. As soon, however, as Alexander saw the articles of the Constitution of Clarendon he condemned ten of them, and when St. Thomas proposed to resign his archbishopric into his hands, he refused to accept it and thus abandon a prelate who had fought so bravely and against such odds for the rights of the Church.

With fatherly solicitude the exiled Pope secured a refuge for St. Thomas in the Cistercian Monastery of Pontigny, while Henry, knowing the kind and loving heart of his former friend, with the refinement of cruelty, confiscated the property of all his relatives and friends and then sent them into exile, obliging each to swear that on his arrival in France he would present himself before St. Thomas that he might know to what misery he had brought them. Deep indeed was his sorrow at their pitiful condition; but Louis VII generously provided for their needs. Still Henry's relentless enmity pursued him, and he was not allowed to long enjoy the peace of the monastery, for the Abbot of Pontigny was warned that all Cistercians would be banished from England if he continued to shelter the persecuted Archbishop. Louis, who honored and loved him, sent him, therefore, to the city of Sens. There during the years of his exile he spent the long days in prayer and meditation, and in pondering the lives of the martyrs, and there came to him the heavenly message concerning the manner of his death and his glorious martyr's crown, which was to be the reward of his splendid defense of God's holy Church.

At first Henry thought that the Pope would not dare defend the avowed enemy of England's King, but now he lived in constant fear of having his kingdom laid under an interdict. Every one landing in England was searched and robbed of any communication from

Alexander or St. Thomas lest it should contain ecclesiastical censures, and the messenger himself was cruelly punished. After the death of Victor IV and Alexander's triumphal entry into Rome Henry's fear increased, and pretending to be reconciled to St. Thomas he permitted him to return to his see, after an absence of six years. As soon as he could secure money for the journey St. Thomas set out for Canterbury. Henry's attitude regarding the necessary arrangements proved that if not openly hostile it was only because fear and self-interest held him in check. That St. Thomas realized his peril is indicated by his words when the populace, with shouts of joy, welcomed him: "I return to die among you."

His first act was to excommunicate, at the Pope's command, three bishops who had openly violated the laws of the Church. Henry sided with them and in a paroxysm of fury exclaimed: "Of all the cowards in my service, is there no one who will rid me of this turbulent priest?" Four knights at once started for Canterbury, bent on murdering the Archbishop and thus securing, as they imagined, a rich reward. Arriving there, they sought an interview with him, during which they acted with insulting rudeness and openly threatened to take his life if he did not lift the excommunication from the three bishops. St. Thomas declared that impossible, unless they complied with certain conditions. He was calm and collected, in contrast to his attendants, who trembled with fear both for him and themselves. The knights withdrew, but returning soon with a hundred armed followers, broke into the cathedral, boisterously crying: "Where is the traitor?" St. Thomas answered not a word. When they demanded more loudly and angrily than before: "Where is the Archbishop?" he stepped forward, saying: "I am the Archbishop, but no traitor. What do you seek in the house of God?"

"Your life," they answered. "Gladly do I give it for the liberty of the Church. I commend my soul to God and our Lady, but in His name I charge you that you lay not hands upon any of my followers." Meanwhile the people fled and St. Thomas was left to his butchers. One struck him on the head, and wiping away the blood the martyr said: "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." Then, as with a joyful face and intrepid bearing he knelt, praying to the last for the Church and for his murderers, they dealt him blow after blow until he lay dead upon the pavement.

So this great servant of God, this glorious champion of the Church, went forth to receive his eternal crown, and so he became the pride of the English people and of all hero-loving, truly Catholic souls. The Holy Father excommunicated all who had been implicated in the martyrdom and commanded Henry to prove his innocence. In the Cathedral of Avranches, France, in the presence of the Pope's legate, Louis VII, and many bishops and nobles, the haughty King swore with his hand on the Book of the Gospels that he had neither wished nor ordered St. Thomas' death.

The murderers were ordered by the Pope to make a pilgrimage of penance to the Holy Land; and the King, overwhelmed with grief and remorse, made a pilgrimage to the martyr's tomb, and to the end of his days deeply repented of his part in the tragic death of the Archbishop. He solemnly agreed, also, never to enforce the Constitutions of Clarendon. So, in the words of Lingard: "The cause of the Church again flourished, its liberties seemed to derive new life and additional vigor from the blood of their champion." His death won what his struggles had been powerless to obtain.

St. Thomas was canonized in 1173, three years after his martyrdom, and his feast is celebrated on December 29th.

# THE CRY OF THE INNOCENTS

By Edith R. Wilson

It was the last night of the year;  
The yule-log still on the hearth burnt clear;  
Without, the winter moon shone bright,  
The rifted snow lay deep and white,  
Though the wintry wind blew fierce and wild,—  
When there stood beside me a little child:  
His robe was rent, his feet were sore,  
And a deep red wound in his breast he bore,—  
"Oh, little child, whence art thou sped?  
And what is the wound in thy breast so dread?"

"I come from a grave that is far away:  
Breathless and mute and chill I lay,  
But my mother's tears fell fast as rain,  
Till the warm blood flowed through my veins again,  
And I come, in the name of a Child you ken,  
To plead for those that are slain of men."

"Oh, spirit-child, what dost thou here,  
On this last night of the dying year?  
The church bells have not ceased their chime;  
Without their towers are white with rime,  
But all within is glad and gay  
With hemlock and holly and scarlet spray,  
And the worshipping folk kneel there to pray;  
Then, why hast thou left thy cold deathbed  
On this night when the old and the new year wed?"

"I come from a land where a king reigns dread;  
Iron his throne, and his sceptre red;—  
His feet are set on the necks of men,  
But, 'Slay me the children,' he cries again:  
'Slay me the souls that are pure and white,  
Whose angels stand in the Child King's sight—  
In the innermost court of the Lord of Light:  
Brush from their foreheads the dews of grace,  
Branding the iron of sin in their place;  
Dim the light in their innocent eyes,  
Kindling the fire that never dies:  
Hush on their baby lips the prayer,  
Lest some sweet angel should hear and spare;  
Broad and deep is the grave of sin;  
Slay me the children, and cast them in.'

"Then, by the wound in my breast so deep,  
I bid thee rise from thy pleasant sleep,  
Rise and follow, through alley and street,  
The print of the Child King's blessed feet;  
By the bitter tears which mothers shed  
Over the wounds of their children dead,  
By the broken prayers which mothers say  
Over their children beneath the clay,  
In the Name of the Child Who was pure from sin,  
Toil for the little ones snared therein;  
In the Name of Mary's Child, I say,  
For the souls of the children toil and pray."

# THE GARDEN BENCH

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**T**HE commonplace duties," said the preacher—

I looked at the faces around me and the rest of the words fell meaningless on my ears. For the faces were all too substantial monuments to the destructive power of the commonplace duties. And the inner eye, that can read so much if we remove the badly focussed glasses of the outer ones, showed me the army of commonplace duties bearing down upon those human souls, routing the weaker, baffling and tormenting the stronger, until the supreme desire of their hearts is for the shadowy valley where the dead abide. Here a woman, with bent form and lined face, and little more than one-third of the journey made; there a man, fitted for victory, already flaunting the white flag of surrender; youth and maiden, even little children, telling by their countenances that the circumstances of life were proving too much for them, and though they must continue to endure, they may not hope to conquer. And their only enemy the commonplace duties!

Yes, you fold your hands and shake your head, and say I do not know! I do not know, you tell me, what it is to open my eyes each morning upon a day whose only relief is the thought of the night of unconsciousness that is to follow. I do not know what it is to be driven forward by the thong of necessity, to give spiritual power and bodily strength to menial tasks when nobler ones are within the range of my ability. I do not know what it is to make this complete sacrifice of all that I am, an uncomplaining sacrifice perhaps, and receive no word of acknowledgment from those for whom it is made, or smile of approval from those whose recognition would be in itself an ample re-

ward. I do not know the wearing pain of your battle with the commonplace duties, nor the monotony of the never-ending conflict. If I did I should speak with no scorn of these tyrants which destiny has allotted to the major portion of humanity.

But I did know one, however, who passed through your experiences, suffered all you suffered, and stood face to face with your defeat; and after a while it was to him I found my thoughts returning as I continued to gaze on the people that morning, while the unheeded words of the speaker flowed on. Because he is now dead some years, I may tell you of him. From the first gradual dawn of the soul, a hope—a dream, the uncomprehending called it later—walked with him. At first as unsubstantial and elusive as a shadow, it grew with the passing of the years into something as real as his own identity, nor could he think of himself as apart from it. It typified life for him. Deprived of it, he would have been as a man who had been forsaken by his soul, yet continued to live on, like those enemies Dante condemned to everlasting torture. And those who knew of this hope and the circumstances of his life marveled greatly, for those circumstances were as a towering wall between him and its realization.

The hope might have died under such conditions, if youth had not been his—a splendid, healthy, buoyant youth. It assured him he would either be able to break down the wall or overleap it, and flaunted the idea that he should remain forever behind it. And the enclosure within the wall was peopled with the commonplace duties, but perhaps because of that youth, or that hope, he did not regard them as duties but as necessary part of the life that was not his' and

from which he was to escape. Finally he did escape it, and was free to follow the shining pathway of his dreams.

The end of the story is not here; in fact, the escape was but the beginning. For these years, and some that followed, the hope was the all of the man. But as no one lives unto himself, the man had duties to others, and the performance of those hindered his progress. Gradually these duties began to enlarge before his vision, and there came a time when they, not the divine hope, were his companions. When the road of the dreamer leads down into the commonplace then he has entered upon Hades. Because the man was different from those who elected to dwell in the world he had entered, he began to experience the tortures of the alone. In their loves and friendships he had no part—yea, even though he worked with them for the accomplishment of one purpose, their interests stood apart. They accepted the work of his hands—praised it—but never did they and he meet as fellow men. And realizing this, a sadness he had deemed it impossible for the heart to know clasped its heavy hands upon his life. All the time his duties were crowding more closely around him and increasing in number, until, of all the care-afflicted people in the world, there was none more burdened than he.

And the few who knew his hope and, perhaps, had believed in it, too, pitied him, and wondered why such a man should be so cruelly persecuted by Fate. The man held the same opinion of himself, only it was so intense that all his natural sweetness of disposition was turned into bitterness, and instead of its earlier buoyancy his spirit became like lead. At one time he hated the men who were separated from him and cursed them to his soul because they could not understand nor appreciate all the depth, fidelity and affection of his nature; again, he would call to them as

his brothers, defend them against the aspersions of others, as he would have offered his life for their protection. When they paused long enough from the pursuit of their barren interests to give him a quickly-withdrawn share of the attentions freely bestowed upon their own associates, he accepted it much as a hungry dog takes a bone thrown to him by a careless hand. Then, the duties that he had consciously and unconsciously set for himself began to become irksome and in the end hateful. The pleasure he had found in his work vanished. It was not the work he should be doing. He was cutting stone who should have been chiseling marble; but these duties—these commonplace, ugly and despised duties—would hold him at the stone-cutting to the end of his mortal existence. That knowledge turned upon him like a fury, and if all the anger and hatred, self-pity and despair that resulted could have taken visible shape, more than a legion of evil spirits would have been let loose upon the world. When it appeared that madness or suicide must end the hideous dream life had come to be, the man was taken sick.

In the beginning of his illness a revelation from the subconscious existence was allowed him. He saw the disease driving itself through the center of his being, and one portion of it showed for a moment like an old structure that tottered and fell into ruins. The cold sweat broke on the man's brow, and he said to himself: "It is a forewarning! This sickness is for my death!" When he spoke his fears of the termination of his illness, the others only laughed, and assured him they were groundless. Finding he was not going to die, his thoughts fell back into the well-worn grooves. He saw the work to which he was chained in all its unattractiveness and his days passed in its performance in all their barrenness. He saw the men with whom he served taking all he had to



give, with never a kindly thought for the generous giver, and over him swept like a torrent the anguish of his loneliness. Lying there, he said to himself it was for this he had labored and suffered and endured—this loneliness and hated work! And in his misery he cried aloud: "O the dream! the dream!"

Then a quiet fell upon him, and gradually out of it he seemed to rise and look upon his life with other eyes—the eyes of the boy who had first become conscious of the presence of his hope. He saw that hope now—that it was as fair and as possible of realization as when first he had beheld it; and that, though he knew it not, it had never abandoned him. Because of this—because it still stood, even though a shrouded figure, by his side—he had not sunk to the level of the commonplace people, notwithstanding that he had driven himself into their midst and remained there who could long since have passed beyond them. They were not to be hated because they did not give him of themselves, for men's natures, like water, seek a level, and had he been able to become one with them, he would have been still as unhappy. He looked upon the interests and pleasures he had deemed so desirable and saw that they belonged to a lower plane, and that, while good for the men on that plane, they could never have satisfied his heart, for the one who has fed on dreams tires early of vulgar fare. Between him and those people a great gulf was placed, and because he had tried to pass the impassable—because he had been beseeching his destiny for the mess of pottage in exchange for his birthright, shame filled the soul of the man. He had not proved worthy of the hope that had been allotted to him nor the higher realm to which he was called. Sorrow purchased his forgiveness, and then, as the false life fell around him, he understood the meaning of the revelation that had been made. It was not sent for death, but life.

This story, which was told to me when the foregleam of another world had shed its silvery light upon his head, and his eyes saw things of which the lips might not speak, would have no applicability to the text furnished me by the speaker if it were not for the way the man, after his conversion, met the commonplace duties of life into which he had cast himself. Some of them, it is true, loosened their hold on him, or rather fell with the false world of thought; others were not so soon cast off, while others could never be repudiated, and to fulfill their demand it was necessary the man should continue his stone-cutting. But now it was no longer irksome, for he saw there was no difference at all between it and the work his hands had done while he was still a youth. It was the means to the end, nothing more, beyond this—it was somewhat nearer to that end than the boyhood occupations had been. He remembered he had always striven faithfully to perform those commonplace duties and he turned to these later ones in the same spirit.

But he never lost sight of the fact that this work was not his real work, only the work he must do in passing on to that realm where the marble was waiting for his hand. To everything that was no intrinsic part of his true life, he said: "I recognize your present claim upon me and shall faithfully discharge it, but you shall not in any way retard my progress." Putting aside all hatred or dislike of the fetters he had fashioned for himself, they gradually became less weighty, nor could he say when some dropped off. There were times, in the beginning, when the old desires crept back, but they had lost their power over his heart and soon ceased to trouble him. They were like the games of childhood to the grown person, the false wine to one who has tasted the true. In his own place, to which he was drawing closer each day, he would find the interests and pleas-

ures, friends and lovers, that belonged to him, and that prospect were better than these which for him would be spurious. The inward change was reflected upon the outward man, and those who had known him in his youth, meeting him again, wondered that the years should treat him so gently. In time he reached his own world, knew some of the joys our own world always holds for us, and though he never met with the full realization of his dream, he experienced the happiness it holds for its faithful followers.

There are none of us but have, or had at some time, our dream—our fair hope, which in the first flush appears so certain of fulfilment. We, too, lost it—and through whose fault but our own? If we look back carefully shall we not find its fingers first slipping from ours when the commonplace duties rose from their position as servants to equals? Did it not wholly disappear when those commonplace duties became our masters? Let it never be thought that you are here counselled to disregard any duty because it is commonplace. These commonplace duties are often the gate opening to the field where work of far-reaching benefit to ourselves and others awaits us. But if we see in the gate a barrier instead of an opening in the wall, shall we accomplish our destiny? "The disciples went out to fish," observes a writer on these commonplace duties, "and found the Son of God." But if the disciples were slaves to their duty would they have raised their eyes to see the Son of God? if they had no thought beyond it, would they have recognized Him on coming into His presence?

Oh, the people chained body and soul to these commonplace duties! The sweeping, the dusting, the cooking, the washing, the ironing, the mending for the wife, the buying, the selling, the distributing, the watching, the guiding, the fearing for the husband—these are the tyrants that the man and woman, who a

few years ago set forth with the dream of married love, permit gradually to enslave them, thereby wrecking the present and marrying the future. Yes, you must clean your house and prepare your food, and the more thoroughly these are done the better for all concerned; but must you bind yourself body and soul to the broom and the stove? Will you see nothing in sweeping but the getting of dust out of the carpet? Will you not see in it the work that must be for you to do while you are passing along this place in your journey—necessary work, work to be well done, but after all only work—and never yet has work become the master until we first vacated our chair of authority. But when it does reach the mastership, it is a double-dyed tyrant, as the inferior ever is when it comes to rule the superior.

It is not so much sorrow for the unavoidable ills of life, the death of loved ones, the loss of fortune or the frustration of treasured hopes, that so completely destroy the beauty of the face and form of the people you meet wherever you may turn, but the tyranny of the little things that have fastened themselves upon their life. It is not the sword-thrust from the hand of destiny that kills us, but the thousand pin-pricks we receive from our foes. From the sword of destiny we may not escape, but dare we say the same of the pin-pricks? Have we not deliberately sought some of them, invited others, and borne with many when we could have caused them to cease? This is an undeniable fact, even though we may never bring ourselves to admit it.

Equally true is it that if we would relegate the commonplace duties to their proper place, many that seem now important almost to sacredness would cease to exist; and none would have sufficient power over us to destroy our peace and contentment, or part us from the hope that was our companion upon the morning way of life.

## CURRENT COMMENT

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### A Survival of the Unfittest

The Catholic Standard and Times

It is not to be wondered at that The Pilot<sup>1</sup> enters a strenuous protest against the Rev. Dr. Everett Hale's contribution to the Christian Register on the subject of "Christopher Columbus." Our esteemed contemporary is properly jealous of the fame of Boston as a centre of liberal enlightenment, and Dr. Hale's paper is a startling revelation of the fact that the old leaven of narrow intolerance rankles in some circles there still. It is a pitiful spirit, indeed, which seeks to rob the great discoverer of the glory which is his in regard to the addition of a new world to the coronet of human civilization, for the shallow purpose of laying it at the feet of British Protestantism.

To be sure, Dr. Hale does not attempt to stultify himself by denying that Columbus did discover the American continent, but he does his best to maintain the proposition that it was the Puritans who brought the seeds of liberty and prosperity with them. That prosperity, he boldly declares, "was due to the Protestant Reformation," working out in "the development of the United States."

A far-fetched theory indeed. If we admit the premise that it was the Puritans who brought these good things to these shores, we must reject the conclusion that to the Reformation the praise is due, since it was from the triumphant Protestantism of the Reformation the Puritans fled.

So, too, with regard to the question of slavery, lugged in without justification in an argument limited by the aggressor to the case of the United States. Our civilization, he says, "was not derived from the gold or the diamonds of Brazil, from African slavery introduced by Las Casas, nor attributable to any

devices in government or in the arts which were due to Jesuits, Franciscans or other leaders of the Roman Catholic States." The slavery of the United States was the crime of the people of the United States, shared in by the people of England. Our slavery came to us by the way of Liverpool and London, brought over in English-built ships. Liverpool, whose seventh centenary was celebrated with brilliant and scenic pageantry a little while ago, was the chief entrepot of the slave trade for the Western Hemisphere. Cooke, the great tragedian, told a Liverpool audience who offered him an insult on one occasion, "There is not a stone of your city that is not cemented with the blood of slaves." And he was justified in casting the bitter taunt. The banks of the Zambesi are not more saturated with the blood and sweat of slaves than were the banks of the Mersey for two centuries. The late Mr. Gladstone's fortune was largely due to the profits of his progenitors in the traffic in slaves. Las Casas brought African labor to South America from the high motive of lessening human suffering: the English and American slave traders from the infamous motive of greed.

And Dr. Hale forgets, if he ever learned, that the Spanish sovereigns, by successive Royal Decrees, banned and prohibited slavery in Spain's colonial possessions—which is more than any British sovereign ever did. The fact that the colonial planters resisted these decrees to the utmost extent of their power by no means nullifies the good intentions of the Spanish kings and queens.

Dr. Hale is a clergyman, a scholar and an octogenarian. He is also chaplain to Congress. He has written books—especially one showing the miserable state of "The Man Without a Country." He has taken up his pen now to show

how erroneous may be the belief that education, the sacred ministry, the public confidence, the experience of eighty years of life, may be effectual to eradicate the seeds of ingrained and inherited religious prejudice. There are some things worse than the deprivation of a patria. Absence of charity, absence of historical conscience, for instance. Well may Boston congratulate herself on the fact that only one such voice is now heard thus calling upon the memories of a shameful and un-American past.

Hale was a great name for justice in the better English days. Sir Matthew Hale was that large-souled judge who denounced iniquity in a brother judge, and made him descend from the bench he had dishonored by an iniquitous decision. A decision against the weight of evidence in history differs but little in its spirit from a similar decision in a lawsuit.

### The War on Christianity

N. Y. Freeman's Journal

A people which has lost its faith, writes Karl von Hase in the *Deutsche Revue* (Leipzig), is also in danger of losing its nationality. We have the most palpable evidence of this truth in France at this moment, where politicians are boasting that they are forestalling time by accomplishing now what must happen in the natural course of events, namely, the effacement of God from the life of men. There, as in some other countries, religion is regarded by many as but a mere part of the educative curriculum of men's lives or as an excellent thing for women and children. The consequence is that men in whom the need of religion and belief in a Beyond is necessary, are turning in large numbers to Buddhism or Spiritualism. Yet in these so-called beliefs, nothing that can satisfy the aspirations of reflective men is to be seen, the reason being found precisely in an absence of an enduring principle for which the expo-

nents of such creeds would be willing to die. About the time of the French Revolution, one La Reveillere, it will be remembered, sought to propagate a religion which he had "invented" to take the place of Christianity. Finding that his new doctrines did not obtain as ready an acceptance as he could have wished, he sought the advice of Tallyrand, ex-Bishop of Autun, as to the most likely methods of placing the new faith on a permanent and progressive basis. "You must remember," said the diplomatist, "that Christ had sufficient faith in His religion to consent to die upon the Cross for it. You must emulate His example if you would found a religion that will endure." Even to-day we find in the multiplicity of so-called creeds, an absence among their teachers of anything like a living faith; convictions seem to have gone out of fashion and there remains but a dead energy to combat the living menace of atheism rampant. Herein lies the power of Catholicity, that its forces are all united, that its doctrines are all independent of place or circumstance or language, since the truths she has to teach are one and unchangeable, comprehensible to the meanest mind, as they are intelligible to the highest.

Ignorance is the real source of the absence of faith among men to-day. Fischer, the Heidelberg philosopher, once observed that he found ignorance always ready to decide on questions of religion, ever disposed to "explain" difficulties of doctrine. On other subjects, men thought themselves either fit to speak, or not, according to their knowledge or ignorance, but no man had any illusions as to his ability to discuss the most abstruse points in the most difficult and most important of all subjects. The result was that men were ready to fight against religion without in any way comprehending it. Now, more than at any other time in the history of mankind, men are ever more disposed to look for

proofs of every doctrine that is seeking to engage their minds and hearts and our age has become too realistic and too materialistic for men to consent to ideal theories. Even the child begins to express his doubts; he cannot believe everything that is in the Bible and if he sees contradictory statements, he straightway asks himself where is the inspiration he had been taught to expect. Others tell us that the idea of a God—a personal, positive God—is more than they can accept; that God did not create men after His own image, but that men created God after theirs, and so between their doubts as to the reliability of the Bible as a guide, and their disbelief in the personality of God, they gradually drift into the sea of doubt, the majority of them to be lost forever.

What is the Church to do against this spread of materialistic and atheistic activities? Her duty is clear. Men must be supplied with the truths their minds crave. Knowledge and education must be fostered, both among the teachers and the taught. The truth can only be taught when it is divested of all obscurities of rhetoric and style, and equivocation must be absent in the treatment of such subjects as : Is the Bible God's Word? Is there a God? Is there a life after death?—the whole basis of the belief of mankind. Nothing can be accomplished without a thorough overhauling of the resources at hand with which the enemy can be overcome. The importance of the Sunday school and a clear exposition of the Catechism, not a perfunctory recitation of it, is of paramount importance. The child must be taught to understand and to explain the nature of that which it recites. Young men's clubs should be improved in comfort and in the resources for enjoyment which they offer. Catholics should cultivate a pride in being Catholics and should organize socially as well as religiously. Churches should be active in promoting daily visits by parishioners,

giving them the advantage of lectures or organ recitals. The Catholic press should be supported and should, by those who are responsible for the production of newspapers, be made so interesting and so full of information as to be worthy of support by Catholics. Organization alone can fight the battle of the Church against Atheism.

### A Word About Reading

Sacred Heart Review

The reason why cheap and tawdry magazines and papers are so popular, is thus stated by an editorial in the New York Evening Post:

"The great majority of our citizens have had the benefit of no formal education beyond the grammar school. They are incapable of sustained attention, and they therefore demand all sorts of scraps and snippets; they must have the short story shortened still further into the "storiette." It is for a clientele of this grade that many of our most widely circulated magazines are obviously intended. The managers of these periodicals point with pride to their hundreds of thousands of readers, and thus secure the overwhelming bulk of the advertising. These cheap and vulgar productions not only crowd out decent magazines where they might otherwise be read, but by gobbling up the advertising they leave the magazine of respectable but limited circulation with little or no financial support."

Among Catholics may be found eager buyers and constant readers of flashy magazines and papers—more's the pity!—and a great many read nothing else the year round save the trash they find in such publications. Their taste becomes vitiated, and it bores and tires them to attempt to read anything else. By their course of pernicious reading they have destroyed the faculty of being interested in what is good and permanent in life and literature.

## WITH THE EDITOR

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To all our friends and well wishers of THE ROSARY we offer greetings and wish them a bright and blessed Christmas.

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An encouraging sign of the times is the increasing interest of Catholic capitalists in the secular press. The Catholic daily has its enthusiastic advocates; but it is a very serious question whether a daily paper professedly Catholic could exist under present conditions. There are in all the large cities enough Catholics, and more than enough, to support a Catholic newspaper. But would support be forthcoming if such a journal were started? We seriously doubt it, in face of the fact that many excellent Catholic weeklies are so poorly patronized. Fortunes have been squandered in Catholic newspaper enterprises, and no year passes without its contribution to the long and ominous list of newspaper suspensions and failures. There are those who contend, and not without truth, that not a few Catholic papers have no sufficient reason for existence, that they are wanting in all the elements that constitute worth and permanency and success. But the fact remains that even the very best Catholic journals and periodicals are but poorly encouraged and supported by our Catholic people. The Catholic press has its limitations—and these very limitations constitute its greatest strength and security. No self-respecting Catholic editor would pander to the passions of the vicious and the prurient by exploiting in his paper the crimes and scandals that contribute so largely to the popularity of the secular sheet; neither would he stultify himself and disgrace his honorable and holy profession by throwing open the pages of his magazine to the discussion of subjects of questionable morality under any form whatever, whether in the guise of the “problem”

novel or otherwise. His line of duty is clearly defined, his conduct is prescribed by eternal laws which he may not disregard. From the point of view of the worldling the Catholic publication must perforce be uninteresting and inferior. But the Catholic publication appeals not to the worldling, but rather to the ordinary, intelligent Catholic reader; and just why the appeal is so fruitless is a question that has for years been uppermost in the brightest minds in the Church and is a question that remains to-day practically unanswered. The time will surely come when the Catholic daily will be a realization. But till that blessed day arrives let Catholic men of means and sterling character and influence identify themselves with the great secular journals and secure, if possible, a controlling financial interest in a few. They will then be in a position to direct the policy of these papers along lines that will make for the social, moral and religious uplifting of our people.

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Remarkable in every way and deeply significant has been the progress of temperance during the past year. The temperance sentiment has not been confined to any particular locality but has extended practically over the entire country—and the end is not yet. Much credit is due to the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America for its part in bringing about the defeat of the allied liquor interests, and for its campaign of education among American Catholics, young and old. Writing of the Union, of which he was elected President at its last convention, Archbishop Keane says:

“Who but the recording angels of the Lord can calculate what the Union, by its firm resistance to the domination of the liquor-power, has accomplished in all these years for the welfare of our

country? When we began the work, the drink habit had so entrenched itself in the social customs of the country, that he was apt to be considered 'no gentleman' who raised his voice against it. Since then, every department of trade and business in the land has joined in the proclamation that only sober men can be successful business men, or can be entrusted with business interests. The year now closing has, more than any that preceded it, heard that proclamation go forth in the principal centres of our country's life. Not only sobriety, but total abstinence is declared, in business conventions and in political elections, to be essential for the popular welfare, for social tranquillity, and prosperity, for individual success in the competition of life. Thanks be to God that the seed which we planted, often in tears and in the face of resistance and obloquy, is bringing forth such a harvest of universal insistence on sobriety." —

We take pleasure in announcing that we have secured for serial publication another volume from the versatile pen of the Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J., whose work, "The Son of Siro," published in this magazine recently, elicited from every quarter such favorable comment, and which some critics have not hesitated to compare favorably with "Ben Hur."

The new companion volume of "The Son of Siro" bears the title of "Andros of Ephesus" and treats of the early Christianity in the city of the great Diana. It is a work as remarkable for its vivid coloring as for its literary style and reverent tone. The subject, time and place of the story all lend themselves to large literary canvases and to a unique atmosphere which has been successfully caught.

Father Copus is a firm believer in the fact that the Christ-time, as well as the immediate post-resurrection period, offers an almost unlimited literary field

for the writer of Catholic religious fiction, and he proposes to endeavor to do his share, if not in preempting, at least in redeeming this field of Catholic letters—a field which is ours by right of inheritance, and which has been hitherto almost completely occupied by Protestant, or non-Catholic, writers of religious fiction—writers who, whatever literary charm they may possess, lack either conviction itself, or the courage of conviction in announcing boldly, and in making their plots centre around, the one main central fact—that of the divinity of Christ. Without this fact acknowledged, and acknowledged unflinchingly, works of this class are vacuous, insincere, and lack the true literary ring. There are, consequently, too many flaws in too many facets of their literary diamonds.

With what measure of success Father Copus' efforts have been crowned we leave to the judgment of those who have read "The Son of Siro," and who will soon have the opportunity of reading "Andros of Ephesus."

The action of President Roosevelt in ordering the omission of the words: "In God we trust" from the new coinage has elicited a storm of protest from all parts of the country. Concerning the incident, the President writes:

"My own feeling in the matter is due to my very firm conviction that to put such a motto on coins, or to use it in any kindred manner, not only does no good, but does positive harm, and is in effect irreverence which comes dangerously close to sacrilege."

We believe the President has made a mistake in this matter. Scoffers at things holy there will be till the end of time. But America is a Christian nation and the great majority of our people hold in reverence God's holy name. Surely no "positive harm" can come from a public declaration of faith and trust in our Creator.

## BOOKS

**THE TOILER.** William J. Fischer. Wm. Briggs, Toronto. 12mo. pp. 167.

"The Toiler," a book of poems by a young Canadian poet, has been published by Wm. Briggs of Toronto, in splendid style, and is a fine specimen of Canadian book-making. The cover is olive-green and gold and represents an elderly man of venerable aspect carrying a sheaf of golden grain and a scythe. The stamping is suggested by the first poem, from which the book takes its title.

This collection of verses, while by no means to be classed with a Drummond, a Chapman, or a Louis Frechette, nevertheless gives promise that Canada will, one day, have a poet that will give a message to the world. The maple-land of marvelous color, of golden wheat, of scenery unsurpassed for soothing beauty—a land of homes and of respect for law, and of national and civic virtues, offers as fair a field for expression as poetic genius could desire. Dr. Wm. J. Fischer has not yet given his message to the world. Greater things are yet to come from him.

In the meantime here is a sheaf of lyrics, many of which, if not compelling, are pretty—a companion volume to his "Songs By the Wayside," and in some respects an improvement on that previous collection. Many of the poems in the book before us seem to be the inspiration of the instant, and show but slight signs of the "labor limae" which makes for perfection, technical and otherwise, which is rightly looked for in short poems and fugitive pieces. The file has been used sparingly, and as a consequence the book, as a whole, promising as it is, presents many a cameo in the rough—and rougher than should be.

After a second reading of the book we come to the conclusion that the poet has talent, and—notwithstanding considerable ambiguity in many lines, and un-

melodious phrasings here and there, and not infrequently an unhappy choice of a word which mars the rhythm and the smoothness—there are indications of a power which with maturer study and closer communion with nature will result in impassioned expression.

Dr. Fischer, besides devoting time to biography and poetry, has published a book of clever short stories. He enjoys a large and successful practice as a physician at Waterloo, Ontario, Canada.

That his poetry is pleasing is a truism, but we are inclined to believe that if he so chose he could mount to the higher realms of emotional and passionate poetry which would stir and uplift rather than merely please. Those who know this young writer answer for his staunch Catholicity. Has it not yet occurred to some Canadian poet to use his pen in praise and defence of the strong faith of his native land? The glorious Catholic history of the land of our Northern neighbors awaits the poet who will yet write its epic.

"The Toiler" will make an excellent Christmas gift. There are four fine illustrations by Alfred M. Wickson. As a species of preface to these pleasing lyrics there is printed Charles J. O'Malley's famous poem: "I gather my poems out of the heart of the clover," which is, perhaps, the sweetest song published in many moons.

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**THE FRIENDS OF JESUS.** By a Religious of the Society of the Holy Childhood of Jesus. Benziger Bros. 12mo. pp. 165. 60 cents net.

We have here a most instructive and delightful little volume for children. It tells of the Friends of Jesus, about whom all children, especially Catholic children, wish to know much; moreover, the stories are told in a manner which will rivet the attention of children



and will serve to whet their appetites for more, and will probably make them clamor for a rehearsal of those already told.

THE GIFT OF THE KING. By a Religious of the Society of the Holy Childhood of Jesus. Benziger Bros. 12mo. pp. 165. 60 cents.

This is a little volume quite like the "Friends of Jesus" in style and treatment. The subject matter, however, is a simple explanation of the doctrines and ceremonies of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. What can be more needful to our children than to have this instruction imparted in a way that lies within their comprehension?

THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD. By a Religious of the Society of the Holy Childhood of Jesus. Benziger Bros. 12mo. pp. 175. 60 cents.

This volume is the third of the series and stands along with the preceding two. It, too, is meant, in the main, for children, and tells in simple and attractive way the story of Our Lord's miracles. We commend these three volumes to all our readers, both young and old, for they will serve parents as well as children.

THOUGHTS ON THE RELIGIOUS LIFE. By the Rev. F. X. Lasance. Benziger Bros. 16mo. pp. 910.

We have here a most excellent compilation of reading matter bearing on the religious life, illuminating every phase of this life and supplying, therefore, an ever helpful monitor and guide to the conscientious religious who realizes that by the very terms of his profession he must ever be making for perfection. It will prove an excellent volume for spiritual reading, for the advantage of having in one volume of convenient size a collection of reading matter upon all the vital subjects bearing upon the religious life will be appreci-

ated by all religious, more especially since the selections are made with excellent judgment and nice discrimination. To the members of all our sisterhoods, for whom it is chiefly intended, the work will prove invaluable, and these sisters will applaud the reverend editor for appending to the work the authoritative, clear and exhaustive paper on "Confessors of Nuns," written by the Dominican Father John T. McNicholas and first published in the American Ecclesiastical Review, April, 1907.

Another debt of gratitude due to Father Lasance is that he has in this volume rescued from oblivion the exquisite lines of the lamented eloquent and scholarly Jesuit, of happy memory, Father Henry Calmer. Of this poem there was no copy extant, but on his deathbed Father Calmer repeated the lines to Father Lasance, and in this way they happen to be preserved. We reprint the lines in extenso:

#### ETERNITY

The silent monks prayed in their oaken stalls;  
In the tangled grass by the abbey walls  
Bloomed the roses red with their drooping leaves,  
And roses pink as the dreams youth weaves,  
And roses white as when love deceives;  
How they bloomed and swayed in the garden there,  
While the bell tolled out in the warm still air:  
"Eternity!"

"Eternity!" the great bell rang.  
"Leave life and love and youth," it sang;  
And the red rose scattered its petals wide,  
And the pink rose dreamed in the sun, and sighed,  
And the white rose pined on its stem and died.  
O Life, Love, Youth! Ye are sweet, ye are strong.  
But barren lives shall bloom in a long  
Eternity!

We heartily recommend this volume to all our readers, religious and lay. It will make an excellent Christmas gift.

**THE BOND OF PERFECTION.** By P. M. Northcote, O. S. M. Burns & Oates; Benziger Bros., American Agents. 16mo. pp. 101.

In this little treatise, the author chooses for his definition of charity the descriptive one given by St. Paul, namely: "Charity is the bond of perfection." Charity is the supernatural love which makes the Supernatural Good our own; of him, then, who loves God we may use the beautiful term of Holy Scripture, calling him a man of God, because he has made God his own by loving the Creator supremely and above all things. This charity is the link which binds us to God, and in Him to all that He loves. It is, therefore, the perfecting bond, the bond of perfection, for a man becomes perfect in so far as he applies his faculties to the highest end; whoever has charity is directing himself with all the powers of soul and body towards God; he can choose no higher end than this. These are the lines along which the little treatise proceeds, and it will be found stimulating and helpful to all who are engaged in the quest of the divinest thing on earth.

**THE LITTLE CITY OF HOPE.** By Francis Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Company. 12mo. pp. 208. \$1.25.

Mr. Crawford has just given us another proof of his remarkable versatility. This story is quite different from any he has ever written—different in every way, save only in this, that like all his books it is positively engrossing and holds the reader spellbound from first to last.

Never was a story more thoroughly saturated with the spirit of Christmas than Mr. Marion Crawford's "The Little City of Hope," which has just been published. For the first time in years Mr. Crawford has returned to America for his inspiration, and his success proves that his long residence in Italy has not

lessened his comprehension of his own country. The hero of his latest book, John Overholt, is American all through—a man who has given up his promising career as a professor of mathematics in order to devote himself to the perfecting of an air motor which he has invented. His is the traditional experience of inventors, and at the time the story opens his finances are at such an ebb that his wife, whom he dearly loves, has been compelled to seek a temporary position as a governess. The husband and their thirteen-year-old son are living in the old house on an abandoned Connecticut farm where the inventor has set up his apparatus. Overholt is confident that with a thousand dollars more he would be able to finish the motor and bring fortune back to the family, but the amount seems as far out of his reach as a million. It is the boy, practical, alert, and optimistic, who restores his hope when he is near despair and shows the way to ultimate success. In all their struggles they have looked forward to the time when they might return to the little college town where Overholt had once taught, and this dream of the future takes shape before their eyes when the father discovers that the boy has secretly been constructing a little model of the old village. They call this miniature city "The Little City of Hope," and as Christmas approaches the father becomes as absorbed as the boy in completing it. By a wonderful and yet very natural sequence of events, fortune comes right for the family in the end, and Christmas Day finds them reunited and happy. To tell how this happened would be unfair. Mr. Crawford himself relates it delightfully, with a simplicity and charm that testify eloquently to his mastery of his art. The little book is so admirable in appearance as well as contents, with its cheerful cover, good printing, and clever illustrations, that it will doubtless solve the Christmas gift problem for a great many people.

## CONFRATERNITY OF THE ROSARY

**B**EHOLD Joseph and Mary, his espoused wife, going up from Galilee to Bethlehem, the city of David, to be enrolled in accordance with the decree of Caesar Augustus! Mary was with child, and the Gospel narrative goes on to say: "And it came to pass that, when they were there, her days were accomplished, that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn" (Luke ii, 6-7).

Pregnant with meaning are the words "because there was no room for them in the inn." Who can picture St. Joseph, the protector of the holy family, seeking shelter for her who is so destitute without feelings of utmost pity? Behold him, as he turns dejectedly from each refusal vainly to implore again a haven of refuge! With saddened heart he proceeds upon his way until unconsciously he leads Our Blessed Lady to a cave on a bleak and wind-swept hill—to the mansion of the King. This was the place where the King of kings had chosen to be born in abject poverty, the humblest of the humble, with only dumb beasts to watch and adore. Little did those at the inn suspect whom they turned away, and little did they imagine, in their comfort, that in the bleak stable amongst the hills of Bethlehem those glad hosannas announced the coming of the new-born King.

Jesus, God of heaven and earth, comes into the world a helpless infant, and under most trying conditions: far away from the humble home of the carpenter at Nazareth, destitute of the comforts enjoyed by even the poorest of mortals. He is born in a cave on the hillside. Truly might it be said: "The Son of

God hath not where to lay His head." The manger is converted into a throne, and poverty is exalted above riches. He for whom the nations had waited for ages, the Infant of redemption, inaugurates His advent among men in wretchedness and poverty.

According to human standards, the stable at Bethlehem was anything but a fit place for the birth of the Saviour; but the ways of God are not the ways of men, and in the significance of His Messiahship, who will say that the adoring Magi and the watching shepherds were not a fitting court as the heavenly army of Cherubim and Seraphim sang their glad hosannas and filled the void of night with their sweet song of praise, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will?" The words of the prophecy were at last fulfilled: "For a child is born to us; and the government is upon His shoulders; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace" (Isa. ix, 6).

Jesus is the God of peace come into this turbulent world to teach men a new gospel—the gospel of meekness, of love, of forgiveness; to teach them to render good for evil. He comes to suffer for all men that all men may be saved. The object of His coming was an act of reparation—reparation for the sins of men. His message was one of mercy: "I will have mercy, not sacrifice." Yet, such was the charity of the world, this merciful world-Redeemer must needs enter the world through a stable that extended equal hospitality to Him and the beasts of the field. The Virgin Mother was compelled to bring forth the Redeemer of fallen man amid all the circumstances of poverty. Yet there was a heavenly design in all this. The King

of heaven would teach the world to glory in lowliness; He would set an example for the consolation of the poor and the desolate; He would show the world that lowliness is dearer His heart than pomp and riches. He would establish a special bond between Him and the poor of God.

Blessed are they who, in imitation of the lowliness of Jesus, love the poor and give to them of their abundance. Like the Magi that came to adore the infant Saviour, they leave their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh at the throne of Jesus, and, like the shepherds, they return to their own glorifying and praising God. For these the lesson of Christ was not in vain. They have learned the profound significance of these words of our Saviour: "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." They have not turned from their doors Christ in the persons of His poor; they have not denied Him hospitality. Bethlehem incessantly looms before their gaze and its spirit ennobles and glorifies them. It makes them again unto the image and likeness of their God.

Rosarians, in the fulfilment of their obligations, have a splendid chance to learn the hidden virtues of our infant Saviour. In their meditations on the birth of the Christ they may ponder long and lovingly on the nativity of the Saviour. They may penetrate the depths of divine wisdom contained in that wondrous act of condescension. They may enter in spirit the stable at Bethlehem to honor the God made man. There, in the presence of the holy family, they may behold the humility and meekness of their infant King.

What a blessed thing it is to stand in spirit over the crib at Bethlehem and share with the shepherds of the East the priceless privilege of gazing upon Our Saviour. Ours is indeed the greater privilege. The favored shepherds who looked upon the helpless Infant in the

manger did not discern the divinity that lay concealed beneath the veil of weak humanity. A wondrous child, indeed, they beheld; one born under most extraordinary circumstances; and an inward consciousness told them that this was no ordinary child of man. But they saw not in Him the fulfilment of the prophecies, the realization of a hope of four thousand years' standing, the long looked for Messias. As they could not pierce the veil of those mean externals of impotency, poverty and obscurity and behold the hidden wisdom of the Godhead that lay beneath, no more could they read the future and behold the wonders which this new-born Child was to accomplish for the uplifting and sanctification of our race. In their mute and unthinking wonderment they beheld what they could not understand. And it is quite possible that thirty-three years later they heard of His crucifixion with the same feeling as the majority of their race.

But we, the chosen children of God, gazing upon the manger-crib through the perspective of two thousand years, contemplating that stable scene, now no longer obscured in the half-light of a cave, but refulgent in the white light of faith, studying Him in the significance of His teachings, His miracles and the decrees of our Holy Church—we know that He is the Messias, the Saviour,—God. We believe with all the certainty of our infallible Church that this it is that was promised in the grey-dawn of time, on the very threshold of human experience, to our recreant race. We know that He is the hope of humanity realized; that He is incarnate goodness, love divine. In the spirit of this faith let us as true Rosarians fall upon our knees and adore the God-child of Bethlehem.

May the infant Jesus shower His choicest blessings on every Rosarian, and grant him the enjoyment of a holy and blessed Christmas.

M. XXXI

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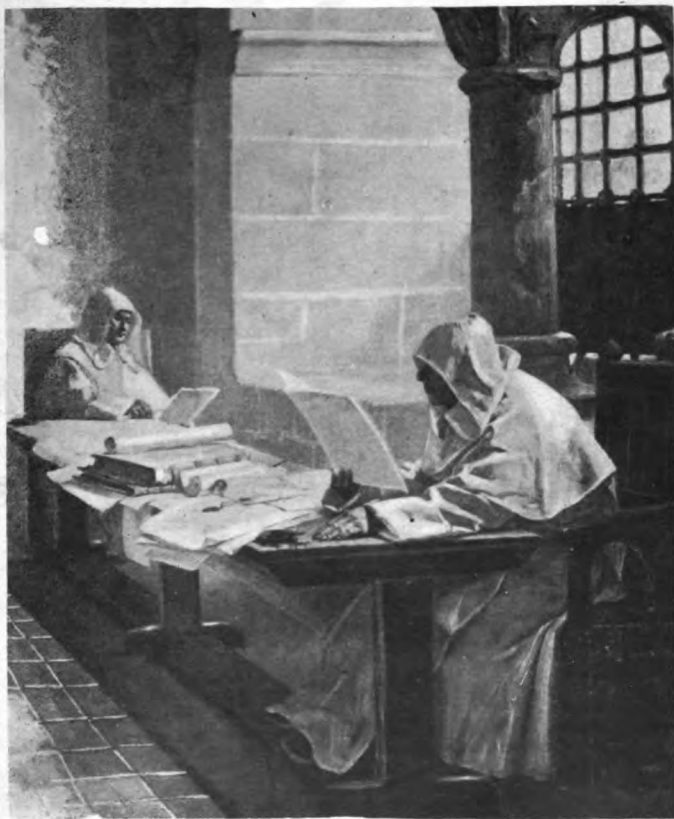
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# The ROSARY MAGAZINE



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THE ROSARY MAGAZINE,

SOMERSET, OHIO.

1907

Dedicated to the Infant Jesus


DECEMBER

## ROMAN CALEDAR

## DOMINICAN CALENDAR

1 S.	<b>*First Sunday of Advent.</b> Gosp., Luke xxi, 25-33: Signs of Destruction.	<b>*First Sunday of Advent.</b> Rosary Confraternity Sunday.
2 M.	S. Bibiana, V. M.	Bl. John of Vercelli, C. O. P.
3 T.	S. Francis Xavier, C.	S. Francis Xavier, C.
4 W.	S. Peter Chrysostom, B. Doct.	S. Barbara, V. M.
5 Th.	S. Stanislaus Koska, C. (Nov. 13).	Trans. of S. Peter of Verona (June 4).
6 F.	S. Nicholas, B. C.	S. Nicholas, B. C.
7 S.	S. Ambrose, B. Doct.	Ordination of S. Ambrose, B. C.
8 S.	<b>*Second Sunday of Advent.</b> IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. Gosp., Matt. ix, 2-10: John Sends his Disciples to Christ.	<b>*Immaculate Conception.</b> Holy Name Confraternity Sunday.
9 M.	S. Eutychianus, P. M.	S. Francis Caracciolo, C. (June 5).
10 T.	Translation of the House of Loretti.	Translation of the House of Loretto.
11 W.	S. Damascus I, P. C.	S. Norbert, C. (June 6).
12 Th.	S. Melchiad, P. M.	BB. Diana and Com., VV. O. P. (June 6).
13 F.	S. Lucy, V. M.	S. Lucy, V. M.
14 S.	S. Josophat, B. M. (Nov. 14).	S. Roch, C. (Aug. 18).
15 S.	<b>*Third Sunday of Advent.</b> Gosp., John i, 19-28: John Bears Witness to Christ.	<b>*Third Sunday of Advent.</b> Living Rosary Society Sunday.
16 M.	S. Eusebius, B. M.	*Bl. Sebastian Maggi, C. O. P.
17 T.	S. Leonard a Port. Maur. C. (Nov. 26).	S. Bruno, C. (Oct. 6).
18 W.	Ember Day. Expectation of the B. V. M.	*Expectation of the Blessed Virgin.
19 Th.	S. Urban V, P. C.	S. Edward, King and C. (Oct. 13).
20 F.	Ember Day. S. Philogonius, B. C.	*S. Dominic Sylensis, Abb.
21 S.	Ember Day. S. Thomas, Apostle.	*S. Thomas, Apostle.
22 S.	<b>*Fourth Sunday of Advent.</b> Gosp., Luke iii, 1-16: Mission of John.	<b>*Fourth Sunday of Advent.</b>
23 M.	S. Servulus, C.	Bl. Mary, W. O. P. (Dec. 22).
24 T.	Vigil of Nativity.	*Vigil of the Nativity.
25 W.	<b>*CHRISTMAS.</b>	*CHRISTMAS.
26 Th.	S. Stephen, Protomartyr.	*S. Stephen, Protomartyr.
27 F.	S. John, Apostle and Evangelist.	*S. John, Evangelist.
28 S.	Holy Innocents, MM.	*Holy Innocents.
29 S.	<b>*Sunday Within Octave of Christmas.</b> S. Thomas of Canterbury, B. M. Gosp., Luke ii, 33-40: Prophecy of Simeon.	<b>*S. Thomas of Canterbury, B. M.</b> Last Sunday of the Month.
30 M.	Of the Octave.	Of the Octave of the Nativity.
31 T.	S. Sylvester, P. C.	S. Sylvester, P. C.

**ABBREVIATIONS AND SIGNS:** S., Saint; SS., Saints; Bl., Blessed; BB., Blessed; O. P., Order of Preachers; C., Confessor; P., Pope; B., Bishop; Doct., Doctor of the Church; Abb., Abbot; V., Virgin; VV., Virgins; M., Martyr; MM., Martyrs; W., Widow; B. V. M., Blessed Virgin Mary; \* Refers to indulgences on page opposite monthly calendar; \* Sunday or Holyday of Obligation. Feasts followed by a date in parentheses, have been transferred from their original date, which is shown in parenthesis.

 The Roman Calendar which we give is the one followed in the city of Rome.



## INDULGENCES FOR DECEMBER

December 1—First Sunday of the month. Indulgences: 1. Plenary and partial (Cc. i). 2. Partial of ten years and ten quarantines for Tertiaries and Rosarians (Cc. vi).

December 8—Immaculate Conception; Second Sunday of the month. General Absolution with plenary indulgence for Tertiaries (Cc. August 4). Indulgences: 1. Plenary and partial (Cc. ii). 2. Plenary for Rosarians (Cc. v). 3. Second plenary for Rosarians who take part in the procession held in honor of the feast. 4. Plenary and partial for Tertiaries (Cc. 3, January 1). 5. Plenary for Living Rosary Society (Cc. iii). 6. Partial of seven years and seven quarantines for Rosarians who, having received the Sacraments, visit the altar or chapel of the Confraternity and there pray for the Pope. 6. Partial of ten years and ten quarantines for Tertiaries and Rosarians (Cc. vi).

December 15—Third Sunday of the month. Indulgences: 1. Plenary for Living Rosary Society (Cc. iii). 2. Partial of fifteen years and fifteen quarantines for Tertiaries and Rosarians (Cc. vi).

December 16—First day of the novena in preparation for the feast of the Nativity of our Lord. Besides the indulgence noted for Friday, September 27, Pope Pius VII granted to all who visit a Dominican church on each of the nine days preceding Christmas, and there perform some pious exercise, an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines for each day, and for the first and last days of the novena, he granted a plenary indulgence for all who should receive the Sacraments and pray for the Pope's intention.

In all probability it will strike many ROSARY readers as rather startling news to hear that there is doubt as to the exact date of Our Lord's birth. The question has no bearing on faith, and considering the matter by itself, it would be no more incongruous for Christ to have come to earth in June than to have come in December. Our pious beliefs and early training, however, so deeply affect our mental make-up that Christmas would not seem to us real if, instead of cold and snowy weather as an accompaniment to the feast, we had the warm, soft weather of summer.

There is nothing really definite in the Bible on the subject. The Nativity took place during the great enrollment of the population made by the Roman gov-

December 18—Indulgences: 1. Plenary for the Living Rosary Society (Cc. iii). 2. Partial indulgence of ten years and ten quarantines may be gained by Tertiaries and Rosarians, to-day, and also on the 20, 21 and 22 inst. (Cc. vi).

December 24—Tertiaries and Rosarians may gain an indulgence of fifteen years and fifteen quarantines (Cc. vi). Tertiaries may receive General Absolution to-day.

December 25—Nativity of Our Lord. General Absolution with plenary indulgence for Tertiaries (August 4). Indulgences: 1. Plenary for Rosarians (Cc. v). 2. Plenary and partial for Tertiaries (Cc. 3, January 1). 3. Plenary for Living Rosary Society (Cc. iii). 4. Partial of fifteen years and fifteen quarantines for Tertiaries and Rosarians at the first Mass, fifteen years and fifteen quarantines at the second, plenary at the third (Cc. vi). 5. Partial of seven years and seven quarantines for Rosarians who recite at least five decades of the Rosary 6. Partial of seven years and seven times forty days for Rosarians who recite weekly the fifteen decades.

December 26, 27, 28—Tertiaries and Rosarians may gain an indulgence of thirty years and thirty quarantines on each of these days (Cc. vi).

December 29—Last Sunday of the month. Plenary indulgence for all the faithful.

\* Conditions to be fulfilled by those desiring to gain the indulgence. Cc.—Conditions; Roman numeral refers to corresponding number in "Observations on Indulgences," in back of Magazine.

ernor. It is objected against the present date that no ruler knowing the indescribably miserable character of the weather in Judea at the end of December would have ordered a census just then.

In any case, it is certain that according to St. John Chrysostom the Church of Rome always celebrated the feast on December 25th; and he argues that it had ample means of knowing the exact date of the census, since all such records were carefully kept in Rome. This argument and the supremacy of the Roman Church had their effect, so that at the end of the fourth century all the churches, even those whose Christmas came in May, had conformed to the Roman, which is the actual usage.

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## HOW TO BECOME A ROSARIAN

1. Have your name enrolled by a priest authorized to receive you. If the Confraternity be not established where you reside, you may send your name to some church where it is established. Our readers may send their names to the Editor of **THE ROSARY**, and he will enroll them. Be sure to give the baptismal name and the family name.

2. Have your heads blessed with the Dominican blessing. To accommodate those who may not have an opportunity of receiving this blessing otherwise, the Editor of **THE ROSARY** will bless all beads sent to him, and will return them. Postage for this must be enclosed.

3. The fifteen decades must be said during the course of the week—from Sunday to Sunday. These decades may be divided in any way found convenient, provided that at least one decade at a time be said. It is a pious practice of Rosarians to say five decades each day.

### HOW TO SAY THE ROSARY

In the usual "make up" of the beads we find one large bead and three smaller beads immediately following the crucifix, or cross. It is a practice of some to recite on the cross the Apostles' Creed; on the large bead, an Our Father; and on the small beads three Hail Marys. In reality they do not belong to the Rosary. They are merely a custom, but not authorized by the Church. For simple-minded people who cannot meditate, a devout recitation is all that is asked. The method of saying the Rosary practised by the Dominicans is as follows:

In the name of the Father, etc.

V. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.

R. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb—Jesus.

V. Thou, O Lord, wilt open my lips.

R. And my tongue shall announce Thy praise.

V. Incline unto my aid, O God.

R. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father, etc. Alleluia.

(From Septuagesima to Easter, instead of Alleluia, say, Praise be to Thee, O Lord, King of eternal glory.)

Then announce either "the first part of the holy Rosary, the five joyful mysteries," or "the second part of the holy Rosary, the five sorrowful mysteries," or "the third part of the holy Rosary, the five glorious mysteries." Then the first mystery, "the Annunciation," etc., and Our Father once, Hail Mary ten times, Glory be to the Father once; in the meantime meditating on the mystery. After reciting five decades, the Hail, holy Queen is said, followed by

V. Queen of the most holy Rosary, pray for us.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

### LET US PRAY

O God, Whose only begotten Son, by His life, death and resurrection, has purchased for us the rewards of eternal life, grant, we beseech Thee, that meditating on these mysteries of the most holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may imitate what they contain and obtain what they promise. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

It is not prescribed, but a pious custom assigns the different parts of the Rosary to different days of the week, as follows:

1. The joyful mysteries are honored on Mondays and Thursdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from the first of Advent to the first of Lent.

2. The sorrowful mysteries are honored on Tuesdays and Fridays throughout the year, and on the Sundays of Lent.

3. The glorious mysteries are honored on Wednesdays and Saturdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from Easter to Advent.

## OBSERVATIONS ON INDULGENCES

I. On the first Sunday of each month, Rosarians who receive the Sacraments may gain three plenary indulgences:

One, if they visit the chapel or church of the Confraternity and there pray for the Pope.

Another, if they are present for some time at the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in the church or chapel of the Confraternity and pray for the Pope.

A third, if they are present at the Rosary procession, there pray for the Pope, and visit the Rosary chapel.\*

Rosarians, and the faithful in general, may gain an indulgence of seven years and two hundred and eighty days on the first Sunday of each month by being present at the Rosary procession.

II. On the second Sunday of each month, members of the Holy Name Confraternity who receive the Sacraments may gain two indulgences; namely, a plenary if they take part in the procession and pray for the Pope, and a partial, of seven years and seven quarantines, if they visit the altar of the Holy Name in the church of the Confraternity and pray for the Pope.

Members who do not receive the Sacraments, but are in the state of grace, may receive an indulgence of two hundred days for assisting at the procession, whenever held, and praying for the Pope. On the same day they may also gain the same indulgence for assisting at the Mass said at the altar of the Holy Name in the church of the Confraternity and praying for the Pope.

III. On the third Sunday of each month, members of the Living Rosary Society may gain a plenary indulgence on the following conditions:

First, a decade of the Rosary must be said daily, at least for one month, unless lawfully excused.

Second, reception of the Sacraments.

Third, a visit must be made to a church where some prayers for the Pope should be said. (This visit may be changed by one's confessor for some other pious work.)

IV. On the last Sunday of each month, a plenary indulgence may be gained by the

faithful in general who recite in unison with others, at least three times a week, the third part of the Rosary, and, on the aforesaid Sunday, receive the Sacraments, visit some church or public oratory and there pray for the Pope.

V. Plenary indulgence for Rosarians who, having confessed and received Holy Communion, visit the chapel of the Rosary, or the church of the Confraternity, and there pray for the intention of the Pope at some time between the first Vespers and sunset, on the feasts of Christmas, Epiphany, Easter, Ascension, Pentecost, Immaculate Conception, Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, Annunciation, Visitation, Purification, Assumption, Seven Dolors, All Saints; likewise on any two Fridays of Lent, once within the octave of All Souls, on the Sunday within the octave of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, and on the third Sunday of April.\*

VI. On the days of the Stations of the Cross in Rome, Secular Tertiaries of the Order of St. Dominic, by visiting a Dominican church or the church of a Dominican chapter, or where neither of these exists, their parish church, and there praying for the intention of the Pope, and Rosarians, by visiting five altars of any church or public oratory, or visiting five times one or two altars in a church where there are not five, may gain the same indulgence as if they had visited the Stations in Rome.

VII. By a recent rescript of our Holy Father Pope Pius X, Rosarians may again gain the indulgence of one hundred years and one hundred time forty days once a day for piously carrying their beads. This indulgence had been abrogated by Leo XIII in the year 1899.

\* Rosarians who are travelling, or engaged in actual employment (v. g., soldiers in actual service) and unable to make the visit, can gain the indulgence for the recitation of the entire Rosary; the sick, however, by reciting one-third part of the Rosary before an image of the Blessed Virgin.

# NEW LIST OF INDULGENCES AND PRIVILEGES

## FOR SECULAR MEMBERS ONLY OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC

This list was drawn up by the Master General of the Dominican Order, the Most Reverend Father Cormier, in obedience to a recent decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and Sacred Relics asserting that secular Tertiaries might not enjoy the privileges and indulgences of members living in community, and that the Generals of such Orders as had affiliations of secular Tertiaries should make a new list of the indulgences and privileges they desired their Tertiaries to enjoy, and should present the same for approval.

The list presented by the General of the Dominicans to the Congregation, was approved by it and presented to the Pope, who confirmed it June 13, 1906.

### I. PLENARY INDULGENCES

A. In each of the five following instances, secular Tertiaries may gain a plenary indulgence, provided they go to confession and receive Holy Communion:

1. On the day receiving the habit.
2. On the day of profession.
3. Whenever, inspired by the desire to lead a more perfect life, they spend eight successive days in making a spiritual retreat.
4. Once a month, on any day at option, provided a quarter of an hour, or half an hour, of every day during the month, has been spent in meditation on spiritual subjects.
5. On the day of the celebration of the first Mass of a Tertiary; on such a day, the celebrant gains a plenary indulgence,—likewise secular Tertiaries who assist at the Mass and fulfill the conditions above.

B. On each of the following feasts secular Tertiaries may gain a plenary indulgence if they receive the Sacraments, pray for the Pope's intention, and receive General Absolution:

1. Christmas.
2. Easter.
3. Pentecost.
4. Corpus Christi.
5. Immaculate Conception.

6. Annunciation.
7. Assumption.
8. Holy Rosary Sunday.
9. St. Dominic.
10. St. Catherine of Siena.

C. If they receive the Sacraments, visit a Dominican church, or a church having a chapter of Dominican Tertiaries, and there pray for the Pope's intention, secular Tertiaries may gain a plenary indulgence on each of the following feasts:

1. Christmas.
2. New Year's.
3. Epiphany.
4. Easter.
5. Ascension.
6. Pentecost.
7. Corpus Christi.
8. Sacred Heart of Jesus.
9. Purification B. V. M.
10. Annunciation.
11. Visitation.
12. Assumption.
13. Nativity of B. V. M.
14. Holy Rosary.
15. Patronage of B. V. M.
16. Presentation.
17. Immaculate Conception.
18. St. Raymond of Pennafort.
19. Translation of St. Thomas Aquinas.
20. St. Catherine de Ricci.
21. Translation of St. Catherine of Siena.
22. St. Thomas Aquinas.
23. St. Joseph.
24. St. Vincent Ferrer.
25. St. Agnes of Montepulciano.
26. St. Peter, Martyr.
27. St. Catherine of Siena.
28. St. Pius V.
29. St. Antoninus.
30. Translation of St. Dominic.
31. St. John of Cologne.
32. St. Mary Magdalene.
33. St. Dominic.
34. St. Hyacinth.
35. St. Rose of Lima.
36. Comm. of St. Dominic in Suriano.

## NEW LIST OF INDULGENCES AND PRIVILEGES—Continued.

- 37. St. Francis Assisi.
- 38. St. Lewis Bertrand.
- 39. All Dominican Saints.
- 40. St. Catherine of Alexandria.

41. Likewise, a plenary indulgence may be gained by secular Tertiaries who receive the Sacraments, pray for the Pope's intention, and assist at the office of the dead prescribed to be recited in the Dominican Order on each of the four special anniversaries of the dead observed in the Order of St. Dominic: 1. On the anniversary of the deceased members of the Three Orders of St. Dominic (November 10). 2. On the anniversary of the deceased relatives of the members of the Dominican Order (February 4). 3. On the anniversary of the deceased benefactors of the Order (September 5). 4. On the anniversary of the deceased buried in Dominican churches and cemeteries (July 12).

D. Secular Tertiaries at the hour of death, having received the Sacraments, or being at least contrite, may gain a plenary indulgence by invoking the most Holy Name of Jesus sincerely and devoutly in their heart, if unable to pronounce it with their lips.

### II. PARTIAL INDULGENCES

1. On each of the days mentioned above in I. C., secular Tertiaries may gain an indulgence of seven years and seven times forty days, provided, being at least contrite of heart, they visit a Dominican church, or any church of a chapter of Dominican Tertiaries, and there pray for the Pope's intention.

2. Secular Tertiaries may gain an indulgence of seven years and seven times forty days every time they devote an half hour to mental prayer.

3. Every time secular Tertiaries perform, with at least contrite heart, any work of piety or charity, they may gain three hundred days' indulgence.

### III. INDULGENCES OF THE STATIONS IN ROME

On the days of the Stations noted in the Roman missal, all the indulgences gained by the faithful who personally make these Stations in Rome may be gained by secular Tertiaries, provided they visit a Dominican church, or a church where a chapter of Tertiaries is established, and there pray for the Pope's intention. The parish church may be visited to fulfill the obligation where neither of the aforementioned churches exists.

### IV. INDULGENCES FOR SPECIAL PRAYERS

I. Secular Tertiaries may gain an indulgence of five hundred days once a day every day they recite the responsory, "O spem miram" in honor of St. Dominic. They who daily recite this prayer may gain a plenary indulgence on each of the following feasts of St. Dominic: 1. St. Dominic (August 4); 2. Translation of St. Dominic (May 25); 3. Commemoration of St. Dominic in Suriano (September 15).

2. Secular Tertiaries may gain an indulgence of three hundred days once a day on every day they recite in honor of St. Catherine of Siena the antiphon, "O virgo," etc., with its versicle and prayer.\*

### V. PRIVILEGES

1. Tertiary priests, at whatever altar they may offer the Holy Sacrifice enjoy a personal indult of a Privileged Altar three times every week, provided they shall not have obtained a similar indult for another day.

2. All Masses offered for the repose of deceased Tertiaries are always and everywhere privileged.

VI. 1. Secular Tertiaries living where there is no Dominican church, or no church having a chapter of Dominican Tertiaries, may gain any indulgence requiring as one of its conditions a visit to such a church, by visiting their parish church and fulfilling the other required conditions.

2. Secular Tertiaries who are sick, or infirm, or who cannot without great inconvenience leave home to visit a Dominican church, or the church having a chapter of Tertiaries, may gain any indulgence requiring such a visit as a condition, provided they say five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys, pray for the Pope's intention, and fulfill any other conditions required.

3. Secular Tertiaries who live in colleges, seminaries, or in other communities, may gain any indulgence accorded to secular Tertiaries, provided they visit the private chapel of their respective residences, and fulfill the other necessary conditions.

4. Secular Tertiaries reciting the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin according to the Dominican rite, gain the same indulgences granted for the use of the Roman rite.—Translated from *Analecta*, O. P.

\* All the indulgences so far enumerated, the one to be gained at the hour of death excepted, are applicable to the souls in purgatory.

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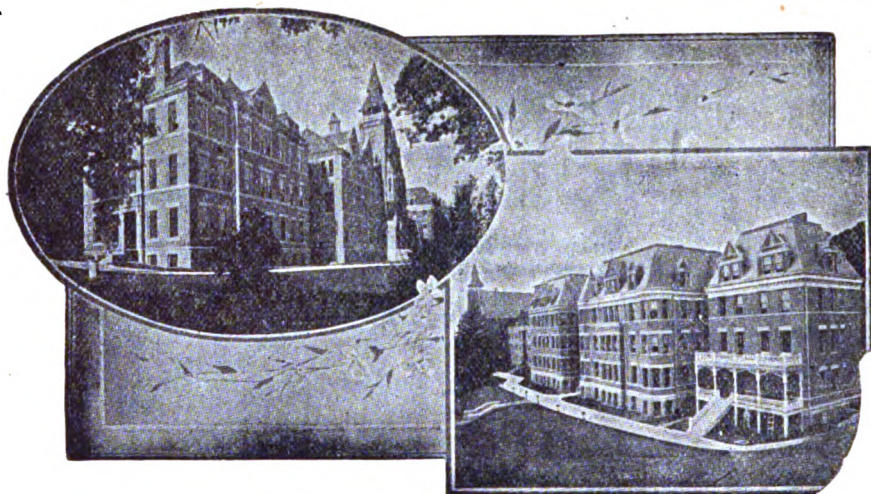
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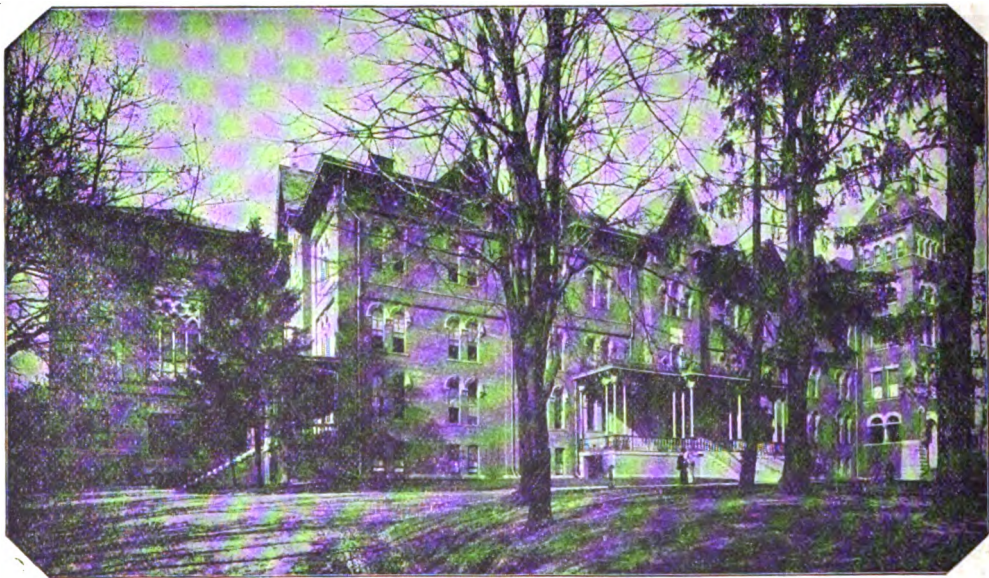
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